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THE AVE MARIA

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 1.—*The Circumcision of Our Lord.*
 SUNDAY, 2.—*The Holy Name.*
 MONDAY, 3.—St. Genevieve, V.
 TUESDAY, 4.—St. Rigobertus, B.

WEDNESDAY, 5.—St. Telesphorus, B. M. Vigil.
 THURSDAY, 6.—*The Epiphany of Our Lord.*
 FRIDAY, 7.—St. Lucian, M.
 SATURDAY, 8.—St. Severinus, Ab. St. Albert, B.


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MADONNA AND SAINTS
(Francis Albani)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 1, 1921.

NO. 1

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True Life.

BY R. O'K.

O Salutaris Hostia!

SWEET Host, our gracious Guard* through life,
Opening at death the Golden Gate!
Our foes unceasing rage in strife:
Lord, shield us from their demon hate.
To God, the Highest, Three and One,
Sing praise, exiles, on every strand;
For He will give, when life is done,
True life in our true native Land.

The Folly of the Magi.

BY JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.



VEN when I was a little bit of a fellow, I distinctly remember being fascinated by the Magi. No, do not believe that this is a modest autobiographical hint of my unusual piety: rather it is a frank confession of my early fondness for parades. Not for being in them, but for following them. My real biographers—who were three very old and very dear aunts with characteristic Irish memories, preserving unbelievable facts as it were in amber, yet with the amber glow of humor illumining them still,—these three, I say, used to assure me, at selected moments generally inconsistent with my dignity, that one of the things

they best remembered about me was an extraordinary ability for “running away from home.”

After many harrowing experiences in hunting me up, which they recalled with a demure and telling exactness, but which appeared to me to be highly ridiculous, the family discovered that the shortest cut toward rounding me up and recapturing me was to inquire of the neighbors whether there was a parade anywhere in town. Surely enough, there was. And surely enough, too, there I was, toddling alongside of it, as fast as my little legs would carry me, whether it was old Barnum's spangled caravan or the parish fife and drum corps out for a whistle and a bang. Whereupon some one of the eager huntresses, swooping close to the ground, would swing an arm around me, gather me up and carry me off, kicking and “hollering” with a curious crowd trailing after me and forming a reverse parade.

It was, I repeat, an absurd tale, and I don't remember a thing about it. But I didn't dare to tell them so, because that would only result in their bringing up another flock of picturesque details to prove the thing utterly and with photographic definition.

But I do confess, and I feel entirely dignified in doing so, that the Magi drew me. They were my special feast, my *parade de luxe*. One did not follow these through the streets, but over the pages of wonderful picture books, with

* May the Body of the Lord Jesus Christ guard thy soul unto life everlasting.—Prayer of the Church at Holy Communion.

mother's explanations to keep them moving until they swept off the page and away into that far desert, and me with them, keeping the pace easily in spite of the sand, which wasn't a bit heavy going. There we went,—the camels in a line, one, two, three, with the Magi atop, rocking comfortably along; sometimes many more camels and attendants for a retinue, and a tinkling of bells (I don't know how these came into the parade, but now I think they were joy bells); and the thud, thudding of the camels' pads; and a boundless world of unobstructed smoothness all around; and a great, loving star shining "All's well" from overhead; and the Magi, like good chums, speaking not a word, but making you feel that they were saying inside themselves, "Come along, son. You're welcome all the way." Could any child be with a finer parade or possibly begin a happier journey to Christ than this?

There was fun in the parade, too. There always is fun in a journey to Christ. The camels were funny. I have since been told that camels are malicious, but I have only half believed it. They seemed always to have the beginning of a smile on their small mouths, in my day. And I knew why. It was because they used to turn their heads around every once in a while and have a look at those humps they had, and that made it hard for them to keep from laughing. So they'd keep their heads straight in front for a long while, but they had to smile anyway. I didn't have to try to look solemn, though I sensed that they did. One must always look solemn on parade. So I used to laugh out loud for the camels, and they seemed to like it. I know I wouldn't try anything like that now on many people. Not so many of us wear our humps as gracefully as my camels did.

And now, looking back over the years, I think the best company I ever

was in were the Magi. We grew up together from friendly childhood, and we have been friends through every change. I was never disillusioned, never tempted to cast them aside as outworn toys of babyhood. Through youth and manhood they never lost their early hold on me; and the enchantment is over me still.

Enchantment? No: it has nothing in it of the character of a visionary spell. The power of the Magi is a strong, a tangible reality. There are no men in the Church quite like the Magi; none that appeal with such constant and winning force to every age of life,—to childhood, to youth, to each successive stage of spiritual growth in manhood.

They are close to the heart of childhood, because it was a Child they sought upon that journey, a Child they adored, a Child to whom they offered the gold and frankincense and myrrh,—gifts that said their lives and their love went with them. And there never was a child in the world but it could understand such love. The Magi had hearts of children; and it is not one child, but myriads of children who have followed them to that cave.

They reach the springing soul of youth, for they keep the romantic chivalry of youth as a halo about them. Romance may be defined as an absolute surrender to a great cause. And no youth ever followed the star of fortune with more daring abandon, with more sanguine confidence, than these Magi: leaving home and comfort and the immediate prospect of long years of unchallenged authority, to launch out upon a wild desert at the mysterious beckoning of a star; to face strange perils among a strange people; to risk their lives with only a handful of followers to protect them; to walk calmly up to the very throne of a hostile king and to ask where was the other King they were seeking; and to do all this

with so cool a certainty of success that they actually carried with them the presents they intended for this new King,—this is indeed the very essence of romance. And no youth has ever missed it who has known the Magi.

And their hold on the heart lasts into manhood and persists there. The attachments of children we are accustomed to ignore as whimsical fancies. The romances of youth we smile at as passing dreams. The child will forget its treasure, we say, and the boy outgrow his dream. Often we are right.

But here is one treasure the child will never let go of; one dream the boy will never lose. Once the Magi have made their journey across the soul, their trail will never be blotted out. For, as manhood discovers, their love and romance is real, the great reality of life. Their cause is the greatest of causes; their surrender, sublime. The longer we stay with them, the more we love them, wish to be like them. For they are among the rare characters we meet in life. They are unaffectedly genuine.

I do not like the word "sublime." It is so frequently misapplied. But I think we may use it safely here when we contemplate the greatest quality of the Magi—their simplicity. Simplicity nowadays is not a word to conjure with, especially when we begin to think of the late war and its aftermath. The word has been thrown about, it is true, with tiresome violence: always, however, as a clod of mud to blacken an adversary with the guilt of duplicity. It is kept in the pouch as a word handy to throw, but quite inconvenient to use in the machinery of our own lives. It would, we judge, sift too much grit into the bearings.

But the Magi were not afraid to adopt it for their use. On the contrary, they could not see anything else to do and call themselves honorable men. Simplicity was the one weapon they

depended on. And when we say the Magi were simple, we do not mean that they were on the order of uninitiated rustics, blundering angularly about, swept like driftwood into every current, or standing with mouths agape, and round, astounded eyes at a world of unsuspected brilliancy and speed. Nor, again, do we imply in them that soft and simpering trustfulness which surrenders automatically with a gush of silly candor to the first confidence-man who approaches with the warm handshake.

No: these Magi were princes, rulers of a domain, experts in affairs of State, familiar with the devious ways of underground diplomacy; rulers, too, so efficient that they could trust themselves to leave home on a long journey, with the certainty that their affairs would be in order against their return. Neither were they going abroad in the rôle of sightseers, upon a whimsical adventure to shake off the ennui of court routine, to voyage through the world, and to return with tales of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. Not for health nor for amusement they undertook this journey, but from strict necessity.

The persistent, stern, imperative beckoning of this new star gave their souls no rest. They could not be men of conscience and disobey it. They had one thing to do, and there was but one way to do it. A straight line was the shortest distance between them and Christ. They cut away every impediment, and followed that line fearlessly to the end.

This is the sublime simplicity of the Magi, and this explains every move they made. It is the answer to their seeming imperviousness to the idea of danger; the key to their bold and lonely advance across a desert infested by marauders; their reckless thrust right into the center of Herod's palace; their astonishing demand of Herod that he

tell them where was this new King. It was like throwing themselves naked on the enemy's sword. And they were entirely unruffled, nobly calm about it.

Do not suppose that they did not perceive their danger. These princes knew it well. They had never crossed that desert in safety had they not been shrewd providers against danger. But they had their soldiers' orders. They would carry those orders through to the letter, or die in the attempt. They believed in their Commander, and they would follow Him to the edge of the world—and over it.

And here we arrive at the very heart of the Magi. The core of their simplicity was faith,—the great faith that says, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." When God reached out His hand to them, they came forward with the confidence of little children. For if God was with them, who should be against them?

It is easy, therefore, to see why children are at home with the Magi. They had the hearts of children themselves in their simple obedience to God. It is easy to see why the romance of youth enfolds them and lights their way. The spirit of high adventure was in them, the sturdy forward drive, debonair at once and desperate, that has burned all its ships behind it, and, with one clear star of faith above, stakes everything on a single cast, and, dead or alive, is sure of victory.

But mature age also, ripened by experience of men, having grounded often on the shoals of false friendships and been lured into mined harbors of deceit, knows how to appreciate and to learn from those Magi who approached the king of double dealers, Herod, and, with nothing to defend them except their faith in God, calmly matched their simplicity against his cunning and won, with every earthly chance against them.

Such are the Magi, the Wise Men, valued associates, true friends of every

stage of life: the transparent companions of happy childhood, the stainless inspiration of the magical visions of youth, the trustworthy counsellors and cherished intimates of mature age. No man who has known them but will be disgusted with the use of cunning as a weapon of life, and alarmed for his own salvation at the first appearance of its canker in his soul.

The Magi are the great anti-Herodians. With evident significance, the Scriptures place them over against Herod as a searching light, revealing every dark and slimy, sinuously-winding deed. Could anything be more antithesis of Herod's worldly craft than the movements of the Magi? Herod clung to his kingdom as the one thing in life worth while: the Magi left theirs behind them, forever if God wished it; Herod learned diligently about the star but would not follow it: the Magi's only trouble was when they could not follow the star; Herod sought success with the undermining tools of duplicity: the Magi bore openly the single lance of simple faith; Herod sent his soldiers to take the life of Christ: the Magi went themselves to give Christ their lives; Herod hated all children in hating Christ: the Magi have won the love of all children in loving Christ; Herod's only gift to the Innocents was the sword: the Magi brought to the little Brother of the Innocents, gold, frankincense, myrrh; Herod is treachery, cowardice, fear, cruelty: the Magi, candor, courage, daring, tenderness of heart; Herod pronounced the Magi fools: the Scriptures call them the "Wise Men"; Herod lost Christ, the Magi found Him.

THE whole of Mary, and all the benignity of her queendom, and all the glory of her exaltation, and all the splendor of her graces, and all the mysteries of her motherhood, are because of the Precious Blood.—*Faber.*

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

I.

THE last day of August in the year of Our Lord 1598 was fast drawing to a close. The rapidly-sinking sun already tinged with gold the ever-flowing waters of Old Father Thames, and lit with ruddy glow the casements of the mansion at Caversham, erected but a few decades before by Henry's great Minister, Wolsey. The thick woodlands which clothe the Oxford bank of the river at Caversham, ever sombre, now seemed by contrast to have donned the pall of night, and cast it partially over the expanse of waters below.

It was a sight to make the least observant pause in awe; and it had attracted one who, but a few moments ago, as he wended his way through Caversham, seemed too deep with his own thoughts to care for aught besides. He was a solitary horseman, whose dress and steed might have proclaimed him a prosperous yeoman, on his way to Reading market from a neighboring village, had not the valise strapped behind his saddle, and the evidently fatigued condition of the sturdy animal he bestrode, betokened the traveller from a greater distance. His age was probably between forty and fifty; his nether garments were of a deep claret color; his riding coat was of blue cloth; and his hat, of the broad-brimmed type common at the period, but devoid of feathers or ornaments of any kind.

I have said that he paused to view the sunset: to be strictly correct, the original object of his halt was to draw aside into one of the many recesses on Caversham Bridge provided for the purpose, to admit of the passage of a heavy mill wagon, the roadway being too narrow to allow of either a horseman or foot passenger passing a vehicle

of the kind without risk of injury.

While still gazing with hand-shaded eyes at the resplendent scene, a neighboring clock struck out the hour of six. This seemed to recall the traveller from his reverie; for, glancing eagerly round as if to assure himself that he was alone, he slightly raised his hat and, signing himself with the Sign of the Cross, remained a few moments in prayer. 'Twas the Angelus. But a few years before, not merely a turret clock, but bells from far and near, would have called the country to prayer at the close of day. Now, alas! the bells were silent, and the memory rang but in the hearts of the scattered few who remained faithful to the old religion of England and Englishmen,—of such was our traveller.

His orisons concluded, he hastened on his journey, and quickly reached the town of Reading. Here he halted at the sign of the "Saracen's Head" to refresh himself and his weary beast. Mounting once more, he received directions, from mine host, of the road to Englefield, and was soon climbing the hill at the western end of the town; then, following the direct road (now destroyed) across Tilehurst Heath, he next plunged down the steep descent of the Boxgrove, at the foot of which he once more halted at the sign of the "French Horn," to be further assured of his direction.

Crossing the boggy track—for centuries named, with good reason, the Malpas,—and skirting the outlying part of Theale, called North Street, he shortly came under the shadow of the great mansion of Englefield, then the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham, but which for six centuries previously had been the home of the Englefields, the representative of whom, and its rightful owner, was yet living an outlaw for his Faith at Valladolid.

There was no difficulty in finding the hostel kept by Henry Taylor; for, next

to the mansion itself, it was the best-known house in the parish; and, shame be it said, more frequented than the church, near the lych-gate of which it stood.

Host Taylor, ever on the alert for custom, came forward to greet his guest, who, first assuring himself that it was none other than the landlord of the inn who accosted him, whispered a word in his ear which caused Taylor, always deferential, to increase his attentions. This lasted, however, but a few moments; for, at the sight of a bandy-legged figure approaching, Taylor said to his guest: "Be cautious; I know well, but like not, this newcomer." He then bestowed the traveller in the best room of the house, gave orders for a meal to be prepared, and went forth to the yard to see that his ostler was doing good service to the traveller's horse. Here he was shortly joined by the individual of whom he had warned his guest.

The person whose appearance had aroused Taylor's caution was certainly one who, in those times, would have called for little notice. By name Roger Plumpton, he was by profession a tailor,—one of those who, according to the custom of the time, travelled from house to house, residing under his patron's roof while exercising the labor of his craft. His actual home was at Sulhamsted; but, as his connection was a good one, he was more frequently located in one of the many gentlemen's houses around than in the domicile where Mrs. Plumpton—perhaps in right of her more permanent residence—made things pretty generally uncomfortable for him. Such a man naturally had plenty of opportunities for observation; and, like his modern prototype, the charwoman, retailed the gossip of the district—true or untrue—with lavish tongue.

"Your new arrival seems to have made a goodly journey, Master Harry?

Sooth, I never saw a horse so done up."

"It's little you do see and don't prattle about," grumbled Taylor.

"Maybe fifty miles or sixty," continued Plumpton, not appearing to notice the sarcasm. "Eh?"

"Maybe fifty, maybe five hundred," sharply returned the landlord. "Some horses, like some men, make much ado of little work."

"Well, I suppose that means me," responded Plumpton; "and I don't mind owning that the lighter the work, the better it suits me."

"No need to own that," continued Taylor. "All this side of Berkshire knows well enough that the only work that suits Roger Plumpton is chin-chopping, whether to fill his belly or chatter about his betters. Look here, Master Bandy-legs, I know nothing about this horse or his master; and if I did I wouldn't tell you. So you just get on to your stitching, and leave me to my business."

"How do you know that it's not part of my business to find out what you pretend not to know?" inquired the tailor.

"Pretend not to know! I tell you I *don't* know."

"Don't know! Ah! ah! Well, look you here: suppose I tell you? What if that horse and his rider have travelled from the coast? And what if the rider bears letters of some import from Sir Francis Englefield?"

"It's a lie, man!" warmly put in Taylor.

"Why a lie? You said just now you knew nothing of horse or rider. Surely if you know he does not bear letters, you know more of him than you would own."

"Because Sir Francis—"

"Always sends his letters through Henry Taylor, his well-assured and trusty agent at the alehouse at Englefield," sneered Plumpton.

"Sir Francis, if he ever has reason to send letters, needs a more discreet mes-

senger than you would make," responded Taylor. "And if you don't clear off the premises this instant, I'll call Griffin and Powell, and see that they give you the fairest ducking in Cranmere that ever you had in your life, and it won't be the first by a long number."

"Big words, Master Harry," replied Plumpton,—*"big words from a Papist and a traitor to the Queen's Majesty!"*

"Traitor yourself!" fiercely returned Taylor, at the same time essaying a vigorous kick.

Plumpton avoided the blow, but, rather than risk a repetition, shambled hastily out of the yard, making threatening gestures at the landlord.

"Aye, master," said Griffin, the ostler, who had been a listener to the dispute, "in these times it don't do to upset even such curs as yon. A church-going hypocrite, even if he be a bandy-legged tailor, has more to back him than we Catholics, even the best-bred on us, let alone you and I. He means mischief, or he wouldn't have opened that yapping mouth of his'n so wide. Mark me, he'll set us agog afore long."

"I'm afraid you are right, Tom," answered the landlord. "In these times one has to pocket a great deal, if only for the sake of others. But there! A glass of October will turn him either way. Go after him and tell him I meant no harm, and get him back in the house, and we'll see if we can shut his mouth."

Griffin went to do his master's bidding, and shortly returned to the inn with the tailor, who, forgetful (or seemingly so) of past insults, was soon enjoying himself at the landlord's expense.

The landlord returned to the house, mentally cursing the Queen and her Ministers, and all who had made the laws which enabled so woful a sneak as Plumpton to trade on the consciences of their fellows.

Fearing that the traveller—whom we must now introduce as George Lingam, a prescribed priest—might encounter Plumpton before the latter left the inn, Taylor repaired to the chamber allotted to his guest, and acquainted him with the dispute which had taken place in the yard and its results. He spoke uneasily of the character of Plumpton, who, though he had never yet appeared as such, was looked upon by Taylor and others as a Government spy. Yet, strange as it may seem, he was admitted to their houses and trusted by the Catholic gentry around.

It is correct to say that Taylor knew nothing more about his guest than that he had, on his arrival and in accordance with instructions he had received, announced himself to Taylor as a priest on his way to a house in the neighborhood. Whence he came the landlord knew not, nor where he was going.

The hint thrown out as to Lingam's being a bearer of letters from Sir Francis Englefield was a mere random shot on the part of Plumpton. In fact, that Sir Francis Englefield (now an exile in Spain) had from time to time conveyed letters of a purely innocent nature to his old friends and neighbors in Berkshire, through the agency of his former retainer, Henry Taylor, was no particular secret. Plumpton, in the pay of Sir Francis Walsingham, was really deputed to watch for such a messenger, and had reason to expect his arrival at the time of the advent of Father Lingam.

The priest, on hearing his host's description of Plumpton, and the suggestions the latter had made as to his motive for visiting Englefield, at once declared his intention of confronting the tailor, and accordingly descended to the room where that worthy was regaling himself.

After a brief conversation on general topics, the priest invited Plumpton to

replenish his horn, and at the same time ordered one for himself.

"You have travelled many miles to-day, sir?" inquired the tailor, unable longer to restrain his curiosity.

"So many that I care not to keep count," replied the priest.

"And what news, I pray, may you have to tell us of London town? Is there—"

"As I have not been within many miles of London for this ten years past, I am afraid my news would be somewhat stale," laughingly interrupted Father Lingam.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought I heard—I mean they said—you said you hailed from London, and you know we country-folk are always anxious to hear of the doings in the great city. Where, might I ask, did you lodge last night?"

"My movements seem to interest you, my friend," returned the priest; "but I am fortunately able to satisfy you. My horse and I left the town of Buckingham at daybreak this day; so you see you were correct in surmising that we have travelled far, and as you will readily understand that such a journey has caused me much fatigue, you will not be surprised if I wish you a very good-night, for I propose seeking my bed without more delay."

With these words, and without giving the tailor an opportunity of questioning him further, Father Lingam left the room.

Plumpton sat musing for a time; but, finding he was likely to be left in solitude, presently rose and left the house.

(To be continued.)

IN spite of the fact that a large part of the remains of Christian antiquity in the Roman Catacombs has been in the course of ages destroyed and lost, there yet remain twenty recognizable paintings, belonging to the first centuries of our era, in which the Blessed Virgin is represented.

To a Lady of Boston.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

MY lady, look again
At the creature you pass by,—
Just a blot upon the scene,—
Look from out your limousine,
And catch a glimmer from the sky
That shows the soul in common men.

You are on your way to read
Your paper on the "Mayflower,"
Full of pride of ancestry,
Full of praise of liberty,
And full of Anglo-Saxon power,—
Stop, and ponder on this weed!

To you a human weed he seems,
A worker resting at his post;
"A Dago," eating simple fare,
Smiling in the sunlight air,
Because the sunlight curls and beams,—
Around him is the splendid host
That peopled mighty Dante's dreams.

Pilgrim Fathers, Puritan,
Were very new when he was old,
For in his vivid, glowing face
He bears the stamp of all his race;
And in his breast, Sicilian,
Saracen and Spaniard bold,—
Noblest blood that ever ran!

As for beauty, hear him sing
Of the saints, his daily friends;
Or see his face light when God sends
A flower or any lovely thing.
You must study hard for art;
It is for you a cult apart;
It is his very life,—each day
The fair Madonna leads the way,
And Rafael's angels near him play.

O my lady, look again!
Labor-worn his brown hands are;
For ever since the old Pan died,
The Carpenter he's walked beside,
Guided by the toilers' star,
Stumbling, falling now and then.

All the beauty you must learn
That your Pilgrims hated so

Dwells in him, warm, amorous,—
 He who knew Theocritus,
 And felt the love of Francis glow,
 And saw Saint Anthony's tapers burn.
 How pale is all your history!
 How sparse the young ancestral tree!

The Children's Army.

BY THE REV. F. J. B. SEWARD.

SOFTLY the moon shone over Cloies, gleaming bright on the gables of the French houses, with their thatched roofs and tiled little diamond panes everywhere, and casting monstrous black shadows or forming mysterious pools of darkness under the low eaves. All was silent as death, for it was long past the midnight hour. On the gentle slope of a hillside above the village, the sheep were resting in the open, confined only by a rustic fold formed of wicker hurdles. A little shepherd, who could scarce have seen ten summers, kept watch beside them, like David of old.

He was a slim, graceful child, of that spiritual, unearthly type of beauty often to be seen amongst the children of an ancient Catholic race, who seem to have flowing in their veins the sacramental stream of a thousand unbroken years of faith.

Despite the lateness of the hour, the boy showed no sign of weariness. He was clad in a simple tunic, confined at the waist with a leather belt, on which a small pouch was fastened; and as he reclined against a grassy hillock, with bare feet crossed and dark curls blown across his white brow, his gaze seemed to reach beyond the starry spaces, and his brown eyes were full of dreams.

Less than a century before, the great St. Bernard had been heard throughout the length and breadth of France, setting men's hearts on fire with his preaching of the Second Crusade.

Little Jean loved to sit at his father's side and drink in the thrilling story of that great adventure. His brown eyes would kindle at the heroic deeds of the Crusaders, and again would fill with tears at the memory of the great King, St. Louis, offering his noble life to God to expiate the unworthiness of those whose sins had brought down the punishments of Heaven upon the Christian armies, and doomed so holy an undertaking to failure.

Less than a year ago the boy had accompanied his fond parents on foot to Paris, in pilgrimage to the shrine that had been begun by St. Louis, and only recently finished after the death of the sainted King. He had knelt in the Sainte-Chapelle, amidst a dream of beauty—graceful soaring pillars with gilded capitals, and glorious visions in wondrous stained glass,—to venerate the holy Crown of Thorns, the Nail, and the portion of the True Cross. As the priest had passed along the lines of kneeling pilgrims, bearing the Holy Relics, the child had reverently pressed his innocent lips to each jewelled crystal reliquary in turn, while the tears streamed from his eyes.

From that moment all his dreams had been of the Holy Land. "I, too, will take the Cross and go to Jerusalem," he had said to his father on the way home; and his father had smiled at first, and then looked grave. "That must be as the good God wills, my little one," he had answered, and then looked thoughtfully at the ardent young face.

Now, as always, Jean was dreaming of the True Cross and of the holy places where Jesus had borne it through the city to the summit of Calvary, and died there upon it, with arms outspread to embrace us all. It seemed to this child, of a race so highly-strung and so profoundly Christian, a scandal scarcely credible that the nations of Christendom could calmly see the Holy Land trodden under foot, and its many

sacred shrines openly defiled by infidel hordes. With a sudden pang he remembered how his father had told him, as they trudged their weary way back to their native village, that a great portion of that Holy Cross, a fragment of which he had kissed with so much fervor, was still in the keeping of unbelievers. At this thought he suddenly flung himself face-downward upon the grass and sobbed without restraint.

As he lay there in the moonlight, weeping upon the lonely hillside, he became conscious of a gentle hand laid kindly upon his head, and at the same moment a voice addressed him in his native tongue,—a voice that seemed to melt his very soul with sweetness. "Weep not, My dear little one," it said: "your wish shall be fulfilled. You have longed to pour out your innocent blood for Me there in that land where I shed My blood for you. Your pure devotion has consoled My Heart amidst so much coldness and treason from those for whom I suffered so much. Your sacrifice is accepted, and I will spend eternity in rewarding you for so sublime a proof of love."

Raising himself upon his knees, Jean gazed for one blessed instant into the eyes of Love Incarnate; then once more he was prostrate upon the greensward, with arms embracing two wounded feet, while his eyes bathed them in a flood of happy tears. Then the good Jesus took the child into His arms and consoled him tenderly; while Jean's dark curls rested, where the head of another John had rested long ago, upon the Sacred Heart of his Redeemer.

Then it was revealed to Jean that the Holy Land, must indeed, remain in infidel hands until the time appointed; but that the faith and heroism of little children should put to shame the selfish apathy of Christian men, and should serve, by a wondrous prodigy of sacrifice, to renew the fervor of all Christendom. Moreover, he was to tell the

people of France that they must make renewed efforts to recover the remaining portion of the Holy Cross from infidel hands.

At dawn Jean was kneeling, his face transfigured and like the face of an angel, at the altar-rail of the old grey church of Cloies, to receive into his bosom that Jesus on whose bosom he had rested but a few hours before. When Mass was over, he remained long in silent colloquy with his dear Saviour; and then sought the aged curé, and, with childlike candor and simplicity, told him in order all that had befallen him. The holy old man listened in wonder; but in the presence of the open and innocent face of the boy, and the guileless directness of his story, he could not bring himself to suggest the possibility of an illusion. "Go, then, my dear child," he said, "and do whatever the good Jesus has bidden you. Since He Himself has given you His commands, nought now remains but to fulfil them." Giving the boy his blessing, he embraced him affectionately and bade him farewell.

Then followed that wondrous episode, recorded in the pages of history, which still reads like a strange romance. The story of the Children's Army may well be thought the crowning wonder of that age of chivalry and romance,—the Age of the Crusades. Through his own village and the villages and towns of France, with his radiant child-face, hands clasped on his breast, and eyes uplifted, Jean went, singing aloud in his clear treble, "Lord Jesus, help us to get back the Holy Cross!" And these words, the chronicler tells us, pierced the hearts of all who heard him. At each place great numbers of children, all under twelve years, joined him. And—what was indeed marvellous,—though mothers wept and fathers sobbed, no parent dared to restrain his dear one from setting forth to brave unknown dangers; and this, though

many must have foreseen that in this life they would see their darlings no more.

Very soon Jean's following had grown to the proportions of a great army. At Paris alone, we are told, fifteen thousand children enrolled themselves under the banner of the Holy Cross. Yet they wanted for nothing. At every place the hearts of the Christian people were stirred at the sight of this prodigy,—of an army of innocent children setting forth to brave the fury of the infidel in unknown lands; so that they supplied all their needs of food and clothing in great abundance. God's angels, too, guarded them from the malice of any base enough to seek to do them harm, or to sully their innocence.

At length the young Crusaders reached Marseilles, weary and footsore, yet with white faces radiant, and great joy in their hearts. And when they saw the sun dancing upon the blue waves of the Mediterranean, they knew their long and painful march was over, and so broke forth, in their clear voices, into hymns of praise to Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Thus, singing, like a company of angels, each with his red Crusader's Cross sewn to the breast of his tunic, they marched in orderly array through the crowded streets, down to the wharves, so that all who saw them wept aloud.

Now it befell, by the ordering of God's Providence, that certain great vessels were even then in the harbor, and ready to put to sea; and the captains, being men of faith, moved at so strange a prodigy, consented to bear them over into Palestine. And the rough seamen, too, treated them with unwonted gentleness and reverence.

Thus it came to pass that all set foot upon the sacred soil of the Holy Land; and, kneeling down like true Crusaders, then kissed the earth hallowed by the footprints of the Lamb of

God, and gave thanks to Him who had brought them safe to the scene of His Passion. And at their wish, though they would fain have remained to protect those helpless little ones, the men who had carried them over the water, after receiving their thanks, put to sea again; and so they were left alone upon that hallowed shore.

Then, when they had partaken of the food left behind for them by the kindness of the sailors, they began to march towards the scenes of Jesus' Passion, singing meanwhile hymns in honor of the Holy Cross. They had not gone far when they became aware of other childish voices, gradually coming nearer, singing in unison with their own the same Latin hymn, *O Crux ave, spes unica*. And, lo, a company like to their own, of a great multitude of children, each bearing the red Crusader's Cross upon his breast, approaching from another direction, took the same road, and the companies walked side by side until the hymn was over. These children had blue eyes and flaxen curls never seen in the land of France, so that the two companies gazed at one another in mutual wonder.

At the head of this new multitude walked a golden-haired boy of nine, with radiant, angelic face. And when he saw Jean he came towards him, smiling. Jean embraced him affectionately and said: "Little brother, you, too, have seen Him; I know it by your face." And the child made answer: "I am Nicholas, and I have seen the Jesus-Kind far away in Germany, which is our home; and He has sent us to die for Him in the Holy Land. There were twenty thousand of us, and many are already in paradise; for in the great forests we had no food, and the snow was thick. But in the towns the people were kind to us, and gave us food; and so at last we came to the sea,—those who had not yet gone to Jesus; and the sailors took us into their ships and

treated us kindly. But two ships sank beneath the waves in a great storm, and so many more of our company went to Jesus in paradise." Now these two spoke each in his own tongue, yet each knew what the other said.

Then the two companies of children came to the place of the camp of the Saracens, and the soldiers were amazed to see so great a multitude of young children approaching; but when they saw the Crusaders' Crosses on their breasts, their faces grew dark and scowling.

Then they called the captain of the Soldans' Guard—a fierce and cruel warrior and a fanatical son of Islam,—to know what he would have them do. But since he knew the speech neither of France nor Germany, after some ado an interpreter was found. Then Jean and Nicholas stood forth and said: "We are Christian children of France and Germany, and we come to bid you embrace the Faith of Christ, by which alone your souls can be saved; and we earnestly entreat you render up the Holy Cross of Christ and the Holy Places of His Passion into Christian keeping."

Then the captain of the Guard cried aloud: "By the Prophet, those Christian dogs are too cowardly to face our blows, and so they send their children to mock us to our beards! May Allah smite me if I allow one to return to his parents alive!" Then, turning to the children, he said: "You shall never return again to your homes. But tear those red crosses from your breasts and profess the faith of Islam, and you shall be kindly treated amongst us; refuse, and I will have you all slain."

Then all that multitude of children, when they knew they were to die, knelt down upon the grass, and, making the Sign of the Cross, began to sing very sweetly the *Salve Regina*, adding those three invocations composed by St. Bernard less than a century earlier,

"O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria!"

And as the little ones sang, the fierce Saracens ran in among the kneeling throng, slashing right and left with their double-edged scimiters,—mowing down those fair flowers of martyrdom and innocence, that they might bloom again more brightly in God's garden above. And the first to die were the dark-eyed Jean and the fair child Nicholas, who went to Jesus' embrace with arms about each other's neck, and the praises of His sweet Mother Mary on their lips.

And these things being related in order to our Most Holy Lord, Pope Gregory IX., the venerable Pontiff was pleased to command that as many as possible of the holy bodies, as well those who had perished in the forests of Germany as those who had been slain in the Holy Land, and such as had been washed ashore, should be recovered, and enshrined as holy relics in a church which he ordered to be erected in their honor, and which was named by his command "The Church of the New Holy Innocents."

OUR heart is like a mill which is ever grinding, and which a certain lord gave into the keeping of one of his slaves, with the instruction that he should grind in it only his master's corn, and should himself live on what he ground. But this servant has a certain enemy, who, whenever he finds the mill unguarded, immediately casts into it either sand which scatters the flour, or pitch which congeals it, or something which defiles, or chaff which merely fills its place. If, therefore, that servant guards the mill well, and grinds in it only his master's corn, he both serves his master and gains food for himself. Now, this mill which is ever grinding something is the human heart, which is always thinking something.

—St. Anselm.

A Family Feast.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.



MANUEL SILVAS lived in the fishing village of Santa Agnese. His house was set apart some distance from the others of the settlement, crowning a slight elevation a little removed from the water, while the dwellings of his fellow-laborers were huddled together on the shore. This was because his wife, Assunta, had come from the hill-country in Portugal, and she had persuaded him to build it there, where, with the higher mountains encircling the crescent of the sea, she might look upon hill and water all day long. And Manuel was by far the most important resident of Santa Agnese, the head of the Fishermen's Company, banker for many of his comrades, the arbiter of disputes and misunderstandings.

Although the Silvas family had been in America ten years or more, they still, with their compatriots, retained many of the customs of their native land, while conforming themselves both in letter and spirit to those of the new country they had chosen to live in. The colony had selected a spot as near like the dear old home both in situation and climate as could be found in the widely diversified locations of California. They were a prosperous people, thrifty, honest and God-fearing, respected by their neighbors and living at peace with all of them. Surrounded by the beauties of mountain, sea, and sky, their comfortable homes smiling like jewels in the circlet of the ocean at their feet, they led, and still lead, contented and blameless lives.

It was the Feast of the Epiphany, and in the house of Manuel Silvas they were celebrating it as they had been used to do in their native land. Early

in the morning Assunta had begun to make the huge cake which was to form the center-piece of the supper table; and in this, according to tradition, every member of the family had taken a hand. Mariana, the only daughter, had plucked and cleaned the goose, stuffing it later with raisins, chestnuts, and delicious fresh mushrooms gathered from the hillside before the sun had risen. Then it was placed upon a large spit in front of the fire, with a pan beneath it to catch the luscious gravy.

Two hours previous Pedro had put on the stove a large pot of boiling water, into which he plunged a couple of lobsters, also caught that morning. He had calmly watched them squirm and struggle until their fruitless efforts to escape were over, and presently took them out of the steaming pot and laid them on the broad stone window-sill.

Diego had beaten the eggs for the cake; and, that task finished, had rinsed the best glasses in hot water, wiping and polishing them with a soft dry towel. He had also wiped the holiday china, which he had taken from the corner closet, and cleaned the spoons. They were of solid silver, quaintly shaped, with deep bowls, one of them heavier than three or four of modern fashioning. They had been in the family for several generations,—an heirloom descending from the daughter of a Spanish captain who had married the son of a fisherman. The Silvas were regarded with great respect by their neighbors, because of these valuable and unusual possessions; for none of the residents at Santa Agnese had anything to show that equalled the plate in beauty or value. The knives and forks were of finely-tempered steel, with carved horn handles, and were used only on occasions like the present. These also had long been in the family. Diego, after cleaning the blades and

tines with "rotten-stone," rubbed the handles with oil till they were almost as bright as the steel. Then he set the table with great taste and care.

When Manuel, returning from his day's fishing, opened the door of the kitchen, his eyes beheld a goodly sight, indeed. The table, covered with a heavy cloth of gleaming white linen, stood in the back part of the large kitchen, near the two windows that looked out on the bay. Flowers scattered here and there, although artificial, gave out the scent of the violet perfume with which they had been sprinkled. The canyons were filled with daisies and pink sea verbenas; but in this, as in other things, the Silvas were carrying out the custom of their own country, where natural flowers were unknown in the month of January.

On one end of the table the two lobsters reposed on a large dish of green and yellow, decorated with parsley. They were to be eaten with pepper and salt and vinegar. Bowls of apples, raisins, and nuts adorned the four corners; glass pitchers of sparkling cider were placed here and there between the other dishes, while candles—green, purple, blue, red and yellow, in silver-plated candlesticks—stood ready to be lighted for the feast. The goose, boiled onions, and mashed potatoes were still in the oven.

"A fine supper, a fine supper!" exclaimed the fisherman, his face wreathed in smiles. "But I also have brought something. Here, Mariana," he continued, throwing six large oranges into his daughter's lap.

There was a universal shout of joy from the children.

"Oh! May we have a fruit salad, like last Easter?" cried Pedro.

"Yes, yes," rejoined the mother.

Then there was another joyful shout, and they all hastened to share in the preparation of the salad. The mother peeled two apples; Pedro produced a

large ripe banana from a basket in the shed; Mariana cut up the fruit, sprinkled sugar over it, with a few raisins and a dash of Malaga wine, and then left the various ingredients to blend with one another while she lighted the Christmas tree. Finally the mother brought out the cake, spicy and fragrant, covered with white icing dotted with cherries, making the children's mouths water only to look at it.

The tree sparkled and glowed with its tinsel and gilt ornaments. The various-colored candles, which Mariana also lighted, diffused a soft radiance over the quaint flowered dishes, sparkling glass, and delicately perfumed blossoms.

The fisherman and his sons gathered around the table. The mother brought in the nicely-browned goose and accompanying vegetables; while Mariana followed her, bearing on a tray the dishes of fruit salad, placing one at each place. Manuel said grace, and they all sat down. It was a hearty and a pleasant meal, sweetened and spiritualized by love, piety, and genuine simplicity.

When all except the cake had been disposed of, Manuel rose and made a sign to his wife. She bent her head, the children did likewise; then, taking the cake in her hands, Assunta led the way to an alcove between the kitchen and bedroom, concealed by a heavy crimson curtain. Pedro and Diego, one at each side, drew back the curtain, revealing a miniature Stable of Bethlehem, very cleverly arranged, with quaint figures kneeling around the Crib, where the Infant Jesus reposed under the adoring eyes of Mary, His Mother, and St. Joseph, close to whom knelt the shepherds. On the outside of the group, as though just having entered, stood the Three Kings, with their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Behind the bit of isinglass covered with red tissue paper, which formed a window in the back part of

the cave, burned a candle, which shed a subdued light over the scene.

Above the Stable hung a picture covered with a black veil. Manuel, stepping forward, removed the veil, disclosing the portrait of a young man in the uniform of an American sailor. He had a pleasant, kindly face; his eyes and lips were smiling; on his breast he wore two medals. The mother fell upon her knees, weeping, while the children, touched by her emotion, began to cry softly. Manuel stood with his eyes cast down, there were tears upon his cheek. But he quickly recovered himself and said:

• "Assunta, be brave! Where he is now he is looking down upon us, praying for us. Come, dear!"

"Yes, yes," she murmured, rising to her feet and wiping her eyes. "If he is really dead! But we do not know it, —we do not know it, Manuel."

"It is practically certain," answered the fisherman. "Be brave, wife, weep no more."

Before the drawing of the curtain, Assunta had placed the cake in front of the Stable on a small table covered with a beautiful white linen cloth, richly embroidered. The father seated himself, while the others stood in a circle around him.

"*In nomine Domini*," he said reverently, while deftly dividing the cake into eight parts. Taking one on the point of the knife, he turned to little Diego. "For whom?" he asked.

"For the good God," was the reply, while Pedro whispered to his sister: "That means Padre Francisco."

"Yes," rejoined the girl. "But it is all right; he will enjoy it, and need it, he has such a worthless housekeeper."

Manuel moved three slices to one side of the plate.

"For whom?" he asked again.

"For the Kings: Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar," replied the child, gravely. "Which means the poor."

"Right!" said the father. "And, strange to say, I have never yet seen an Epiphany night that some poor wanderers were not abroad to share in our abundance."

"But, father," ventured Pedro, "don't you think they always *know*?"

"Know what, my son?"

"Where to come for the sweet morsels."

"That is not important," replied Manuel, as he extended a slice to his wife, and then to the others according to age. Beaming and eager, the children received their portions, which, being large, and the dinner having been rich and abundant, the mother suggested they should cut in two for another time. To this they readily consented; and, having enjoyed their share, they all set about helping to clear off the table and wash the dishes. At the end of an hour there remained no vestige of the feast, save the portions of the cake, covered with a napkin, on the small table.

Manuel, smoking his pipe, sat near the fire, lost in contemplation. From time to time he glanced up at the picture of the young sailor, his oldest son, who, having enlisted in the service of his adopted country when America entered the war, had twice been promoted and decorated for bravery during the short space of time which had been given him to show his courage and patriotism. With several others, he had been part of the crew of a submarine which had never been accounted for. A year had passed since the final word had reached the sorrowing parents, "Missing. Undoubtedly lost." And while the mother still hoped, as is the fashion of mothers, and always will be, the father had long since accepted the reasonable conclusion that, with his companions, their young hero had made his last fight.

When the holiday dishes were once more replaced in the corner closet with

glazed doors—the admiration of all their neighbors, and the envy of some,—when the shining silver and horn-handled knives and forks had been wrapped in soft linen cloths and consigned to the drawer of that same closet, which was always locked, the mother and children joined Manuel in front of the fireplace. He had just replenished it with two heavy sticks of driftwood, and Assunta asked:

“But why such a roaring fire, Manuel? It is warm enough to have the door open.”

“For two reasons,” replied the fisherman, refilling his pipe. “First, because it is so cheerful; and secondly, because I am going to open the door, as we always do, you must remember, on the Night of the Three Kings.”

“Yes, yes; I had forgotten,” said Assunta, hastily. “Open the door wide, Pedro, my son,” she continued. “And, while you are about it, run over to the presbytery to the good Padre with the bit of cake.”

“Yes,” added Manuel,—“open it wide, and set a stone against it, so that the wind may not blow it ajar, and that no poor, homeless souls in passing may fail to see the light and fire and hesitate to enter. For to-night this is the home of the poor, of the tired wayfarer,—of any and every traveller, sinner or saint. It is the Night of the Three Kings.”

II.

Pedro had returned breathless and joyful.

“The housekeeper is away in town—across the bay,” he announced; “so that the Padre may have the cake all to himself. He was reading the Bible.”

“It is his favorite book,” remarked Manuel. “He reads it in French, in English, in Spanish (which is his native tongue), and also in our language. I imagine he reads in every language, for he is a very learned man. And I fancy also that he will put a bit of the

cake away for poor old Maria. He is too kind-hearted to eat it all himself.”

“Well, it is his own; let him do as he pleases,” said Assunta. “And I, for one, do not grudge the poor creature her portion.”

“Nor I,” rejoined her husband. “Now, mother, please tell us one of your stories.”

“Yes: a Christmas story, mother dear!” said Mariana.

Assunta reached for her knitting, lying on the settle; and, drawing little Diego, seated on the floor, close to her knee, she began without further parley:

“You know, dear children, I can tell you nothing new. I know only what I heard from my mother, who heard it from hers, and so on, very far back.”

“But we love the old stories,” said Mariana; “we never tire of them.”

“No, no, never,” chimed in the two boys.

“Well, then, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph had been living in the cold Stable since Christmas. Perhaps it was not so very cold, either: there was straw on the floor, and the stone walls were thick; for the cave had been hewn out of a rock. And the ox and the ass helped to keep them warm. The shepherds, who came every day bringing them food and milk, were with them there, when three strangers appeared in the entrance. They were tall and majestic and finely clad, though one of them was as black as night. When the little Jesus peeped out from His Mother’s bosom and saw the black face, He quickly hid His head upon her breast. But one of them, seeing that the Child was afraid, said very gently:

“‘Have no fear of us, little Lord Jesus. We are three kings who have been led here by a wonderful Star, and we have come to adore Thee.’

“Whereupon the three fell upon their knees and drew from their packs gold, precious stones, and perfumes, which they offered to the Holy Child, who

clasped His baby arms around the caskets which held the precious gifts. But the shepherds were troubled and whispered to each other: 'He will not care for our gifts any longer. They are only milk, cheese, and a few humble little flowers.'

"Jesus knew what was passing in their minds. He laid the precious jewels at the foot of the Crib; and taking one of the daisies the shepherds had brought, He smiled and touched it with His baby lips. The shepherds were very pleased and proud at this, and returned, singing, to their mountains. They would have loved to build a beautiful little house for Jesus; but they were too poor: they had no materials, and knew nothing of building.

"As they talked of this among themselves, the birds gathered around them and listened.

"'What shall we do?' asked the swallows. 'How shall we help?'

"'Let us sing for Him and cheer Him,' answered the nightingale. 'That is all we can do.'

"So they flew over the hills to the Stable, and the swallow, perching above a hole in the roof, sang in this fashion:

I can build my own nest;
'Tis all that I can do.
If I were only able
I'd fashion one for You,
Sweet little Jesus!

Then the turtle-dove chimed in:

I'm not good at all at building:
I can only cry,
To tell You that I love You
When I'm passing by,
Dear Lord Jesus!

Then chirped the tiny humming bird:

I am so very small
That hardly anything I do
Can be seen at all;
But I love You,
Lord Jesus.

Then the linnet:

Could I weave
As well as I can sing,
A warm blanket I would make
For my Lord and King,
Sweet Jesus.

Thus the nightingale's sweet voice
Rose that wintry morn:
'Comrades, let us all rejoice
That the Lord is born,—
Christ Jesus!'

And music through the welkin rang,
As the birds sang and sang and sang."
Manuel had finished his pipe.

"I am hoarse," said his wife. "Tell them another story while I go down in the cellar for a pitcher of cider."

The fisherman reflected for a moment. Then he said:

"The Wise Men, who were the Three Kings, did not stay very long in Bethlehem. They had all come from different countries and had met on the way. They travelled together till they came to Jerusalem, and had gone to inquire of King Herod where they could find the Baby King. They thought he would be the one to know most about the Newly-Born and the Star. Herod was frightened, thinking this Child betokened some harm to himself. But, to throw them off their guard, he said to the Wise Men: 'When you have found the Child, come back this way and tell me, that I also may adore Him.' But an angel warned them to return by another road; and, with this warning in their minds, they bade adieu to the Holy Family and hied them homeward quickly; and this is all we know of them."

"Father," said Mariana after a pause, "tell us the story of the sagebrush."

"Very well," replied Manuel. "I will tell it to you. Mary, the Virgin Mother, more dead than alive, had risen in the middle of the night, obeying the command of the angel to flee with the Child. And now it was cock-crow, and the dawn breaking. St. Joseph had gone on a little ahead, to see if they could not find a short rest in some home by the wayside. But, the same as on Christmas Eve, every door was closed to them—"

"Father," interrupted Diego, "I don't think that was a very wise thing for St.

Joseph to do. The angel told him to go into Egypt; and he should have hurried as fast as ever he could, instead of trying to find a house to rest in."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Manuel, regarding his youngest born with deep gravity. "That is how the children reason these days! We do not know, my son, all that had passed between St. Joseph and the angel. And it is not for us to criticise God's great saints."

Diego hung his head blushing, under the disapproving glances of his brother and sister. Manuel resumed his story.

"Clasping the Infant to her breast, the Holy Mother was hurrying along, when she heard the clash of swords and loud voices of men not far away, and she knew at once that they were the soldiers of Herod. She looked this way and that till she saw a rose lying on the roadside.

"'Rose,—sweet rose,' she pleaded, 'unfold thy beauteous petals and let me hide therein my Babe, whom the soldiers of Herod are seeking to destroy.'

"But the rose said: 'Pass on,—pass on, gracious Lady; for the soldiers seeking thy Child will trample on us and destroy us. Yonder blooms a pink: perhaps it may open its leaves and give thee a shelter.'

"The Holy Virgin ran towards the flower. 'Pink,—beautiful pink,' she cried, 'open thy glowing heart and hide my Baby, whom wicked soldiers are sent to murder!'

"But the flower said: 'I have no time to hide ye. I am just about to bloom. Yonder—under the rock, is a sagebush, the flower of poverty, and thou seemest very poor. It will doubtless shelter thee.'

"Mary hastened forward. 'Sage,—humble little sage,' she implored, 'permit me to hide beneath thy branches, so that the soldiers of Herod may not find my little Son and destroy Him.'

"'Come,' replied the sage, expanding its leaves and branches. 'Thou art welcome. Hide here, close, close to my heart.'

"When the soldiers had passed and their noise could no longer be heard, Mary issued forth from her hiding-place and said: 'Dear little sage,—friendly little sage, I bless thee!' And from that time the sage has been an efficient cure for many maladies."

They sat in silence gazing into the fire. Suddenly they heard footsteps.

"The beggars are coming!" whispered Diego to his sister.

Three figures stood in the open doorway. They were in naval uniform. Assunta had just placed the pitcher on the table. As one of the soldiers stepped forward, she rushed toward him, clasping her arms about him.

"Mother, mother!" he cried, while Manuel sprang to his feet. "I knew I should find the door opened wide this Night of the Three Kings."

And soon beside the blazing fire of driftwood, surrounded by the joyful family, Louis and his two companions related the story of their rescue from a watery grave; while at intervals in the happy talk they took great draughts of cider from the mugs beside them, and contentedly munched the huge slices of cake provided for them,—through the custom that had always prevailed in the house of Silvas on the Night of the Three Kings.

THERE is a story told of Diogenes that, being in a besieged town, he rolled himself backwards and forwards in his barrel, saying that he must do something because everyone else was doing something. How like much of the fussy activity of these days that comes to nothing! We have got plenty of philosophic people who just roll themselves backwards and forwards in their own barrel of self-containment and speculative theorizing.—*Rev. J. Halsey.*

A Service for the New Year.

A WISH has often been expressed that there were some general official service for the vigil of the New Year and for devotionally passing the closing hours of the Old. The "Watch Night," as it is sometimes called, is observed now in many districts of the world, but as yet with no uniformity of service.

Dom Prosper Guéranger, in his "*L'Année Liturgique*," remarks that his Gothic Church of Spain is alone in associating this service and thanksgiving with the Holy Eucharist, and he quotes and translates the "Illatio." The service is printed in the Mozarabic Liturgy as the Office for the Sunday before the Epiphany. The editors of Migne's edition say in their note: "The Mass which the Mozarabes sing on the Sunday before the Epiphany is that which they celebrated formerly on the first of January, at the beginning of a new year, before the solemnity of the Circumcision was instituted, as is evident to any one who reads the prayers of this Mass." St. Isidore of Seville, who died in 636, mentions the Feast of the Circumcision; thus this service for the last day of the old year and the first of the new must be of early institution. A separate celebration for the old and the new year would, therefore, be rather a revival of a primitive practice than an innovation. The following are some of the more appropriate passages of the Mozarabic Office:*

"The opening of the New Year, which to-day we have begun to celebrate with fasting, we now, dearly beloved brethren, dedicate to God with oblation; beseeching the same Christ who is the Head of all beginning, to grant us to pass in faith the space of

this coming year; that, through the eyes of His pity, we may worthily please Him in all things.

"God, who art the same, whose years shall not fail, grant us so to pass this year in devotion and service pleasing to Thee; that we may not be deprived of subsistence, and may render holy obedience with fitting devotion to Thee. Amen.

"Christ, who art the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, bless these sacrifices which we offer to Thee at the beginning of the present year, and so write in the Book of Life the names of those offering, that Thou mayst give rest to the dead; that we, all, who have celebrated the beginning of this year with a song of praise, may worthily pass the remainder of it in Thy service. Amen.

"O Lord, bless the crown of the year with Thy goodness, that both the fields may be filled with plenty and fatness, and that we who are in the valley of tears may overflow with abundance of peace and sweetness.

"...With our offered gifts we dedicate to-day to the Living God both the end of the year that is finished, and the beginning of the next one. By Him we have passed through the last year, by Him we enter on the beginning of another. Therefore, we assemble in common prayer and devotion at the commencement of this year. We pour forth to Thee, our God and Father, our simple prayers; that Thou, who by the nativity of Thy Son didst sanctify the computation of our present era, mayst grant us a peaceable year and to pass its days in Thy service. Fill also the earth with fruit; free our souls and bodies from sin and sickness. Remove all stumbling-blocks from us. Beat down the enemy. Keep famine from us, and drive far from our land all harm and calamity, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord, whom, in the Unity of the Trinity, Thrones and

* Translated by the Rev. Wentworth Webster, M. A., Oxon.

Dominations praise without ceasing, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy.

"Truly holy, truly blessed is Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, by whose inspiration we cross the threshold of the present year with confession, by whose guidance we so repent that we may pass the remaining seasons of the year in divine obedience. He is truly our Saviour and Lord, Thy Son Jesus Christ, who is both the consecration of all time and the founder of the ages, Christ the Lord and eternal Redeemer.

"O Lord! who art the great day of angels, little in the day of men; God the Word before all time,—Word made flesh in due time; the Creator of the sun (living), under the sun, give to us of this day to celebrate a solemn assembly of ecclesiastical dignity to Thy praise. Thou who hast consecrated to Thyself the beginning of the year with such first-fruits, do Thou bless us, Thy servants, and sanctify these sacrifices which we offer to Thee; so that we may immolate all time with its vicissitudes and works to Thee, who hast taught us to pray, and say on earth: Our Father, etc.

"May all ye who through the help of our Saviour have celebrated the beginning of this year with praise, come to the end of it without reproach. Amen. May the same our Redeemer give you a year of peace and pleasantness, that your hearts may be always made ready for Him. Amen. By the blessing of God, who made heaven and earth, may that which you have begun in tears be completed in spiritual songs and joy. Amen. Through the mercy of God, who lives and governs all things for ever and ever. Amen."

It is only when the reasonable and practicable are denied that men demand the unreasonable and impracticable: only when the possible is made difficult that they fancy the impossible to be easy.—*Lowell.*

A Corner in Silk Hats.

PROFITEERING is as old as commerce, and the holders of monopolies have in all ages taken advantage of their position to reap immoderate gains. A few years before the recent war, the French Minister of the Colonies paid an official visit to French Algeria. On his arrival at the principal town, word was given out that he would hold a reception; and all the public functionaries and notables of the town immediately became interested in the matter, "What dress are we supposed to wear when being presented to the Minister?" The answer came from the Minister's master of ceremonies, "A frock coat and silk hat."

Now, there was in the town only one store in which silk hats could be procured; and, moreover, that store's entire stock consisted of only four. There was a rush to the place, all the notables desiring to purchase the limited supply of "stovepipes." The merchant, however, decided that he would not sell. He informed the would-be buyers that the best he could do was to hire the hats out at a rate of ten francs for ten minutes' possession. His store, he explained, was quite close to the Government building in which the reception was to take place. Four gentlemen could wear the hats, be presented, remain a few minutes, and then return to the store to let four others take the hats and pay their respects.

His proposal was accepted, and in the course of the evening the francs rolled in with gratifying frequency. When he speaks nowadays of that fortunate transaction, the storekeeper moralizes: "Yes, I did well not to sell the hats. I should only have created jealousies,—and, moreover, it was good business." Perhaps the Minister mistook the frantic haste of his guests for politics, when it was merely—economy.

The Example of the Wise Men.

TWO thousand years, not merely a few centuries, separate us in point of time from that memorable day when the Three Sages from the Far East came, at the end of their long journey, to the humble dwelling in Bethlehem which St. Joseph had secured; "and, going into the house, . . . found the Child, with Mary His Mother"; yet, like so many actions recorded in Holy Writ, this one was the first typical, or rather exemplary, act of a long series in which faithful Christians imitate, and in all essentials substantially repeat, the original. The most notable of such actions are, of course, those in which our Divine Lord instituted the Sacraments, and particularly the Holy Eucharist, saying to His Apostles: "*Do this* for a commemoration of Me." Such were the laying on of hands and breathing upon the first priests of the New Covenant, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. Such, too, though not a sacrament, was the washing of the feet of the Apostles.

But there are also many other actions recorded in the Holy Scriptures which were the outcome of the piety of individuals acting under the combined influence of divine grace and the special circumstances which called forth those actions. Christian sentiment has in many instances felt these to be the most fitting expressions of devotion toward those sacred objects to which they were first directed; and, since those objects are to endure forever, such acts of devotion will go on to the end of time. Amongst these we may surely put the pilgrimage of the Wise Men to the humble shrine of Bethlehem,—the first of countless pilgrimages to the sanctuaries of the Mother and her Son.

In that Eastern land from which the Wise Men came, and in which they were most probably priests, there had been preserved by God's Providence a singu-

larly pure belief in the one God. There, too, had lived in captivity the great prophet Daniel, who had foretold not only the coming of the Saviour, but, with minute detail, even the time of His birth. From Daniel the people of that land had learned to expect the rise of a King in Judea, who should conquer and rule the whole earth; and to believe Him none other than the Saviour whom Balaam long ages before had beheld in vision rising from Jacob as a Star.

These traditions had come down to the Wise Men. They, like all educated persons in their country, were attentive observers of the course of the stars and heavenly bodies. Moreover, again by the disposition of Divine Providence, there was abroad in men's minds throughout the East a great expectancy and a settled conviction that the great King was about to appear in Israel. When, therefore, a new and strange star suddenly shone out in the Orient sky, they thought of the prophecies, and their minds were enlightened by divine grace to recognize therein the bright herald of the Prince of Peace. Full of faith and hope, and with an ardent desire to see and do homage to the Redeemer, they set forth, bearing with them royal gifts.

Reaching Jerusalem, they found that the little town of Bethlehem was the place mentioned in the sacred books of the Jews as the birthplace of Him who should be the Shepherd of God's holy people; for it was written: "And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come the captain who shall rule [literally "shall shepherd"] my people Israel." To Bethlehem they came, led on again, to their exceeding great joy, by the wondrous star, which stood over the place where the Infant Saviour lay. "And, going into the house, they found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him; and, opening their treas-

ures, they offered Him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

What they did then has been done ever since, and will be done to the end of time. Wherever there is a Christian Catholic temple, it is a shrine dedicated to the Child and His Mother; for these two can not be separated without destroying true Christianity. To separate the Mother from the Child in religious thought and belief and devotion, is in reality to put asunder what God has joined together.

Like the Wise Men of yore, if we follow the Star of Faith, the light that shines in God's Holy Church, we shall ever find "the Child with Mary His Mother." This is the reason why, from the beginning of the Church's history, Mary has ever been venerated together with her Son. Love and veneration desire the presence of the object of love and reverence. Jesus we have ever present in the Sacrament of the Altar; Mary is in heaven, but Catholic piety would fain do something to realize her living existence as the ever-potent Advocate and loving Mother of her children. Thus it is that her image has always been a centre of loving devotion; and pilgrims have made their pious journeys to her shrines the wide world over. In so doing, they followed the example of the Magi, our forefathers in the Faith.

And her Son has signified His approbation of this practice by the outpouring of wonderful graces in those places where there are specially frequented shrines of Mary. She herself has been seen in vision at favored spots, to which, in consequence, thousands of her devout clients have gone to seek her powerful intercession. Thus we try to bring her near to us in spirit, until the day shall dawn when she will show to us the blessed Fruit of her womb, and our eyes shall rest upon the unveiled, entrancing beauty of the Child and Mary His Mother.

Notes and Remarks.

All who are interested in our missions—no Catholic worthy of the name can fail to be—will rejoice over the action taken at a recent meeting in Cincinnati, by the archbishops and bishops composing the committee appointed to co-ordinate the missionary efforts of the Church in the United States. Every diocese is to have a director of missions, who will be assisted by sub-directors in every parish. Thus all our people, old and young, will be reached, and impelled to renewed efforts for the propagation of the Faith at home and abroad. That as a result of this organization there will be a great increase in the number of missionaries in every field, and of means to enable them to extend their labors, there can be no doubt whatever. It is questionable with us whether any more important step for the welfare of the Church has ever been taken in this country. We presume that, on the Sunday to be set apart as "Mission Sunday," special prayers will be offered, to draw down the blessing of God on the missions, the laborers in them, and on all who contribute to their training and support.

Speaking a week or two ago before an Ohio meeting of the Child Conservation League, President-elect Harding declared it the duty of motherhood to keep the old-time home spirit alive, in spite of the growing tendency to entrust the instruction of the child almost wholly to public institutions. He made a particular plea, we are told, that "religious training be kept within the province of the hearth"; and he voiced a hope for the revival of religious reverence in these trying times.

While it is gratifying to learn that our next executive fully appreciates the rôle which religion should play in

American life, it is to be hoped that he has not been accurately quoted as to keeping religious training within the province of the hearth, if the words quoted mean—as on the face of them they do—that religious training should be confined to the home. More than half a century of sorrowful experience has conclusively shown that home training in religion, or in religious theory and practice, even when such training is supplemented by the weekly Sunday-school, is insufficient thoroughly to ground American boys and girls in the truths of religion, or to dower them with the morality which such truths connote and promote.

Only in our own parochial schools, and in the relatively few similar establishments of some of our separated brethren, does religion receive attention which is at all adequate. The revival of religious reverence for which Mr. Harding hopes may be reasonably looked for only when that reverence is instilled into American youth from day to day as an integral part of the instruction imparted in the schoolroom.

“The Wise Men from the East,” which survives in the Protestant version of the New Testament, is a weak rendering, giving an idea of the wise men of Gotham or so many Harvard professors going West to lecture. The Greek is *magoi*, which is correctly kept in the Latin *magi*. The Rheims Testament gives ‘sages,’ which has not quite the idea of magician contained in the official version of the Church. The mixture of star-lore and visions in which they dealt made them indeed very different from the modern idea of ‘wise men.’”

Commenting on this plain statement in an article on the Rheims Bible by Mr. Shane Leslie in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, W. H. K., of the London *Tablet*, writes: “The Revised Version, which retains ‘Wise Men’ in the

text, puts ‘Magi’ in the margin. It may be of interest to note that the Irish New Testament of O'Donnell has *dráoithe*,—i. e., druids, or magicians. Here, by the way, the oldest of all the English versions was the most accurate. For in the Anglo-Saxon Gospels we read *tungel-witegan*, which means men who are wise in the stars, or star prophets, or magicians. Wycliffe, it may be added, has *kyngis*, and gives ‘wise men’ as an alternative reading. ‘Wyse men’ was adopted by Tindale, who has been generally followed by later versions.”

A sixteen-inch disappearing “rifle” for coast defence, the largest piece of ordnance ever made in this country, was recently tested at the Government arsenal, Watertown, Mass. The rifle is sixty-nine feet long and has an estimate range of twenty-two miles. A decade ago the building of such a gun would not have been especially notable: its building at present—two years after the conclusion of the war which so many optimists declared was to end all wars—is, to say the least, suggestive. In graphic form it teaches the lesson that neither the Armistice, the Peace Treaty nor the League of Nations has convinced any of the Powers that Mars has been permanently dethroned, or that any living statesman can foresee Tennyson's millennium,—

When the war-drums throb no longer and the battle-
flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world.

The saddest part of that sad area known as the Near East is, undoubtedly, stricken Armenia. No one will ever understand the furious horror of the persecution which has raged there; the slaughter which has seen no counterpart since the era of Diocletian. Americans have quite generally taken the matter to heart, and have expended over fifty million dollars for assistance to Armenians. At present, the Near

East Relief is doing noble work throughout Asia Minor, and is most deserving of financial aid. We note also that the American Armenia Society is attempting what no amount of relief work could ever accomplish: the political independence of the Turk-infested country. In all probability, this will not be an easy task; although, as Mr. Walter George Smith solemnly declares, "the conscience of the civilized world must see that the necessary steps be taken."

This conscience has been "seeing" so many things that one may be skeptical of its ever getting a correct and honest view of Armenia. But it seems that men are beginning to behold, among other crimes of the conferences, the great blunder of arbitrarily dividing Austria. Would not that Power have been able to furnish a tangible guarantee that Christian rights in the Near East would be respected?

How humble all intellectuals ought to be in this athletic age—professors, painters, psychologists, poets, and the rest,—especially poets! Who among them, the greatest of them, is half so well known, or so generally popular, as Jack Dempsey, heavy-weight champion of the world? Unfamiliar as his name may be to "highbrows," to "lowbrows," who outnumber them thousands to one, it is a household word, dear and familiar. On the day when the distinguished Mr. Dempsey had an encounter with Mr. Miske, another prominent person in pugilistic circles, as many copies of "the world's greatest newspaper"—only a Chicago newspaper could thus characterize itself—were sold as on the day when the Armistice was declared.

So it goes. Great events in the domains of art, music, science and literature, command little attention in comparison with athletic occurrences. "The world's greatest newspaper" fears

that unnumbered Americans do not know whether fellow-citizens like Henry Cabot Lodge and Nicholas Murray Butler are spiritualists or shoe-manufacturers, but the W. G. N. feels confident that the citizenry know who Dempsey is.

Of all the intellectuals of our time, poets, as we have said, should be the most humble. A more unpoetic era than the present was never known. A volume of the truest poetry ever written, issued in the most exquisite form ever conceived, wouldn't be "in it" now with a book on the theory and practice of tackling by a football expert. There is consolation in the thought, however, that those who appreciate the higher and gentler things of life appreciate them all the more.

A many-sided personality, of versatile talents, is that eminent Englishman, Mr. Balfour,—a tariff-reformer, statesman, metaphysician, author, student of the occult, etc.; he plays a good game of golf, is fond of music, performs skilfully on the concertina, etc. But, according to Mr. E. T. Raymond, who has just published a biography of this celebrity, he is always, simply and solely, the politician trying to be a statesman, and occasionally succeeding; and finally, on his visit to America, displaying an unsuspected talent for diplomacy. It was when he prevailed upon President Wilson to enforce conscription, we suppose. No Englishman failed to do all in his power to further the cause of England while visiting this country during the war.

Glad tidings occasionally come out of the East, even in these harried days. The *Catholic Herald of India*, commenting upon the Catholic educational system, quotes the tribute of a recent non-Catholic writer, who concludes that, "whereas the present [State] system of education serves only to intensify the

conflict between the characteristics, mental and moral, which the Anglo-Indian owes to two different races, the Christian religion, and particularly the Catholic type of it, has remarkable powers for harmonizing divergent tendencies by lifting the individual to a plane of thought and life which stands above the distinction of race, class, and color." Over sixty per cent of the Anglo-Indian youth, we are informed, now attend Catholic schools, although hundreds of applications for entrance must be refused every year. This success is especially gratifying when one learns that these schools are entirely self-supporting.

We might remark in this connection that several college journals which come to us from different countries overseas, show a concern about intellectual matters which some American schools might well emulate.

If the opinion of Mr. Frierson, acting Attorney General of the United States, to the effect that "American ships, wherever they may be, are constructive territory of the U. S.," be upheld by the courts, and acted upon by the enforcers of Prohibition, then the Eighteenth Amendment presents greater difficulties than were probably foreseen by any one. The upshot of Mr. Frierson's opinion, the enforcement of which is now the business of the Treasury Department, is that "the National Prohibition act furnishes rules of law which govern those on board an American vessel"; and that it not only applies, as has been admitted, to vessels in American waters, but to "vessels on the high seas or in foreign waters."

That American steamship companies are up in arms against such a ruling is quite intelligible. As one of them puts it: "Probably fully four-fifths of those who travel by sea for business or pleasure make moderate use of wine and like beverages. When the choice

is presented between American and foreign passenger steamships, these travellers therefore will take the foreign steamships every time. The effect of the application of the Prohibition Law to American ships on the high seas will be all the more disastrous because on many routes—like those to South America, for example—the American steamship services are experimental: being on trial, as it were. Even on the transatlantic routes our ships, in order to obtain their rightful proportion of the passenger carrying trade, must win it away from established foreign services that are beyond the reach of our Prohibition Law."

Without hazarding any opinion as to the abstract right or wrong of this latest interpretation of the Prohibition Act, we venture the suggestion that, for the next year or two, our Governmental agencies will have all they can possibly do to enforce the anti-liquor law in the actual territory of the United States, without paying too much attention to its enforcement elsewhere.

A life of singular devotedness and unceasing activity was that of the late Fr. Charles Coppens, S. J. Until shortly before his lamented death, he was engaged in one or another of the numerous good works for which his learning and piety so well qualified him,—teaching, preaching, writing, conducting retreats, hearing confessions, etc. He was never idle, and all who knew him wondered how one so frail could accomplish so much. His life was ever a reproach to the faint-hearted, an example to all. Simple, humble, cheerful and hopeful, he did more good than he could have had any idea of, simply by being what he was. Thousands of Catholics to whom this venerable priest was known only through his numerous writings—all creditable and serviceable—will join in prayers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

New Year's Day.

(Feast of the Circumcision.)

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

After eight days were accomplished that the Child should be circumcised, His name was called Jesus, which was called by the Angel before He was conceived in the womb.—*Gospel of the Feast.*

O, the bright New Year appeareth!

Children give it welcome now;

For it bears the Name of Jesus

Blazoned on its breast and brow.

In His name and with His blessing,

Hark, this message it imparts:

"Children, keep the Name of Jesus

All your days within your hearts!"

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

I.—A LITTLE EXILE.

THE great ocean liner was ploughing its way to the shore, the hoarse pant of its engines seeming to slow and soften as if they felt their task was nearly done. For long, sea-sick days and nights little Fifine had listened to the sound as if it were the breathing of some fierce laboring monster, bearing her away from all she had ever known and loved, into a strange world where she had no place.

But she was better to-day; the sickness, with its despairing terror, had left her. Leaning on the deck rail, she was watching, with eyes wider and darker than befitted a little girl of twelve, the sky line of the great American city breaking through the mists; its towering roofs and pinnacles now catching the sunlight and now vanishing into cloud, like the city of a dream.

But all the world had been for the past two years like a bewildering dream to this little traveller,—a dream which had left her homeless and orphaned, but for the kind Mademoiselle Van-cours, who was bringing her to this strange, far-off land—alone. But Mademoiselle herself was almost a stranger. She was the buyer for a fashionable modiste, and was returning with the very latest after-war fashions in Paris gowns, and had good-naturedly (though much to her regret) agreed to take the child under her care. Fifine, tossing wretchedly in her narrow berth, had heard the good lady's dire lament to the stewardess:

"Never again, *never* again will I be fool enough to mother a child. Look at her now dying on my hands! What shall I do,—*mon Dieu*, what shall I do?"

But Fifine had not died, though it was a pale, thin little face, framed by its quaint foreign *capote*, that looked out into the mist while the great liner steamed on its way to the nearing land.

It was a sheltered nook, half hidden by a swinging lifeboat, in which Mademoiselle had left her charge, with strict and voluble orders not to leave the place until she returned; for, with her trunks of importations to be scanned by keen-eyed officials, the good lady was athrill with nervous excitement.

"There will be robbers awaiting me, I know," she explained to the bewildered Fifine; "villains ready to cheat and steal. And for you, *ma pauvrete*, looking so pale and thin,—what these American doctors will say of you I do not know. They will say perhaps you are one of the sick that they can not let in."

"But—but I am sick no longer, Mademoiselle!" was the eager answer. "I ate two eggs this morning and three pieces of bread, made of what I do not know; and I took a glass of milk, and—"

"That makes no difference now," said Mademoiselle. "You look white and thin, all the same. Was not my cousin Pierrot turned back to France only because he had red eyelids? He would give red-eyelids, the doctors said, to all he came near."

"And what harm would that be?"

"But it is the American way—and—so stay here, *ma pauvre*, with your little white face and big eyes, until the crowd passes by; and perhaps, as I sometimes do with some beautiful lace robe folded close in its soft paper, I can steal you in. Stay here close and still until I come back."

And so the little exile was waiting under the shelter of the hanging life-boat, chilled with new and strange fears of this great American world, of which she had only vague and bewildered knowledge. For she was a simple little French girl, this Fifine,—or, as her full name was written in the register of La Roque, Josephine Marie La Roque.

In the old chateau on the heights that bore her family name, Josephine Marie had spent happy childish years that seemed lost and blurred in the storm-clouds that had swept over her home,—clouds through which thought and memory could only dimly reach. Beautiful pictures came back to her in her dreams,—pictures of sunlit hills and purpling vineyards; of the old grey church, whose bell had sounded through the valley for more than five hundred years; of the great window above the altar, where the warrior-angel, Saint Michael, stood with his glistening sword; of the glory that streamed through it as she knelt, white-veiled and white-robed, to make her First Com-

munion; of the proud father who had blessed her, the tender mother who had wept happy tears over her, on that holy day.

Then all these bright pictures would vanish in a horror of darkness and fear, and marching soldiers and hideous crashing sounds and fire and smoke. For her dear father lay in a soldier's grave; chateau and church were blackened ruins; her gentle mother had fled with frightened crowds of crying women and children, and taken refuge in a convent, where she had soon died of terror and heart-break, leaving little Fifine, with a few family jewels that were her only heritage, in the care of good Sisters already burdened far beyond their saintly strength.

With her dying breath poor Madame La Roque had begged them to send the child to her grand-aunt in America, who, on hearing of their desolation, had written, offering mother and daughter help and home. The jewels would pay for Fifine's passage, and the Sisters promised the hapless mother they would do all in their power to have the little girl placed in her American relation's care.

But the fierce tides of battle ebbing and flowing around the convent shelter had for months made all effort impossible. It was not until the war ended that Mother Mathilde found her old pupil, Leonie Vancours, returning to America, and willing to take the little girl under her care. Mademoiselle Vancours had heard, from the fashionable patronesses whom she served, of Madame Louise Lorraine, a grande dame of the olden time, whom all the New World (she said) held in honor. Little Fifine, who had the kind, quaintly-worded letter begging her poor French children to come to her, would be safe and blessed with this good lady Mademoiselle felt sure.

Of all this little Fifine was thinking to-day, her child's heart filled with

doubts and fears; for Mademoiselle's last words had been by no means reassuring. True, Mademoiselle was given to changing moods, as Fifine had learned; but there had been anxious warning in her tone that had chilled her young hearer with new dread. What if she were turned back like Mademoiselle's cousin of the red eyelids. What if, friendless and alone, she should have to recross that wide stretch of ocean, listening to the panting breath of the engine that seemed to take away her strength and life? What if the horrible sickness should seize her again and she should die?

"Ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" thought poor little Fifine, twisting her hands together despairingly. She must indeed keep still here, under the great swinging boat, so that the American doctors might not see how pale and thin she was, and good Mademoiselle could steal her in.

"*Bien*,—here we are!" a voice said in French almost at her side; and Fifine shrank back in terror as a woman and man (one of the searching doctors perhaps) loomed up on the misty deck close to her hiding-place. "Safe and free," he continued, with a short laugh,—"safe and free."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked the woman, anxiously. "The passports?"

"Ah, they are all right!" was the assured answer. "My friends in Paris saw to that. I am Armand Lorraine even to the scar on my cheek."

The little listener caught her breath at the name—Armand Lorraine!

"Who was killed at the Marne," the woman said in a low voice.

"Not killed, *mon ami*,—not killed, only wounded nearly unto death; captured by the Boches, and held prisoner in torments worse than Hades until a month ago, when he came back to Paris to marry you. And since all his possessions are gone, as everyone knows,

he has come to America to seek his fortune,—here where the newspapers have been asking for him this half year. So, *bien*, we have come."

"It frightens me," said the woman in a low voice. "Let us go to some quiet place and get honest work, Pierre. In this great country there is honest work and pay for all. Give up this wild, wicked plan, Pierre. We can get a little house and garden, and I will keep chickens and a cow, and work the ground as my mother did,—my good mother whose teachings you have made me forget. What would she say to a marriage like ours, without priest or prayer or blessing—only the mayor?"

"Bah, bah! It was a marriage all right and good, that will hold me as fast as the priest's, if you do not drive me off with fool talk like this. I thought you had more sense,—that you were a woman, not a silly child."

"I am afraid—I am afraid," she faltered.

"Then go back!" he said fiercely,—
"go back, since you no longer care for me! Go! It will be easy enough. Let these American doctors hear that you spent last year in a hospital with the cough that only the little white pills will hush. They will not let your foot touch the shore: they will send you back."

"Where—to whom? I have left all for you, Pierre,—all, all. I am your wife, who loves you, Pierre."

"*Bien*, then, don't be a fool, Babette! It is no time to trifle,—to talk about cows and chickens and work. Work! Bah! You shall never work again. Did I not swear that I would make you a fine lady?"

"Ah, Pierre, Pierre, much rather would I be an honest woman. You turned my girl's head with your soft words, your vows; you won my heart, and I can never take it from you, Pierre. It was all like a dream,—a beautiful dream. But since I have been

on the wide ocean, so sick, so weak, I have been dreaming other dreams, Pierre. Of my old home in the mountains, where I was so good and happy and light-hearted—”

The man broke in upon the trembling words with a fierce oath that made the little listener under the boat shiver.

“Go back, then,” he said angrily,—“go back to your wretched home and your church and your people! I have no use for such a weak-headed, weak-hearted fool.”

“Pierre, Pierre!” she sobbed pitifully.

“You were glad enough to come with me a month ago,” said the other—“glad enough to leave all—everything.”

“Ah, but I did not know,—I did not understand all that you have told me since! It frightens me, Pierre, it is so bold, so daring, so mad.”

“Bah, bah, *bah!*” he scoffed mockingly. “So be it, then: I am bold and daring and mad; but I see my way, Madame Babette,—I see my way! And it is for you to say now and here whether you will take that way with me. I want no weak, trembling, whimpering woman, but a wife that can hold her place bravely at my side, wherever I go, whatever I do. I am taking chances, I know; but the game is worth it, *ma chérie*, the game is worth all that I risk. Will you take the chances with me? It is for you to speak quickly, Babette: will you go or stay?”

“Go and leave you, Pierre,—leave my husband! Oh, I can not. I will not!” she cried tremulously. “I will take the chances with you. I will stay,—I will stay.”

“*Bien*, then, see that you do your part well. Come on, Madame Armand Lorraine.” And he drew her hand in his arm and led her away.

As they passed the hanging lifeboat that sheltered her, Fifine caught a glimpse of the last speaker’s face,—a sallow face with hard, bright eyes and

close-shut lips, and a scar upon the left cheek. Armand Lorraine he had called himself,—Armand Lorraine. Fifine wrinkled her pretty brows in perplexed thought; for surely his wife had called him Pierre. And he had said wicked words and made her cry. It had all been a strange and startling experience, that Fifine could not forget. For somewhere, sometime in that dim, far-off, happy past beyond the war clouds she had heard that name before.

Armand Lorraine! And then suddenly, like the shaft of sunlight piercing the mist around her, she remembered: Armand Lorraine, the soldier cousin who had come to La Roque when she was a very little girl; who had brought her a wonderful box of bonbons, each one a delicious morsel in a little fluted cap, such as she had never seen before. Armand Lorraine, who had laughed with her father and sung with her mother, and held her before him on his tall horse for a frightened but delightful canter around the lawn. An Armand Lorraine who was not at all like this Armand Lorraine. There might be two, of course—but there was no time to think of the problem any more; for the big liner was nearing its wharf.

The lifting mists showed the great cities rising on each side of the narrowing waters, the high bridges reaching from shore to shore. Bells were clanging, horns sounding, steam-whistles shrieking in deafening chorus; little tugboats panting as they made the way for incoming ships; forests of masts with furled sails and streaming flags crowding the jutting wharves; hoarse shouts of command sounding through the great liner as she turned her huge length slowly to her pier.

Fifine stood staring in wide-eyed bewilderment. The pictures in her school-books that had shown her wooded shores and rock-bound coasts, and feathered Indians, were not at all like this America,—not at all.

"Fifine, Fifine!" Mademoiselle Vancours was beside her again. "Keep close to me now and say nothing. I will talk for you; I will get you in."

And, holding fast to Mademoiselle's hand that seemed her only surety, little Fifine was borne in the great stream of life sweeping through the portals of this New World,—a friendless little waif from the wreckage of the Old.

(To be continued.)

A Lovable Artist.

THE old masters of art condescended at times to very humble employment when overtaken by adversity. Correggio, being in sad straits, once painted a large sign for a tavern, choosing for his subject the face of the landlord.

Correggio is one of the most lovable of artists; his works, too, have a charm all their own. The peculiar temperament of this famous painter seems stamped upon his pictures, and lends them so peculiar a color that the word "Correggiesque" has been invented to indicate their character. This great master is one of the artists whom no one has ever succeeded in imitating successfully,—the one above all others who may be called the painter of beauty without a flaw.

During the Peninsular War, when the French were about to occupy Seville, the "Adoration of the Shepherds,"—a picture upon wood by Correggio,—then in a convent, was sawn in two, in order that it might be more easily taken to a safe hiding-place. By an extraordinary series of accidents, the two portions were separated, each becoming the property of an Englishman.

What Correggio would have accomplished if his life had been spared we can not tell. He was but forty when he died. Concerning his death there is extant, a well-worn and much-believed

story, which never had a foundation except in the imagination of its inventor. For the frescoes in the cupola of the cathedral of Parma he was paid, so it is said, in copper coin; and, although it was but half what he had been promised, the weight of it was so great that by the time he had carried it to his home, the heat of the sun, together with the fatigue, threw him into a fever from which he died. One author goes so far as to state that he found his children starving; and, snatching a brush, painted the portrait of the youngest, calling it his "Last Angel," and then died.

The fact remains well authenticated that the monks who employed Correggio paid him in gold at regular intervals; and that, although never very prosperous, he got on fairly well and died in comparative comfort.

A Long-Lived Animal.

A TORTOISE is usually defined as a terrestrial turtle, one that lives on land, although "tortoise-shell" is fixed as the name of the commercial product of certain sea-turtles. The tortoise is a slow-moving and slow-living animal, but its life is as long as its movements are deliberate. Specimens of small species have been known to live more than a hundred years; and one, at least, more than a hundred and fifty years. There was in existence in Mauritius a few years ago—and, for what we know, may be in existence still—a large tortoise whose recorded history goes back to 1766. The largest collection of all living species of tortoises is that at Tring Park, England, where the biggest known tortoise is one measuring fifty-six by forty-nine inches over the curve of its shell. It was taken from Duncan Island in 1813, and is still, perhaps, in good condition at the age of more than a century.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new and revised edition of "Adamnani Vita S. Columbæ," with an Introduction on early Irish Church history, notes, and a glossary by J. T. Fowler, is announced by the Oxford University Press.

—Mr. Patrick McGill breaks a poetic silence of several years in "Songs of Donegal," published by Herbert Jenkins, London. It is full of the atmosphere of Ireland, and is illustrated by numerous landscape photographs.

—We notice that the Rev. Dr. Strahan, who has published a Life of Mrs. Mary Crawford Brown, a zealous promoter of Protestant foreign missions, and the editor of a missionary magazine, calls her "the St. Brigid of the twentieth century." Catholic women bearing the beautiful name of this great Irish saint have been known to substitute for it such misnomers as "Bird" and "Birdie."

—From Bloud & Gay, Paris, come three brochures of varying interest and importance: "Les 'Racines'—Au Fils des Paysans de France," by Abbé Gustave Mugnier; "L'Ame de France," by Edward Montier; and "Les Assyro-Chaldéens et les Armeniens Massacrés par les Turcs." We notice in all these French volumes a defect which is becoming altogether too common in English and American books,—the lack of an index where an index is a quasi-necessity. Publishers would do well to insist on the inclusion of so indispensable an adjunct to all really important works of large size.

—"Catholic Thought and Thinkers" is the general title of a new series of handbooks, edited by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., and published by Harding & More, London. These volumes aim at giving the reader mental pictures of eminent Catholic thinkers, a statement of what they taught, and of their contributions to the history of ideas in the world, and to Christian civilization in particular. The first issue of the series, entitled "Introductory," is by the reverend editor. The next volume will be a collection of verse by the Rev. A. V. Phillips.

—Clients of St. Leonard of Port Maurice and St. Nicholas of Tolentino will welcome new Lives of them by Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M., and Fr. E. H. Feran, O. S. A., respectively. Both books are brightly written and attractively illustrated. The latter is based on previous biographies and the Acta Sanctorum of the Bollandists. The former is a more popular account of St. Leonard's life of sanctity and missionary

zeal than that given in the well-known volume of the Oratorian Lives. He was a Genoese of the Cassanova family, and one of the most famous Franciscans of his time. St. Nicholas of Tolentino was a member of the Augustinian Order. Both volumes are published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne.

—Catholic students who make use of the series of "Cambridge Plain Texts," issued by the Cambridge University Press, will be gratified to find that they are free from puzzling or misleading notes. The series begins with Lamartine's "Meditations," and Bossuet's "Orations Funèbres" on Condé and Henriette d'Angleterre. The volumes are printed from clear type, neatly bound, and of convenient size.

—"Divorce in Canada," a pamphlet written by the Rev. John J. O'Gorman, D. C. L., and published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada, attacks the evil straightforwardly by presenting the Scriptural and the ethical argument for the Church's doctrine of strict monogamy. "On this question of divorce," says Father O'Gorman, "we Canadians are like a man halfway down a steep precipice. Unless we pull ourselves up very soon, we shall inevitably fall down farther. . . . An application of the Ten Commandments, and not an application for divorce," he patly remarks, "is the remedy for unhappy marriages."

—That Henry Adams, whose "Education" seemed a record of bitter disillusionment, was not always a cynic is the consoling burden of "Letters to a Niece and Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres," which Mabel La Farge has collected and prefaced with a charming memoir of her distinguished uncle. Mr. Adams was, after all, quite amiable; and his heart, that hungered for religious belief, took refuge in the thought of Christ's Mother. The "Prayer" is the poetic outcry of an errant son:

If, then, I left you, it was not my crime;

Or, if a crime, it was not mine alone.

All children wander with the truant Time;

Pardon me, too! You pardoned once your Son!

—Chanoine Laurent, director of the Grand Séminaire at Verdun, is an expert catechist as well as an eminent canonist. His new book, "Directoire Pratique"—a practical directory for the clergy,—is in the form of a catechism on the New Code. It presents in three chapters the discipline of the sacraments, the pastoral discipline, and the ecclesiastical discipline. The very pointed questions based on the text of the Code, and the very categorical answers

drawn from the canon under consideration (the number and paragraph are always indicated), make these chapters as direct, clear and precise as a child's catechism. Nothing is overlooked that might arise in the parochial ministry. Books of this kind render the study of the New Code a profitable and agreeable task. M. Téqui, Paris, publisher; price, five francs.

—What the Red Cross did to alleviate the suffering incident to the war is one of the few pleasant chapters in the record of that ghastly struggle. Two books recently published by the Macmillan Co. present a good many aspects of relief work that may be interesting for Americans to consider. "The Passing Legions," by George Buchanan Fife, outlines the work of the Red Cross in England from the sinking of the "Tuscania" to the departure of the Archangel expedition. It is a compact, well-written résumé, by no means thrilling, that will probably appeal only to those who were there.—Edward Hungerford's book, "With the Doughboy in France," is a trained journalist's summing up of relief work among the American soldiers after their arrival upon the scenes of the conflict. He impresses one with the stupendous scope of the Red Cross, knows how to tell a story, and is not afraid to dispense eulogy in ample portions. Nevertheless, the "doughboy" whose recollections of army life are keen, may wonder what connection he has with the book, or what this glamour has to do with reality. Both volumes are neat twelvemoss. Price, \$2 each.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Rauptert. \$1.50.
 "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.
 "The Right Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, O. P." Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P. S. T. M. (Pustet Co.) \$3.50.

- "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.
 "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. T. B. Smith, of the diocese of Hartford; Rev. Joseph Bogner, diocese of Wichita; and Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J.

Sister M. Valentina, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Josephine and Sister M. de Sales, Order of the Visitation.

Mr. Edmund Wallace, Mr. Henry Morrison, Mr. Alexander Kennedy, Mr. Martin Brennan, Mr. John Stamm, Mr. F. X. Jaeger, Mrs. Sarah Burke, Mr. Edward Hussey, Mr. William McDonald, Mr. John Leaf, Mr. Henry Bosche, Mr. Daniel McCarthy, Miss Mary Connor, Mr. Daniel C. Woods, Mrs. Margaret Blanchard, Miss Lillian McKinnon, Mr. Peter Redmond, Mrs. Teresa Hertzog, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Mr. Victor Clement, Mr. John Dawson, Miss A. McCartney, Mr. Frank Solas, Mr. Samuel Thompson, Mrs. M. C. Griffin, Mr. Richard Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Kent, Mr. André Bégin, Mr. P. J. and Mary A. Crowe, Mrs. Mary Mallock, Mrs. Martin Schneider, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Mrs. Emma O'Neill, Mrs. Mary Pope, Mr. John Brick, Mr. J. P. Kane, Mr. J. B. Kane, Sr., Mr. Henry Cox, Mr. Matthew Byrne, and Mr. John Chisholm.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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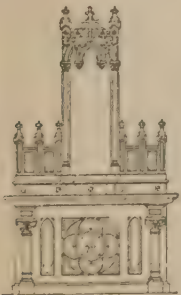
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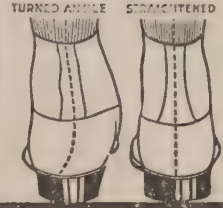
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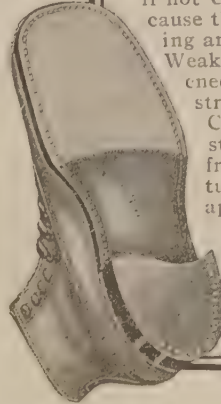
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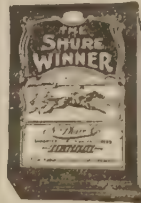
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 8.—St. Severinus, Ab. St. Albert, B.	WEDNESDAY, 12.—St. Tatiana, V. M. St. Benet Biscop, Ab.
SUNDAY, 9.—First after Epiphany. SS. Julian and Basilissa, MM.	THURSDAY, 13.—St. Veronica, V.
MONDAY, 10.—St. Agatho, P.	FRIDAY, 14.—St. Hilary, B. C. D. St. Felix, M. St. Kentigern, B.
TUESDAY, 11.—St. Hyginus, P. M.	SATURDAY, 15.—St. Paul, Hermit. St. Maurus, Ab.


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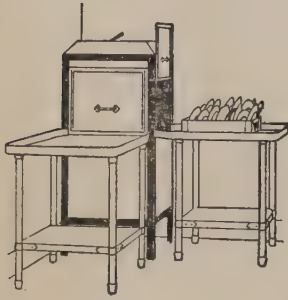
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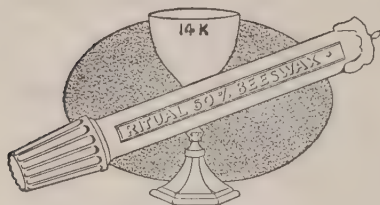
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Through Death.

BY E. BECK.

WE only know the worth of those
We lived with day by day
When we have seen their eyelids close
On earthly scenes for aye.
When we have seen the tender hands
That toiled for us clay-cold,
What matter honors, widespread lands,
Or stores of yellow gold?
'Tis death alone can truly show
The virtues lightly prized;
Through death alone at last we know
The kindness oft despised.
When hearts are stilled that held us dear,
Their pardon we would seek;
Would, when the ears are deaf to hear,
Words of affection speak.
Could the still lips but move again,
Their counsels we would prize;
No word, no deed of ours with pain
Would cloud the dear dead eyes.
Beside the dead we judge aright
Earth's pleasures one and all,
And see as in a mirror bright
Ourselves both poor and small.

WHEN God wished to create a dwelling place for the angels, He spread out beneath them the vault of the heavens; and when He wished to create a dwelling for Himself, He formed the heart of man. Our churches, which He is pleased to consider His temples, are for Him but a place of waiting: the goal to which He aims is our heart.

—*Mgr. de la Bouillerie.*

A Tradition of Constantinople.

AMONG the requests which the Blessed Virgin on her deathbed is said to have made to St. John was one to give two robes, or tunics, which belonged to her to two women whose attachment to her and whose services merited such a legacy. One of these robes, religiously preserved, was afterward to enrich Constantinople. The strange circumstances of its transportation thither are related by Metaphrastes, whose narrative, embodying the popular tradition, we shall for the most part follow.

It may be well to premise that the standing and authority of Metaphrastes, which were almost universally discredited by sectarian writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have in later times been somewhat rehabilitated. Much of his interesting biographical encyclopedia is lost to us: there remain only twenty-two biographies, forming three volumes of Greek Patrology. His work is now very generally recognized as one of the most attractive collections that have come down to us from Christian antiquity; and the narrow literalism of critics who could not differentiate between history and poetical legend has not lessened his popularity.

To return to our subject. During the reign of the Emperor Leo the Great, two brothers, Galbuis and Candidus,

were the distinguished commanders of his armies. The Arian heresy, transmitted to them by their father as a deplorable inheritance, unfortunately kept them outside the Church; but, on the other hand, their blameless lives and their constant and generous almsgiving could not but win for them the special favor of Heaven. Providence chose them as the instruments of its loving designs on Constantinople, which city was then most notable for its devotion to the Blessed Virgin; for before Catholic France emblazoned her name on its banner, or Catholic England became known as Our Lady's Dowry, Byzantium gloried in the title of *Regnum Mariæ* (Kingdom of Mary).

The Mother of God inspired these two brothers with the desire of making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Manifesting their desire to the Emperor, they were provided with a numerous escort. On arriving in Palestine they chose the route leading through Galilee, as Nazareth and Capharnaum held far more attraction for them than did the Syrian coasts. One evening, after quitting Capharnaum, they were forced by the profound darkness of the night to seek hospitality in a small village. They knocked at the door of a modest cottage, tenanted by a Jewess more venerable even for her virtues than for her white hair. She cordially greeted the two strangers, bade them enter, and at once set about preparing a repast.

On their way to the dining-room, the brothers perceived toward the rear of the house an apartment all sparkling with lights and redolent of a delicious odor that permeated the cottage. It was to all appearances the rendezvous of a throng of sick people. So strange a spectacle naturally excited the brothers' curiosity; there was evidently a mystery of which they resolved to discover the explanation. With this intent, they invited their hostess to share the supper. At first she declined, alleging that

her religion forbade her to eat with Christians; but on their gentle insisting and telling her that she need partake only of such viands as were permitted by the Judaic law, she yielded and entered the room.

During supper, Galbuis and Candidus avoided the subject that had so vividly piqued their curiosity. The meal being finished, however, they questioned the old Jewess as to what they had seen in the strange room, their supposition being that they had witnessed some Jewish rite or ceremony. In reply, their hostess began to relate marvellous incidents of which the room in question was the daily theatre, but told nothing else thereof. Numerous inquiries were made with the view of getting to the bottom of the mystery, but to these she returned no satisfactory answer. Our pilgrims, however, persisted; and their entreaties finally won for them the desired information.

"Never until this day," said the old woman, "has any one penetrated this mystery. In my family it is a secret that has been religiously preserved and transmitted from one generation to another. As I am speaking, however, to serious and discreet men, I will reveal the matter to you; for I have no one among my people to whom I can transmit the secret confided to me. I feel assured that you will keep it faithfully hidden. In the room of which you speak is kept a tunic worn by Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

At these words the pilgrims were seized with the most profound astonishment, and listened with intense interest to the progress of the narrative.

"The Mother of Christ, when dying," continued the Jewess, "left her robes to two virgins. One of them belonged to my family; and she, in dying, expressed the desire that this treasure should always remain in the care of a virgin. The chest which you may see in the room was made at the time to receive

this robe, and the robe itself is the cause of the prodigies that occur here. Such is the explanation you have solicited. Let me conjure you to keep these things to yourselves: above all, let them come to the knowledge of no one at Jerusalem."

The joy of the brothers upon hearing this wondrous story, to which what they themselves witnessed, as well as the evident sincerity of their amiable hostess, lent an air of unmistakable reality, was unbounded. They at once begged permission—readily accorded—to pass the night in the blessed sanctuary. Much of the time they spent in fervent prayer; but while the sick people present were tranquilly sleeping, our pilgrims carefully examined the precious chest, took exact measurements thereof, and noted the nature of its wood. Before taking leave of the hostess on the following morning, they asked her what commission they could execute for her in Jerusalem, as they would be most happy on their return to pay her another visit. She demanded only their prayers, but expressed the pleasure with which she would welcome their return.

Having acquitted themselves of their devotions in the Holy City, Galbuis and Candidus proceeded to the shop of a skilled workman and commissioned him to make a chest, the exact counterpart of that whose measurements they had brought with them. The artisan was told to use the oldest wood and to provide for the chest a gold-cloth coverlet. The Galilean Jewess was not forgotten: for her they purchased a quantity of rare spices for the sacrifices prescribed by the Mosaic law.

On their return to the little village, they once more solicited the hospitality of their former hostess, and asked also the privilege of spending the night near the holy robe. In the course of the night, while the sick, always in numbers beneath that blessed roof, were deep in

slumber, they cautiously approached the precious chest—not without deep emotion, for at first fear seemed to paralyze their arms. Were not their hands about to commit an infamous profanation? Overcoming their momentary reluctance, however, they substituted for the Jewess' chest the one which they had procured in Jerusalem, and which they carefully covered with the golden cloth. At daybreak they bade farewell to the old woman, having previously called her attention to the coverlet, which she looked upon as a gracious present.

Once more in Constantinople, the two returned pilgrims were greatly perplexed as to the proper disposal of the holy tunic. Should they offer it to the Emperor or to the Patriarch? In either case, they themselves would be deprived of a most precious treasure. Finally they determined to keep it near themselves. They owned an estate at Blaquernes, and here they constructed a little church, which, the better to avoid suspicion, they dedicated to St. Peter and St. Martin. The holy tunic remained therein for some years; but at length the desire to see solemn veneration paid to so venerable a relic decided them to tell the whole story to the Emperor.

Notable was the joy of Leo the Great as he listened to the narrative of his gallant captains, and their desire was at once carried into effect. The little chapel was replaced by a magnificent edifice, celebrated during many years at Constantinople as the Blaquernes Church. There the holy tunic was deposited in a silver coffer. This event, considered glorious for the imperial city, was registered in its annals, and the anniversary of its occurrence was celebrated every year on July 2. The Emperor Manuel Comnenus, in his edict as to the ferials to be solemnized, wrote the following lines: "The second day of July will be celebrated, because we

then commemorate the deposition of the precious tunic of the Holy Mother of God."*

Miracles did not fail to draw to the sacred relic crowds of the suffering and afflicted. Universal confidence regarded it as the tutelary rampart of the city, which more than once received proofs both of the sacredness of the tunic, and of the power of her to whom it had once belonged.

Cedrinus relates that in the reign of Michael the Stammerer the city was besieged by a great body of hostile forces. From an elevated position outside the walls, the leader of the opposing army saw the emperor himself planting his standard on the roof of the Blaquernes church, as upon a fortress that would defy all assaults. At the same time his son Theophilus followed, with the court and the clergy; also the venerable patriarch, who carried a fragment of the True Cross and the holy tunic in solemn procession around the ramparts. This spectacle rather shook the besieger's confidence in the issue of the combat; but he gave orders that at daybreak on the following morning both his fleet and land army should advance and attack. During the night, however, a sudden and violent tempest arose, and the powerful fleet was dispersed without disturbance, and without exertion on the part of the defenders of the city.

Nicephorus tells us that in his time the holy tunic was still preserved, in its entirety, at Constantinople. Possibly this "entirety" is not to be taken literally. While by far the greater portion of the robe may still have been treasured at Constantinople, small pieces of it had no doubt been given away or abstracted. Indeed, fragments of it were treasured in Oviedo, Toulouse, Rome, and elsewhere.

That the holy tunic was venerated with genuine devotion at Constantinople

we have abundant evidence in hymnology. Josephus composed no fewer than seven odes to celebrate its "deposition" in the church at Blaquernes. One hymn, sung on the festival (July 2) "in honor of the Tunic of the Blessed Virgin Mother of God," Cardinal Pitra indicates in his "*Analecta Sacra*." We give herewith a partial translation:

"O Immaculate Virgin, most pleasing to God, thou hast given to all the faithful the Tunic of immortality,—that sacred Tunic which thou hast woven in corporal purity! O thou protectress of all mankind, we celebrate the deposit of this treasure, exclaiming, *Hail, Virgin, superb joy of Christians!*

"The Creator of all things, architect and Lord, has adorned thee with glory, O Mary, Immaculate Virgin, as His true Mother! And thou hast appeared as the potent guardian of our city, its help, its rampart; proof against enemies when, a general without arms, thou didst overcome alien phalanxes. Thou in thy wonderful clemency dost cover thy people with this veritable mantle, whilst we exclaim: *Hail, Virgin, glory of Christians!*"

IN the South of Spain, we are told, the weary traveller, after passing many an arid plain and many a bleak, bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Grenada, and as he does so he hears the grateful sound of rushing water. It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Grenada five centuries ago, and which amid all the changes of race and religion have never ceased to flow. Their empire has fallen; their people have been driven from the shores of Spain; their palaces have crumbled into ruins, but this trace of their civilization still continues. And thus it is that the good they did lives on and bears its own witness, and is a blessing even to their victors.

—Rev. W. W. Tulloch, D. D.

* Theod. Balsamon, in *Tit. VII Photii*.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

II.

ALTHOUGH Father Lingam stated to the tailor that he had left Buckingham at daybreak, he withheld the fact that *before* daybreak he had journeyed from Weston Underwood to Buckingham. Neither did he inform him that his ultimate destination was Ufton Court, distant only some four miles from Englefield.

These details, however, he imparted to his host, with whom he held a lengthened conference as to the best method of reaching Ufton without attracting observation.

The result of their consultation was a promise on Taylor's part to provide the priest with a trusty guide, to send his valise later, and to return the horse which had conveyed him thither back to its owner at Weston.

Shortly before five the next morning, Taylor called his guest, who arose, and, instead of donning his late apparel, dressed himself to assume the part of a travelling peddler.

With his pack on his back, the priest set forth. His guide—none other than Griffin, the ostler—preceded him; it having been arranged that the two, although keeping in sight, were not to hold communication.

When Father Lingam saw Griffin enter the gates of the park of Ufton Court he halted, and, seating himself under a bank, gave semblance to his assumed calling by opening his pack and arranging his wares.

While so engaged, he was accosted by a young man dressed as an artisan, who proceeded at once to inquire the latest news. Peddlers in those days acted the part of the modern newspaper; in fact, they were the travelling correspondents of the period between town and

country, and were consequently always welcomed.

During their conversation another visitor, coming from the mansion, appeared upon the scene in the person of a woman habited in cloak and hood, which did not disguise her comely figure and pleasant face. It was clear that she and the artisan were no strangers; for he at once advanced towards her, and, offering his hand, welcomed her as Mistress Elizabeth. Without noticing his extended hand, she exclaimed in snappish tones:

"What, Andrew Gaylor, you here, fooling and idling away your master's time as usual! Get along to your work, and stop to play when you have earned your rest. A pretty sort of return you make to those who have done well by you these many years!"

"Nay, nay, mistress mine, I—"

"'Mistress mine,' indeed! I should like to own such an idle good-for-nothing as you for a master! Get along, I say, and—"

"What a nice little temper you are in this fine morning, Mistress Elizabeth!" (with emphasis on the name) put in Gaylor. "One would not think such fair lips were made for scolding. Come now, just take a peep at the good man's assortment of precious wares, and say whether it shall be this gaily-colored kerchief or—"

"It shall be neither the kerchief nor anything else from you to-day, Andrew Gaylor. You go and clear off the score you owe Goodey Arslett at the 'Dog' before you offer to treat your betters," pertly interposed Mistress Elizabeth, at the same time fingering the tempting contents of the peddler's basket.

Turning to the peddler, she continued:

"I think, sir, if you will go up to yonder big house, the good lady there, whose serving-maid I am, may have some dealings with you, for I see several things here she lacks."

Then, turning her back on Gaylor, she hastened on her way.

The peddler gathered up his pack and proceeded to the mansion, where, to his surprise, the first person he encountered was Mistress Elizabeth herself, who bade him enter.

Leaving the priest in the lobby, Mistress Elizabeth entered the house. Returning after a few minutes, she beckoned him to follow her, at the same time making a little gesture enjoining silence.

It will not be out of place to give here a brief description of Ufton Court, which is to-day much as it was at the period of our story. Either rebuilt or very extensively restored about 1560, the ground-plan of the house may be said to represent the letter E,—that is to say, it consists of a main building, with a projecting centre-porch and two wings. It is approached on the south by a straight drive through a double avenue of oaks. On the north side is a raised terrace, whence a broad flight of steps lead to an extensive walled-in garden, at the end of which a pair of double iron gates admit to the dense woods not far beyond. Beneath the raised terrace is an arched passage communicating with the cellars, and with a postern in the garden wall, of which more anon.

The door of the central porch is of very thick oak, closely studded with iron bolts. This opens into a lobby, which now forms the continuation of a passage dividing the house into two parts. But at the period of our story the lobby opened directly into the large hall; and over that portion which is now the passage was then the minstrels' gallery.

The hall and the private living apartments for the family are on the right of the entrance. The kitchen and domestic offices and the chief staircase are on the left. There is another staircase just beyond the hall, and others in the wings.

The priest's room is on the first floor of the south wing, and is connected by a staircase to a side entrance. There are two doors to the priest's room,—one direct from the lobby at the head of the stairs, and the other through a small anteroom. A recess by the chimney in the priest's room marks the little cupboard thus referred to by a Franciscan Father (A. D. 1769): "I leave in ye little cubbard by ye fire-side, in my room at Ufton Court, twelve pounds one shilling."

The entire attic floor of the south wing forms the chapel; and this, like the long gallery, running the whole length of the centre building, is ceiled on the rafters to within about three feet of the floor, at which point the plastering descends in a straight line, leaving a recess between it and the eaves. Well-disguised panels at frequent intervals admit to this recess, so that it is possible to enter one of them in the south wing, and crawl under the rafters to an exit at the opposite end of the mansion. These hiding-places are undoubtedly of quite secondary importance, and we may dismiss them without further comment, although the use of one of them will appear in the sequel.

The various floors of the mansion are constructed in a way to conceal effectually any undue thickness in the walls or secret space in the floors, few of the rooms being on the same level, while each room has more than one exit.

Of the many secret hiding-places with which the house abounds, one in particular calls for a detailed explanation, on account of its connection with this story. The first entrance to it is in the corner of a small anteroom opening off the long gallery and directly against what, to the outside observer, seems to be the supporting jamb of a huge chimney. This jamb is, however, so carefully twisted that, while it does not take away from the strength of the

chimney structure, the easy passage of a large man is possible.

The entrance is by a triangular door, which, when closed, fits so neatly with the rest of the panelling as to be unnoticeable. This door is constructed of solid baulks of timber some six or eight inches thick; and, when tapped on the outside, gives forth no sound to reveal the hollow space behind. It is easily opened by a secret spring placed in another part of the room, and can be securely fastened on the inside by the occupant. The passage by the chimney jamb admits to a small and nearly dark cell, about six feet by four feet, rather below the floor-level of the gallery. This, in turn, by another carefully-concealed aperture, admits to a comfortable-looking apartment, some three or four steps below the cell. Once within this room, the entrance can be barred and bolted, so that ingress would occupy some considerable time after the secret of the door had been discovered.

This chamber contains a small fireplace, the flue from which passes into one of the many groups of clustered chimneys which form so pleasing a feature in the external adornment of the mansion. By an ingenious contrivance, entirely under the control of the occupant of the chamber, it is possible to obtain complete daylight when circumstances permit of such a luxury.

The room is floored with oaken planks, some eleven or twelve inches in width and two inches thick. The length of these planks varies considerably, and in no two instances do they abut together in line; the reason of this will be seen later.

The walls of two sides and one end are lined with planks of timber about an inch thick and narrower than the floor boards, over which they project. They are securely nailed to the brickwork, and further strengthened in their position by two-inch fillets of

wood nailed to the floor and the ceiling.

To all appearance, this secret chamber was built more for the purpose of a strong-room than for residence; and, once within it, the only possible means of exit appears to be the door leading from the outer cell. Such, however, is not the case: another mode of egress is to the initiated simple enough, though slightly tedious and requiring a little nerve and caution. The wooden lining of the room is either painted or stained in squares of a dingy blue.

The simultaneous pressure with the finger on the centre of one particular square and the lower left-hand corner of an adjoining one causes the heads of two nails—or what passed for such—to project about half an inch. Pressure on one spot at a time will not produce this; neither can these nails be moved a hair's breadth, unless the simultaneous pressure is applied to the right places.

The heads of the nails can now be taken between the finger and thumb, and with the greatest ease projected for about four inches. They must then be grasped by the hand and pulled more vigorously, with the result that they release two bolts, which pass behind the panelling through the thickness of two adjoining floor boards. These two bolts can be released, either together or singly, but both must be fairly pulled out before the next action will have any effect. This consists in pressing again on a particular panel in quite another part of the room, and another nail head rises in the floor. This can be easily raised, and is merely used as a means of sliding the two now unbolted floor boards under the wainscot, thus making an opening in the floor the width of two boards and about three feet or more in length.

I have said that the floor boards are of unequal length: in this particular instance one is some nine or ten inches longer than the other. Both are fixed

together, and slide like the lid of a child's paint-box. The opening is, of course, not quite so long on one side as on the other; and it will easily be seen that the object of having the planks of unequal length was to disguise more effectually the nature of the trap. The pit which this aperture reveals is larger than the opening, and is perhaps four feet deep.

An undisguised trapdoor in the floor of this pit when opened reveals a well-like abyss of considerable depth, the descent of which is effected by means of a series of oaken ladders, which conduct to a chamber of larger proportions than the shaft itself, situated on the ground-floor of the mansion. A trap in the floor of this chamber admits to the cellars of the house, its existence being carefully disguised on the outer or cellar side, although unconcealed within. The height from floor to ceiling of this cellar is about six and a half feet; and it is related that it was the custom to store beneath the trapdoor bags of wool or bundles of straw, in order to make safe and easy the descent of a fugitive.

This cellar extended under the terrace, and from it there were two exits,—one a door leading directly into the garden at the foot of the steps; the other a door, secured only from within, which led into a passage terminating in an outhouse near the end of the garden, whence, by means of the postern before mentioned, access to the adjoining woods could be attained with little chance of observation.

Mistress Elizabeth contrived to usher the priest into the apartments occupied by the lady of the mansion without encountering any of her fellow-servants; and, although this was more the result of fortunate accident than of any special perspicacity on her part, she, nevertheless, took credit to herself for the skill with which she had performed her mission,—for such it was.

Her real object in sallying forth was to meet the peddler, of whose identity and presence she had been made aware by her mistress, to whom Griffin had confided his business. Finding Gaylor with the priest, and fearing he could not be safely trusted, she had resorted to the simple ruse which proved effectual, and had regained the mansion by a short cut through the woods in advance of the priest.

In those sad times it was only the oldest and most tried retainers who could be trusted with the knowledge that a priest was in the house; and instances even are not wanting of these betraying their trust. In an establishment like that at Ufton Court there would certainly be some among the servants either not of the Faith or weak in faith, and to these the bribes offered for infidelity to their masters by the persecuting Government then in power would have been too tempting to be long resisted.

We may now leave Father Lingam in the company of Mrs. Perkins; and we can, without going into details, assume that his guise of a peddler was speedily changed for a dress more fitting his calling, and that the good lady of the house lost little time in fully instructing him in the secrets of the numerous hiding-places, and more particularly with the one last described.

(To be continued)

Desire.

BY L. J. HANFORD.

AS a moth from out the chrysalis
Flies swiftly through the night,
So flies my soul to Thee, O Christ,—
To Thee, who art its Light!

As a mother bird with tenderness
Broods o'er the little nest,
So yearns Thy Heart o'er all the world,
Until in Thee we rest.

The Poet and the Child.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

JUST there the coastline describes the most delicate curve, as though pencilled by the hand of a master. The waves rush upward upon the soft incline of the sand with a prolonged, murmurous sound like a subdued roar, and back again; but they are infant waves, full of play, and break their shallow crystal in laughter. The sky overhead is of the bluest, in its deep luminous ecstasy of summer. A mountain range closes the distance,—sometimes of a cobalt hue, sometimes of a dark violet-purple; here and there the sun strikes gleams of silvery white that shine like snow,—the open veins from which the pure marble of Carrara issues. Between the hills and the shore, lie miles of pine forest, mysterious, aromatic, whispering secrets in the shadow; and then the ridges of the dunes, covered with lush-grass that the wind sways, and grey sea-holly. There the dead poet lay.

The child had heard about it so often he began to feel as though that tragedy of long ago were some memory of his own early years. That stupendous scene of mountain and sea was, indeed, one of his earliest recollections; the beach, his happiest and most beloved playground; and then came the story of a poet found dead in that spot so vivid with life and so supremely beautiful. He picked up the knowledge as children do,—a word here, an allusion there; the child was not reading yet, save in large books of pasted pictures and linen; but already he was thinking, wondering. A poet must be a very wonderful person, since everybody talked about him and remembered him. How had this one come to die just on this beach, that was so bright and happy? How had he looked when the sea gave him up? Did he lie, a dark huddled heap, in the clear

mirror of the wave spreading upon the shore, or was his face uncovered, the pale features turned skyward, the right arm flung across the chest? How little the older people know of what passes in the mind of the child! That shore was never empty, never deserted again. In its barest solitude, the poet was always there. And at length, after long days of musing, the question that had grown so pressing was brought to the highest authority, the one fount of knowledge that never failed.

"Grandma, did you know that a poet was drowned here once?"

"Yes, dear, of course; everybody knows that. Who told you?"

"I heard some people talking about it on the sands, so I asked the sailors."

"What did they tell you?"

"They said it was true, and that one very old man in the village was there when they picked him up. Grandma, what is a poet?"

She did not answer at once.

"Grandma, what is a poet?"

"My child, I am afraid you will not understand; but you know what poetry is? You like it better when I read to you aloud, because the lines are all measured, and run on and then stop, and then run on again; and some of them rhyme together so that they make a kind of music, and that makes us say of poets that they *sing*. But that is not all there is to it. God gives the poet the gift of seeing what other people do not see, and of hearing what other people do not hear, and of understanding the beauty of all things in an altogether extraordinary way; that is what they make their poetry about. And the poet himself is such a wonderful thing that only God can make him."

The child, looking up in awe at the lovely face under the Mary Stuart cap, felt that God must have made grandmother one as well. Only later he learned how at fourteen she read Petrarch at first hand; but already he

had heard her recite, in the language she was then teaching him, Phèdre's golden salutation to the sun.

"Grandma, are you a poet?"

How merrily she laughed at that!

"No indeed, darling! What could ever make you think of that?"

"I thought perhaps you might be. But you haven't yet told me about the poet who was drowned."

"He was a young Englishman of the name of Shelley. He was sailing in a small yacht with a friend (going from Leghorn to Spezia, I believe,—a short trip, as you know), and a storm came up and capsized the boat. They were both drowned, and Shelley's body was washed ashore here."

The child felt the need of a space of silence to visualize it all. How well he understood it! Grandmother did not know nearly so much about these things as her barelegged grandsons. She was afraid of the water, she confessed. She said: "A storm came up." The sailors on the strand would have said: "It was blowing *un vento di libeccio* that could carry you away." The child knew all about that,—the whistling wind that stung your face; the roaring waves that had changed color and looked like muddy coffee-and-milk; the yellow foam that lashed the beach. It was this kind of a sea that strewed the coast with apples and nuts washed from storm-beaten areas of swollen rivers; and sometimes it washed up wreckage.

His voice was a little lower.

"Was it right here, grandma,—where we go in bathing?"

"No, dear, not exactly here, but a little higher up the coast. I am not quite sure that they know the precise spot, but the old people say it was just about the end of the Mile Road where it turns inland."

Again the child felt it necessary to pause. The Mile Road! Why, they drove along it every evening, skirting the sea, until they came to the very

spot she named,—the point where it turns eastward toward the mountains.

"Grandma, you never told us about this. Will you let me get out this evening and look at the place?"

"There is positively nothing to see."

"But I want to see it."

There was indeed nothing to see, only a most desolate spot under a grey sky, wheel-marks in the sand going toward the sea, and the blue grass of the dunes waving in the wind. How solitary and how sad! The child came back to the carriage mournfully.

"I wonder why they did not plant a cross to mark the spot, as they do when a fisherman dies?"

It may be that the grandmother knew, but she did not say.

"There has been much talk about setting up a monument to him in the village; but in Italy they are rather slow to begin—and sometimes slow to finish."*

"How long is it since he died?"

"You can reckon it up; it was in 1822."

"Oh, a dreadfully long time! That is the date in grandfather's Charterhouse grammar, so *he* must have been at school then."

This piece of information seemed to surprise the widowed lady very much; or perhaps she was only surprised at finding that the childish mind was beginning to make its first mental associations; it may be that she herself was unconsciously inspiring in the young folks around her their profound love and veneration for the past. That Charterhouse grammar, the Greek and Latin parts bound together and exquisitely tooled, with the name of the boy of long ago stamped in gold upon the leather, was a relic, to be touched with careful hands. The grandmother's thoughts had drifted far away.

* The monument is there now, on the piazza that has been named after him, where the child's feet used to wear the green away.

The child had a new idea, a real inspiration; it was to go and talk to Filomena. This was a very delightful thing to do. Filomena presided over what was known in the family as the "lower regions." She was a handsome, elderly peasant woman, still wearing the Tuscan bodice and kirtle, and *zoccoli* of wood upon her feet that made a sound of castanets as she walked; but instead of the flowered silk kerchief on her head, she wore one of black cotton,—her mourning for father, husband, and three sons, all successively lost at sea. Filomena seemed to typify in herself the whole tragedy of these simple fisher-folk, with their hard lives and their tragic deaths, and the sublime resignation of their women. She was always saying the Rosary (when she was not working) for her *poveri morti*—her "poor dead"—whom the sea had taken.

When the child came to her in the morning, she was very busy drawing green peppers and *gobbi* from the market basket, but full of attention immediately. No, she did not remember: it was long before her time; but she remembered very well hearing her grandsire speak of it. The body was washed quite a little way up the shore, in the direction of Fossa Dell' Abbate (this was a favorite wading stream familiar to the boys), after it had been many days in the water, and the flesh was gone from the face and hands.

"*Poverino*," she wound up, with the ever-ready compassion of those lowly women so much bereaved themselves, "that was sad, too,—to die so far from home, in a land that was not his, young, and such a bitter death!"

Filomena had the right feeling about it, the child felt; but he wanted more details.

"And then did the Misericordia pick him up and carry him away?"

The Misericordia was one of the

child's mingled delights and terrors. Those Brothers of Mercy, always silent, would pass along the beach from time to time, rattling their collection-box as they went, the long black habit covering their secular clothes, and the long black hood screening the face, so that only the eyes could be seen. Even the hands were hidden in white gloves. But the eyes would twinkle at the scared, childish faces as they passed; and you could not without a genuine thrill approach and drop your penny into that dread box. The child had once seen the Misericordia lift upon their bier and bear away a fisherman whom his companions brought lifeless to the shore. Perhaps they had lifted the poet in that same gentle way, with never a word spoken.

"I don't know about that," Filomena answered. "But very likely they did; for they have been picking up the dead and burying them in this part of the world now for nearly three hundred years."

The child found real comfort in this: his poet had at least been carried tenderly to the grave.

"And who found him on the shore, Filomena?"

"Eh, who knows who found him? There is an old man in the village who says that he was there when they found him. He was a youth then, and two other men were along with him; but whether they were villagers or the friends of the gentleman who came to look for him, I could not say. The English Consul from Livorno came up to take charge of the body, and some great English Milord who had been the poor lad's friend. They burned him there on the sand."

"They burned him?"

"Eh, yes! He had been a long time in the water, and I suppose—you run along and ask the Signora Grandmadre about that."

The kitchen was a very pleasant

place, opening upon the garden, and shaded by grapevines over the door; but the child ran fast.

"Grandma! grandma!"—bursting in upon her toilet. "Is it true that they *burned* the poet when they found him?"

"Yes, my child. The health officers wished to put quicklime upon the remains, so his friends decided to make a pyre and burn him instead, as the ancient Greeks used to do. Shelley had been a great lover of Greek literature, and was partly identified by a volume of *Æschylus* in his pocket."

The child knew nothing about *Æschylus*, and was not interested; but he remembered the English Milord, and wished to learn who he was. The answer came rather curtly, and with a certain air of reserve: "Lord Byron." From grandmamma's air one would have gathered that she did not wholly approve of Lord Byron; yet the child remembered books with his name upon them in the library at home.

The next question was a direct, coaxing, personal appeal.

"Grandma, sometime will you read me some of the poetry he made,—the one who was drowned?"

"When you are older, dear; not now."

She seemed a trifle peremptory about that too, and the child wondered why; but so many new interests came crowding in every day that, for a while, that poignant image of the poet, dead upon his beloved shore, grew a little less vivid in the youthful mind.

Two years later, she herself, the adored grandmother who had such inexplicable moods of reticence, placed in the hands of the little student one of the most delightful third-year Readers ever compiled. The child did not regard it with enthusiasm. It meant tiresome lessons; it meant English spelling, which was so difficult, and the learning of verses by heart which took such a long, long time. Yet there were several gems in the book which even a

child could not fail to rejoice in. The charming "Brook," purling and rippling still; "Casabianca"; Gray's "Elegy," considered a "whopper" in that Old-World school-room because it contained so many unknown words, like "curfew" and "knell"; and the thundering "Charge of the Light Brigade," recited with beating hearts, for the memory attached to it of a regiment they knew well.

One day, in a mood of idleness, the lad was turning over the pages far beyond the prose lesson assigned, when a name seemed to leap forth out of the volume like a bit of print springing into life. It was the magic name "Shelley." For a moment the grey wall and the row of ink-stained desks faded, and the wide beach was there, lashed by the sea; and those solitary dunes, near the end of the Mile Road, where the lush-grasses bow to the wind. For a moment the child was too troubled to see the print; then it stood out quite clearly,—clear as if each letter had been an inch high: "Ode to a Skylark." The reader paused. That was delightful! That he who was dead should have chosen such a happy, living theme as this, a spring-song he knew. It meant the skylark of the Italian May springing upward through the air, singing as it rises; and when it has almost disappeared from view, sending down still that acute ecstasy of song that has become almost slender as a whistle, the most intense riotous joy of existence that can be expressed. How strange that the poet and the faithful little devotee of his memory should have met thus alone for the first time, in a dull school-room, over a lesson-book! Yet it was a real meeting and full of gladness.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—

Bird thou never wert,—

That from heaven or near it

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art!

Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest,

Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Strangely enough, in after years, this
lilting song, with its short measures
imitating the brief wing-beats of the
lark, never ceased, in the child's mind,
to seem a song of childhood. But he sat
entranced at the sheer music of "The
Cloud," hearing the treble of harp-
strings in it when the cheerful piano
plays the base. (The harp was the
grandmother's.)

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

This poem, with its metre reminis-
cent of the Greek, became one of the
child's favorites, and was a source of
great happiness to him. He would try to
sing it (most inharmoniously, it must
be confessed), quite sure that it had a
melody sealed up in it, which the expert
could discover, but inaccessible to him
because he knew no music. Thus, as
the days and the years passed, the
little dreamer did not—and could not—
forget the poet; for at intervals, now
and again, and then again once more,
the poet seemed to come to him.

It was not long after the discovery of
these first poems that, upon one bril-
liant, sunshiny afternoon in midwinter,

a friend from afar, visiting the Eternal
City, wished his young kinsmen to
accompany him in a combined athletic
and archaeological walk in the direction
of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. The
excursion, a brisk and yet unhurried
ramble, proved delightful; and, as they
were returning, the visitor expressed
the wish to see the so-called "Protestant
Cemetery," hard by the Porta San
Paolo, where he sought some friend of
long ago. To the Roman adolescents
the place was wholly unknown. They
wandered here and there beneath the
cypresses, wondering much that the in-
scriptions upon the tombs should almost
all be written in English. Suddenly the
child who loved poets stood stone-still.
Here was an upright slab, slightly
rounded at the top, and bearing upon
its face this astounding epitaph,

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM,

and the dates of his birth and death.

"Ah, the grave of Shelley!" ex-
claimed the stranger.

"But—but," stammered the child,
"Shelley did not die in Rome; and his
body was burned on the shore at
Viareggio."

"Quite right; but his ashes were
brought here for burial. And you
notice the words '*Cor cordium*'—are
you boys good at Latin?—Yes, that's it:
'Heart of hearts.' The flames respected
that."

"Do you mean really?"

"Yes, really and truly. The remains
were all consumed, except a few pieces
of bone; and the heart remained un-
touched; so that the poet's friend Tre-
lawny (who is buried here beside him)
put in his hand and snatched it out, and
got quite severely burned himself in
doing it. You may remember that it
was Trelawny who made this grave
for Shelley, as he did not like the
crowded place in which he had first
been put."

One member of the little party

walked home as in a dream. And of course it was to the grandmother—that most sympathetic friend and listener—that the recital of this thrilling new adventure went first. She could always contribute something from her great store of knowledge and information, and she contributed something now. She remembered how Shelley, visiting the grave of Keats in that very cemetery, had been struck by the solemn beauty of the Roman ruins which surround it, and by the loveliness of the small pink-tipped daisies and sweet-breathing violets in the grass. "It would make one in love with death," he wrote, "to be buried in so sweet a spot."

"Grandma, I would like very much to read his poems."

"When you are a little older, dear."

"But, grandma, I'm quite old enough now. I am sure I should understand them; and, if I don't, you can explain them to me."

But she proved obdurate. And how old-fashioned the child must have been to respect the frail barrier of her mere word! A day came when, turning over the books upon the shelves, a small volume lay in his hand purporting to be the "Works of Shelley." Here was the hour of conflict! Should he read? He was fourteen and a half years old, fully competent to read any English poet ever born. Why did she forbid it? Would she be very angry? With hesitating fingers he shifted the pages from "Prometheus Unbound" calling to him, to the notice of the poet's life; then paused again. She was not unreasonable; she was not narrow. She had allowed him to read some authors that were not milk for babes; but she was watching always and knew each book that went into each young reader's hands. As to Shelley, she was certainly over-strict. She seemed to be making it a sort of Apple-of-Eden test, because the child was so eager. That was palpably unfair. He would at least read the

biography; she could not possibly mind that, No, *he* would not either; he would just read the end,—about the drowning and the burial. And in a moment he was buried in it.

The boat was a fast, frail shell, the "Don Juan," named after Byron's hero; and the two young men, Shelley and his friend Williams, set sail from Leghorn on the 8th day of July to rejoin their respective wives, who were spending the summer together in the Casa Magni at Lerici, near Spezia. (O Lerici, San Terenzo, and Porto Venere the Beautiful; beloved names!) It was a disappointment to learn that the poet was married; for, in the child's experience, most married people were painfully prosaic and grown-up. Still he must have been young, for he loved sailing. In the storm that blew up, the schooner was apparently struck by some heavier craft; for she was found with her side stove in. For nine days the women waited, hoping against hope, until on the tenth, Trelawny came in to them, having ridden furiously along the coast; and when he had come to their presence he went out again, being unable to speak. One corpse lay on the sands at Viareggio, identified as Shelley's by the tall, slender build, the jacket, and the books in his pockets: Æschylus and Keats; the other was found three miles farther away, toward Migliarino. The last tragic rites were presided over by Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny, who, deeming that their cherished Hellenist would wish it, poured oil and wine, salt and frankincense, in the Greek manner, on the ascending flames (there all the fires are made of aromatic wood and cones from the pine-forests), until the "golden smoke" arose in stately columns. The day was the 16th of August, 1822.*

The little reader closed the book, un-

* The remains had been temporarily buried in the sand until the necessary documents for interment could be secured.

willing to read more. But all day the splendid and harrowing scene was before his eyes; and at night, as he spread his hands to the cheerful fire, a mute horror stole over him; he crept to the protecting presence in the armchair and laid an unquiet head upon the breast that two generations of children had made their refuge. Thinking that he was cold, she drew him closer. Then he looked in her face.

"Would you be very angry if I should tell you that I read something forbidden?"

"I would like you to tell me first what it was."

"I read about the death of Shelley—but not the poems—in the volume of his works."

"Some day we will read the poems together. There is one in particular that you must not fail to read: the 'Adonais,' addressed to Keats, who had just died. To you it will mean Shelley. 'Oh, weep for Adonais: he is dead.' And the last stanza:

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar!
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of
heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

"Grandma, that is the first time you ever quoted Shelley to me. Sometimes I have thought you really didn't like him. Why don't you talk to me about him as you do about some other poets?"

"You seemed just a little inclined to idealize him, and I feared the influence might not be good for you."

"I know next to nothing about him—you know I don't, grandma,—but I do know that he is a recognized English poet, and so some day I've *got* to know him; and that's all there is about it. I very nearly read one of the love songs to-day!"

"I suppose you did!" Her mouth was delicious when hidden laughter trembled over it. "Now listen to me. By the pure grace of God, and not because we deserve it, you and I believe and adore. We believe that our Lord Jesus Christ (bow your head, dear, when you hear His name) is God, and that He 'took flesh of the Virgin Mary.' Now, a certain young man, whose name I will not mention, was expelled from Oxford, when he was a student there, on a charge of atheism, and he openly and professedly circulated writings against Christianity. Much of this was mere youthful conceit and petulance. I myself have always thought that the French Revolution, and perhaps Rousseau, had much to do with this pose of infidelity. But there was in him the same kind of spirit of rebellion that was in so many of the young modern poets of Italy. His ideas about marriage, too, and matters of that kind, were not entirely orthodox, though he was not a dissolute man in any way. By nature he was exceedingly gentle and kind, full of enthusiasm and nobility of character; generous to those in need, and a faithful friend. If he could have lived longer in Italy, I think his conversion would have been entire; for he was sincere, and he had grown humble there. You will notice in the later poems, when you come to read them, and in some of the letters, the spirit of reverence, a quite folk-like Italian belief in Providence, and other touches of that kind that are most eloquent. Your poor poet was not even thirty when he died. But you will see yourself why I don't want you to plunge into a course of Shelley until you are a little better prepared and a little stronger to withstand attack."

There was obviously nothing more to be said, and the revolving years must bring the fuller knowledge. They brought it all: dramas, lyrics, essays, letters, even to precious scraps of manuscript with the corrections upon

them. And it became necessary to analyze, to sift, to compare, to weigh, since no schoolboy is too callow to pass judgment upon genius. Assuredly much that the would-be thinker wrote is more than regrettable, allowing even that it is immature. But somehow the poet remains—a sweet singer, a being in some sense apart from the cavilling, contentious undergraduate; a high-souled bard and seer, full of the music and loveliness of the world God made. To the child, now no longer a child, he could not change; for he had become a part of that ideal world of long ago held fast by memory. He was more: he was that first conception of a poet as of one singularly and radiantly gifted by the Most High; he was that unknown friend over whose tragic end so much of youthful pity had been outpoured; he was a silent, haunting, familiar presence, whose gentleness—and whose imagined gratitude—a fanciful child could almost feel. On quiet days, those eyes that never saw him, see him still—in the embracing curve of the shoreline, where the spreading wave mirrors his immobility, and the wreathing foam washes circling around his head. Adonais is his name.

Come away!

Haste while the vault of blue Italian day

Is yet his fitting charnel-roof, while still
He lies as if in dewy sleep he lay.

Awake him not! Surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.
... Weep not for Adonais.

I NEVER complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of Heaven, except once, when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. Then I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for His bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes.—*Sadi Gil, "Contentment."*

The Reunion at St. Hildegarde's.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.



HE great day had come at last. Miss Barrett put on a silk dress which she had made with infinite pains, new white kid gloves, and a dainty hat that was almost new; and, feeling very nicely dressed as well as very happy, she went to the sitting room to show herself to her father. The old man made her turn back and forth, that he might admire her from every angle; and even a less loving eye would have found her clothes tasteful and pretty, and her face still beautiful, although a little careworn.

"I wish you could dress like this every day, Margaret. Your mother did when we were young," Mr. Barrett said, half sadly and half proudly.

Miss Barrett laughed contentedly.

"I couldn't be any happier arrayed like a queen," she replied. "But I am glad to have nice things for to-day. It is a great occasion for us all. It is remarkable, isn't it, that twenty-five years after our graduation every one of the class will be there? Mother Sylvester is immensely proud and pleased."

Mr. Barrett had no thought to spare for Mother Sylvester.

"You were the cleverest girl in the class; and you were the prettiest, too. I remember having remarked it, and whispered something of the kind to your mother, at the distribution of prizes," the old man said.

"Of course you were both absolutely impartial," Miss Barrett answered, with another laugh, happy to know that her father was proud of her. Glancing at the clock, she added quickly: "It is almost half-past eleven, so I must go. I left a nice little luncheon ready for you on the dining room table. Don't miss me, father dear, and don't expect me too early. Benediction will not be given until half-past four."

She kissed her father affectionately but hurriedly, and a minute afterward the front door closed behind her, and the first holiday she had had in six months had fairly begun.

Twenty-five years before there had graduated from St. Hildegarde's Academy a class of fifteen merry girls, who had been together in school since they were little children. On separating they had agreed to meet at the convent exactly twenty-five years later; and that day had come, although not one of the class had believed that it ever would or could. It found them all living, and all able to be present, although time had scattered them far and wide. Best of all, Mary O'Donnell, who had been the liveliest girl in a giddy class, was now Mother Mary Sylvester and superior of St. Hildegarde's.

By the time she reached the convent, Miss Barrett was a little short of breath, but her eyes were shining with excitement and her always-smiling face was fairly radiant. The next half hour was ecstatically happy. Again and again she was folded close in the arms of friends whom she had known long and well, whose place in her heart had never been lost; some of them grown stout and gray, some careworn, a few but slightly changed. She heard again old nicknames and little tricks of expression which she had not recalled in years; and she laughed once more at time-worn jokes about class pranks or school troubles which had once seemed real tragedies.

At one o'clock a luncheon was served in the refectory. Mother Sylvester and two young nuns waited upon them, taking part in all the merriment. There was much laughter and incessant talking, but very little listening. It was at this time that, little by little, Miss Barrett's joy faded and faded, and at last died. She who in the old days had been a leader among the girls, slipped unobserved into the background; and

the swift, gay, clever talk flashed round about her, and no one noticed that she had no part in it.

It was not that Miss Barrett wanted to lead, or was conscious that she had ever done so. It was not that she had become aware that her dress looked plain and homemade in comparison with the imported gowns worn by the others,—she had forgotten her clothes. What made her shy and silent and unhappy was not even the realization, soon forced upon her, that she had not kept pace with her classmates in breadth or alertness or knowledge of the world. Her life was very narrow. Every morning she put their little house in order and cooked her father's dinner; after school hours she gave music lessons to little children; and her evenings were spent in reading aloud to her father, or talking with him while she darned his socks or hemmed altar linens. She saw now, more clearly than ever before, how circumscribed her life was, and how remote from the knotty problems and big projects which educated women are making their own in every country of the world. But this did not grieve her: her trouble lay still deeper.

When the dessert had been served, one after another was called upon to give an account of herself, and from her corner Miss Barrett marvelled at their quiet self-possession. No one showed any shyness or embarrassment. Most of them were evidently accustomed to public or semi-public speaking.

Miss Westerman was first. Miss Barrett recalled her as a thin, overgrown, studious, highly original girl, popularly known as "Bones." She began by referring feelingly to their pride in Mother Sylvester, and touching tactfully on the breadth of her influence, the power of her example, and the gay courage with which she bore her heavy responsibilities; and afterward, tersely and without boastfulness, she spoke of

the work she was doing in the slums of New York. Modestly as she told her story, it was evident that she was not only filling little empty stomachs and covering many a naked back, but binding close to the Faith of their fathers hundreds of poor, bewildered, often ill-instructed immigrants, whom a Protestant land was eager to make not only American but Protestant.

Miss Barrett listened admiringly, but with a heavy and a heavier heart; for she was forty-three years old—only one year younger than Miss Westerman,—and what had she done with her life? This thought it was that stung her. Her best years were past and passing; her hands were empty, and apparently would always be.

Mrs. McMahon was the next called upon; and she rose, laughing, as pink-cheeked and merry as she had ever been, but fifty pounds heavier than when she pitched in St. Hildegarde's first baseball team. In her old, laughing way she declared that she had nothing to tell.

"I've been too busy raising my ten children even to get into trouble, so you may imagine how over-full my days have been. At school, if you remember, I was never too busy for that, even at examination time. Poor Sister de Sales! I visited her grave this morning, and when I should have been praying, was wondering if she has forgiven the pranks I used to play in her dormitory."

Then, when the laughter had subsided, Mrs. McMahon added, with the sudden serious note that, even as a girl, had sometimes broken in upon her giddiness:

"Perhaps you would like to know that my eldest son is a Jesuit scholastic, and my baby will make her First Communion to-morrow."

When Mrs. Burke's name was called she protested that she had nothing to say, except that she was glad—very, very glad—to be with friends she loved so dearly.

Mrs. Bringardner, her neighbor in Philadelphia, jumped to her feet as soon as Mrs. Burke sat down.

"Since Elsie Burke is too modest to tell the truth, I'll tell it for her," she said teasingly. "She has built and equipped and endowed a home for working girls, which is doing untold good. She called it—can you guess what? She called it St. Hildegarde's!"

When the applause which this called forth had begun to subside, Mother Sylvester announced that it was time to go to the hall for a play which the children of the school would give for their entertainment; so the class slowly wended their way up the stairs and through the long corridor, making quite as much noise as they would have done twenty-five years before.

The playlet was clever and attractive, and the children did well; but although Miss Barrett laughed with the others she did not enjoy herself. After all the years, her hands, and hers alone, were empty; this was the thought that haunted her. She had had no tragic trials to bear, like Bertha Taylor, whose husband and only child had been killed in an automobile accident; she had given neither time nor money to preserve the Faith in the souls of God's children; she had only lived quietly at home, taking care of her mother in her old age; and, after she was laid to rest, and her father's health broken, giving music lessons to support him and herself. Her life, as she looked squarely at it, had been simple and contented, but narrow and useless; and, as Mother Sylvester said, they had all received much from God and owed Him much in return.

The children's entertainment was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament; and Miss Barrett, kneeling in her old place in the chapel, said a few prayers, in a very mechanical way, all the while vividly reminded of the dreams she had had there of becoming a saint, or at least a near-saint,

in the world, since she seemed to have no vocation for the religious life.

As they left the chapel, Miss Westerman touched Miss Barrett on the arm and drew her aside into a corner of the hall.

"Margaret, I haven't had an opportunity to say more than a few words to you," she complained affectionately. "Do you know that you have changed less than any one of us? It seems so good to see you bright-faced and smiling, just as you used to be, rain or shine. You haven't suspected all these years that I have been in touch with you through my sister, Mrs. Holden, who lives near you on Genesee Avenue, and very often sees you on the street and as you pass her house. Many a time, in her letters to me, she has said that a glimpse of your peaceful, contented face makes her feel better all day long; and when I read that, I always think: 'Margaret must have her difficulties,—greater ones than mine, perhaps. Why can't I be brave and contented, too?' And then I try to be good."

"Do I look happy?" Miss Barrett exclaimed in surprise. "Well, I *am*, almost always. Why shouldn't I be? But I never dreamed that it *showed*."

She was smiling again now; for Miss Westerman's words had been a drop of balm on her sore heart. After all, she was not useless, if she had been ever so little help to Miss Westerman and her sister.

At this moment Mother Sylvester came to take Miss Westerman away; and, seeing that Miss Barrett was alone, Mrs. McMahon quickly crossed the corridor to speak to her.

"I was sorry that your place at the table was so far from mine," she said. "Although we live only a mile or two apart, I never have a word with you. Do you know, I sometimes wish you wouldn't sit so near to us in the cathedral, although it is fortunate for Mr.

McMahon and the children that you do? I have no doubt you are as busy as I am the whole week long, but you always look so peaceful and restful and contented that you are a reproach to me whenever I am feeling overworked and discontented." Then, with a loving hand on Miss Barrett's shoulder, she added, with a characteristic flash of seriousness: "I mean it. You don't know how much good it does me just to think of you, or to watch you for a few minutes. You were my good angel even in school,—although you were sometimes mischievous in those days."

"I? O Julia, I'm so useless! To think of you with a son studying for the priesthood!"

"But for you he probably would not have gone to the novitiate," Mrs. McMahon insisted, as if she meant it; and then she slipped away, for Mrs. Burke was waiting to have a chat with Miss Barrett before she rejoined the friend who was entertaining her.

"Let's find a quiet spot where we can have a little chat. It's a real happiness to see you, Margaret," Mrs. Burke said affectionately. And when they were seated in a corner of the children's parlor, she began earnestly: "There's something I want to say to you first of all, lest we should be interrupted. One of the girls told me some years ago that you have devoted your whole life to your father and mother, simply and quietly and contentedly, receiving praise from no one, and not wanting any; and I thought that if you can give *all*, surely I could give *something*, even if it pinched me a little. That is how I came to build the working-girls' home. I have always wanted you to know that it is really *your* work. I know you will be glad."

Miss Barrett's eyes were full of happy tears.

"I *am* glad," she whispered,—"I can't tell you *how* glad. I've thought—I've thought all day—oh, you have

all done such splendid things, and I have only kept on, day after day, at the pleasantest kind of work! For I have always worked for those I love best, and I have been happy; and it hasn't been hard, except once in a while; and—and I am middle-aged now, and empty-handed."

Mrs. Burke's eyes were moist, as she kissed Miss Barrett on the forehead.

"You have been an inspiration to us all," she said earnestly.

Miss Barrett did not quite credit this; but as she hurried homeward to cook her father's supper there was a smile on her lips and great peace in her heart.

"Perhaps, after all," she said to herself,—"perhaps—perhaps God is pleased even with me."

Francois' Secret.

FATHER BAYLE, pastor of N., had in his employment an old sacristan, who, besides his duties in the church, acted as man-of-all-work about the place,—sawing wood, carrying water, and caring for the horse which the good curé rode on his more distant sick calls. The old man was very faithful in the discharge of his numerous duties, though he was so advanced in years that what had formerly been as child's play to him was now sometimes very wearisome work.

Shortly after the arrival of the new curate, Father Peyramale, the old man began to show symptoms of strange mental disturbance. He could often be seen walking in the garden, absorbed in deepest thought; he would enter the woodshed or stable and come out hastily, looking frightened, and making the Sign of the Cross as if to dispel some fearful thought or scene.

These symptoms distressed the kind pastor, who was very appreciative of old François' long years of faithful service. One day he said to him:

"My good François, you must have some secret trouble. What is it, pray, that distresses you?"

"Yes, Father, it *is* strange,—very strange. But I can not tell you of my secret; for you, too, would be greatly frightened."

"Please tell me, and do not fear to alarm me."

The old man hesitated a long time; but, the priest still insisting, he said:

"Well, Father, I must tell you your presbytery is haunted!"

"What do you mean by saying that my presbytery is haunted?"

"I mean, Father, that spirits—ghosts—visit this place every night in the week."

"My poor François, I fear you are losing your mind!"

"No, Father, I am not losing my mind. You well know that every night before going to bed I lock all the doors and also the garden gate. And I always hang the keys on a nail in the pantry. In the forty years that I have been here I can say that I have not missed doing this a single night."

"Well?"

"Well, Father, it makes my hair stand on end to think what happens. Here in this house, with all the doors securely locked, the spirits have been coming to work every night for three weeks. Every evening I leave my empty buckets by the well: at half-past five in the morning I find them all filled. Every evening I pile the wood near the door ready to saw: in the morning it is sawed, ready for use. In the stable the spirits have actually fed and curried the horse! They must certainly come out of the ground, for the doors and gates are always locked and barred, as I leave them in the evening."

"We must watch for the spirits to-night, François," said Father Bayle.

"Watch for them! Why, Father, I should drop dead at the sight of a ghost! I sometimes hear the noise they make

while they are at work; but I cover my head with the bedclothes, and am afraid to come down before daylight."

But the pastor was braver than the old sacristan; and that night the young curate, Father Peyramale, was caught in the act of clandestinely doing the work of the old sacristan, who would not resign his office, though he was weak and worn with age.

Bernard's Mount.

THE sites of some of the very old churches in England, Cartmel Church in Lancashire for one, have been, according to legend, miraculously assigned to them. A company of monks had journeyed into the country, and had selected a certain hill within Cartmel Forest as a suitable spot for a settlement. They had already marked out the ground which their church was to occupy, when a voice, speaking to them out of illimitable space, said "Not here, but in a valley between two rivers, whereof the one runs north and the other south!"

Much the pious brethren marvelled where such a spot could be, but, obedient to the command, they left their chosen place and set forth to seek the one appointed. After much fruitless search they came upon a wooded valley, in the midst of which was a morass, from which a sluggish stream flowed northward. Wading through this, they found that the marsh was bounded on the farther side by a similar stream which wended its way to the south; while midway between them was a small eminence forming an island among the silent, swollen waters. Here, therefore, they reared their church, and dedicated it to Our Lady, Saint Mary; while on the hilltop where the voice had spoken to them they raised a chapel in honor of St. Bernard. The spot is still called Bernard's Mount.

Memorable Thoughts.

The idle find the days long and the years short.—*Diderot*.

Who speaks, sows; who listens, reaps.
—*Persian Saying*.

Only he who merits a favor knows how to appreciate one.—*De Nervo*.

The Almighty is too just to interweave with our nature any passion which it is not in the power of our reason to subdue.—*Gerald Griffin*.

It is well for men to give good advice when they are too old to set bad example.—*Anon*.

Every crime destroys more Edens than our own.—*Hawthorne*.

The only perfect people are those we don't know.—*Mme. de Boufflers*.

They can conquer who really believe they can.—*Dryden*.

Thinking well and talking well are nothing without doing well.

—*La Chaussée*.

Shall I hold on with both hands to every paltry possession? All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—*Camerson*.

Of all the riches that we hug, of all the pleasures we enjoy, we can carry no more out of this world than out of a dream.—*Bonnell*.

Virtue vanishes when one wishes to parade it.—*E. Cornilhé*.

Every war ends where it should begin—in peace.—*Abbé Barthélmy*.

To digest knowledge, one must have swallowed it with an appetite.

—*A. France*.

In all lands, good hearts are true brothers.—*Florian*.

Only those who habitually reflect have need of distraction.—*Papillon*.

One has already done good when one has wished to do it.—*C. d'Harleville*.

It requires a good many shovelfuls of earth to bury truth.—*Anon*.

The more we learn to improve our time, the less we find of it to lose.

—*J. J. Rousseau*.

An Unbeliever's Views on Religious Education.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unqualified admiration which the average American professes for the non-religious public schools of the United States, it is becoming increasingly evident that, in the minds of the most thoughtful, these schools are sadly defective as training-grounds for the best available type of citizens. On the face of it, our public school system does not purport to do more than turn out intellectual athletes; and accumulating experience daily shows that such athletes may be, and all too often are, spiritual starvelings and moral cripples. The folly of supposing that God can be banished from the schoolroom, yet preserved as a ruling power in the minds and hearts of the pupil, is being recognized by additional hundreds year after year; but unless our country is to become practically atheistic within a century, the folly will have to be universally recognized and remedied.

Even in France, where the government has been at work for years in bringing about the exclusion of religion from the schoolhouse, and where teaching religious (Brothers and Sisters) have been remorselessly banished,—even in France, non-Catholic, and for that matter non-Christian, thinkers are found who frankly admit the insufficiency, theoretical and practical as well, of the morality which is independent of religion, and is so loudly eulogized by governmental pedagogues, and persistently lauded by the irreligious press.

In an issue of *La Quinzaine*, M. C. Huit reviews a paper on "The Religious Education of the Child," contributed to the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* by M. Marcel Bernès, a university professor of distinction and a frank unbeliever. Some extracts from the paper in question are given by M.

Huit, and one or two of them are well worth of reproduction.

"Apart from religion," writes M. Bernès, "the foundations of morality are empirical or rational.... From the data of modern sociologists, one may perhaps conceive a sort of moral culture, but a culture as relative as the facts which it announces; and this morality seems fashioned rather to prepare the mind for moral changes than to give it a firm position and a resisting power.... For a moral education there is need of directing principles, and not merely habits of thought and reflection.... These philosophical moralists pretend, it is true, to give us these principles,—namely, goodness and the sense of duty; but their principles, works of reason, always remain formal and very general, quite apart from the complication of real actions, and difficult of application in doubtful cases.... In the case of the child, what can be expected from such principles? It must not be forgotten that his emotions are as strong and his imagination as vivid as his capability of reflection and abstraction is weak; the real action of ideas upon him is almost null.... Moreover, if the simplicity of the child at first accepts them seriously, the principles of philosophic morality suffer, as a rule, the most lamentable shipwreck when comes the age of crisis among the passions and the true difficulties of life."

There is, of course, nothing new in the foregoing paragraph: the same points have been made time and time again by the upholders of religious education. But their being insisted upon by so impartial a critic as an out-and-out unbeliever dowers them with a certain novelty for most readers; and for some, possibly, with an importance greater than would attach to them on the lips of a religionist. In any case there is pressing need of repeating such declarations.

Notes and Remarks.

One of the distinctive marks of the average agnostic is the ease with which he disposes of some of the most intricate or abstruse questions that can perplex the intelligence or test the faith of the ordinary human being. Here, for instance, is the assertion of a metropolitan editor who probably flatters himself that he has written something really worth while: "It is a lazy habit of man to place beyond the laws of nature what he does not understand. It is a convenient way of masking ignorance, and it saves much energy and disappointment in investigation. Still, man is learning by long experience that natural laws are broad enough to cover all worldly phenomena, and that the creative power of the world need not transcend those laws to attain its end."

If by "the creative power of the world" is meant, as seems to be the case, some substitute for the God of the Bible, the foregoing is mere nonsense. Christians believe that the Maker of "the laws of nature" can, and occasionally does, abrogate or suspend some of them. Every miracle—and miracles really do still occur—is an instance of such suspension; and it is no "lazy habit," but an exercise of intelligent and reasonable faith, to place a miracle beyond the laws of nature. The cheapest sort of pseudo-learning is to deny the supernatural.

Only those belonging to the inner circle of the Third Internationale know all its aims and objects; however, if there is any truth in the statement that two members of the organization in this country have been charged with the task of inoculating Negroes with the Bolshevik microbe, the time has come to study more seriously than has yet been done the condition of Afro-Americans (as they are now calling

themselves) in the Southern States, and to take measures for its improvement. This class of our population is becoming more and more educated, and it is already too enlightened and too numerous to be disregarded. The leaders complain that black men in the South are the victims of practically universal injustice; that they do not get equal citizenship at the ballot box, in the courts, the schools, or in any walk of daily life. "We are despised and persecuted by white people who do not want us to rise." Negroes are now being taught a bitter doctrine of race-hatred, and not a few of their teachers are thoroughly Bolshevik in spirit. The menace is plain.

To any one who would study the Negro question, we recommend Mr. Stephen Graham's new book, "Children of the Slaves." It is a volume of deep interest, and, in view of what we have said, of special importance. The author mixed with the Negroes in their churches, schools and colleges, visited them in their homes, saw them at work in yards and factories and fields, sat with them (doctors, dentists, bankers, etc.) at their entertainments, and drove with them in their cars. Allowance will have to be made for Mr. Graham's perfervidness and prejudice against the white people of the South. He mentions only two men of standing among them who showed any indication to champion the Negro, or any true interest in his welfare,—"one a business man in Memphis, and the other the Roman Catholic Bishop at Savannah."

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A striking extract from a Negro speech which our author heard somewhere in the South is worth quoting:

A colored man's actions are not judged in the same light as those of a white man. Well, I'm not against that. It is giving us a higher ideal. A colored man has got to be much more careful in this country than a white man. He'll be more heavily punished for the same crime. . . . Where a white man gets five years' imprisonment, the

Negro gets put into the electric chair. Where the white man gets six days, he gets two years'. If a white man seduces a colored girl, she never gets redress. If the other thing occurs, the Negro is legally executed or lynched. What is the result of all that inequality? Why, it is making us a more moral, a less violent, a less criminal people than the whites. Once at a mixed school they were teaching the white and black boys to jump. But when it was the black boys' turn the teacher always lifted the stick a few inches. What was the consequence? Why, after a while, every colored boy in that school could jump at least a foot higher than any white boy. That is what is happening to the Negro race in America.

Under the leadership of men who express themselves in this manner, the Negroes are sure to rise, whatever may be done to prevent them.

For the benefit of fellow-Frenchmen and of those interested in France, M. Eugene Tavernier has furnished to *Le Correspondant* a brilliant review of the half-century which anti-clericals devoted to the destruction of religion in that country. It is a fiendish story one reads: the masterful cunning of Gambetta, allying itself with the skepticism of Renan and the blatant Nihilism of phrase-making professors for the moral supremacy of the State. The war struck down most of their philosophy, but it should not be forgotten that it may rise again.

"Thank God," says M. Tavernier, "the French spirit once more proved worthy of itself; and, casting aside degenerate sophistry, breathed new life from its instincts, its memories, and its tradition." Very well; but it must not be exposed to new and similar attacks. "The horrible experiment," as Naquet said, "has been carried sufficiently far. It is more than enough that it has infected a half-century."

An expert in the United States Bureau of Standards furnishes some information which should be of interest to taxpayers, in connection with the proposal to adopt a system of universal

military training. It would cost the country in the neighborhood of one billion dollars a year. As it is, ninety-three cents out of every dollar of Uncle Sam's money last year went for war, past, present or to come. Only one cent out of every dollar was devoted to education and the improvement of the public health. Whereas the cities spend an average of \$6 per capita for education per year, and the States and private agencies about \$3 per capita per year for education, Uncle Sam with his billions spends only six cents per capita for education,—and a large amount of that goes to the "Land Grant" colleges for military drill.

According to the analysis quoted above, the national budget this year represents a tax of \$50 upon every man, woman, and child in the United States; and of this amount \$46.50 goes for war and militarism.

During the World War the fate of some small nations was in the hands of diplomatists who, as more than one admitted, had never even heard of them. When the Teschen question was under discussion, silence reigned—for the best of reasons. Any one who now wants to know something about Teschen and more about the Poles and the Czechs may well turn to a new book by James A. Roy (late Captain, R. G. A.), entitled "Pole and Czech in Silesia" (John Lane, publisher, London). In reference to the Austrian aristocracy and the new democracies of Central Europe, the author makes one observation which should be of general interest:

In England, without cautious and opportunist legislation, we fail to realize the rapidity with which fresh ideas are matured and applied to the new republics of Central Europe. We fail, too, to realize that these new democracies and republics are in many respects even more narrow-minded and tyrannical than the empires which they have replaced. The aristocracy of intellect has replaced that of birth and privilege, but there is much that the new peoples may learn from the society which is passing

away. A nation, especially a new nation which is setting its house in order, which will obliterate the associations and destroy the memory of its aristocracy, is not only doing infinite harm to the present generation, but committing a sin against posterity. It is destroying something infinitely higher than actuality: it is destroying the ideal; for aristocracy, be it remembered, is always higher than itself.

Those who deplore the horrible happenings in Ireland—the violent deaths of so many people and the destruction of so much property,—those especially who brand all killing of soldiers and policemen as wilful murder, should give attention to facts and circumstances. Ireland is at war with England, fighting for national freedom and independence. Loss of life and destruction of property are inevitable. As regards acts of violence committed by the Irish people, it should be borne in mind that for many of them, perhaps most of them, there was extremest provocation. While condemning as sternly as any one could wish attacks on the police, and the shooting of English soldiers, the bishops and priests of Ireland have never failed to mention repeated outrages on the part of representatives of the Government,—outrages which are admitted and reprobated by Englishmen themselves. In many cases these crimes are wholly inexcusable.

We have personal knowledge of outrages committed by soldiers and policemen in Ireland which would excuse, if not justify, any action that might be taken against them. "I can not defend for a moment," an eminent Englishman declares, "our blackguardly and brutal régime in Ireland." "If we are to appreciate what is happening to-day," says a leading London journal, "we must remind ourselves that we have assassinated the Irish nation for six hundred years. We have burned its towns and put its people to the sword. We have destroyed its manufactures.

We have planted it again and again with settlers as a garrison to overawe the nation. We have driven its people from the soil, so that to-day its population is only half what it was a century ago. There is no tale of oppression so sustained, so malignant in the annals of civilized Europe."

Condemn as one may the action of the extreme Sinn Feiners, who bear all this in mind, one must acknowledge, with Sir Philip Gibbs, that the state of Ireland at the present time, for which the English Government is responsible, is "a great disgrace" to it. Until liberal concessions are made to the Irish leaders, and the people of Ireland cease to be regarded as desperadoes and murderers, conditions there are unlikely to be improved. And in all probability there will be repetition of everything that has occurred.

The present agitation among our Anglican friends in regard to women preachers—some of the disputants hold that no good reason exists why women should not preach, others quite as stoutly maintain that there is no good reason why they should—has reminded the editor of the London *Tablet* of what Johnson said to Boswell, in reply to his surprising statement that he had once heard a Quakeress preach: "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Which reminds us of Lincoln's remark after being prevailed upon to attend a public lecture by a lady in Washington: "Well, I suppose we'll have to go and hear that pullet crow, but I'd rather listen to a rooster any day." Which was perhaps more witty than wise. There is no good reason why women should not lecture—provided they have something to lecture about. The case is different, however, with women preachers. They would

come into the pulpit as an actor comes upon the stage, to personate a feigned character, entirely forgetting their own character. The woman and the preacher would not be one and the same, by any means. Though in the pulpit the woman would appear as well as the preacher; when she was out of the pulpit only the woman would appear.

Ever since the publication, in 1875, of Cesare Lombroso's book, "The Criminal," there has been an infinite deal of erudite nonsense spoken and written about the criminal type, the born criminal, "excessive asymmetry of the skull," "small cranial capacity," etc., etc. It is accordingly refreshing to read such a paragraph as this, from a paper contributed by Father Treacy, S. J., to *America*:

In very truth there *is* a criminal type. About every man in prison belongs to it. And it is nothing more than that type of man who deliberately broke a law and was caught. He freely chose to play the game, and take the chance of paying the penalty; he is paying the penalty, for he "lost out" in the game. That is the criminal type, and no amount of sentimentalism can change it. If mental deficiency is responsible for the man's act, he should not be in prison, and he is no criminal. Other institutions should receive him,—in fact, should have sheltered him long ago to save him from himself, and protect his fellow-citizens. Until this is accepted as a fundamental in criminology, our prisoners will be the subjects for faddists, and no lasting good will be accomplished in prison reform.

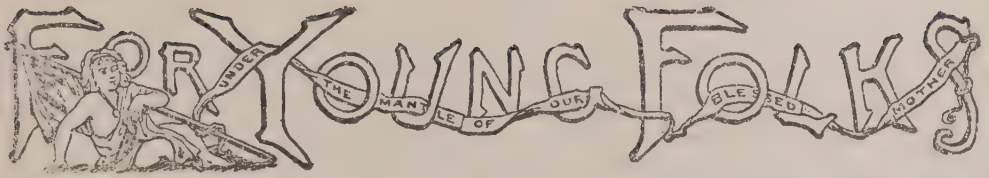
In the meantime, about the worst service that either sociologists or criminologists can render to their fellow-citizens, in prison or out of it, is to teach men that they are not individually responsible for their acts.

A letter from the Most Rev. Fr. Ferdinando Dotallevi, O. F. M., Custos of the Holy Land, describing the barbarous murder of Fr. Leopardo Belluci by Bedouins last August—a letter addressed to the Commissariat of the Holy Land for the United States,—

leaves no room for doubt that hatred against the Christian religion has been greatly intensified since the occupation of the country by European troops. Fr. Dotallevi writes:

Only a few days ago, in the village of Sagben, situated between the frontiers of Mount Lebanon and Damascus, a band of outlaws carried off three Christian youths, flayed them alive and then killed them. Not less unfortunate was the fate of our other missions in Cilicia and in Lesser Armenia. Mugjuk-Deresi, Don-Kaleh, Yeni-Keleh, Karz-Bazar and Marash have been completely destroyed. Five missionaries were murdered, the Christians dispersed, and the children in the orphanages killed or carried off. We are much concerned about the missions of Aintab and Kanayeh. Aintab has long been besieged by the Kemalists, and there is no way of bringing help to this mission. . . . Kanayeh, which is situated about one day's journey west from Antioch, and which had become entirely Catholic, is perhaps in worse condition, because it has been besieged by the hordes of Chattah, who are enemies of the French. The heroic superior of the mission, Fr. Peter Baptist Margutti, had obtained the protection of the chiefs of the surrounding tribes in order to defend himself against the Chattah hordes; but after the French entered Aleppo, the Arabic chiefs withdrew their protection. The Catholics of Kanayeh, who were robbed of all they had, took refuge in our mission house. . . . May God protect our missions!

Unlike Vice-President Marshall, who once declared that although he had been a Protestant all his life, he couldn't, for the life of him, tell what he had been protesting against, the venerable Frederic Harrison tells in the *Fortnightly Review* that his protesting is against the exclusion of English Catholics from such offices as that of Lord Chancellor, Lord Keeper, and Viceroy of Ireland. "I would go further," he says, "and would delete from the Act of Settlement the words 'being a Protestant.' What is a Protestant? Am I a Protestant?" he asks. And he quite as bluntly answers: "Certainly, I protest against citizens being excluded from public duty in consequence of any religious faith they hold—or do not hold."



The Little House.

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

THE little house that is my heart
Is very bright and fair;
There are three rooms for earthly ones,
Beside a chapel there.

The chapel is for love of God,
To keep me good and true;
But all the other smaller rooms,
Dear love, are filled with you.

There's one room that I consecrate
To friendship true and tried;
I enter for companionship,
And you are by my side.

The next is for the thankful love
That true affection knows,—
Within that room I find you, too:
That's why it overflows.

Another's for admiring love
Of some one good and great,
And holds a dazzling pedestal
With you enthroned in state.

So there's a shrine for love of God,
To keep me good and true;
And all the other rooms I have,
Mother, are filled with you!

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

II.—IN A STRANGE LAND.

THE dreaded entrance was over. Mademoiselle must have talked to some purpose; for, despite her pale, puny face and hollow eyes, no doctor barred the little exile's way. After long and exciting discussion over her trunks and boxes, Mademoiselle had taken a taxicab, and, with her bewildered charge at her side, was speeding on her way to the grand-aunt to whom she was to deliver Fifine. It

would be a happy deliverance; for Mademoiselle had more than once bewailed her folly in taking the frail, frightened child under her care.

"It was all Mother Mathilde's doings," she had confided to the French stewardess on the boat. "One can refuse her nothing, she is so good."

"*Eh bien!*" the woman had answered, with a shrug. "It is the nun's business to be good. But for us, Mademoiselle, it is better to be wise."

"True, true!" Mademoiselle had said anxiously. "I have been a fool, I know. But she has the letter of Madame Lorraine, to whom I will hurry as soon as we touch the shore. She will take her off my hands."

"Perhaps," the wise stewardess had answered, with another shrug; "but in these days one never knows."

So it was with a lurking fear in her heart that Mademoiselle had indulged in the unusual luxury of a taxicab, to end her responsibility and suspense at once. For, with her expert knowledge of the latest juvenile styles, Mademoiselle felt that little Josephine Marie was not calculated to make a very favorable first impression on a wealthy and fashionable relative. She eyed her protégée critically as they were borne on their swift way up town. Money and material had both been scarce with the good Sisters at Saint Celeste; and Fifine's costume, from the close little capote made according to Sister Camille's fifty-year-old fashion, to the elaborate frock of blue satin which she had been warned by Mother Mathilde to "cherish" for her best, was a combination Mademoiselle felt to be quite unspeakable.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said irritably, for the blue satin fell almost to the heels

of a pair of coarsely-cobbled shoes and knit stockings. "Who was fool enough to buy you a dress like that?"

"My dress, Mademoiselle?" Fifi smoothed out the shining garment proudly. "It was not bought at all: it came to me at Christmas from my American godmother."

"Your godmother! Madame Lorraine, you mean?"

"Ah, no, Mademoiselle, not *ma tante*: my godmother. Elise and Colette and Fanchette had godmothers too, but none sent so beautiful things as mine,—embroidered petticoats, and three camisoles trimmed with ribbon and lace, and a white robe fit for a First Communion day. I gave it to Angèle to wear to heaven."

"To wear to heaven!" echoed her listener.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, when she died of the fever. It seemed so sorrowful for her to go to the good God wrapped in Sister Camille's old habit,—she was so pretty, little Angèle! Not that the good God would love her less in the old habit, as Sister Camille said; but it was more fitting she should wear my godmother's dress, to go with the angels."

And the dark eyes were lifted to Mademoiselle in a way that momentarily stirred that lady-buyer's world-distracted heart.

"Also my godmother wrote me letters," continued Fifi,—*"beautiful letters, though in English, which as yet I can not read. But I have them here,"*—the little speaker touched the small black cloth bag evidently of convent construction. "And when I am at home with *ma tante* I must also, as Sister Camille said, go to see this kind godmother."

There was no time for further conversation; the taxi had stopped in front of a brown stone house, the center of a stately old-fashioned block. With French thrift, Mademoiselle alighted promptly and paid the "robber fee" exacted by so

unusual an extravagance, intending to return to her own home in the street car near by.

Hurrying up the high steps, she sounded the bell: there was no answer to the summons. Again and again she pressed the button, and heard the electric gong clanging in response within, but no one appeared, until a grocer boy, bearing a basket to the neighboring house, paused on the sidewalk and vouchsafed information:

"No use in ringing there, lady. House has been shut up these six months. An' they can't rent or sell or do nothing with it," added the speaker, feeling he was dealing with some would-be tenant, "till the court agrees."

"The court!" echoed Mademoiselle, sharply. "What has the court to do with it? I am looking for Madame Louise Lorraine? Isn't this her house?"

"Yes'm,—leastways, it was. Old Madame's been dead nigh onto a year," answered the boy.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped Mademoiselle in dire dismay. "What shall we do now?"

But her informant had hurried on with his basket, unable to tell more.

"Dead,—Madame Lorraine dead nearly a year, in this vast, friendless stretch of a city, where one is lost and forgotten in a month! And here she, Leonie Vancours, was left with this child on her hands, as the stewardess had foreseen,—this out-of-the-world, out-of-the-way child, with her blue satin dress falling over her cobbled boots, her convent capote and black bag. The old mother (Mademoiselle had an old mother who cooked and kept house for her most thriftily in a little three-room apartment),—the old mother would fly into a French rage if she should bring this odd-looking little figure home.

"*Bien*, then, did you not hear?" she said, turning sharply to Fifi, who stood with her hands clasped over her little bag in maddening calm. "Your aunt—is dead!"

"Ah, yes, Mademoiselle! May the good God give her rest and peace!" was the soft answer.

It was the prayer that had grown sadly familiar to Fifine, who had lived in the shadow of Death so long that it had lost half its terrors. In the wild flight over darkened roads from her broken home; in the ruined cottage where she had huddled for shelter; in the ambulances to which the soldiers had lifted her, with mamma; in the roofless church that the good nuns had turned into a hospital, Fifine had learned strange lessons for a little girl of twelve,—lessons that books can not teach. With growing impatience, Mademoiselle looked at the quaint little figure. She was a busy woman, and, with her trunks and boxes awaiting her orders, there was much to do. And the old mother,—to take the child to the old mother, whose tongue and temper her daughter had learned to dread, was more than Mademoiselle, with all her courage, dared.

"If Fifine had wept or moaned or been less of a *maîmôt*," thought Mademoiselle, angrily, "I might have softened to her." As it was, she asked sharply:

"What can I do with you now?"

"It is as Mademoiselle thinks best," answered Fifine. "Since my Tante Louise is dead, I should perhaps go to my godmother."

Her godmother! Mademoiselle, in despair as she was, grasped at the suggestion. She knew something of the kindly fad of "godmothering" French orphans. It meant very little,—a passing sentiment in many cases, as she was well aware. Still, she looked at the blue satin gown, which she recognized as an "importation." A "godmother" who could bestow such reckless bounty might be willing and able to help the friendless child. It was a chance at least to get Fifine off her hands, and she would take it.

"You have her letters, you say, her name, her address? Where are they?"

Fifine drew three carefully folded letters out of her black bag and handed them to Mademoiselle. Standing on the stone steps, the impatient lady glanced over them hurriedly. The writing was unformed and not very legible, but the friendliness was unmistakable. The godmother of this especial French orphan was evidently both rich and generous. Besides the 'settled allotment of money which she agreed to pay for her support, she was sending more for a "merry Christmas" to her godchild, and a box of clothes, with chocolate and bonbons and a doll. She would send another box very soon; and Josephine Marie must write and tell her what she liked best, so that she could choose rightly for her. And she would take care of her always, and send her pretty clothes, and be forever her affectionate godmother, Marjorie Vincent Morse.'

The address below was most reassuring: 305 Park Avenue. Mademoiselle's spirits rose. She would take Fifine to Park Avenue at once, to claim her godmother. It was quite a journey for Fifine's impatient guardian. But Park Avenue, when reached, exceeded all Mademoiselle's hopes. Its stately mansions withdrew from the street behind stretches of lawns hedged with evergreens. Their stone porticos were most imposing. The limousines that swept up and down the exclusive street were manned by chauffeurs and footmen in livery. In the Park across the way nursemaids, in correct uniform, were guarding beautifully dressed children. Mademoiselle, whose modiste training had taught her the ways of the world, felt that she was on uncertain ground as the guardian of an unknown goddaughter, and began to consider means of immediate escape. No. 305, with its conservatory and *porte cochère*, was especially overpowering.

She looked at Fifine in her blue satin

gown and black capote, and her courage failed. She could not and would not be responsible for the introduction of anything so *affreuse* into the splendid establishment before her. They would both be turned away as "freaks."

And yet what must she do? To face the sharp-tongued old mother with this helpless and friendless charge was quite impossible. Her trunks and boxes were demanding her attention. Mademoiselle, who was no saint, felt her ire rising against the unconscious cause of all this trouble. "What is it to me?" she thought, with fierce impatience. "Let the child go in and talk for herself. They can only turn her out. I will be a fool for Mother Mathilde no longer."

Catching the child by the arm, she said: "Listen, Fifine! This is the house of your godmother."

Fifine's uplifted eyes calmly took in *porte cochère* and conservatory.

"It is a fine house, my godmother's,—is it not? She will be glad to see me, I know; and you also, who have been my good friend. She will be glad to see you, too, Mademoiselle."

"That I do not know," was the grim answer. "It will be much better, I think, for you to go alone—at first. I will sit on the bench in the Park and wait for you."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, no! Perhaps they will not understand, I speak so bad the English. If you will come with me to say, 'This is little Josephine Marie La Roque, whom I have brought from Mother Mathilde at Saint Celeste,—Josephine Marie, who comes to see her godmother,' all will be right for me."

"No," said Mademoiselle, curtly. "I am a stranger to your godmother,—more of a stranger than you are. She may think"—the speaker was about to add "that I want to get you off my hands,"—but, as she met the child's trusting glance, she refrained from explanation.

For Fifine's eyes told of a faith and confidence that all the dire experience of the past years had not shaken,—a childish faith in the good God's care, and that of the friends whom she had been taught He would send to guard her. Other children had grown weak and ill and terror-stricken, had been wrecked in body and mind by the darkness through which they had passed; but there had been some strange, sweet strength in little Fifine, that had brought her, bewildered but unbroken, through the storm. True, the soft eyes that had seen so much sorrow had lost something of their natural sparkle; the lips, their roguish smile. A thoughtful quiet rested upon the young face that was made for gladness and laughter; but she had learned to walk unknown ways trusting and unafraid.

It was the unquestioning look that Mademoiselle saw in those uplifted eyes that now filled her with angry discomfort.

"You must do as I tell you. I know the American way. Your godmother will ask: 'Who is this strange woman? And what have I to do with her, that she pushes herself here into my home?' With you it is different: you have the letters, signed with her name, telling you she will be your godmother and friend. I will wait there on the bench under the tree while you go up to the door, and push the button that rings the bell, and say to the servant that opens the door: 'I come to see Mademoiselle Marjorie Vincent Morse, who is my godmother. I am Josephine Marie La Roque, to whom she sent these letters in France.'"

(To be continued)

Practice.

What makes any one a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes good men and women? Practice as boys and girls.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The two volumes of "The Contention of the Bards," translated and edited by the Rev. L. McKenna, are the twentieth and twenty-first of the series published by the Irish Texts Society. The earlier volumes, we hear, have become very rare.

—"A Study of Irish-Gaelic Poetry," by Robin Fowler, is announced. He is said to have made some remarkable discoveries in this field of literature. The work includes a large number of extracts in translation of Irish poetry from the eighth to the seventeenth century.

—Of the office of critics, Longfellow once said: "They are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge every new author." Naturally, the authors sometimes resent the challenge. To paraphrase John Trumbull:

As no man feels the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,
So weakling authors brand as crooks
Such critics as don't praise their books.

—"The St. Gregory Hymnal and Catholic Choir Book," compiled, edited and arranged by Nicola A. Montani, is, all things considered, one of the very best collections of melodies that we know of. They are admirably selected and arranged; and, for the most part, they will be new to the greater number of people. The music conforms in all respects to the *Motu Proprio* of Pius X., the harmonization throughout being deeply reverent; it is none the less pleasing, however, on that account. Published by the St. Gregory Guild, 1207 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

—The history of the Bollandists is told in an attractive little book by Fr. Hippolyte Delehaye, S. J., published by the Bureaux de la Société des Bollandistes, Bruxelles. We have seen no reference to this production in any Catholic periodical, but a reviewer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* says of it: "The hagiographical work of the Bollandists is, in the eyes of scholars, the chief glory of the Society of Jesus; but it is also the most impressive monument of Belgian learning. . . . Scholars with the most varied interests are dependent upon the work of the Bollandists. . . . For the most part they have been men firm in their devotion to the cause of sound learning, invariably courteous, masters of quiet irony, ready to give way when clearly convicted of error, but immovable in defence of their right to reject, while engaged in scientific inquiry, considerations of ecclesiastical expediency. . . .

We recommend Father Delehaye's attractive little book to everyone who is interested in the slow and arduous struggle, first to establish and afterwards to find acceptance for the canons of historical truth."

—A book of reference which must be indispensable to an increasing number of persons is "The Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book," founded by the late Sir F. C. Burnand. It is full of interesting information not to be found elsewhere. The issue for 1921 contains 500 pages, forming a clearly-printed, well-bound volume, of convenient size. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, publishers. Price, 5s net.

—We are pleased to state that the B. Herder Book Co. can supply "In an Indian Abbey," by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London, are the publishers.) Price, \$2.40. The sub-title of the book, "Some Plain Talking in Theology," explains its contents. The difficulties so ably dealt with are proposed and answered in the form of dialogues. Vigorous thought, briefly, clearly and vigorously expressed, will be found in every page of this very scholarly and very uncommonplace volume. The chapter on "Historical Scandals" is especially interesting and informing.

—"The Church and Labor" is a book for which we are deeply indebted to the Macmillan Co. Published as "the first of a series which will endeavor to present adequately and authoritatively the Catholic doctrine on industrial, social and political institutions and relations," it is a compendium of some vital documents on the subject in the order of their appearance. The editors, Dr. Ryan and Fr. Husslein, have made clear the Catholic ideal of industrial democracy by presenting the great Encyclicals of Leo XIII., together with the flaming teaching of Ozanam and Von Ketteler, and by their own brilliant essays. Too often have the rugged words of Manning (whose review of "Rerum Novarum" is given here in its entirety) been forgotten: "The capitalist is invulnerable in his wealth. The workingman without bread has no choice but either to agree or to hunger in his hungry home." Recent pronouncements of Benedict XV. and various pastoral letters of cardinals and bishops remove all suspicion of "Bolshevism" from the determined stand that the Church is making for the natural rights of the laborer. While the reader will find the volume ample and satisfactorily complete, it is perhaps a mistake to say that "all the documents" on the subject have been given.

There is, for instance, no mention of Austrian views (certainly very important), of the excellent writings of Count Von Hertling, or of the spirited pastoral letter of the Bishop of Toulouse. All in all, one is confident that no reader can lay the present volume aside without realizing that the Church is fully aware that this is the twentieth century, in which there is great work to be done. Price, \$3.75.

—Art is not an American concern, though many of us think that it ought to be. The teachers whom we trust, rather vaguely perhaps, to set the rising generation on fire with the love of Gothic towers and Tanagra figurines and Dante, are themselves somewhat dazed by the contradictions to be found in contemporary impressionistic art-criticism. It is for their benefit that we quote this illuminating paragraph by James Elroy Flecker:

Hateful to me are those ignorant and thoughtless people who say that taste has no rules and that art can not be taught: never did a more pernicious heresy flourish. It is quite true that we can not inspire the blind with a passion for Rembrandt, or cause the mentally deranged to read Shakespeare with delight. But one can always take an intelligent boy (I speak from experience) and teach him first of all the history of art; and in the next place, one can teach him to read, look, or listen with observation and intelligence. During this time, while he is acquiring what we may call artistic experience, he will have become vaguely appreciative. Now, and only now, is the time to instruct him in the principles of aesthetic law. For such law exists: it is not a mere matter of individual taste whether or not Velazquez be a better artist than Marcus Stone; or Milton greater than Keble or Vaughan. Velazquez is a better artist than Mr. Stone. The law is a complicated law, of course; but to consider its principles will be helpful. And it is refreshing for those who are bewildered by the disagreement of aesthetic experts to note that the greater knowledge those experts have, the more striking is their agreement in matters of appreciation.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no book-seller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.
 "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

- "The Right Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, O. P." Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P. S. T. M. (Pustet Co.) \$3.50.
 "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.
 "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., L.L. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
 "The Seventeenth Century." Jacques Boulanger. ("The National History of France." Vol. III.) (Putnams.) \$3.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Arthur Belliveau, of the archdiocese of St. Boniface; Rev. John Burri, diocese of Boise; Rev. Frederick Glaser, diocese of Marquette; Rev. C. W. Collins, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. M. V. Richardson, C. M. Brother Maurelian, F. S. C.

Sister M. Aimée, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister S. Georges, Order of St. Ursula.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 15.—St. Paul, First Hermit. St. Maurus, Ab.	WEDNESDAY, 19.—SS. Marius and Comp's, MM. St. Canute, M.
SUNDAY, 16.—Second after Epiphany. St. Marcellus, P. M.	THURSDAY, 20.—SS. Fabian and Sebastian, MM.
MONDAY, 17.—St. Anthony, Ab.	FRIDAY, 21.—St. Agnes, V. M. St. Meinrad, M.
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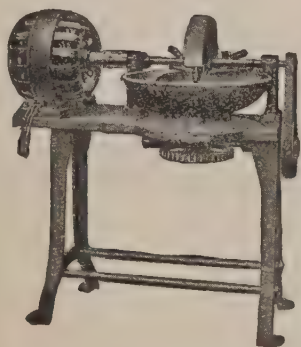
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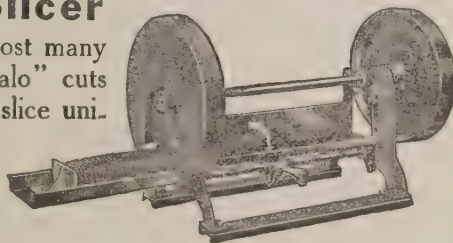
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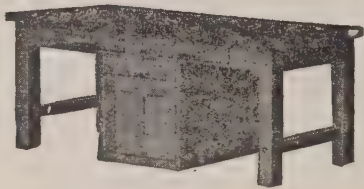
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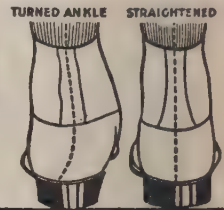
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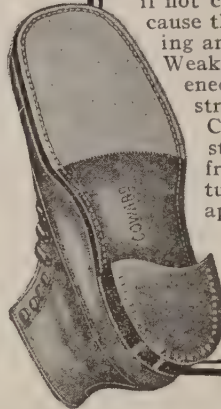


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NO. 3

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My Rosary Beads.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

IN deepest night
 When storms arise;
 In hours of light
 'Neath clouded skies,
 One friend is nigh
 That my soul leads,
 One joy have I—
 My Rosary Beads.

When shadows fall
 Across the day
 And darken all
 My homeward way,
 When friends are cold,—
 In cares and needs
 My fingers hold
 My Rosary Beads.

In grief and loss,
 In pain and care
 When Jesus' Cross
 Is hard to bear,
 I strew a rose
 At Mary's feet,
 And change my woes
 To gladness sweet.

My joy of life,
 Immortal joy,
 When care and strife
 My peace destroy:
 When towards the Night
 My roadway leads,
 My soul you'll light,
 My Rosary Beads.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

IT would be hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of the action, or co-operation, of the laity in the diffusion of Catholic truth, in the work of Catholic propagandism in every shape and form. Volumes might be written about it without exhausting the subject. The history of the Church, which forms so large a part of the history of Christian civilization, teems with the record of works initiated or developed by the laity. This co-operation of the *Ecclesia discens* with the *Ecclesia docens* is a note of the Church's unity. Only the Catholic Church can lay claim to such co-ordination of aim and action. Other Churches, so-called, are split up into fragmentary sects or divergent schools of religious thought, without that perfect identity of doctrine, spirit and discipline which marks the Church of Rome, with its centuries-old traditions transmitted from age to age.

Though not commissioned as teachers of doctrinal truth *ex professo*, intelligent Catholics, strong in faith and sound in doctrine, may, as voluntary auxiliaries, indirectly help in its propagation without incurring the imputation of being amateur theologians or encroaching on the priestly office. A wide field of action and influence is open to them. The current ephemeral literature

WHAT the strong character wills, the weak character merely wishes.—Anon.

of the day is, to a certain extent, directly or indirectly anti-Catholic in tone. This can be neutralized only by the production of books, booklets, and periodicals which will attract readers by their style and treatment of topics that appeal widely,—not dull, dry, didactic disquisitions, but well-written works or articles. Those who have the literary gift should put their best into them. Since the schoolmaster has been abroad, since the diffusion of higher education, since university training has been brought within the reach of the multitude, readers have become more epicurean and critical in the matter of style, and will not take to rough-and-ready, slipshod writing, however good the object or matter may be, and will at once throw aside the book or periodical. You must carefully bait your hook before you can catch any fish. The style is the bait.

These reflections have been suggested by the eighteenth Conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, held in October, 1920. That Society sprang into existence as the immediate outcome of a paper on the subject read at the fourth annual meeting of the Maynooth Union—an organization of past students of the great Irish Seminary, originated by the late Canon Murphy, of Macroom, on June 22, 1899. The writer was the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College in Rome, a very distinguished ecclesiastic, highly and justly esteemed in the Eternal City, where he possessed considerable influence, safeguarding the interests of the Church in Ireland of which he was a worthy representative. The evil of pernicious literature, to which he directed attention with a view of supplying an antidote to the poison, had been previously dwelt upon by the Rev. Dr. Hickey the year before.

Having shown how the Church has been keeping pace with the march of intellect in providing for the education of

youth in accordance with the requirements of the age, Dr. O'Riordan laid emphasis upon the necessity of following up this by also providing them, when they emerged from school or college, with suitable reading to occupy their minds; to meet the demands of an awakened intelligence, and to gratify a curiosity which could not be quenched and must be gratified. What they usually read was literature of a questionably good and unquestionably bad kind, imported mainly from England. Those who had passed through the intermediate and university courses were exposed to special danger: their intellects, acting upon a knowledge naturally incomplete, was sure to play on difficulties which they found scattered here and there in text-books they had read or come across in connection with their studies, and which, for the most part, were at least un-Catholic. It is inevitable that un-Catholic ideas will filter unnoticeably into young minds from reading like this. It is also inevitable that Irish ideals and sympathies are unconsciously estranged by the habitual reading of light literature, in which are depicted scenes—men, manners and ways—which are foreign to Irish national life and habits of thought. The only remedy is to keep a supply of reading, at once suitable and attractive, before the eyes of the nation.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, formally constituted, was successfully inaugurated on October 22, 1899. The project, enthusiastically supported by the Maynooth Union, received the sanction and approval of the whole Irish hierarchy, and is representative of all that is best in Irish Catholic life. Its first president was the late Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, the most distinguished and literary of the Irish bishops of his epoch, the learned author of an elaborate *Life of St. Patrick* and of "Irish Schools and

Scholars." He was a tower of strength to the movement. His presence at the annual meetings gave dignity and éclat to the proceedings, until—a matter of universal regret—impaired health compelled him, in June, 1914, to relinquish the presidency. He was succeeded in the office by another eminent Irish prelate, the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel.

The Irish Society has been worked more or less on the lines of the pioneer English Society, with one notable exception—that while in England the annual Conferences are held in various populous centres, thus bringing the Society more visibly before the whole Catholic population, in Ireland the annual gatherings are invariably held in Dublin. This localizes the Society instead of nationalizing it; whereas if its annual conferences were held from time to time in Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, and Galway, it would awaken a wider and keener interest in the work in the districts of which those cities are the centres; it would further popularize and propagate it.

It is most satisfactory to learn that renewed efforts are being made to push forward the work more energetically and systematically. A committee of the Society is perfecting a plan by which a representative local committee, composed mainly of laymen, will take charge of the work in each parish; those committees being linked with diocesan committees, and the latter working in association with a central committee.

The last Conference was the most remarkable, in many respects, of any yet held. It reflected more than any other the spirit which is now moving Ireland,—the spirit of self-reliance, self-help; of national organization and national aspirations, and their attainment by the earnest and resolute co-operation of the bishops, clergy, and laity. Mgr. McCaffrey, president of Maynooth College,

struck the keynote in his inaugural address on lay co-operation which he crystallized in one pithy sentence: "The general progress of religion should be a matter of concern for the layman as well as for the priest." That not only on the progress of religion but on the progress of the Irish nation are the Irish priests and people of one mind was strikingly evidenced by the hearty applause which punctuated every telling sentence, and the tumultuous cheers which greeted the presence and pronouncements of such patriotic prelates as Bishop Fogarty and the mention of Archbishop Mannix's name.

Although the Archbishop of Melbourne could not be present, for a reason of which all the world is well aware, another Australian Archbishop, his Grace of Adelaide, a Cork man, was there to represent the great Church—largely Irish in the personnel of its hierarchy and clergy—which has been founded in the Antipodes. Dr. McCaffrey, referring to this solidarity, pointed out that, while in other countries it had happened at critical stages that the claims of religion seemed to be in conflict with the claims of patriotism, no such conflict had arisen in Ireland, because both clergy and people clearly understand that love of country is a sacred duty. So long as this was maintained on both sides, it would be impossible to drive a wedge between priests and people. Just as civil government was powerless without the sympathy and assistance of the governed; so, too, active co-operation between clergy and laity is essential if the Church is to discharge the stupendous task committed to its care.

Dr. McCaffrey envisages the assembling of a really National Catholic Congress in Dublin, the outcome of a federation of Catholic organizations such as the Truth Society, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and kindred bodies, voicing the sentiments and co-

ordinating the activities of the Catholics of all Ireland. Archbishop Gilmarin regards such a Congress as more necessary than ever, as there never before was such a need for the co-operation of clergy and laity; while the aged Primate, Cardinal Logue, who presided, warmly approved of the project, and promised his earnest assistance. Speaking at the reception which preceded the Conference, his Eminence, now an octogenarian, said it was the last time he would have the honor and pleasure of addressing them, and that he believed he would not be happy in heaven if he did not know that the Catholic Truth Society was doing well.

The plaintive valedictory note in this harmonized with the words with which Cardinal Vaughan, likewise retired from active participation in the great work to which he had given its initial impulse. "We older members of the Society," he wrote in his last message to the president of the Conference of the English Society, "are beginning to move off the scene,—some slowly and reluctantly, because the work is sweet and fruitful, and our interest in it is as keen as ever; some gladly, because they feel that their allotted day's task is nearly done, and they hear the loving Voice that is calling them home. But, whatever our feeling, we can not help looking back to see who are following,—who are going to take our places and fill up the ranks."

The ranks of the Irish Society need recruiting, and it would be a reproach to Catholic Ireland if there were not many eager volunteers ready with their pens or their purses to take full share of the work. That work is a very high one: it is that of being auxiliaries of a world-wide Church in its fulfilment of the divine mandate to "teach all nations." It has received the highest sanction and encouragement, that of Pope Benedict XV., who, in a message telegraphed by Cardinal Gasparri, con-

veyed his approval in these inspiring words: "The August Pontiff gladly seizes the occasion of the Annual Congress of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland to give expression at once to his fatherly congratulations with the members of so worthy a Society, and his desire greatly to encourage their praiseworthy zeal in the fruitful apostolate of truth and Christian charity. The Holy Father, in the hope that all Catholics will co-operate—each according to his strength—towards the prosperity of the Catholic Truth Society, lovingly accords to the members and those taking part in the Congress the Apostolic Benediction."

Some idea of its activities may be gathered from the facts that its Irish Prayer Book in the vernacular, or mother tongue of Eire, has circulated more than 40,000, and that it has distributed over 10,000,000 pamphlets. As each of these is sure to have been read by at least three persons, it is no exaggeration to say that it has brought 30,000,000 readers within the radius of its educative influence. The circulation would be very much larger if there were depots or agencies, external to the churches, established in the chief cities and towns, bringing the publications within reach of the general public; for the Society has a message to deliver not only to Catholics but to our separated brethren. At present it is too exclusively confined to the pious congregations frequenting our churches; and this remark applies to other similar works of Catholic propagandism.

If the laity are not yet doing all that they might do—if the many good works suggested or put before them in papers read at the Conferences of the Truth Society do not immediately pass beyond the sphere of mere academic discussion, nevertheless, the Society is doing a great Catholic and national work, and we may look forward to its expansion when its reorganization is complete.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

III.

THE day following that of the priest's safe arrival at Ufton Court was a busy one at the hostel of our old acquaintance, Henry Taylor. Those who owed suit and service, or had complaints to make or to answer, or any other business to perform before the court, were present in considerable numbers, as also were many who had no business at all.

Now, the holding of a court-leet was not of uncommon occurrence; nevertheless, custom ordained that it should be accompanied with a certain amount of conviviality. Indeed, the business of enjoyment usually consumed more time than was actually occupied by the sitting of the court.

This can be easily understood when we remember that friends meeting friends had much in common to discuss, both in the way of news and of good cheer; while witnesses who, before the jury, had told a tale in one way, repeated it with variations and embellishments to each other, and all comers. Then, again, not a few of these witnesses had to justify some of the statements they had made against their neighbors, and this was sometimes difficult and needed much argument; and arguments require moisture to soften them. Then, the young men had to be instructed in the customs and precedents of the court; and old men had to tell each other—not for the first time—of incidents they remembered at courts held in their youth, and more often of incidents that never happened at all. It will, therefore, be easily understood how very busy host Taylor was on the evening of this particular day.

Among those present who had no business to transact at the court was

Roger Plumpton, deep in conversation with another of our acquaintances, Andrew Gaylor, whose presence, like the tailor's, could have been dispensed with. Seated near to these worthies was John Housman, the parson of Englefield, and his particular circle of friends, including his two churchwardens, Richard Percival and William Curteys; also John Kent and Carew Keeble, neighbors from North Street.

The subject under discussion was the value and the good and bad points of a horse which had attracted their attention, and which the parson seemed to have some desire to purchase, if its owner were willing to sell.

"A good sort of horse, that fresh one in the stable," called out the parson to Griffin, the ostler, as he entered the room.

"Yes, he's a rare sort, and don't want no riding; he'd carry a parson as easy as an old glove," returned Griffin.

The sly hit at the parson's horsemanship, known to be none of the best, raised a laugh at his expense, in which he joined heartily.

"I reckon parson don't know who that horse belongs to," said Plumpton to Gaylor; "or if he wanted him he'd stand a chance of getting him cheap."

"How d'ye mean?" inquired Gaylor.

"Ah, that's my business! If you'll fall in with the plan I've put before you, you shall know all about the horse and his owner, and have a share in his value, and a good round sum besides."

"Nonsense!" replied Gaylor. "I can't hit out against old Perkins. He's been a good sort of master to me, and—"

"Good sort of master, eh! You, the son of his biggest tenant, left a penniless boy at your father's death, and he makes you kitchen-boy for your keep, and then ties you up for seven years to old Soper, the wheelwright; and when you're out of your time, leaves you to take your chance, and chuck on your legs if you can. He might have been

good to you, if he'd a mind. I reckon your forbears paid him more in rent in past times than 'twould have cost him to set you to rights in your father's old farm; or he might have bought you that little trade of Wimbolt's at Theale, as you wanted him to. Now, you *did* want that, Andrew; didn't you?"

"Well, yes, I had set my heart on it at the time; but then there was a reason, and I don't care now," replied Gaylor.

"Oh, yes, you do care!" returned the tailor. "And you know well enough why. If Francis Perkins had lent you—given it he ought—the bit of money you asked for to buy Wimbolt's business, Mistress Elizabeth wouldn't have turned you over as she did. But there! can't you see, Andrew, it's all of a piece? Perkins doesn't want to part with his wife's pretty waiting-maid; so he won't give her lover a helping hand to set up a home, and—"

"Say that, or anything like it, again, Roger, and I'll smash in that empty skull of yours, and hang for it!" hastily interposed Gaylor.

"No, you won't, my fine fellow; or if you do, you'll have to be smashing skulls all day long. For I'm not the only one as knows of it, and talks of it, and a lot of other things besides."

"It's a lie!" returned Gaylor. "And if it is talked about, it's all owing to your beastly, chattering, lying tongue. You never go anywhere without making mischief; and I dare say it was you told Mistress Elizabeth of my bit of a score at Goodey Arslett's."

"Not I," returned the tailor, feeling sure that now, having aroused Andrew's jealousy and anger, he would find him a more conformable tool in his hands. "Not I; but I tell you what: I saw Francis Perkins—your *good* friend—in at Goodey's but a few days ago, and he held long and serious talk with her. But look here, Andrew; I don't want to quarrel with you; so let's drop that subject."

"You may drop it if you like, but I'll find out if it's true; and if it isn't, I'll find out who started the tale, and thrash him within an inch of his life. I'll go and see Mistress Elizabeth to-night."

"Too late!" chuckled Plumpton.

"Well, then, I won't waste many hours of daylight in the morning before I have it over with her."

"That's just the time. Sleep over it first, and then hear what she has to say. But look here: when you are up there in the morning, you might just as well do that bit of business I asked you. You have the run of the house, and you can find all out without any one suspecting you; and if we get a conviction, half the fines are mine and half of that is yours."

"I'm d——d if I do, for you or any of the likes of you! If I knew what you said was true, it might make a difference; but it's a wicked lie from the beginning to end. Francis Perkins is too good a man for the likes of you to understand; and as to Mistress Elizabeth, she'll—"

"Marry Buss, the gardener!" broke in Plumpton.

"She'll do nothing of the kind," returned Gaylor, bouncing out of the room.

"All right, my friend!" muttered Plumpton. "Your anger's up, and jealousy ain't one of your smallest vices. Perhaps it'll make the cat jump right my way for once."

IV.

People even in big houses rose early in those days; so it is not to be wondered at that when Gaylor arrived at Ufton Court shortly after six on the morning following his conversation with Plumpton at Englefield, all the inmates of the mansion had been astir for some time. In right of his long residence at the Court, Gaylor was privileged to go and come by whatever entrance he pleased; and on this par-

ticular occasion the shortest way to reach the mansion was through the garden below the northern terrace.

He was on the point of turning in at the large gates when he heard the voice of Mr. Perkins at no great distance. Pausing for an instant, he caught sounds in reply from a woman's voice, which he rightly identified as belonging to Mistress Elizabeth. This decided him to overhear, if possible, the nature of their conversation. First, cautiously peeping to assure himself that there could be no mistake, he strained his energies to listen; but, do what he would, he could only now and then catch a few words. What he did hear, however, was not very reassuring, and tended to awaken in his mind a feeling that, after all, the tailor might have had some grounds for the hints he had thrown out on the previous evening.

The meeting in the garden between Elizabeth and her master was one of those accidental circumstances which sometimes seem fortunate to one of the parties concerned. Mr. Perkins contemplated making his wife a present for her forthcoming birthday; and, meeting Elizabeth while the thought was in his mind, it occurred to him that he might ascertain from her confidential maid what would be the most likely article to please his wife.

Gaylor overheard enough to inform him that a present was alluded to, and also the words, "secret from your mistress." This was enough. Then Plumpton was for once speaking the truth, and it was not gardener Buss he had to fear as a rival, but Francis Perkins himself. He ground his teeth and clenched his hands to give vent to his rage; and, turning back by the path by which he came, he sought a quiet spot to nurse into full growth the seeds of his newborn jealousy.

It is a well-known fact that there is nothing like solitude to cherish in some natures the vices of anger and jealousy.

Gaylor's temperament was of this kind. He had been angry the night before, but his anger was then against Plumpton. He had not hitherto harbored a jealous thought, although the tailor had judged otherwise.

Now his heart went out to Plumpton, and recoiled from Perkins and Elizabeth; and the more he brooded over the half-dozen words he had overheard, the greater his desire became for means of injury to those he now deemed his enemies.

In the end he resolved to seek the tailor, and place his services at that worthy's disposal. But, remembering that a small matter of business he had to transact with one of the men-servants at the Court might now be done without involving a second journey to Ufton, he returned to the Court, keeping all the time a careful lookout to avoid a meeting with Mistress Elizabeth.

Learning from another servant that the individual he sought was upstairs, Gaylor, who I have said before had a free run of the house, sought him in his chamber.

While on his upward journey he remarked that the many visitors in the house, and one or two persons whom he recognized as residents in the neighborhood, were all wending their way to the attic story. This at the moment did not strike him as being strange, although later his remembrance of the fact tended somewhat to hasten the events which followed; as did also the tinkling of a bell which sounded in his ears while in his friend's chamber, and which the coughs and noises made by that worthy failed to drown.

The reader will have divined that Mass was being secretly said in the attic gallery, and that the bell which Gaylor had heard was that rung at the Elevation.

Now, Gaylor knew that Mass was

commonly said at Ufton; in his younger days he had served many such Masses. If he was anything, he was a believer in the truths of the old religion. His thoughts for the present, however, were elsewhere, and it required the ingenuity of Plumpton to recall these trifling events of the morning.

(To be continued)

The Story of Whitby Abbey.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

WITHIN recent years several of the old ruined abbeys of England have been transferred from private ownership to the care of the Government as historic national monuments. Arrangements are now in progress for the transfer of one of the most famous of them all—St. Hilda's Abbey of Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. It stands high on the bold cliff above the little seaport town, and the tall ruined gables of its nave and north transept have long served as guiding marks for coasters and fishermen far out on the North Sea. Its ruin dates from the wholesale suppression, plunder and destruction of the monasteries under Henry VIII. When the Abbey of Whitby was suppressed in 1540, it was stripped of all portable plunder; and the great church was laid open to the sky, in order to secure the lead and timbers from its roof. For long after the buildings were used as a handy quarry from which ready-cut stone could be easily procured; and the wild gales from the North Sea and the frosts of hundreds of winters completed the work of ruin begun by the Tudor despoilers.

Ninety years ago the lofty central tower that had stood so long above the arches where nave, choir and transepts joined, crashed down suddenly on a summer day. The later owners of the place have done all that was possible to

prevent further damage to the ruins; but these had a narrow escape from being levelled to the ground during the war. On December 16, 1914, a German squadron of big cruisers raided the coast, and fired upon a lookout station on the Whitby cliffs. The ruined Abbey was in the line of the fire, and some heavy shells exploded close to it. These brought down in a mass of débris the west doorway and the arcades on both sides of it, besides doing other damage.

The ruins are those of an abbey founded after the Norman Conquest. There was an earlier abbey on the same site in Saxon times, and it is from this first Abbey of Whitby that the place derives its chief fame. It was founded about the middle of the seventh century by King Oswy of Northumbria; and its first abbess was St. Hilda, a daughter of the royal Northumbrian line. As a child she had been baptized with many of her kindred when Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumbria, was converted by the Roman missionary, St. Paulinus. Her elder sister, Herewitha, had gone to France to become a nun, and Hilda set out to enter her convent; but before she left England she received a message from St. Aidan, the Irish apostle of Northern England, calling her back, and suggesting that she should enter one of the new religious foundations of her native land. She was Abbess of Heretha (the Hartlepool of to-day) when King Oswy built the new abbey at Whitby, and she was called to preside over it. Like so many of these early foundations, it was a double monastery, with two communities, monks and nuns, both ruled by the Abbess.

Under St. Hilda's rule, Whitby became one of the great religious centres of the North. Bede tells us that it was soon famous for the study of the Holy Scriptures; and we may infer from this that the multiplication of copies of them was a chief work of its scrip-

torium. No fewer than five of the monks were soon called away to be promoted to bishoprics, amongst them St. John, of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid, of York.

Another saint of Whitby was the pioneer of English poetry. He is now seldom referred to as a saint, but in earlier days popular veneration gave him the title. Bede tells us the story of St. Caedmon of Whitby. It begins with the time when he was one of the farm laborers of the Abbey. One evening, on a feast-day, he sat at table with his fellow-servants, and a harp was passed round, and each in turn was called upon to play and accompany it. The incident throws an interesting light on the everyday life of these Saxon country folk of the seventh century. When it came to Caedmon's turn, he passed on the harp to his neighbor, saying he could neither play nor sing, and felt so abashed at his deficiencies that he left the room and went away to the stable, where it was his turn that night to look after the draught oxen.

Here he lay down to sleep on the straw; and, as he slept, there came to him a dream or vision. Some one stood beside him, called him by his name and bade him sing. "I can not sing. That is why I left the feast," replied Caedmon. The other insisted, saying, "But you shall sing to me."—"What must I sing?" asked Caedmon; and the reply came, "Sing the beginning of created things." And, as if inspired, Caedmon sang verses he had never heard before. Venerable Bede, writing his History in Latin, gives the sense of them in that language, and it corresponds with that of the eighteen lines that form the preface of Caedmon's great poem, known to us through a tenth-century manuscript. In the original Old English (or Anglo-Saxon) the first couplet runs as follows:

Nu we sceolan herian
Heofon-rices weard.

Literally equivalent to:

Now we shall praise
The Heaven-kingdom's warder.

In a modern English version this first song of Caedmon runs thus:

Now shall we praise
The Guardian of Heaven's kingdom,
The Creator's might,
And His mind's thought.
Glorious Father of men,
Maker of all wondrous things.
He, the Lord Eternal,
Formed the beginning.
He first framed
For the children of men,
Heaven as a roof,—
Holy Creator!—
Then mid-earth.
The Guardian of mankind,
The Eternal Lord,
Afterwards produced
The earth for man,—
Lord Almighty!

When he awoke he remembered the vision, and told others of it, with the result that he was sent for by Hilda and some of the monks, and recited to them his song of Creation. They told him he had received a great gift from God, and the gift remained and proved fruitful. For Caedmon was no longer to be a laborer, but was admitted to the monastic community, and began to study the Scriptures. He composed a long series of poems based on the Old Testament and the Gospels,—sometimes following closely the sacred narrative, at others launching out into bold flights of poetic fancy, as he enlarged upon the revolt of the rebel angels, their downfall, the creation of the new race of men who were to inherit the heaven they had lost; the fall of man, the coming of the Saviour and His victory over sin, death and hell. "His song and his verses were so pleasing to hear," says Bede, "that his teachers themselves learned from his mouth. . . . In all he wrote his care was to draw men from the love of evil deeds and excite them to the love of well-doing." And he adds that "none of those who tried after him to make religious poems

could vie with Caedmon; for he did not learn the art of poetry from men but from God."

Modern criticism has shown good reason to believe that the collection of poems traditionally ascribed to Caedmon is not all his work, but includes passages of a later date and by other hands, written in the same style. There are passages that bear a resemblance in their line of thought and diction to parts of Milton's epic. And the resemblance may be more than a coincidence; for twelve years before "Paradise Lost" was first printed, Francis Dujon, the librarian to the Earl of Arundel and a friend of Milton, published for the first time Caedmon's poems, printing them from the tenth-century manuscript, which is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. There may thus be a link between the sainted Catholic singer of the seventh century and the Puritan poet of the seventeenth,—a thousand years later.

Bede, a neighbor of Whitby, and living when the memory of its early days was still recent, tells us the story of Caedmon's death. He had lived long as a monk of the Abbey; and, though his strength was failing, his brethren hoped that he would still be spared to them for some time longer. But late one evening he told them that he would die that night, and asked for the Viaticum. At first they would not believe the end was near; but he insisted, and received Holy Communion, after having asked them if he had in any way grieved or hurt any of them, declaring that he felt only the utmost charity and affection for them all. Then he asked if the bell would soon ring for the night Office; and on being told that there was a little time left before the hour came, he said, "I shall wait till then"; and, lying down on his bed, made the Sign of the Cross, and remained silent, till he peacefully expired as the bell rang.

In 1898 a monument to his memory was erected beside the ruins of Whitby. It is a lofty Keltic cross of stone, with an inscription telling that it is set up "to the glory of God and the memory of His servant Caedmon"; and below on the base are carved the opening lines of his "Song of Creation." The cross is modelled on an earlier monument—the Cross of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, a place that is now Scottish ground, but was once included in the boundaries of Saxon Northumbria. This Keltic Cross probably dates from Caedmon's days. Thrown down by the Scottish "Reformers," the Ruthwell cross was re-erected some years ago. It bears a long inscription in Runic letters that were undecipherable until the year 1866, when Prof. Stephens published a transcription and translation of these Runes. The language is Saxon, and the lines of the inscription are verses from a poem in the style of Caedmon, corresponding almost word for word with part of a long poem in honor of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord—"The Vision of the Cross,"—already known through a Saxon manuscript from one of the old monastic libraries of Northern Italy. Prof. Stephens further showed that the Ruthwell inscription (in Runic letters, as already stated), includes the Latin words, *Caedmon me fecit*,—"Caedmon made me." This may refer either to the verses only or to the verses and the cross on which they are inscribed.

St. Wilfrid, of York, is another of the great historic figures connected with Whitby. He had begun his religious life as a pupil of our Irish St. Aidan at Lindisfarne. He was afterwards a monk at Whitby. He came there again as a bishop to play the leading part in the famous Council of Whitby in the year 664. That gathering of prelates in St. Hilda's Abbey practically closed for Western Europe the long "Easter Controversy." There is no need to

enter fully here into the discussion of this ancient dispute; but a few words may be said on an essential point, because we still find, from time to time, non-Catholic controversialists in America as well as England drawing very unwarranted deductions from it.

Christianity had been introduced into the North of England by two groups of Catholic missionaries: (1) those who came directly from Rome and the South, like St. Paulinus; and (2) the Irish monks of St. Columba's rule from Iona, with their centre of missionary work in St. Aidan's Monastery of Lindisfarne. Non-Catholic writers have tried to represent the Irish Church, and the Keltic Churches generally, as standing apart from the Roman allegiance. But there is an overwhelming mass of evidence to prove that the only differences between the Keltic Churches and the Churches of Rome and Gaul were upon minor points of mere discipline. In doctrine they were absolutely one. We have the proof of this (1) in the fact that Welsh missionaries in Brittany and the West of France taught precisely the same doctrine as the famous Gallo-Roman bishops, who, in the words of Augustin Thierry, were "the makers of the new France, after the barbarian invasions," and the Irish missionaries, who spread the Faith through Northern and Central Europe, and founded Sees and monasteries in the lands that are now Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, and who, in Italy itself, worked hand in hand with missionaries coming direct from Rome, and took their place at once in the existing Catholic organization of Continental Europe. We have (2) another proof in the fact that the only points of dispute between the Roman and Keltic missionaries were upon two matters of discipline—one of them indeed a mere trifle—namely, the proper shape for the monastic tonsure; the other, of more practical import-

ance—namely, the method of fixing the date of the Feast of Easter.

The former question never gave any real trouble. The latter, however, caused much practical inconvenience. In Northumbria, in some of the Churches the system of arranging the calendar introduced by St. Paulinus was in use; in others close at hand, the calendar was that which St. Patrick had brought to Ireland from Rome and Gaul, and which St. Columba used at Iona. The result was that some Northumbrian Catholics would have kept the Easter festival while others were still observing the fast of Lent. The old Keltic or Columban calendar was based on an earlier Roman rule for fixing Easter. The calendar of St. Paulinus and St. Augustine of Canterbury was based on a Roman revision of the earlier system,—a revision, be it noted, that had not yet extended to the Keltic Churches.

At the Council of Whitby, St. Wilfrid secured the adoption of the new Roman system in Northumbria by an appeal to the authority of the Holy See against any local custom. The ruling of the Council was finally accepted by the Irish monks everywhere, and soon extended from Northumbria to all the Keltic Churches of the West. The Council of Whitby was, therefore, an epoch-making event in the organization of Western Christendom.

St. Hilda died at an advanced age in 680, after an illness of seven years. Bede tells how the bells of Whitby, tolling as she passed away, were heard at the convent of Hackness, thirteen miles distant, where one of the nuns saw in a vision the soul of the Abbess borne to heaven by angels. A local legend told how, amongst her other benefits to the lands of Whitby, Hilda had freed the district from the snakes that infested it. At her prayer they lost their heads and were turned in thousands into coils of stone. And, in

proof of the truth of the tradition; men used to point to the fact that these petrified and headless "snakes" were continually being dug up when ground was broken around Whitby. These are really the coiled, chambered shells of an animal related to the existing nautilus, and they are the characteristic fossils of the oölite formation, to which the limestone rocks of the Whitby district belong. Before the days of scientific geology they were generally described as petrified snakes. They are now known as "ammonites," and their abundance in the rocks of Whitby is the origin of the legend of St. Hilda's miracle. Three ammonites displayed on a shield form the heraldic device of Whitby town.

St. Hilda was succeeded in the abbacy by Edelfleda, a daughter of King Oswy of Northumbria. She had passed all her life in the Abbey, since as a mere child she was sent there by her father to be educated among the nuns, and was dedicated to the service of God as a thank offering for Oswy's victory over the pagan Saxons of Mercia.

For some two hundred years the Abbey of Whitby was a centre of religious life for Northumbria, but it was at last destroyed in the wars with the Norsemen. Its position on the cliffs above the harbor exposed it to the raids of these sea-rovers, and the wonder is that it escaped their attacks so long. In 867 a piratical band seized Whitby, and sacked and burned the Abbey. The monks fled to save their lives; their Abbot, Titus, carrying away with him the relics of St. Hilda, which he conveyed in safety to Glastonbury. Then for two hundred more years the site of St. Hilda's Abbey was marked only by its ruins.

It was not restored until after the Norman Conquest. The district of Whitby was part of the wide domain assigned by the Conqueror to William

de Percy, the ancestor of the Percys, earls of Northumberland. In 1078 Percy refounded the Abbey as a Benedictine monastery, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Hilda; and its first prior was Reinfrid, a monk of Evesham. The name is distinctly Saxon, and is itself sufficient proof of the baselessness of the local tradition that Reinfrid was one of the Norman Conqueror's officers and took part in the ravage of the North, but was so stricken with remorse at the horrors which he had helped to inflict on the country that he founded Whitby Abbey as an act of reparation, and himself became a monk there. He must have been already a monk at Evesham while the Normans were crushing out the Saxon rising of the North. The monastery and church were enlarged and to a great extent rebuilt towards the end of the thirteenth century. But the remains of the church still to be seen at Whitby evidently belong chiefly to Percy's foundation. The church was 360 feet long and 60 feet high, with a transept measuring 150 feet from north to south. The width of the nave was just under 70 feet; the central tower was over 120 feet high. The church was thus as large a building as many of the English cathedrals.

For more than four and a half centuries—from 1078 to 1540—there is little to tell of Whitby Abbey. From year to year the life of its Benedictine community went peacefully on. We hear at times of alarms at the raids of North Sea pirates; but, though Northern England was often the scene of war, the lands of Whitby were safe under the old Catholic law that secured churches, abbeys, and their lands and dependencies, from the horrors of war, as things consecrated to God. When the end came it was by the sacrilegious act of one of the worst tyrants that ever disgraced a throne. Whitby was well worth plundering. Four centuries of peaceful development and pious gifts

and endowments had given it a net annual revenue estimated by Henry VIII.'s commissioners at £437, 2s. 9d. Allowing for the enhanced value of money (and making our estimates at pre-war rates to avoid the new problems of exchange), it may be said that this would be equal to rather more than £5000 sterling in modern value, or say over \$25,000. Further gains for the King and his parasite nobles were no doubt obtained by the plunder of the church and monastery. Its library was dispersed and mostly destroyed. The buildings must have been demolished at once; for the grant of Whitby Abbey to the Earl of Warwick by Henry's son, Edward VI., a few years later, gave him only the site and the ruins standing upon it.

In Scott's "Marmion," a splendid poem, disfigured by many of the anti-Catholic traditions and ignorances of his day, there is a glaring blunder about Whitby Abbey. In the second canto (the source of much of the Protestant belief in the fable of the immuring of nuns, walled up alive in their convents) there is the description of "the Abbess of St. Hilda" with five of her nuns voyaging to Lindisfarne; and in the fifth canto we find these nuns from Whitby telling the nuns of North Berwick of the glories of their house and of St. Hilda's miracles,—this in 1513, the year of Flodden Field. But, as we have seen, the Whitby Abbey of Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor times was a house of Benedictine monks. There had been no nuns at Whitby for more than six hundred years,—perhaps for even a longer time. For it seems likely that the double monastery of St. Hilda's first foundation had become a single monastery with only a Benedictine community of monks before the sack of the place by the Norsemen in 867 because we have seen that the superior of Whitby was then an abbot.

It is nearly five centuries since the

altars of Whitby Abbey were thrown down, but the old Faith lives on, and in Whitby town the Holy Mass is said in the little church of St. Hilda, founded in 1805. It is a solid gain that the people of England have learned again to hold in honor the very sites of the ruined monasteries, and are learning again the stories of the saints who built these homes of prayer. So far only one of the old abbeys has been restored to Catholic worship. Buckfast in Devonshire, long a roofless ruin, was purchased some years ago for a Benedictine community, and with their own hands the monks have restored the church and rebuilt the abbey. At St. Aidan's Monastery of Lindisfarne, on Holy Island, the centre whence the Irish monks spread the Faith through Northumbria, Catholic pilgrims have more than once in recent years raised up a temporary altar, and the Holy Mass has been said again in the roofless ruin of the church. Facts like these are signs that the Second Spring of the Catholic Church in England is becoming a Second Summer, and the fields are whitening for a great harvest of blessing.

The Traveller.

BY C. L. O'D.

I SHALL have done with mountains, so I said;
 It is outrageous they should steal the sky
 As, bulking like a world, they stint the eye
 Its vested right of vision,—country spread
 From white sunrise to where the sun sets red.
 They are the land's revolt, rebellion's cry
 Is theirs—"I will not serve"—as proudly high
 They hold unbowed their white, imperious head.
 I shall go back to humble earth men's feet
 Tread in the quiet commerce of the corn.
 To clover patches bounded by the wood,—
 Oh, I shall find the flat lands sweet, home-sweet,
 While paying homage every night and morn
 To one far Hill that served, crowned with
 His Blood!

Nor' Neilan's Daughter.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

I.

CITIES have their parks, and the Hill Settlement had its Six Acres, a green strip that met the road hospitably at the brow of the hill as it came winding up from Centerville. A pleasant perspective it gave to the houses, and made, as it were, a front yard to the Settlement, withdrawn to the east and south, with only one or two houses on the north edge facing the green. Here in summer the children played; and in the evening the men gathered to pitch "horseshoes," or, smoking peacefully, to watch the game. Giant elms and sycamores guarded the Six Acres,—trees that had doubtless seen the Red Man disport himself in their shade; and the birds sang and the breezes played among their branches as sweetly and carelessly as in those far-distant days.

In the course of time the original six acres had come to be nearer ten, taking in a shoulder of the hill at the southwestern corner that hunched itself up into a pleasant knoll, whose easy slope made a wonderful place for sleds in the winter, and whose shady expanse was consecrated in summer to the little girls and their dolls and playhouses. As unconsciously the six acres had absorbed the knoll, so unconsciously the people came to accept it as part of the original plot. What was their horror and amazement, therefore, to hear one day that a rich Columbus man had bought the knoll and was going to build there a summer cottage!

Excitement ran high, many refusing to believe that such a thing could be; waiting eagerly for Jack Garrigan's return that evening, for he it was who really owned the Six Acres; and gloom enveloped the Hill when the truth was discovered.

"We might have bought the knoll long ago," said Garrigan, "if we thought the Willoughbys would sell it. But who'd dream any one would ever want to build there?"

"Sure we thought you owned it already," one of the men said in an aggrieved tone. "Why didn't you buy it, and you buying land hand-over-fist back toward the Welsh Hills the last few years. You'd never miss the bitteen 'twould cost you; and now—"

"Oh, well, there's no great harm done, so far as I can see." Garrigan spoke impatiently, sensing something of this feeling. "Man alive, whoever he is, he won't eat us!"

"No harm, and he spoiling the Six Acres!"

"Is it how we want a stranger sittin' in our pocket all the time?"

"Bime-by" (darkly) "the 'big-bugs' will be drivin' us out of this!"

To which indignant outburst Jack Garrigan vouchsafed a hearty laugh.

"We'll be big-bugs ourselves before long!"

"Heh! I say big-bugs to you, John!" they scoffed, as they walked away unconsoled.

And unconsoled they remained while the new house went up with incredible dispatch. If they watched it askance and with black looks, who could blame them? The prophetic soul of the Celt saw in it not alone a menace to their privacy and the homely, simple, pleasant ways so dear to them all, but the beginning of a city incursion that might conceivably mean the end of their little insular community. Anyway, gone for good was the privacy of the Six Acres, with this alien structure looking down at it with the cold, detached air of a proud aristocrat.

As neighbors, however, the Whites proved to be agreeable enough. They were concerned only with the health of their little girl, for whose sake they had sought this quiet spot. For this rea-

son they had few visitors; and little Evelyn, missing her own playmates, was allowed to take part in the quieter games of the Hill children. She had a weak heart and could not run and play like other children, but she loved to watch them; and on many a sunny day she was carried across the Six Acres to wherever the children might be playing, the tall servant woman returning for her again in an hour or so. One day it began to rain; and Tom and Nora Neilan, making a chair with their hands, carried her home between them with such happy expedition that always afterward she insisted on being thus carried.

This was how it happened that Tom and Nora became her chosen playmates, spending long hours in the White yard and on the wide porch,—an anomaly itself in a day of tiny porticoes and restricted piazzas. For there were times when Evelyn must be very quiet, and only the Neilan children were allowed to see her; Tom reading to her perhaps, while Nora sat by, pricking her small fingers over the doll clothes that both little girls loved to make. They enjoyed many treats, too, with the sick child: slow rides through the country in a pretty basket phaeton, behind a fat pony pridefully driven by Tom; little picnics arranged by Mrs. White; occasional trips down the hill to Centerville, which meant delectable dishes of ice cream; and in time it came to be a recognized fact that Evelyn could be safely trusted to the care of Tom and Nora.

"Be kind to the little sick girl," they were often told by their mother. And, "How very gentle they are with her!" Mrs. White frequently remarked to her husband. "They are very nice and refined, for Irish children, aren't they?" she added on one occasion.

Mr. White smiled dryly.

"You should read your history, my dear. Ireland had traditions of refine-

ment a thousand years before this land was discovered."

"Oh, I dare say!" Mrs. White's ideas about history and the Irish were equally vague, and she had no great interest in either. She was not one who could look below the grotesque sunbonnet to the kindly eyes, nor vision the glory of a commonplace life in the busy, comfortable figures that often passed the house on the knoll. "I may be mistaken," she went on, "but these two seem a little out of the ordinary. Nora shows promise of beauty some day, and Tom is very bright. You might help him to get a start, Andrew."

"He tells me he's going to be a priest," returned her husband. "He's already studying Latin with the priest down in Centerville, so I don't think I could interfere."

"Well, we must make him a nice present when we go."

It was true Tom Neilan wanted to become a priest, and dear to his mother's heart even more than to the father's was the dream of seeing him one day offer up the Unbloody Sacrifice. But sorrow and ill luck had been the Neilans' portion. They had buried four children, and "Big Jack" had met with an accident on the section that had laid him up for nearly a year. Now they were still paying for their home, with no chance of laying anything by for Tom's education. Father Field, who was much interested in Tom and his aspirations, bade the parents not to worry about the future of their boy. The good Lord, he told them, would provide for His own. And so indeed He did. But before that time came Nor' Neilan and Big Jack had made the mistake which brought down on them the bitterest suffering of their lives.

Fall came early that year. When September days grew chill, the Whites prepared to return to Columbus, with the intention of taking Evelyn South for the winter; and with them went

little Nora Neilan. The ailing child had grown deeply attached to her new playmate, and rebelled at leaving her. Eager to indulge their own ewe lamb, the Whites begged Mr. and Mrs. Neilan to let Nora go with them just for the winter. They would send her to school, take the best of care of her, and bring her back the next summer, or as soon as they returned from the South. And they would pay her, besides,—naming a generous sum. Alas! it was the money that tempted poor Nor' Neilan, seeing in it a nest egg that would help on Tom's education; and this, coupled with her affection and motherly sympathy for the frail child, influenced her to accede to the request.

In the South that winter little Evelyn died; and the mother, grieving sorely, nearly followed her,—so Mr. White wrote the Neilans. They were going across the sea to a famous cure, and wished to take Nora along. His wife clung so to the child that the doctors said it would be dangerous to deprive her of the only solace left her. He realized it was a great favor he was asking; and if they said so, he would bring their little girl home at once; for in that case his wife would not go abroad. But if they would permit Nora to go, they (the Whites) would surely bring her back to the Hill next summer, as had been the original plan. Because her generous heart yearned over the stricken mother whose suffering she knew only too well, Mrs. Neilan at last wrote that Nora might go.

Two years later, when a certain "windfall" came to Mrs. Neilan, she took the nest egg made out of the Whites' money down the hill to Father Field.

"Do what you like with it, Father," she said heavily. "Give it to him that needs it, or throw it in the street be-yant,—it's all one to me. But never a cent of his money will I touch again,—the price of my child, my heart's

blood—" Her lips trembled and slow tears gathered in her eyes.

The priest looked deeply troubled, but he made an effort to cheer the mother.

"You mustn't feel that way, Mrs. Neilan," he counselled. "They can't keep your child. And didn't he say in his last letter that Mrs. White's health was improving? Well, then, it won't be long,—they'll be coming home one of these days."

Mrs. Neilan raised her eyes and looked mournfully at her pastor.

"Ah, Father," she cried, "it was the wrong step I took when I let her go from me, and it's me that knows it now! And something tells me here" (pressing both hands on her heart with a tragic gesture) "that I'll never see my little Nora again."

"Tut! tut!" Father Field frowned. "Things don't happen that way nowadays, Mrs. Neilan. We can force them to give the child up, you know. Here, leave me his letter, and I'll have a lawyer write to him."

Promises were forthcoming, and more promises, but the Whites did not return. Year followed year to the empty house on the knoll and to the empty hearts of the Neilans,—empty and despairing indeed when finally their child ceased to write. For all the Hill people heard thereafter, the Whites and Nora Neilan might be dead and buried.

(Conclusion next week)

You go into the church to obtain mercy; first, show mercy. Make God your debtor, and then you may ask of Him, and receive with usury. We are not heard barely for the lifting up of our hands. Stretch forth your hands, not only to heaven but to the poor. If you stretch out your hands to the poor, you touch the height of heaven; for He that sits there receives your alms. But if you lift up barren hands, it profiteth nothing.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

The Vale of Delights.

FREYBURG'S old cathedral contains a memorial window which shows in beautiful coloring a picture of some miners who are extracting silver from the side of a mountain; and underneath is an inscription which tells that the window is a thank-offering from the inhabitants of the "Vale of Delights."

The place so designated is a valley which lies at the entrance of the Black Forest. In past times, before the day of railroads, the road from Vienna to Paris led through this beautiful spot. Here passed Marie Antoinette when, with a light heart and bright hopes for the future, she left her native land to go to France, where the jewelled diadem was soon to be changed to a crown of thorns.

The "Vale of Delights" is known today as the "Vale of Hell" (Höllenthal); and this name is certainly more appropriate than the first, if we may judge by the desolation and ruin which now meet the eye of the tourist in every direction. Everyone in the neighborhood knows of the sudden and mysterious transformation of the valley; and the first peasant one meets, ignorant as he may be, can tell this strange story.

In olden times might here be seen a flourishing village, surrounded by fertile wheat fields laden with golden grain, and orchards whose trees were weighted with delicious fruit. To cap the climax of these blessings, the mountain contained inexhaustible mines of silver. The inhabitants of the "Vale of Delights" had undoubtedly good reason to thank God for these abundant favors, and to send to the old cathedral the beautiful window as a token of their gratitude.

But prosperity is a heavy burden to carry, and often a greater test of virtue than adversity. These people, on whom Providence had showered so many

blessings, soon forgot their obligations to the Author of all these gifts. Their forgetfulness grew into indifference; and the church, which had once been crowded, was always empty now. These busy people, with their silver-filled mines and their plentiful crops, had no time left for prayer; and their selfish interest soon crowded out of their lives all thought of God and of their obligations to Him.

One Sunday morning, as the good old priest entered the church to say Mass as usual, he found his congregation reduced to the altar boy (an orphan to whom he had given a home), and a poor shepherd and his son, who alone of all these people remembered the command of the Church of hearing Mass on the Lord's Day. The pastor delivered no sermon, but the tears he shed as he offered up the Holy Sacrifice were more eloquent than words.

The Lenten season came and went and none thought of fasting or doing penance; and Good Friday—that day of universal mourning—was selected by these impious people for a village festival, at which flesh-meat was eaten in open mockery and defiance of Him who died on that day for the salvation of the world.

Meantime the poor shepherd who had remained faithful to God and to the religion of his childhood lay dying in his hut on the mountain, and begged to be strengthened for his last journey by the Sacraments and blessings of the Church.

"I am going to die," he said to his son. "Go quickly to the village and bring the priest."

The boy had scarcely gone when a strange and unaccountable fear came over the dying man. His senses seemed paralyzed by some horrible vision. When his son returned and saw him with this terrified look in his eyes, he took it to be the dread death, and said to him:

"Why should you fear, dear father? Have you not always loved and served the good God?"

"I do not fear for myself, but for the village. A terrible chastisement is about to fall upon it for its profanation of this holy day. The measure of its sins is full to overflowing. But I hope that our dear curé may be saved. If he has not left the village, it will be too late. Look!—do you see him coming?"

"Not yet, father; but he will soon be here. He told me to return to you and that he would follow immediately."

"I fear he will be too late. Look! Do you see no clouds in the heavens?"

"No: the sky is quite clear."

"We may still hope," said the dying man, and his lips moved in prayer.

The tinkling of a bell was soon heard in the mountain path below, and the shepherd boy opened the door of the hut to welcome the three who were advancing from the valley: the altar boy, whose little bell told of the coming of the Divine Guest; the old priest, who prayed as he trudged along the steep and rocky path; and the God-Man, who dwells always in the midst of us, and who was leading out of that Sodom His one faithful servant and the innocent child. Now that they had departed from the "Vale of Delights," nothing could turn away the wrath of God from this doomed village.

The shepherd boy, as he stood gazing down the valley, saw hanging over it a dark cloud, which seemed rapidly growing in size. Meanwhile the old man made his last confession and received his God once more into his heart. Then, gazing with loving gratitude at the priest, he said:

"Thank God, Father, you are safe!"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not see clouds in the heavens?"

"Yes, indeed," said the old pastor: "a very black cloud now hangs over the valley below us."

Then the old shepherd told of the dreadful vision he had while waiting for the boy's return. The priest readily understood the meaning of this warning. When he had come through the village, and the little bell had told the people of the passing of the Blessed Sacrament, instead of kneeling in prayer, they left their scandalous feast to insult the Sacred Host, to mock at the priest with his divine Burden.

Soon the cloud grew larger and more dense, so that the light of the sun was completely obscured, as on that first Good Friday long ago.

"Avoid that accursed village!" said the dying man. "For myself I have nothing to fear: all will soon be over for me." And in a few moments he had breathed his last.

The cloud seemed now to be resting like a pall over the whole valley. The priest reverently covered the body of the dead man, and fled with the two children up to the top of the mountain.

They had scarcely left the hut when the most terrifying sounds were heard: peal after peal of deafening thunder; and the lightning flashed in all directions.

The impious people, who had so lately insulted and blasphemed God and disregarded His commands, now fell on their knees to ask deliverance. But it was too late. A deluge of fetid water, such as had never been heard of, destroyed those ungrateful people and their prosperous village. When the flood had ceased, the church alone was left standing, as a sign that the hand of a just God had been laid in wrath on an impious people. The earth has lost its fertility, and neither grain nor fruit can be made to grow in its poisoned soil. In the mountain-side no silver can now be found; and the only token of the past prosperity of this once beautiful valley is to be seen in the memorial window of the old cathedral of Freyburg.

A Useful Family Remedy.

ONCE upon a time, as the story-tellers say, there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had books and flowers and servants—everything he wanted; yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. One by one his most valued servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the tale of his woes.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "it would be well for you to use more oil."

"To use more oil?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Therefore, nobody liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used ever since."

"Then you think I am like your creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How in the world do you want me to use oil?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross and break into reproaches; oil your voice and words with the oil of kindness and sweetness and gentleness."

The old gentleman went home and followed the advice given him, and thenceforward peace and comfort reigned in his house.

Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil; for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit. Accidents will happen, and the most perfect plans often fail. Offence is sometimes given quite unintentionally; and pain or annoyance is often caused by mere inadvertence.

Blessed is the home which possesses a

peace-preserver! Who has not known such children of God? All things grow silently Christian under their reign. There is something in their very presence, in their mere silent company, which softens, brightens, refines, and ennobles. Anger and resentment flee at their approach; patience and forgiveness ever attend them. The peacemaker is the angel of his home and the apostle of his neighborhood.

Tributes to the Catechism.

THE famous—or infamous—Diderot, who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, displayed such furious hatred of religion, in reality esteemed it, and could not refrain at times from glorifying it. This is clear from an incident related by M. Bauzée, of the French Academy, who wrote:

"I went one day to M. Diderot's home to chat with him about certain special articles that he wished me to contribute to the *Encyclopædia*. Entering his study without ceremony, I found him teaching the Catechism to his daughter. Having dismissed the child at the end of the lesson, he laughed at my surprise. 'Why, after all,' he said, 'what better foundation can I give to my daughter's education in order to make her what she should be—a respectful and dutiful daughter, and, later on, a worthy wife and good mother? Is there, at bottom—since we are forced to acknowledge it,—any morality to compare with that inculcated by religion,—any that reposes on such powerful motives?'"

A similar tribute was paid by that arch-infidel Voltaire himself. A lawyer of Besançon introducing his son to the Philosopher of Ferney, assured him that the young man had read all his works. "You would have done better," replied Voltaire, "if you had taught him the Catechism."

An Imaginary Antagonism.

TO prove by the declarations of scientists themselves that Religion and Science are not diametrically antagonistic to each other, and that scientific men are not necessarily irreligious or anti-Christian, is the object of a little book, by Mr. Arthur H. Tabrum, dealing with the "Religious Beliefs of Scientists." It includes one hundred hitherto unpublished letters on science and religion from eminent scientific men; he shows that there is no real opposition between Religion and Science,—that by a galaxy of scientists this statement is regarded as the very reverse of true; and that, instead of being agnostic, irreligious, anti-Christian, and atheistic, the vast majority of scientific men are eminently religious, and in many cases conspicuous for their earnest Christian faith,—men like Volta, Ampère, Pasteur, Secchi, Mendel, Röntgen, Crommelin (all Catholics), Faraday, Kelvin, Maxwell, Le Conte, Max-Müller, Lyell and Herschel.

Two direct questions were asked of and answered by the distinguished men whose letters are published in the volume under consideration: 1. Is there any real conflict between the facts of science and the fundamentals of Christianity? 2. Has it been your experience to find men of science irreligious and anti-Christian?" In almost every case, the replies to both questions are frankly and emphatically in the negative.

"There are innumerable mysteries in nature," writes Sir Robert Ball, the famous astronomer, "which can never be accounted for by the operations with which Science makes us familiar, but which demand the intervention of some Higher Power than anything man's intellect can comprehend." Prof. Thomson, an eminent scientific writer, says: "My own conviction is that the so-called opposition between Science and

Religion is wholly due to confusion of thought." Dr. Cavers, professor of biology at Hartley University College, answers (in part): "As to the alleged 'conflict' between Science and Religion, I believe you will generally find that the Science which is pressed into service by agnostics and atheists is many, many years behind the times, and that these writers and lecturers have only a second-hand smattering of the biology of forty or fifty years ago. . . . The man who ventures to dogmatize on such subjects can not be, and is not, taken seriously in the world of scientific experts; while those who take upon themselves to deny the existence of an intelligent First Cause (or to negative any of the other teachings of Christianity) can not possibly claim that they do so in the name of Science."

Mr. J. Butler Burke, the distinguished author and lecturer, has this to say in response to the inquiries: "The subject of religion is a deep and solemn one; and Science, such as we know it, particularly in its relation to the problems of life and mind, is still in its infancy; so that I am sure you will forgive me if I say that such contradictions as may be found between the truths of Revelation as we understand, or misunderstand, them and those of Science as we know them, may, after all, be found to be merely *apparent* and not *real* anomalies." Mr. Henry Mackintosh, professor of comparative anatomy in Dublin University, remarks: "The so-called conflicts are, as you quite rightly say, antagonisms between the theories of the theologists who do not know Science, and men of Science who do not know Religion." Dr. Augustus Waller, one of the ablest living physiologists, writes: "I certainly agree in your conclusion that between 'the established facts of Science and the fundamental teachings of Christianity' there is no real antagonism. I also agree that eminent men of Science are not, as a

rule, irreligious or anti-Christian. Most of them realize the limited scope of positive Science, and recognize that the final problems of the universe are beyond its reach."

"What more cogent evidence of Christianity can you have than its existence?" asks Sir Edward Bradbrook, president of several learned societies. "It stands to-day as the religion which, in most civilized countries, represents that which has been found by the operation of natural laws to be best suited for the present circumstances of mankind. . . . Civilized mankind holds to Christianity, and can not but do so till it can find something better. This, it seems to me, is a stronger evidence of Christianity than any of the loose-jointed arguments I find in evidential literature."

Concluding a remarkably interesting and informing letter, Prof. William Sollas, one of the greatest geologists of our time, writes: "The attacks on faith to which you allude seem to me behind the time; they are a product of the Victorian era. . . . Already I fancy signs are to be discovered of a quickening impulse on these subjects, which may restore to the present century the hope that perhaps seemed wavering in the last." Sir William Preece, the well-known electrician, Fellow of the Royal Society, makes this declaration: "I have never come across a single fact in Science that is opposed to the teachings of the Christian religion."

Haeckel, Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, etc., have all been stranded by the tide of opinion which is now flowing in another direction. Huxley was practically the last of the prominent scientists whose teaching was antagonistic to Christianity. It is nonsense to talk about the conflict between Science and Religion. There can be no such antagonism, because the one deals with fact, which is temporal; the other, with truth, which is eternal.

Notes and Remarks.

No one needs to be told that the world generally, and the economic world in particular, is in anything but good condition. Just what causes have brought about this condition is a matter of opinion; and diagnosticians, political and economic, advance opinions as varied as they are for the most part unsound. One publicist, Mr. Roger W. Babson, declares that the basic cause of present disturbed conditions is not due to overproduction or to the many other causes popularly given. As he puts it: "The only difficulty in the situation to-day is man's temporary return to barbarism. The difficulty in Europe is really a moral question rather than an economic one; the difficulty with labor is a moral question rather than an industrial one; the business failures that are being forced occasionally are due primarily to men going back on their contracts. Let everyone get back to the old-fashioned business morality,—that is the solution."

The one mistake in Mr. Babson's diagnosis is that it does not go deep enough: it fails to mention the one basis on which morality—business morality or any other kind—can rest with any real assurance of its stability: religion. Let everyone get back to the old-fashioned Mother Church—old yet ever new,—and economic, industrial, and all other questions will be found comparatively easy of final solution.

An oldtime poet declared that consistency is a jewel, and a homely philosopher emphasized a cognate truth when he remarked: "It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is being gored." Many of the editors who lent more or less earnest assistance to the Prohibition Movement, and ridiculed as patent fallacies the arguments of its adversaries, are at present employing

practically the same arguments against the passage of any Blue Laws regulating the observance of Sunday. Here, for instance, is an editorial paragraph which, with the mere substitution of "liquor regulation" for "Sunday observance," constitutes quite as valid an argument for anti-Prohibition as it does for anti-Blue Laws:

The question of Sunday observance, within limits which appeal to any sensible and right-minded man as reasonable, must be left to the individual conscience, with such encouragement to proper views as may be supplied by moral and religious teaching, good companionship, and honest thinking. A good man may wish that others viewed these questions of what we may perhaps call minor personal conduct as he does; but, if he is a wise and just man, he will be tolerant of the opinions of other men fully as sincere as himself, and will rely upon the influence of example and moral suasion, not force, to bring others to his way of thinking.

Hundreds, not to say thousands, of publicists are equally inconsistent. The really consistent, judicious mentor in all such matters is the Church; and her wisdom will be recognized eventually by those who are now most violent and virulent in flouting her authority as a moral teacher.

From the heart of that vast region in China which has been scourged so terribly by famine, storm and flood, missionary voices speak sadly, not of themselves, but of the lost harvest of God. "How our hearts would swell with joy," writes Father Trovarelli in the *Echo de Chine*, "if we could come powerfully to the aid of this great multitude of sufferers who pass constantly before our eyes! But we are absolutely unable to make any serious effort; for since the war our mission has, alas! seen nothing but debt." The words of Father Vielle, addressed to the readers of *Les Missions Catholiques*, ought to be repeated to the whole world, for the sake of the heart-rending appeal that is in them. "How sorrowful all this is! You will understand how the heart

of the missionary is crushed when he finds himself unable to alleviate the scourge as it should be alleviated. And yet how much good can be done in the circumstances! Many dying infants are reborn in baptism; a great number of adults become Christians as the result of aid shown them; the Catholic religion is esteemed and loved more highly by reason of its charity."

Ah, if the heart of America is beating for the missionary as never before, it is because we are discovering his soul,—the soul of a man who may be reviled, persecuted, starved and even killed, but never conquered. There is a real human pleasure in sharing his heroism and devotedness with our alms and our prayers.

In the course of an interview recently granted by President-elect Harding, he gave utterance to some sentiments that will probably appeal to the average American, be he democratic or republican or even socialistic in his political faith or leanings. For instance, Senator Harding declared:

I am going to be the President most distinctly. I have very definite notions about the dignity of the office, about what it stands for; but I am going to do my best to carry to the Presidency what I possess of tact and of respect for the rights of others, and of the conviction that the men I make my associates can be trusted. Whenever possible—and I think that in most cases of importance it will be possible—I believe the people should know in advance if their Government contemplates any action that is apt to influence their comfort or happiness or safety; that the people are entitled in advance to form and express their opinion, and that the Government should very measurably be guided by what the people think.

It is my conviction that with the President leading, as he was meant to lead, he can nevertheless get better results by going hand in hand with the intelligent and thoughtful opinion of the country—by working with it, not against it—than by autocratic and dictatorial method.

Our next executive is quoted as saying something still more important and not less downright than this at a

meeting of Presbyterian laymen held recently at Marion, Ohio. It would be a satisfaction—we are all at attention now—to have the full text of the address in which these words occur:

I rejoice in the inheritance of a Christian belief. I don't mind saying it, that I gladly go to God Almighty for strength in confronting the responsibilities that face me. I want America to be reconsecrated to the religious revival that was apparent in the early days of the Republic. I don't think a government can be wholly just that has not in some way a contact with Omnipotence. In the Convention of Versailles there was no recognition of Almighty God. I could not hope for a happy relationship among the nations unless there was a common thought among them in recognition of a Supreme Being.

We can only trust that the future will prove how sincerely the next President of the United States entertains these convictions, which, after all, are but a fairly obvious amplification of convictions often expressed by Lincoln, and some other Presidents who were less true to them.

We have given woman the ballot; but have we provided the young girl with that protective moral environment which she will always need, and which is infinitely more important than the freedom of the polls? In a paper which Miss Sara E. Laughlin has contributed to the *Catholic Charities Review*, we read things that to us are positively startling. Of 386 girls spoken to by three workers in Philadelphia, forty-six per cent were found to be Catholics. Nearly all were employed and had turned to questionable practices as a result of their desire for amusement, for the gratification of which legitimate social means seem pitifully inadequate. "For every girl," says Miss Laughlin, "reached by any form of church organization, four are drawn to dance halls, four to amusement parks, all of an objectionable type; and five rely on the moving pictures for diversion and relaxation. In the case of the Catholic girl, recreational facilities are

all too meagre. Rare indeed is the parish hall that is open to its young folks in the evening. Rare is the club under Catholic leadership to which a girl can be referred. Yet every year hundreds of our young girls are passing out from the influence of Sister and Church at an age when they have not arrived at a realization of the real worth of an abiding faith. It is small wonder that their childish understanding of the responsibility of religion gives way to the forces which always surround them during their working and playing hours."

Comment is altogether unnecessary: this way action lies.

In very emphatic, though dignified terms, Bishop Keating, of Northampton, has repudiated the letter which the president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain addressed to Cardinal Mercier, censuring the bishops of Ireland for making no corporate effort "to stamp out the murderous spirit which is a reproach to their people and their faith." His Lordship writes: "Lest silence should be construed as consent, and the whole body of English Catholics should be committed to the views on the Irish tragedy expressed in their latest *motu proprio* by the Catholic Union, addressed to Cardinal Mercier, I ask space to repudiate, on my own behalf, (1) specifically and emphatically the grave censure passed upon the Irish bishops, who are infinitely better informed upon the facts of the case than their self-constituted critics, and who deserve all our sympathy and confidence in their official handling of a most perilous and perplexing, politico-religious problem; and (2) generally, the purely *ex parte* statement of the situation, which is neither better nor worse than the claptrap of the secular party press. My sole motive in making this protest is to obviate, as far as lies in one person's capacity, the serious

danger to our own domestic solidarity and our cordial relations with our fellow-Catholics, in Ireland and elsewhere, arising from what I feel to be the officious, though doubtless well-intentioned, action of the President of the Catholic Union."

Addressing an organization of women voters last week, Gov. Edwards, of New Jersey, told them that if they didn't watch out, they would be deprived of tea and coffee. Indeed there is no telling to what length the reformers may go. Their spirit is shown by the remark made by a judge of the U. S. District Court in Los Angeles, Cal., in sentencing an intoxicated man, who stated that he had procured the "where-with" in Tia Juana, Lower California. "I regret I can not sentence the city of Tia Juana to hell." This very intemperate observation is quoted (evidently with entire approval) by the *World Digest of Reform News*, issued by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Needs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C. The general secretary of this Board is Clarence True Wilson; Deets Pickett being research secretary. Some worthies like these two gentlemen may start a crusade any day against "the shameful and notorious custom of shaving on Sundays" so called for which in former times in England, there was a fine of five shillings or detention in the stocks for two hours. (29th Car. ii., cap. 7.)

There was a graceful act performed at the recent joint service of the Episcopal and Eastern Orthodox Churches, held in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York. The service, the first of its kind held under official sanction in this country, was arranged under the auspices of the Commission to Confer with the Eastern Orthodox and Old Catholic Churches, which was appointed

by the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and indorsed by the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops held last summer in London. At the conclusion of several addresses delivered by American and foreign dignitaries, the Very Rev. Howard C. Robbins, D. D., dean of the Cathedral of St. John, proposed prayers "for one who is not a member of any of the Churches represented,—his Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, who is ill in Baltimore."

It is gratifying to record such an instance of genuine Christian charity and courtesy as this; and we have no doubt that the venerable Catholic churchman appreciated the kindness of his separated brethren.

Although no political significance is attached to the recent visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to the Vatican, it may eventually result in the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. As yet the number of Danish Catholics is small, but it is steadily, though slowly, increasing. When anti-Catholic prejudice is more completely broken down, this increase will doubtless be rapid, as in Holland, Norway, and other Protestant countries. The visit of the Danish sovereigns to the Holy Father can hardly fail of good effect. It was the first time since 1474 that any ruler of Denmark had been received in audience by the Pope.

"The times are too bad and too sad for the celebration of even a Golden Jubilee," declared the venerable Father Schrantz, S. S., President Emeritus of St. Charles College, Cantonsville, Md., in declining a banquet and celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. "The money which would be required," he added, "could be so much better employed for the relief of the heart-rending distress of thousands upon thousands of our fellowmen

who are literally dying from cold, hunger, and despair."

Well said! Plainly, there should be no costly celebrations or expensive feasts anywhere while fellow-creatures are actually starving, or suffering from lack of fuel and clothing, as a great many now are in Austria, Germany, and China,—victims of war, famine, pestilence, floods and storms.

That the mentally conservative American, the American for whom the moral earnestness of his country's past is beautiful and bright, can speak for himself is proved again by a paper entitled "The National Genius," which Mr. Stuart T. Sherman contributes to the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He is a gentleman of letters, who writes not only well and spiritedly, but feelingly and inspiringly. His article is entirely good, but this passage is particularly striking:

You may persuade all men to buy Liberty Bonds or to invest in the stock of nationalized railroads, or you may legislate them into the army; but you can not dragoon them into crying, "O beautiful, my country!" That is the work of the poets, who have entwined their loyalty with their heart-strings. That is the work of the artists, who have made their Americanism vital, devout, affectionate. "How can our love increase," asks Thoreau, "unless our loveliness increases also?" A good question for "Americanizers" to meditate upon. It would benefit both public men and artists if some one reminded them more frequently that one of the really important tasks of national preparation is to draw out and express in forms of appealing beauty, audible as poetry or music, visible as painting or sculpture, the purpose and meaning of this vast, half-articulate land, so that our hosts of new and unlearned citizens may come to understand her as they understand the divine compassion—by often kneeling before some shrine of the Virgin.

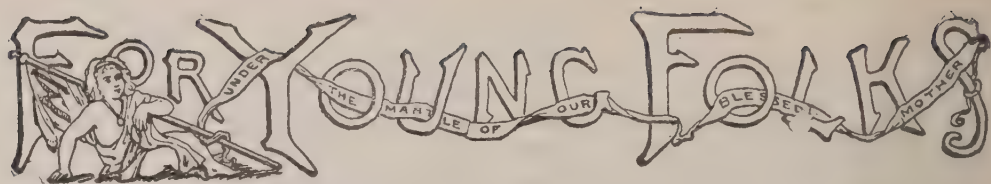
Something which, it is to be feared, the average Catholic sometimes forgets, but which he should always remember, particularly in such trying times as the present, is recalled by the Rev. Richard Collentine, C. S. C., in a special article

written for the *Indiana Catholic*. Wise words, well spoken, are these:

With the country in the throes of reconstruction; with Capital and Labor clamoring for mutual justice; with moralizers and fanatics advocating all sorts of fads,—some denouncing "predatory wealth" and others denouncing organized labor,—the Catholic finds many advantages in his religious heritage. In fact, nothing better brings home to him the privilege he enjoys than troublous times. To compare him with a number of his fellow-citizens is like comparing the traveller who is prepared for a journey, and knows the way, with a helpless fellow-mortal who has lost his bearings. The latter hurries along one road for a space, and then returns; chooses another, and then stops to inquire; doubts about the directions, and either pays no heed to them or follows them only to be tortured by the fear that they are wrong. The Catholic may experience fatigue and sorrow, but he need never be troubled by uncertainty. The map he carries is always at hand, and has the ways distinctly marked, drawn by an unerring hand.

The advantages are many, because of the broad field covered in the Church's guidance. She is thorough and precise as well as reliable. When a Catholic meets a dilemma and can not make a choice, and sees from the general perplexity that the dilemma is beyond the power of unaided human choice, he simply looks at his guide. There she is, pointing the way. Perhaps he is surprised, and tempted to doubt even her. But he has the vision of a great guide and mother looming up in history, warning and directing, as she is doing now, as she has always done; men obeying her and passing safely through danger, or turning their backs upon her and being swept away.

How modern it makes Christianity seem, to read of the discovery of a cemetery of the eighth century B. C.,—a Sicel cemetery, close to the mule path from Taormina to the hill village of Mola, Sicily! This cemetery is said to afford the first definite evidence of the occupation of the site of ancient Tauromenium in so early a period. It makes the Incarnation a comparatively recent event. (We say, in fact, "has been made known.") Surely Christianity ought to appeal to those who, sick of the old paganism, are in search of a new religion.



Before Mass.


This rhymed prayer used to be recited before Mass by our Catholic forefathers in England. Although centuries old, only one word in it needs any explanation—namely, “hallows,” which means “saints”:

NOW Lord God for Thy goodness
 At the beginning of this Mass
 Grant all that it shall hear
 Of their sins that they be clear.
 Lord save the priest that it shall say
 From temptation all this day
 That he fulfil this Sacrament
 With clean heart and good intent.
 First, highly to Thine honour
 That Sovereign is of all succour,
 And to Thy Mother Maiden clean,
 And to Thy hallows all unseen,
 And to all that hear it souls heal,
 Help and grace and all kinds weal,
 And to all that we have in mind
 Kinsmen and friends of any kind
 Good Lord grant them for this Mass
 Of all their sins forgiveness
 And rest and peace that lasteth aye
 To Christian souls that passed away,
 And to us all Thy succour send
 And bring us joy and a good end.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—THE CARTER-KINGS.


 N the stately mansion that little
 Fifiue was approaching Mrs.
 Carter-King and her children
 were in family conclave. The
 door of the lady's boudoir was closed,
 lest some echo of the storm that often
 attended such discussions should reach
 listeners without. Mrs. Carter-King, in
 an elegant negligee, lay back in her
 richly cushioned chaise lounge and gave
 voice to evident irritation:

“Marjorie had another of her tantrums last night. I was up until half-past two with her. Really, she is almost more than I can stand.”

“Then why do you stand her, mamma?” asked the sixteen-year-old girl at the lady's side.

“Why?” repeated her mother, angrily.
 “Because I am fool enough to think of you children,—because I have place and home and money here, that keep you from genteel beggary. I am martyring myself for your sakes, and you ask me *why* I stand it!”

“Well, it's pretty comfortable sort of martyrdom,” laughed the boy seated on the broad window-ledge. He was a lean brown fellow of fifteen, with no very good looks except his white teeth and bright eyes. “You'd better stick to your stake, mother, until you get Elise off your hands; then I'll be through college, and we can fly this old coop together.”

“Fly with you? On what, I wonder? It will be a long day before you can keep yourself, much less me. Your uncle was scolding about you for a ne'er-do-well only yesterday.”

“Scolding!” said the boy. “Did Uncle Miles give enough thought to me to scold? That's encouraging.”

“Take care you don't encourage him too far,” was the answer. “He won't stand it, Bryce.”

“Pooh!” said the boy, lightly. “I am not afraid of him. All he can do is to turn me out. But, with Elise to keep in the swim, you'd better stick it out, mother, even with Marjorie. Poor little wretch! I heard her crying last night. Was she ill again, mother?”

“No,” was the sharp reply, “just cranky,—nervous, I suppose the doctor

calls it. Miss Marshall could do nothing with her, and roused me. The little fool was frightened,—thought she was going to die like her mother. She has the most horrible, unnatural thoughts, for a child of her age, about being put in the ground and worms eating her."

"Gee!" exclaimed Bryce. "Who put her on to anything like that?"

"I don't know. It seems her mother died suddenly of heart trouble and she has never forgotten it, though she was only six years old. Then her father went a few years later, leaving Marjorie and her money in the care of your Uncle Miles, and, as she had no women relations, he asked me to come here and mother her."

"Not a bad job," said Bryce, roguishly. "Two hundred a month— isn't it?—and board and lodging for three, with chauffeur and four servants. Good business, mother. I don't know how or where you could do any better. The real mother job doesn't pay quarter as well."

"What do you know about it?" asked his sister.

"Not much, except from friendly observation. I went home with Tom Devlin yesterday. His mother does the cooking, washing and ironing, nursing and sewing for six, and doesn't get a cent for it,—only board and keep. Seems to find a lot of fun in it, too, even when she is up all night with a croupy kid, and has to hustle a daybreak breakfast for her old man next morning."

"You certainly do choose curious friends," said his sister, coldly: "a low-down fellow whose mother does her own washing."

"Low-down!" repeated Bryce. "There isn't a finer fellow in school than Tom Devlin,—an all-around good chap, great at fist and feet as he is at mathematics. And his mother! Soft curly hair and pretty as a picture. I was telling her about Marjorie and how pale and thin she was, and how she couldn't walk or

study or go to school; and she said her Susie was just the same way, and she cured her with an Irish tea her grandmother taught her how to make, and goat's milk. She'll send you some of the tea if you'd like to try it, mother; and we could keep a goat in the back yard."

"Irish tea and goat's milk!" exclaimed his mother, sarcastically. "For a child who can afford the highest-priced specialists in town!"

"They are not doing the poor kid any good," continued Bryce. "Mrs. Devlin said she wrapped Susie in an army blanket and kept her out on the kitchen porch day and night; and, gee-whiz, you ought to see her now!"

"I don't wish to see her," was the chilly answer. "If you choose to make such friends, I hope you will keep them out of my sight and reach. But since you have been discussing the matter I trust you will make them understand, lest there should be vulgar gossip on the subject, that three of the most eminent doctors in the city have been employed by your uncle for his ward, that she has an expensive nurse to attend her day and night, that your mother herself gives her constant supervision. Why she does not improve under such conditions, I do not know. I suppose she has inherited ill health. Both of her parents died young."

"Poor little kid!" said Bryce. "It looks as if she were in tough luck, with all her money."

"I'd like to know what she would do without it," scoffed his sister.

"Pull through, like Sue Devlin, maybe," laughed Bryce. "Hallo, what a funny little freak that is coming down the street!" he said suddenly, glancing from the window. "Looks as if she had stepped out of a comic supplement. See her, Elise?"

"I don't care for comic supplements," Elise answered indifferently.

"And, by George, she is coming here!"

exclaimed Bryce. "Poor little tot! Begging I suppose."

"Begging!" repeated his mother. "I have told Gregg positively—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Bryce. "I'll go turn the poor kid off before Gregg devours her completely."

And, with a few boyish bounds, Bryce was down the broad stairs before the timid little touch of the bell could arouse the majestic wrath of the well-trained butler. Fifine faced the friendly lad as he opened the door,—*"a funny little freak"* indeed on this splendid threshold.

"Good-day, Monsieur!" she said, dropping the little convent courtesy the good nuns had taught her. "It is I, Josephine Marie La Roque. I have come here to see my godmother."

"Your godmother?" echoed Bryce, staring blankly at the small speaker. Godmothers were rather hazy relations in the Carter-King family. They were vaguely associated with silver spoons and porringers in very early life, and then faded into obscurity.

"Yes, Monsieur,—yes, my godmother, who has been so good to me" (the soft eyes were lifted to the boy's face confidently); "my godmother who sent me such beautiful clothes, wrote me such beautiful letters. I speak not the English very well as yet, but Monsieur will understand that I come to find my godmother."

"Then you're off your track, for sure," answered Bryce. "We've got no godmother here."

Fifine gave a bewildered look at the figures above the door.

"But it is the place, Monsieur," she persisted anxiously. "So the number was in my godmother's letters."

"It couldn't be," said Bryce, positively. "You're all wrong, little girl, or some one has been 'spoofing' you. Who sent you here looking for your godmother?"

Fifine's thin little hands began to

work nervously. The Monsieur was so kind and yet so sure!

"It was Mademoiselle who let me here,—Mademoiselle Vancours, who brought me across the sea from France,—Mademoiselle who is seated there in the park, waiting. I do not speak the English well and Monsieur does not perhaps understand; but Mademoiselle, who is waiting in the park, will tell him all."

"Come on, then," said Bryce, his friendly feeling for this little "freak" growing on acquaintance. "Let us go now and tackle Mademoiselle for an explanation."

They crossed the street together, Bryce feeling rather uncomfortably conscious of the curious glances cast by nursery maids at his queer little charge; but determined to see her through to the godmother for whom she was searching, even if he had to pilot her himself. The sweet trust that was God's gift to Fifine appealed to the boy, as it did to all who were kind and good in heart.

The child glanced around from one bench to the other: the park was small enough for a swift survey.

"It was in that bench she was seated. Under the tree she said she would wait. But—but—" (the speaker drew a frightened, fluttering breath) "she is there no longer; she—Mademoiselle—has gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Bryce. "Where?"

"It is what I do not know," was the bewildered answer.

"Where does your Mademoiselle live?" asked Bryce.

"That I can not tell," said Fifine, shaking her head helplessly; "only that it is with an old mother whom they call Madame Pepper for her hot temper, and who must have three francs a week for her snuff."

"Look here!" Bryce thrust his hands in his pockets and surveyed his find with judicial severity. "Are you

giving things straight to me or are you not?"

"Ah, no, Monsieur,—no, I give you nothing straight,—not at all! I have no straights, Monsieur, only the twenty francs in my purse here, which Sister Camille gave me on leaving Saint Celeste, which I must not spend unless the great need comes to me. And then I must pray to Saint Joseph first for help. Truly I should pray to him that I may find my godmother now,—my godmother who will be good to me, since Mademoiselle has gone where I do not know."

The stern gaze of the boyish judge relaxed. Bryce knew something of the tricky ways of boys and girls, but he could not doubt here.

"Some one has played you for a little greeny sure," he said. "Where did you drop from, anyhow?"

"Drop, Monsieur!" and again the innocent, puzzled gaze was lifted to the questioner's face. "Drop! I do not speak the English well."

"I mean where do you come from,—where do you belong?"

"*Oui, Monsieur*, that is it!" The soft eyes brightened. "I come from long, from far across the great ocean, where I was sick to die; and before that from the good Sisters at Saint Celeste; still before that from La Roque, where the soldiers drove us away and made our chateau burn, and my mother so frightened that she died. Ah, it has been the long, sad time, Monsieur! But the good God took care of me through it all. And now I come to America, as my Tante Louise said; but I find she is dead too, nearly a year. And so Mademoiselle who had care of me brings me here to my godmother, who has been so good to me even in France, sending me beautiful gowns and bonbons and a doll that shut its eyes. Never did any one at Saint Celeste see such a beautiful doll. I had to cry when I left my Toinette behind; but

Sister Camille said it would take too much place in my box, and there might be some money to pay. So I gave my poor Toinette to Elise. Perhaps, as Sister Camille said, in this rich America I may find another doll as beautiful, but never so dear as Toinette."

The child's story—emphasized with brisk little gestures and nods, and broken here and there with French that was rather too much for Bryce—settled matters with her listener. There was no "spoofing" here, he knew.

"Don't you suppose that Mademoiselle will come back here for you?" he asked.

Fifine glanced around the park in a way that reminded her questioner of an unfledged bird he had once knocked out of a stolen nest.

"Ah, Monsieur, that, to be sure, I can not say!"

"You don't think she means to give you a dirty shake like this?" Bryce continued indignantly.

"Ah, Monsieur, no! Mademoiselle does not shake me never, no. But I want my godmother's house. She said I must go see her alone, which is the American way. In France it is not so. Mother Mathilde told me I must listen to Mademoiselle, and do all that she said. And now,—now" (Fifine drew a long breath that was perilously near a sob); "since my godmother is not where I thought, I know not where to go. Is there a church near to this place, Monsieur?"

"A church!" echoed Bryce in real amazement.

"Yes, Monsieur. It was what Mother Mathilde told me—that if I was in trouble in this strange, far-away land, always to go to the church; that the good God would guide me, help me. It is time to go there now."

"A church on weekdays?" exclaimed the boy. "Gee! no. They're all locked up. You couldn't get in. And if you did, you would find nobody there."

"Monsieur, surely yes the good God is there always, even in America. So Mother Mathilde told me, though perhaps she did not know."

"She didn't," said Bryce, decisively. "But some one has to look out for you, and I guess it's up to me. I'll try to find this godmother of yours. Do you happen to know her name?"

"Ah, yes, Monsieur,—yes! It is written here on her letter." And she opened her bag eagerly and handed her new friend the treasured "letters" within.

Bryce stared at them for a moment in speechless bewilderment.

"Gee-whil-a-kins!" he burst forth at last. "Marjorie,—our Marjorie,—Marjorie Morse!"

(To be continued)

A Truthful Critic.

THE grandfather of a certain Shah of Persia took it into his head one day that he could write poetry. He accordingly set to work, and in the course of three or four hours turned out some stanzas which impressed him as being pretty good.

Wishing to be assured of their merit, however, he sent for the poet laureate, the official versifier of his court; and, handing him the verses, ordered him to read them and then state truly his sincere opinion as to their worth.

The poet was not much of a courtier. After reading the manuscript very attentively, he said:

"Sire, since you command me to tell the truth, you will permit me to remark that, in my humble opinion, there's nothing poetical about these lines—"

"Here, guards," furiously interrupted the Shah, who, like most writers, wanted praise when he asked for criticism, "take this jackass out to the stable and tie him up alongside of one of his long-eared brethren."

No sooner said than done. The un-

fortunate poet was forced to live during several weeks side by side with a stupid donkey called Aliboron.

At last the Shah, thinking that the lesson had been sharp enough, gave the poor poet his liberty. But he caused him to appear before him again, and submitted to his criticism a second bit of verse, taking the trouble this time to read it aloud himself.

The poet listened attentively, and, as soon as the Shah stopped reading, turned quickly and hurried toward the door.

"Hello, where are you going, man?" inquired the Shah, in great surprise.

"Back to Aliboron, Sire."

Now, the monarch was not a fool; and this method of letting him know that his composition was worthless rather tickled his sense of humor. He burst out laughing, forgave the poet for his frankness, and—stopped writing verses.

Skating.

Skating was first practised in Holland. Where there are so many lakes and canals to freeze, the necessity of getting over the ice in some way was doubtless felt from the earliest times. The Hollanders have preserved some skates found in an ancient mound over which a village was built; they must be thousands of years old. They are made of bone, and were fastened to the feet by straps as many skates are at the present day.

In all the Northern countries, skating has been the favorite sport from time immemorial. Danish historians of the year 1134 tell us of gliding over the ice on runners attached to the feet. Even in England skating was practised long ago. In London, in the twelfth century, the young people fastened the leg bones of animals under the soles of their feet, and, with the aid of a long pole, propelled themselves over the ice.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection (142) of some of the best Spanish ballads, in the original Spanish, with introductions and historical notes by G. Le Strange, is among new issues of the Cambridge University Press.

—A second edition of the "Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves: Countryside Songs, Songs and Ballads," is announced. He will be remembered as the author of "Father O'Flynn." One of Mr. Graves' latest translations from the Irish was contributed to a recent number of THE AVE MARIA.

—"A Little Book of St. Francis," like Dr. Egan's "Everybody's St. Francis," presents a charming version of those stories about the Little Poor Man of Assisi which the world will never tire of hearing. E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, the author, has done his work with true simplicity, in the manner of ancient chroniclers. The illustrations and typography of this book are everything that could be desired; young people especially will find it delightful. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers. Price, \$1.15.

—We note with pleasure the activity of the editor of "Musa Americana." Four pamphlets—one is in the second edition—have already appeared, and a fifth is promised. These translations into Latin verse, with English text, show that the stately Roman tongue can be made to modulate modern ideas with ease and gracefulness. How Oliver Goldsmith would have chuckled to see "The Deserted Village" in fitting Vergilian hexameters! It is the merit of the Rev. Anthony F. Geyser, S. J., to have proved what patient perseverance can accomplish,—adding line to line, in his spare moments, and achieving something of unusual interest and genuine value. Issued by the Loyola University Press.

—Although Dr. John Wesley Hill's new book on Lincoln ("Abraham Lincoln: Man of God." G. P. Putnam's Sons) adds nothing important to our knowledge of the greatest of our countrymen, it is, nevertheless, most welcome as a complete refutation of the charge that he was an "infidel" and "hypocritical." Dr. Hill seems to have read everything worth while relating to his subject, even the "Diary" of Gideon Wells,—who might have immortalized himself had he been a Boswell. He was lacking in the sense of humor, and doubtless missed the point of all those "facetious anecdotes" which Lincoln was wont to relate at Cabinet meetings, and "Gideon," as the President called him ("Gideon,

have faith in God"), failed to repeat. Though one of the most sober-sided of men, he was doubtless a great source of amusement to Lincoln, who, on the other hand, was probably a great puzzle to Wells. A handsome volume of 416 pages, with an interesting picture of Lincoln for frontispiece. Price, \$3.50.

—New publications issued by Pierre Téqui, Paris, includes "René Bériot," by Father Paulin; and "Les Causeries de Lucien Roland," second series, by Jules Riché. The former is an edifying account of the beautiful life of Brother Eleuthère, of the Capuchins, who, as a soldier of the Eighty-Second French Infantry, laid down his life on the battlefield. This volume ought to do much good. The other is popular apologetic, wherein, under the disguise of spirited conversations, a well-informed Catholic presents the views of the Church on topics of interest with zeal and insight.

—In what we presume are intended to be scholarly essays, for wit or literary distinction is quite absent, Dr. J. H. Robinson writes in *Harper's Magazine* on "Mind in the Making," and incidentally on the "benightedness" of Catholic tradition. It may be recalled that Dr. Robinson, formerly a professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of several manuals from which the child-mind is supposed to derive its knowledge of the past. Evidently the infant intelligence is contagious; for his papers rehash the old nonsense about Galileo and the Inquisition, and are replete with sentences like these: "It was necessary only to believe to be saved"; "It [the Mediæval period] was a period of revived Greek metaphysics, adapted to prevailing religious presuppositions." We are, of course, not taking the trouble to refute such learned remarks: we are simply amazed, not that a professor of history should be ignorant of his subject, but that a prominent citizen should so misconstrue the era in which he lives. Young artists may be forgiven for writing books "to forge in the smithy of our souls the uncreated conscience of the race," but it is hard to condone in a professor the public profession of his inanity. One thing, however, is to be remembered: the articles will probably be issued in book-form, and Catholics should scrutinize the *Harper* lists carefully.

—Besides being a traveller in many lands, a writer of pleasant prose and numerous other things—violinist, bandmaster, beachcomber, Bohemian, etc.—Mr. A. Saffroni-Middleton, whose new book, "South Sea Foam," was lately noticed

in these pages, is also a poet. His experience in this capacity is thus divertingly related:

I wrote a little volume of Australian lyrics which are all burnt now. I was ~~so~~ pleased with the first proofs that I put them on my bedroom mantelpiece, so that I could see them ere I slept and directly I awoke at daybreak. The reviews in the newspapers and journals thrilled me. "Full of sincerity, spirit and impulse." "Marvellous descriptive ability." "A real barbarian poet of the South Seas." I thought my fortune was made, and I could not sleep through thinking of coming fame and fortune. I thought surely such reviews in the newspapers will sell thousands of copies of my book, and I was very happy over my bright outlook. It was summer-time. I became restless, and with the reviews in my pocket, I went off, walking very fast in my excitement. I soon arrived in the country at a beautiful spot.

A windmill on the hilltop whirled its big black hands, as though trying to catch the winged music of skylarks in the deep blue morning sky. By the lane-side stood a cottage for sale. The very place for me, I thought. I will buy it and write there. What glorious poems of Australia and the South Seas they will be! The bird singing in a clump of firs just by my future front door rippled out notes as though its little body would burst with joy. I took an old envelope from my pocket and started to write a lyric. How happy I was! Even the lyric was good!

A month later I wrote to the publisher and said:

"DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly send me a cheque in settlement for copies of my 'Australian Lyrics' sold? I would not trouble you before the quarter, but unexpected calls on my purse have arrived at an inopportune moment."

Two weeks later I received this reply:

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 16th, no copies of your book have been sold, and we would call your kind attention to balance of £2, 10s. overdue for binding, and £1, 18s. for corrections in proof, etc., and 9s. 4d. for postage in sending out review copies."

So ended my volume of poetry; though I must add that the publisher turned out a good sort. I would sooner deal with publishers, some of them, than with stokehold bosses and concert managers. Music and book publishers can not publish authors' inspirations that do not sell and keep the author as well. I wish they could. As for the reviewers of my poetry, they made me the happiest of aspirants for four weeks, and I feel grateful for that four weeks of greatness.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsell & Co.) 16s.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

"The Right Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, O. P." Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P. S. T. M. (Pustet Co.) \$3.50.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"The Seventeenth Century." Jacques Boulanger. ("The National History of France." Vol. III.) (Putnams.) \$3.50.

"The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.

"Westminster Cathedral and Its Architect." Winefride de l'Hôpital. 2 vols. With Illustrations. (Dodd, Mead.) \$12.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Antoine Simon, of the archdiocese of New Orleans.

Sister Irmina and Sister Ursula, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Thomas Badeaux, Mr. Henry Schaefer, Mrs. A. Masterman, Mrs. Mary Finnigan, Mr. Joseph Reynolds, Mr. T. Langenbacher, Mrs. John Day, Miss Frances Horan, Mr. Walter Jacobsen, Mrs. Mary Tobin, Mrs. Josephine Janowski, Mr. James Loftus, Mr. Joseph Loftus, Mrs. Delia Bryant, Mrs. Gertrude Lanman, Mrs. B. J. Duffy, Mr. Sidney McAllum, Mrs. Lena Balone, Mrs. Margaret Pitcher, Mr. Harold Barry, Mr. Mark Barry, Mrs. Alice Laidler, Miss Katherine Sweeney, Miss Isabella McAllum, Mr. Charles Meade, Mr. John Arendt, Mr. J. T. McMunn, Mr. Thomas Danaher, Miss Helen Brandan, Mr. J. H. Everett, Mr. John Logan, Mr. Michael Logan, Mr. Frank Frain, Mr. James Gilson, Mr. P. Fitzpatrick, Mr. John Greng, Mr. Frank Beckmann, Miss M. J. Hutsch, Mr. Peter Fitzgerald, Mrs. Catherine Fitzgerald, Mr. F. J. Kreysar, and Miss I. B. Ambil.

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To help the Sisters of Charity in China: per J. M. K., \$15; M. J. G., \$2; Mrs. G. R., \$10; friend, \$5; M. B. S., \$50. For the sufferers in Central Europe: friend, \$10; Miss E. T. McG., \$1.50; friend, \$5; J. R., \$5; Mrs. J. H. G., \$5.50. For the Foreign Missions: M. M., \$5; J. G., 50 cents; Mrs. M. J. M., \$1; Mrs. C. M., \$1. For the Ursuline Nuns in Alaska: J. R., \$5.

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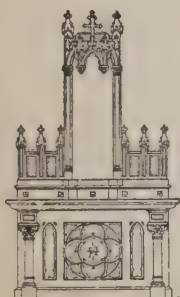
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Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 22.—SS. Vincent and Anastasius, MM.	TUESDAY, 25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
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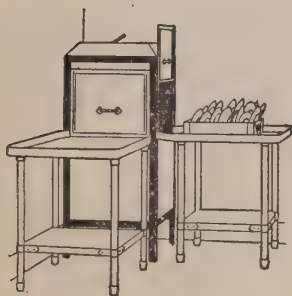
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 22, 1921.

NO. 4

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At Nazareth.

BY GREGORY MACDONALD.

HE came a tiptoe, childlike, from the field,
To crown His Mother Mary as His Queen,
With wreath of heaven-blue buds and
leaves earth-green.

Now as a sceptre would she wield
The distaff, while she spun

A white and seamless garment for her Son.
So was His Mother made His Queen and ours;
But with these royal flowers

A bramble, too, was bent,—

How may we say with what divine intent?—
Flaunting its seven daggers in her hair,
Stained with the blood of Christ, who placed
it there.

Dante and Saint Thomas.*

BY CARDINAL MERCIER.

CHRISTIAN theology has two technical terms to designate the two stages of our life,—the period of time and that of eternity. In the first stage, man is a traveller (*viator*) on his way toward an objective point, toward a universal good to be attained. About us things and events pass,—the course of nature, the ebb and flow of history. At the end of his journey, at the moment when he takes possession of the object of his terrestrial pilgrimage, the traveller changes his name. Henceforth he is called conqueror, possessor (*comprehensor*).

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA by Roy Temple House, with the permission of his Eminence.

Humankind observe the passage of ephemeral phenomena and historic successions; men of science scrutinize their laws; the philosophers, whom history has called sometimes sages, sometimes lovers of wisdom, strive to bind them into synthetic unity, to explain their origins, their deep causes, their supreme finality.

This is the problem which rises before the universal conscience. There are not two problems: there is only one. Man has not two tasks to accomplish: he has but one,—to pass wisely from time to eternity. The Supreme Master has declared: "Only one thing is necessary."

Dante Alighieri, great genius and noble character, perceived the amplitude and felt the keenness of this decisive problem; all the energies of his great soul were directed toward its solution. What is nature? What is humanity? What am I to myself? My soul longs to free itself from the baser instincts which paralyze it, to escape from the prison where it stifles. Can it do this? How? I seem to hear the fervid Florentine repeating the cry of Saint Paul: "The evil which I would not, that I do; and the good that I would I do not. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Dante was one of the most active minds of his age. Ancient mythologies and philosophies, sciences of a terrestrial nature and of the heavenly bodies, the grandeur and decadence of empires and cities, the cult of the true and the

beautiful, paganism and Christianity,—nothing had escaped him, nothing found him indifferent. The day when he attacks the problem of life, he will pass the borders of his personal conscience, the frontiers of his city and his nation; he will become the interpreter of humanity. He is a philosopher, he is a believer; he will speak at once the language of reason, of science, and the language of the Scriptures, of Catholic theology.

From the exile into which he had been sent by his city, "mother without love," he looked on bitterly at the shock of political passions, at their cruel sterility. His anxious thinking sought everywhere the issues through which he might find light and radiate peace. He prepared to dominate the noise of combats and the violence of political quarrels, to submit the ages to the infallible verdict of eternal morality.

At the end of the thirteenth century two great minds were facing the problem of life. One had already found its solution, and, with the calmness of a soul sure of itself, he was offering it to his contemporaries. Too humble to cherish a suspicion of the fact, he was offering it to the meditation of all the generations to come. This contemplative genius was named Thomas Aquinas. The other, Dante Alighieri, in whose heart surged at the same time the passions of an ardent temperament and the lava of the conflicts and revolutions of a warlike people, sought for his soul and the souls of his brethren a way of escape from violence into peace, from moral disorder into virtue. A sincere disciple of Christ, of the Gospel and of the Church, he had been won by the philosophy and the theology of the monk of Saint Sabinus, had fed upon them, had made them his own, and coveted the honor of displaying them before the wondering gaze of contemporaries. The "Sum of Theology" of the Angelic Doctor and the "Divine

Comedy" of Dante are—I believe we can say without fear of a well-founded objection—the two masterpieces of theology and art.

In the Vatican fresco, the "Dispute of the Holy Sacrament," where Raphael has pictured heaven and earth united by Christ, triumphant in glory, adored in the Eucharist, Saint Thomas Aquinas is seated with Saint Bernard, Saint Bonaventure, and Blessed Scotus, beside the great Doctors of the Church, Jerome, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine; he bears on his breast his symbol, the sun; he teaches, he enlightens, he vivifies; Dante is the neighbor of Savonarola; they teach also, but in a sphere where our poor humanity struggles in the laborious bringing forth of fraternity and peace. Saint Thomas gazes upon the human drama from his place above in the skies. Dante looks on it with an eye in which are concentrated the humiliations and sufferings of sick, wounded, anxious hearts.

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At the head of this sensible world, whose site is our earth, we find man, a free agent, responsible for the conduct of his life. How should man direct his life? Can he do so, and under what conditions? This is the theme of the second part of the "Sum of Theology," a treatise on morals,—general morals

in the first place, special morals afterward.

The moral act directed toward the supreme God; the elements which constitute morality; the fundamental distinction between good and evil; the fixing of the will in the good by virtue and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, in evil by vice; the notion of sin, and its genesis; the moral law in its multiple aspects; divine grace, which lifts virtue to the height of holiness,—this is the object of the first section of the second part. The detailed and specifically applied study of the virtues and vices which form or deform the perfect man, the saint, is pursued in the second section, which thus treats of applied morals.

In the first part, then, God, the sovereign Good, offers Himself to us, invites us to know Him and to love Him. In the second part, man goes freely to meet God, gives himself to Him; the union of the soul with God is accomplished, holiness is consummated. Who has the power to produce this miracle? The Christ, the Eternal Word made man, and the Redeemer of humanity.

The human soul is sinful; to original sin it has added the stains of its personal faults or crimes; its purification is the work of grace; grace is the result of the sacraments, the sacraments being the fruit of the Atonement. Christ, the sacraments, grace—artisans of the purification and the sanctification of souls and of their triumphal entry into glory,—are the themes of the third and last part of the "Sum" of Saint Thomas Aquinas.

The same theme forms the subject, the inspiring and directing idea, of the "Divine Comedy." Dante calls Saint Thomas 'his master and his guide.' The monk, in his cell, considers man, sin, conversion and accomplished sanctification. The spirited Florentine, wandering through the cities and fields of Italy, studies men of flesh and blood, observes

their failings and their vices, sounds the depths and tastes the joy of repentance, sings the happiness of victory. The Doctor speaks the language of soul to soul, banishes images, silences sentiment, arranges and relates abstract conceptions. The poet sees the idea only through the image, gives it out only in symbols; is moved, moves others, mounts and descends the whole gamut of passion and the rhythm of sentiment. In its details and in its entirety, his work is a continual allegory, in which the thought expressed is but an invitation to seek another profounder thought, often a thought touched with mysticism.

The work of Thomas Aquinas is a treatise; that of Dante is an epic. The two supplement each other. The first has opened the way for the second; the second makes the other live and vibrate. One does not know which to admire more, the Doctor or the singer. Happy the people, blessed the civilization which has produced these two geniuses! For the two are sons of Christianity and of the Catholic Church. Doubtless they belong to all humanity, since the problem they attack is the problem of human destiny; but they belong first of all to the Church, as our venerated and beloved Pontiff, Benedict XV., proclaims with a justified pride; because the solution which they offer to our meditation and our enthusiasm is the solution which Christ brought to the world, and which our mother the Church bids us believe, embrace, realize.

"Come back to life," says the poet, "and triumph." *Risurgi i vinci*. Come back from Hell, traverse Purgatory, enter the glories of Paradise. Hell, Purgatory and Paradise are not, in the profound thought of the poet, the three states—that of irreparable death, of temporary expiation, of final beatitude—which our future life will reveal to us. They are partially that, no doubt, in their allegorical significance; but

the allegory is designed to aid us to penetrate more deeply, in thought, into the moral hell of a vicious heart,—a heart ensnared by sensuality, by pride, by avarice, and incapable of scaling again, by its own unaided effort, the slope down which nature has fallen.

The consciousness of the miserable state to which sin has reduced humanity is the inevitable point of departure of a Christian conversion. To be converted is to climb the painful hill of purification, to accept the expiatory punishments, to turn our hope toward God, to sing in turn, the *Miserere*; *Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et mundabor*; and with the angels, *In te, Domine, speravi*; *Beati mundo corde*. To be converted is to drink of the waters of Lethe and conquer the right to think no more of one's past faults; it is to drink of the refreshing waters of Eunoe; to bathe one's soul in the sanctifying waters of contrition, of confession, of sacramental absolution.

Purified, renewed, invigorated in this purgatory of the heart, the soul is reclothed with the wedding garment of charity, without which no one can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; then it can sing with the poet: "From the sacred river which floweth by that happy plain I issued forth all made anew, like a tree which receiveth its leaves of new green in the springtime. I am pure, and ready to gaze on the unveiled, celestial brightness of the divine stars."

Hell marked the state of sin and misery from which the soul, aided by grace, is called to separate itself; Purgatory is the path of purification and of that repentance which is essential for conversion; Paradise is the arrival of the soul at the goal of sanctification—the tree of life with ever-living foliage and laden with immortal fruits, the perpetual banquet of the Lamb; it is the soul ripe for admission to the realms of the blessed and to the vision of God, for the sight of Christ

the human and divine, and of the Holy Trinity, in the abode of eternal Love. The sanctified soul has reached the goal; it has, by the co-operation of grace, accomplished its return to God, the principle and end of the order of Creation and the order of Redemption. The story is told. The problem of life is solved. The human traveller has changed his name; he has won the prize of the struggle; he has entered his reward; he has become *comprehensor*.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

V.

THE walk from Ufton Court in search of the tailor tended somewhat to arouse a better spirit in Andrew Gaylor. He could not but remember that Mr. Perkins had always been his friend; and that if the position in life in which he found himself was a lower one than his antecedents warranted, yet he would not have had any sort of position at all but for the favor of the Squire. He even went so far as to conjure up the thought that, after all, he might have been mistaken. And, without knowing it, he actually stumbled on an idea very near the real truth; and, in consequence, he had almost resolved to return and carry out his original plan of confronting Mistress Elizabeth.

Had he done so, it would have saved him a lifetime of anxiety and sorrow. But he wavered; the words "a secret from your mistress" kept ringing in his ears,—the devil had the victory. Nay, the devil's agent, in the form of Plumptre, appeared just at the critical moment; for, turning out of a field-path into the lane below Folly Farm at Sulhamsted, Gaylor discerned the tailor but a few yards in advance.

The moment Plumptre encountered

Gaylor, he read in his face that something was amiss; but, with the craft for which he was noted, he abstained for a time from touching on the topic of the previous evening. He thought that Gaylor would presently open the subject of his own accord; for he rightly guessed, from the direction whence his companion came, that he was returning from the visit he had threatened the night before to make in order to obtain an explanation from Mistress Elizabeth.

Gaylor, however, showed little inclination to converse. He walked by the tailor's side, merely answering with a pettish "Yes" or "No" remarks that absolutely called for a reply.

Plumpton's patience being at length exhausted, and his anxiety to push forward the scheme by which he hoped to enrich himself without much labor being great, he himself opened the subject by inquiring the sort of reception his companion had received at the hands of the lady.

"I have not spoken to Mistress Elizabeth. I've done with her, and all the rest of the pious, Popish lot," sharply replied Gaylor.

The tailor pursed his lips for a soft whistle, but immediately continued:

"You have, have you? Then you don't think Mr. Francis Perkins quite so much your benefactor as you did?"

"I said nothing against Mr. Francis," returned Gaylor: "I was thinking of the women—the false hussies!"

"You're quite right, Andrew my boy. It's bad enough when you're courting, but it's a d——d sight worse when you're tied up, and can't chuck them over," responded the tailor, thinking, no doubt, of the propensities of his own better-half. "Take my advice: let them alone now and look after yourself; and if you follow me, you'll soon be rich enough to have the whole pack of the best of them running after instead of making a fool of you."

"You haven't made yourself very rich

yet, Master Roger," returned Gaylor. "I doubt if you would bestow much on me before you had secured a goodly share to yourself."

"Of course not. I'll own that I haven't such an affection for you as to want to give you all the butter and have only the bread myself; and as to not getting rich, I never had the chance till now, and I want you to help me to make the best of it."

"What is it you really do want?" inquired Gaylor. "You have done little more than throw out hints that have indicated some injury to my patron, the Squire."

"Well, as to injuring Perkins, it is you who have jumped at that conclusion. I don't know that he'll be brought in in any way."

This was a deliberate lie; for Plumpton knew full well that, if his project succeeded, Mr. Perkins would be a very great sufferer. Indeed, it was not zeal for any particular cause, but greed for a share in the fine which was certain to be imposed on the Squire of Ufton, that had urged Plumpton to persevere in his endeavors to corrupt Gaylor, and through him obtain the information he so much needed.

In further reply to Gaylor, the tailor went on:

"They have a Mass priest at Ufton Court. That I wasn't so sure of a few days ago, but I'm certain of now; for I tracked the man that put up at Harry Taylor's three nights since, whose horse the parson seemed so fond of last night. He went over to the Court in the morning, and he's there now, or my name's not Roger Plumpton."

"Well, if you're so sure of it, what do you want of me? It's no new thing for a Mass priest to stow himself away at Squire Perkins'; and if you know he's there, you can go and find him without putting me in the mess."

"I'm sure he went there; but I want to prove he *is* there, and get a warrant,

and that's where you can help me by keeping your eyes open when you are in the house to find out if they have Mass and other Popish foolery going on."

"Have Mass!" exclaimed Gaylor. "Why, of course they do! And why shouldn't they? They had Mass this morning—I mean—I dare say they had—that is—"

"Oh, they had Mass this morning, did they?" interrupted Plumpton.

"I don't know that they did," returned Gaylor.

"But you said they did."

"I didn't mean it,—it slipped out and isn't true. I only heard a bell, and that's no proof."

"True, that's no proof; but I dare say you saw something else. And, mind you, it's a heap of money to you if you prove it."

"I know nothing at all about it," replied Gaylor, who now began to realize that the slip of his tongue had put him in the other's power.

So accustomed was he to ways of a Catholic household, that he really had not given a second thought to the certain indications he had witnessed of Mass, or some other service, being celebrated at Ufton that morning, and it was only when Plumpton put the leading question that the facts crossed his mind, and, as he said, slipped out.

Plumpton, although he said the bell was no proof, knew perfectly well that it would go a long way; and, with this admission in hand, he was quite prepared to part from his companion at the first opportunity.

When Andrew Gaylor sought his bed that night it was not to sleep. Indeed, he would have given anything to be able even to lie calmly awake and wait till dawn; but the events of the day preyed upon his mind, and conflicting thoughts kept him tossing from side to side throughout the long hours.

From the moment when he had witnessed the meeting in the garden

between Mr. Perkins and Elizabeth, and overheard the fragments of their unfortunate conversation, his brain had been in a whirl,—in a sense he was mad.

He began by suspecting the worst, and nourished his suspicion into belief by brooding on it. Then came a better frame of mind, and a half-formed resolution to take the manly course of making quite sure before he judged.

His unfortunate meeting with Plumpton threw back for a time his good resolutions, and caused a partial relapse to the darker view of the situation. Next came the admission to Plumpton, and, although he had tried to withdraw it, he felt that he had failed. It is true he did not realize the full import of the information he had given, nor did he yet fully know to what use the tailor would put it; though he was destined before many hours to learn both.

Brought up a Catholic, he had long given up the practice of his religion; and, although he could hardly be called a member of the Established Church, he was reckoned as such by most of his acquaintances, who chose to look upon his entire indifference to any sort of religious doctrine as acquiescence in the belief of the State Church.

Awake in the stillness of the night, dwelling, as he naturally did, on Ufton Court and its inmates, he called to his recollection the time, but a few short years before, when Ufton Court had been his home; when, as an altar boy, he had so often served the very Mass which he had now unthinkingly betrayed. He called to mind the many kindly, harmless priests he had known, and reviewed the blameless lives of all those to whom they ministered. The more he thought of this and connected his past with his present, the more convinced he became that he alone might be chiefly to blame.

Now, fortunately, no Plumpton was near to mar his better thoughts; and

his good angel interposed and cast a form of long-forgotten prayer, which he presently shaped in words and uttered from his heart.

In this better frame of mind, Andrew Gaylor rose, resolved to lay the entire case before Mr. Perkins, and abide by the results. Alas! his good intentions were soon to be scattered as fluff before the wind, and he was doomed but to serve his patron to his injury.

We must once more transfer the reader to Englefield; but this time it is not the alehouse kept by Henry Taylor that is the scene of our story, but the large hall of the mansion, the residence of Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth.

At the head of a long table Sir Francis is seated. On his right are Mr. Humphrey Foster, of Aldermaston, and Mr. Rede Stafford, of Bradfield; on his left, Mr. Thomas Parry, of Hampsted Marshall. These three magistrates have laid before Sir Francis certain depositions sworn to in their presence on the 5th of September last. The only other occupant of the hall is Sir Francis Walsingham's private secretary, who is seated at a smaller table on his right hand.

After discussing the documents which had been read over by the clerk, the contents of which need not be detailed, as they will presently appear in the evidence, Sir Francis, addressing the magistrates, said:

"I think, gentlemen, I understood you to say that the informant in this case is without. I believe our next course is to examine him on these depositions, and afterwards issue a search warrant. We must proceed in order with these matters, as you are doubtless aware—"

"Not only is the informant without, Sir Francis," interposed Mr. Foster, "but I have managed to secure a very important witness, whose evidence will,

I have no doubt, corroborate to a great extent the testimony of the man Plumpton. He is unfortunately here against his will, and may give us some trouble; but we shall know how to deal with him. It will be better, I think, to hear the witnesses apart."

The others signified assent; and at a word from Sir Francis the clerk left the room, returning in a few minutes with Roger Plumpton.

(To be continued)

A Memory of La Vendée.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE tragic events of the Reign of Terror, as the years 1793-94 are rightly called, are still remembered in La Vendée, an unspoiled corner of the France, where the peasants cling to their traditions and to their Faith. Even the ordeal of the last five years has not blotted out the memory of the war of 1793, with its heroisms and its horrors.

It was essentially a religious war, and was started when the Revolutionary Government persecuted the priests, closed the churches, and attempted to stamp out religion. The promoters of the movement were not the country gentlemen, but the peasants, who, caring above all things for their religion, were indignant when the Revolutionists hunted down their priests. With the disciplined spirit that, even now, makes them appeal to the "Château" for counsel, guidance and assistance, they sought the gentlemen who lived among them, and insisted upon their heading the movement. The latter accepted. Some did so with hesitation; for they knew better than their less educated neighbors the tremendous risk entailed by the rising of peasants, badly armed and untrained, against the experienced armies of the Revolution.

The war of La Vendée broke out in

March, 1793, after two years of persecution. At first the "Catholic Army," as it was called, was successful, and took Angers and Saumur. Then the Government, that had its seat in Paris, became alarmed. New armies were dispatched to La Vendée with orders to kill men, women and children; to burn the homesteads and lay the country waste. These infamous orders were carried out to the very letter, and at least half the population of La Vendée disappeared during the Reign of Terror in 1793 and 1794.

Among the martyrs who laid down their lives for their God were many priests. One of them, by his holy life and death, has been set apart as a worthy candidate for canonization. And when, the other day, I visited La Vendée, I found that, his Cause having been admitted by the Roman tribunals, this venerable confessor, although he can not as yet be publicly honored, is considered as a future "Beato." The descendants of the parishioners among whom he lived and labored are much interested in the Cause; they carefully preserve traditions, handed down from one generation to another, that describe his charity and helpfulness. The lonely farms and cottages that once sheltered the outlawed priest are still pointed out and venerated; articles belonging to him are kept with devout care; and, better still, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the peasants who sheltered him at the risk of their lives remain faithful to his teaching. The parish of Louroux is even now one of the most devout in the region.

Noël Pinot was born at Angers in 1747, of poor and pious parents. He became a priest when young, and was at all times remarkable for his charity and devotedness. His first post was that of chaplain to a hospital for incurables at Angers, where he remained many years. In 1788, to the sorrow of the patients, by whom he was much be-

loved, he was appointed parish priest of Louroux-Béconnais, one of the most important parishes of the diocese. It numbered at that time over 3000 inhabitants, who were scattered over an extensive and somewhat wild region. The *curé* was assisted in his labors by a *vicare*. Still, owing to the distance between the villages and hamlets entrusted to their care, they had much to do; all the more so as M. Pinot had a high ideal of the apostolic duties of a parish priest.

Night and day he was at the beck and call of his spiritual children. On foot or on horseback, he visited the sick and sorrowful; always ready to comfort, advise and assist the souls for whose spiritual welfare he considered himself responsible. The present inhabitants of Louroux-Béconnais relate many instances of his charity, gathered from the lips of their forbears. He practised the strictest economy in all that touched his own affairs, and the large revenues of his parish were distributed to the poor. Nothing, says tradition, could be more austere than his life, and more penitential than his personal habits.

At the beginning of each winter, he was accustomed to give away warm clothing in abundance; and when his stock was exhausted, he emptied his cupboards and deprived himself of his own clothes and linens. He had a faithful servant, to whom her master's generosity appeared excessive. As her expostulations were unheeded, she used to conceal some of his clothes to save them from being given away.

Like many thoughtful minds of the day, this country priest, from his post in the depths of La Vendée, realized that a political and religious upheaval was at hand. The evil teaching of the so-called philosophers, favored by the blind security of the upper classes, had sapped religious convictions in many souls, and a general spirit of unrest and

rebellion against authority had spread throughout the country.

The good *curé's* gloomy foreboding stimulated his apostolic zeal. He devoted himself more than ever to instruct and train his parishioners to meet whatever the future might hold in store. Their descendants still speak of the instructions, "catechisms," and personal influence of the saintly pastor, whose labors were rewarded, when evil days dawned for La Vendée, by the heroic faithfulness displayed by his spiritual children among hardships and dangers of no common order.

The anti-religious character of the Revolution can not be too strongly underlined. Its true history is only now being brought to light. It was, in reality, less a political upheaval than a conspiracy, long planned, and prepared to ruin the Church in France and bring about a schism. The weakness of the well-meaning but feeble King unfortunately lent itself to favor the plans of the extreme party; and, as early as 1789, the laws issued by the Government were distinctly hostile to the Church.

In July, 1790, the Constitution Civile du Clergé placed the clergy of France in the alternative of renouncing their allegiance to the Holy See or of retiring from their posts. The majority of the priests and bishops declined to take the schismatic oath demanded by the Constitution, and were, in consequence, robbed of their property and driven from their parishes. The members of religious Orders—men and women—who rejected the oath were likewise despoiled and sent adrift.

At Angers, the bishop and nearly all the priests and religious of the city remained firm in their allegiance to the Pope, and were immediately replaced by apostate priests, at whose Mass the faithful people refused to assist. In January, 1791, the Abbé Pinot was required to take the oath in presence of

his parishioners, whom the Revolutionary *maire* of Louroux-Béconnais had invited to assist at the function. The *curé* quietly but firmly declined to commit what he considered an act of apostasy. For the present, he was suffered to remain at his post, probably on account of his popularity.

On the 17th of February following, he publicly informed his parishioners of his decision never to yield to the pressure put upon him; and, in a few clear and forcible words, he explained the situation, and the duties that it entailed on priests and laymen, if they wished to remain faithful to the Church. According to a tradition reverently preserved in his parish, M. Pinot, on concluding his sermon, went back to the sacristy. His two choir boys were waiting for him. "It is probably the last Mass that I shall celebrate here," he said. "My children, days of trial are before us, and we must be prepared to die."

Five days later, the *curé* in person opened the door to the men who were sent from Angers to arrest him. He received them courteously; and, having placed food and wine on a table, he retired to the next room, where he knelt down and soon became absorbed in prayer. When his unwelcome guests had refreshed themselves, they summoned their prisoner, and made him mount his own horse; and, having bound him tightly to the saddle, they started for Angers, where the little party arrived at midday.

M. Pinot's charity and zeal were remembered by the citizens. As he passed through the streets, he was greeted by marks of respect and affection; and the prison where he was confined was soon besieged by his friends. At their head was the legitimate Bishop of Angers, Mgr. de Lorryz, who for the present remained in his episcopal city.

A few days later, M. Pinot was tried

for the offence he had committed in rejecting the oath, and condemned to two years' banishment from his parish. The judgment was considered too lenient by the rabid revolutionists, whose influence increased daily; and he was judged anew before another tribunal, at the little town of Beaupreau, situated about sixteen miles from his former parish. Here he was lodged in the stately castle, now the property of the Duke and Duchess of Blacas. It then belonged to the Maréchal d'Aubeterre, but was used by the revolutionists as a prison. Within its walls was a community of nuns, headed by their abbess, who, being driven from their convent, had taken refuge at Beaupreau. M. Pinot's arrival caused them immense joy. Deprived of Mass and the Sacraments, they sought the ministrations of this holy priest, who, foreseeing that their trials and his own were only beginning, trained them by his words and example for the ordeal ahead. The faithful people of Beaupreau also visited the imprisoned *curé*. He was allowed to say Mass; and, while the apostate priest of the town officiated in an empty church, the good Catholics filled the little chapel of the castle.

Their sorrow was great when an order came to transfer M. Pinot to Angers. He was not allowed to return to his parish, but was permitted to take up his abode at the hospital where he had labored as a young priest. Soon this permission was withdrawn, and he sought an asylum at Corzé, a village where three parish priests had taken the schismatic oath. It was in hopes of reclaiming them that M. Pinot went to Corzé. His zealous and brotherly influence soon made itself felt. The three schismatics publicly retracted their errors; but the apostle whose ministrations brought about this happy result was forced to leave the place to avoid imprisonment.

He now found a comparatively safe refuge in the isolated region called Les Manges, not far from Beaupreau. Here he lived from July to November, 1792, always busy in his Master's service. The persecuting spirit of the Revolution was on the increase, and the faithful priests could exercise their ministry only in secret. M. Pinot's traces are to be found in different villages of Les Manges; and the tradition of the country tells us of his charity, kindness, and untiring zeal in the service of God.

The summer of 1793 was a momentous epoch in La Vendée. So far, its inhabitants had endured, with discontent and indignation, the persecution directed against their priests; but in March, 1793, they openly rebelled and took up arms for the defence of their religion. The first battles fought by these untrained peasants, as we have said, were successful. In June, they took possession of Angers and Saumur, and M. Pinot was able, in consequence of the defeat of the revolutionary army, to return to his beloved parish of Louroux-Béconnais.

The people whom he had so carefully instructed proved their solid Catholicity during his absence by resisting every attempt made to induce them to join in schismatic worship. They now received their pastor with delight. But their joy was short-lived. The revolutionary Government soon sent fresh troops to crush the Catholic army, and from that moment the martyrdom of La Vendée began. Once more M. Pinot had to fly. But he decided that his life belonged to his flock, and that to the end it must be spent in the service of the parishioners, whose spiritual welfare had ever been his chief care.

During the next eight months he led the life of a hunted priest,—going out only at night to say Mass or to give the Sacraments, and spending the daytime in some lonely farmhouse, where he was

among friends. The secret of his haunts was carefully kept: it was known only to a few safe persons, who escorted him in his apostolic visits and undertook to keep him informed of the sick people who needed his ministry. He was often begged to baptize, marry or give the last Sacraments beyond the limits of his parish: he never refused to do so; neither the long distances, nor the rough roads, nor the risk he incurred, ever discouraged him. And his parishioners, no less generous, watched over him with untiring vigilance. Even the little children were taught prudence; and, although often threatened by the revolutionists, who suspected his presence, they never by an imprudent word betrayed his trust.

Over and over again, the hunted priest escaped from his pursuers only by a kind of miracle. Once he was concealed in a farmhouse situated close to the water. It was early in the morning; and, after saying Mass, he was breakfasting with the farmer and his children when the alarm was given. There was no time to fly. M. Pinot hastened to the granary and concealed himself under a huge osier basket used to carry clothes to the wash. The soldiers searched the house and closely questioned the family, threatening them with the severest penalties if they ventured to conceal the *curé*. But neither the farmer, Lelarge, his servants nor his children betrayed the slightest alarm, and the pursuers went away disappointed. Later, however, the good farmer was denounced for having concealed his parish priest, removed to Angers and imprisoned. He died of want and misery only a few days after being arrested.

Another peasant, named Legueux, had the same fate, and perished in prison. One of this good man's sons lived to a great age, having died in 1860. He remembered that M. Pinot, when concealed in his father's house,

used to teach him his catechism. With tears in his eyes, the old peasant spoke of the hunted priest's gentleness, charity, and devotedness. "He was indeed a good pastor," he often repeated when recalling the dark days of the Reign of Terror.

Another time the *curé* was hidden at the house of a woman named Gilot, when he heard that the soldiers were on their way to search the farm. His hostess, with great presence of mind, hurried him to the stables, and made him lie down in the manger used by the oxen; then she covered him with hay. And, although the men searched the house thoroughly, they never thought of this novel hiding place. When at last they left the premises, the priest was half stifled, but safe.

Sometimes he spent a few days in the centre of his parish, within sight of his empty church. The house where he was hidden is still standing, and a dark little room is pointed out as the one in which he lived. It was carefully shut out from the rest of the house in the daytime, and his food was handed to him through a window by a little girl of thirteen, who, when an old woman, often related the incident. At night M. Pinot sallied forth to visit the sick, baptize or marry his parishioners.

An old man who died in 1865 used to describe an impressive ceremony that took place at a lonely farmhouse called Les Foucheries on account of its remote situation. It was comparatively safe from sudden visits. Here M. Pinot gathered together twelve children, whom he prepared for their First Communion. They came at night, and in a big barn the *curé* preached to them, heard confessions, and said Mass. When they were sufficiently prepared, the ceremony took place at night in the barn, decked for the occasion with garlands of leaves and flowers. Many children were accompanied by their parents; and although all knew that, if

discovered, imprisonment and death would be their portion, the joy of all those present was "good to see"; and the aged survivor never described it without deep emotion.

As might be expected, a day came at last when the hunted priest was discovered; a price was set upon his head, and he more than once realized that spies were paid to watch for him. On Feb. 9, 1794, he was recognized by one whom he had in former days generously assisted. The traitor denounced him to the municipality; a search party was secretly organized, and in the night the farm was surrounded and the door broken open. M. Pinot, who was about to begin Mass, was hastily concealed in a big chest, together with his vestments. But one of the soldiers casually opened the chest, and the confessor was dragged out, insulted and maltreated, and finally taken to Louroux-Béconnais, where he was kept a prisoner. The old people who, as children, were present, related that the priest's hands were so tightly bound that blood flowed from beneath his finger nails. The man who thus tortured a helpless prisoner had been in the past a client of the *curé's*. The latter was heard to say, when he looked at his bleeding hands: "Yet I never did you anything but good."

Far more trying to him than his personal suffering was the hideous profanation of the Sacred Hosts that he carried on his breast. His tormentors, with many blasphemies, distributed them to one another; and during this sacrilegious parody the priest kept on repeating: "My God, forgive them! They know not what they are doing."

When questioned by the officials, M. Pinot was careful not to compromise his friends, and he steadily refused to name the places where he had said Mass. The next day he was transferred to Angers. His parishioners were on the *place* to see him pass; and among them was the little girl, Marthe Bar-

rault, who used to bring him his food. "Here is my Rosary," he said, giving the child his well-worn Rosary. "Keep it in memory of me." This child lived to be an old woman, and her daughter gave the precious relic to M. Pinot's successor, the pastor of Louroux-Béconnais.

At Angers, the confessor was imprisoned, and fed on bread and water till the 21st of February, when he was judged. The official documents relating to his trial exist. He kept true to his resolve to compromise no one and to give no names; but he boldly claimed, as his right and his duty, the spiritual ministry that he exercised in his parish. "Jesus Christ, our Lord," he said, "gave my parish into my care." With untroubled serenity he heard the sentence that condemned him to be guillotined. Ever since his arrestation his attitude had been absolutely calm, content, and smiling. His sacrifice was made long ago.

By a curious caprice, probably to add insult to injury, his enemies decided that he should be executed wearing his priestly vestments. "This," he exclaimed, "will give me great satisfaction." And, wearing his cassock, alb, stole, and chasuble, he was led to the guillotine, erected on the Place du Ralliement.

A venerable priest, M. Gruget, who never left Angers during the Reign of Terror, reports in his valuable notes, taken day by day, that M. Pinot's calmness and devotion during his long walk through the crowded streets impressed all present. When he reached the foot of the scaffold, he raised his eyes to Heaven; and, by a natural sequence, the sight of the priestly vestments that he was wearing harmonized with the sacrifice of which the hideous guillotine was the altar. In a loud, clear voice he repeated the familiar Latin words, now fraught with a deeper mystical meaning: "*Introibo ad altare*

Dei." He then quickly, with a rapid step, mounted the stairs, laid his head under the knife, and his blessed soul winged its flight to heaven.

Among his contemporaries, M. Pinot was reputed a saint. His refusal to take the oath would alone give him a claim to martyrdom; but, in addition to this, he was a model pastor. And, as a proof of his penitential spirit, we may mention that after his death it was found that he wore a rough hair-shirt next to his skin.

In 1864, the Bishop of Angers, informed of the extraordinary veneration that surrounded the *curé's* memory in his former parish, ordered an official inquiry to be made concerning his life and apostleship. In 1875, the results of this inquiry were forwarded to Rome; and since then the beatification of the Carmelites of Compiègne by Pius X. has paved the way for the same honor to be paid to other martyrs of the Reign of Terror. The Cause of M. Pinot, whose life was as saintly as his death was heroic, was favorably received by the Roman Congregations; and in his native diocese hopes are entertained that ere long he may be publicly venerated.

A BLADE of grass, which has sprung up amid the sand, bends toward the brook; and each wave, as it passes, shakes the blade of grass, which falls, and rises to fall once more. This blade of grass is man, who is tossed about by the billows of life, and who is, in turn, bowed down by trials, and raised again by hope. The blade of grass yields little by little to the wave, falling each time lower, rising each time less high. The wave draws it, tears it up at last, and bears it away. Thus man, that blade of grass, toils wearily until he succumbs. That rapid water which is called time tosses him about, uproots him, and hurries him on toward the ocean of eternity.—*Abbé Roux.*

Winter Landscape.

BY F. M.

BY miles of flat and toneless fields
No color comes in view,—
Only along the sky, far woods
Gather a scarf of blue.
Bare trees against grey cloud, and yet—
The bleak moon's journeying—
There memory nurses hope that dreams
Of the blue-veined feet of Spring.

Nor' Neilan's Daughter.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

II.

SHE rose at his entrance, the lady who had been waiting to see Father Neilan, and bowed silently. A stranger, his quick glance appraised her; yet somehow familiar, too.

"You wished to see me?" he asked courteously.

"Yes, I—" she stammered, and the black-fringed blue eyes, so like his own, flashed at him an appealing message. "Tom—don't you know me?"

The priest stepped backward and stared at the richly-gowned young woman before him, every drop of blood leaving his face.

"Not—it isn't—Nora?" he gasped.

"Wouldn't you have known me? You haven't changed much, Tom." They approached each other and shook hands perfunctorily.

"No: I am just the same, Nora," he said very gently; and something in the quiet tone touched the girl strangely.

"We just came to Columbus the other day," she began to tell him nervously; "and when I heard of a Father Neilan at the cathedral I knew it must be you, and—and so I came—"

He gave her a searching look.

"Have you come home to stay, Nora?"

The girl looked startled.

"Oh, no! I—I haven't—you see

mamma is still delicate. She needs me."

"I see." He dropped his eyes and two lines of pain formed about his firm lips.

Again the girl found herself oddly affected. She had come because she wanted to see her own people again, but she had not expected to have much feeling about it. It was almost like a dream to her that they were her own people, so closely had her adopted father and mother drawn her into their affections. But the first sight of her brother had set her heart to beating with a tumult of forgotten emotions. The memory of the old childish days came back in a teeming flood,—the Six Acres in the afternoon sun, with the trees throwing long shadows across the level grass; the little creek at the end of their garden where she and Tom used to sail strange craft; their playhouse by the woodshed; her father's jovial laugh and towering figure; her mother,—her mother! She put her hand to her throat and closed her eyes on the burning tears.

"Don't blame me, Tom," she burst out unexpectedly. (Oh, how little had she thought to say anything like this!) "Don't blame me—too much! It wasn't all my fault. Mother should never have let me go, such a little thing as I was!"

"Ah, poor mother! *She* never blamed you!"

The girl burst out crying in earnest.

"Oh, I don't mean to blame her, Tom,—nor anybody! I must have been a little beast to forget my own. But they were so kind to me, so dear and good! They did everything for me. How could I help but love them,—how could I help it, Tom?"

"I see you couldn't," he responded, still gently, but he had winced at the words.

Ay, they had won her away safe enough, he reflected grimly, his heart sinking. Here was another grief for his poor mother,—to lose her child all

over again. Could she stand it? And should he allow her to be subjected to the ordeal? He felt himself confronted with a harrowing problem, and one, moreover, he had never dreamed to face. For, strange as it may seem, Father Neilan had never expected that his sister would return. News of her in the last few years had filtered back to Columbus and to the Hill,—amazing news of her beauty and triumphant progress in foreign lands,—little freckle-faced Nora Neilan who, as Eleanor White, had come to walk, satin-shod and lovely, in the courts of kings. Would it be in human nature for a girl to give up a life like that and come back to the plain and humble ways that her childhood knew? It would not, he was convinced; so he strove bravely to put the thought out of his heart. She had kept to her religion,—that much they had learned; and with this they were forced to be content.

For himself, the young priest often said that he never wished to see her again. Though he understood and forgave her, secretly he had only contempt for any one who could forget so easily the father and mother who had held her as their hearts' blood. Even if he should see her, he often told himself, it would mean nothing to him,—nothing! And yet, as with the sister, so with the brother, old memories rose, resurgent, demandful, softening the old sore resentment and giving him back again the little sister he had known.

"I see," he repeated again, out of this jumble of conflicting thoughts. He looked over at her now with a sad smile. "God knows I don't want to blame you. But you chose your own way—and your people—" He choked a little as he rose with an effect of dismissal. "I'm glad you came, Nora."

"But, Tom," the girl protested, rising also. "I wanted to see—to ask about my father and mother—"

"My father is dead," he told her in

the same quiet voice. "And my mother—she is not yours any more, is she? Is it your wish to wound and bruise and break her heart again, by giving you up a second time? I leave the decision to you—"

She shrank back, pale and trembling, staring at her brother wide-eyed.

"Oh, no!" she said at last in a hushed tone,—“oh, no, I don't want that! You are right, Tom: I mustn't see her. I didn't *know* that I deserved a punishment. I have been hardened, blind, selfish. But now I know,—now I realize!"

She turned away with a strangled sob; and the brother, his heart melted no less by her grief than her quick acquiescence in his decision, felt his resolution wavering. Neither heard the door open behind them until a soft old voice spoke:

"Are you there, my son? Father Tom!"

The girl turned with a stifled cry; and what she saw was a tall old woman, with a crown of white hair, standing anxiously in the door, her dark eyes looking straight at her son.

"Are you here, Father Tom?" she repeated, a queer uncertainty in her voice.

Then the girl knew. Her mother was blind!

"Yes, mother, I'm here," Father Neilan said, going over and taking the outstretched hand. "Did you want me?" The quality of tenderness in his deep voice, so wistful, so endearing, went through the auditor's heart like a knife. *He* was giving double and treble to make up for her.

"I thought I heard some one crying,—no? Yerra, it's deef I'm getting in my old age. Isn't there some one here besides yourself?"

"A lady—she—she's just going."

He looked toward his sister, his heart bursting; but the girl did not stir. The tears were rolling down her cheeks, and

her eyes were fixed on the sweet, worn, pathetic old face of the mother she thought she had forgotten; and every line, every sign of age and sorrow seared her soul like the branding of a red-hot iron. All the years she had been absent, all the joys, the luxuries, the affections she had since known, fell away from her like a cloak discarded, and nothing in all the world seemed so desirable to her now as the safe sanctuary of this poor old woman's arms. Oh, to rest there for a moment as in the old days,—to feel the comfortable arms close about her, and the dear, crooning voice! With a gesture at once piteous and renouncing she turned toward the door, when her brother spoke.

"Wait!" he said hoarsely. "Mother dear, listen!" he added solemnly. "Is there anything—I mean what is there that you want more than anything else in the world?"

The mother hesitated but a moment.

"Ah, Tom," she murmured, forgetting for a moment the respectful formality she had taught herself to observe toward her priestly son,—“ah, Tom, sure you know it well, dear: just to see my little Nora once more before I die,—to hold her in these old arms—"

Tears broke the priest's voice and vision.

"She is here, mother,—come back to see you!"

A moment later he went out into the hall, closing the door softly on mother and child, locked in a close embrace.

Followed a trying time for all concerned, but especially for Nora Neilan. To her son's relief, the blind mother was serene and cheerful through it all, confident that the will of God would be done, and willing to leave it in His hands. But Nora, restless, miserable, undecided, gravitated uncertainly between two homes: that of her adopted parents who were stopping at the Scott House, and the little house on Fifth

Street where Mrs. Neilan lived with a cousin, that she might spend a few hours every day with her son at the cathedral rectory. A strange mysterious power was chaining the girl to the side of this pitiful figure, so different from the majestic, motherly figure that she remembered. And the eager yearning of the sightless eyes toward the daughter she would never see again, tore at Nora's heart with a piercing, poignant remorse. She could not, *could not*, go! And yet she could not stay; for did not duty also demand that she return to the lonely couple who had found in her their only consolation, who had lavished on her not only love but all that wealth could purchase and life could be made to yield? She loved them, she loved the life and all it signified. But day after day she dallied, dreading the pain that must be given; wondering, waiting, praying. All the easy assurances, all the carefully constructed values of her recent life had gone down before this tempestuous upheaval, leaving her adrift on an uncharted sea of strange emotions.

Oddly enough, during this harrowing period the parties in the sad little tragedy had been drawn together by the bond of their common anxiety; and, as they grew to know the mother and son, to Mr. and Mrs. White came for the first time a keen realization of the wrong they had done. It had been easy enough to condone the act when they were far away, reflecting on all they could give her, and recalling the humble home from which they took her; but here quite suddenly the matter had taken on a different aspect, and they were abashed, remorseful, eager to make amends; eager to do anything at first—except give up the girl.

"How she loves that mother of hers!" Mrs. White had sighed rather impatiently one day after leaving the little house on Fifth Street. "I can't bear," she broke out, "to see her in that ugly,

common little house! How can *she* stand it,—how can she?"

Mr. White looked thoughtful.

"Ugly? Yes, but not to say common, my dear. No place blessed by the presence of that splendid old woman could by any chance be called common—only as life is common, maybe, and love—and justice."

His wife glanced at him quickly, and her lips began to tremble.

"Ah, then we must give her up to them! Is that what you mean, Andrew?"

So Nora Neilan returned to her own. If sometimes she found the life dull and her unaccustomed duties irksome, or yearned for the old care-free days of luxury and pleasure, no one would suspect it from her bright countenance, shining always with a sweet and wonderful content. Not that her life lacked either pleasure or interest. The little house on Fifth Street became the center of an intellectual group, to whom not the least of the attractions was the unlettered old blind woman, with her rich faith and rugged philosophy. Those who had known life and its vicissitudes liked best to sit with Mrs. Neilan for a quiet half hour, going away feeling strangely comforted.

Splendor is a relative term, anyway; and occasional visitors from the Hill thought the humble house on Fifth Street quite a splendid place.

"The dear knows they can hold their own with anny of thim," remarked Mrs. Jodie Bates, divided between wonder and pride. She had come to Columbus with Mr. and Mrs. John Garrigan, whose youngest daughter Florence had graduated at St. Mary's of the Springs; and they had just left, after a visit with Mrs. Neilan and Nora, whom they had found entertaining callers, of a style and manner that left Mrs. Bates stunned and mute.

"Well, why not?" inquired Florence, somewhat impatiently, secure in gradu-

ating honors and the supreme pride of youth.

Mrs. Bates shook her head helplessly, unable to formulate an answer for her imperious young inquisitor, but well aware that there was a telling answer if she could only lay hold of it. Vaguely she realized that times were changing even on the Hill, with so many of these youngsters growing up, possessing ideas and ambitions never dreamed of by their fathers and mothers, much less the original Hill settlers. Yes, the old, simple traditions were passing away. Sons and daughters of the Hill were scattering, and in the new day were taking, in many instances, high and honorable places in the world's endeavor. Mrs. Bates knew this and was proud of it, but she also recognized that the new day was one in which she and her contemporaries had no part; and in the wistful retrospect of age she yearned over the good old times, uncontaminated by this strange restlessness and upsetting desire for change.

Shrewd John Garrigan smiled to himself as he regarded with a tolerant eye these two representatives of the old and the new order.

"See that for you now, Mrs. Bates!" he bantered, not without a secret pride in his pretty daughter. "It's easy to see this lady of ours thinks herself as good as the best of them."

Florence gave a fugitive touch to her new white hat with the floating ostrich plume,—an acquisition which, in its way, contributed as much to her happy confidence in herself as the rolled parchment in her hand; and she smiled with a little conscious pride as she answered:

"Well, papa, I should hope so!"

(The End)

Crowns for Little Victories.*

THERE was an old man who lived in a cave, and who had a disciple of approved goodness. Now, it was the old man's custom to teach his disciple in the evening, and to impress upon him what was profitable. After his friendly admonition he used to pray, and then to dismiss him to sleep. But it happened that some religious laymen who knew the great holiness of the old man visited him, and after he had cheered them they departed. After they had gone away, the old man sat down again in the evening, and gave the brother a friendly admonition and instruction as usual, but whilst he was speaking he was overcome by sleep. The brother, however, waited until the old man should wake and pray with him as usual.

Whilst the disciple sat a long time and the old man did not wake, he was urged by troublesome thoughts to retire and sleep. But by putting force upon himself, he resisted the thought and sat down again. Again, however, he was urged by drowsiness but he did not go away. In like manner it happened seven times, but he always resisted his desire. When midnight was now past, the old man woke, and found the disciple standing at his side, and said to him, "Have you not gone yet?" He replied. "No; for you had not dismissed me, father." Then the old man said, "And did you not rouse me?" He replied, "I did not venture to make a noise, lest I should disturb you." Then they rose and began Matins, and at the end of Matins the old man dismissed the disciple.

And when the holy old man was alone, he was in a trance, and lo, some one showed him a glorious place, and

I AM always willing to forgive anybody on the Christian terms of repentance, and to give plenty of time to repent.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

* From "Chronicles of Cloister and Cave," a collection of 15th century legends. Translated by the late Rev. L. M. Dalton, M. A.

in it a seat, and seven crowns on the seat. And he asked the one who showed him this, "Whose are these?" And he said, "They are your disciple's. God has bestowed upon him both this place and this seat for his manner of life, and these seven crowns he has gained to-night."

When the old man heard this he marvelled and trembled, and called his disciple, and said to him, "Tell me what you have done to-night." He replied, "Pardon me, father: I have done nothing." But the old man, thinking that through humility he did not confess the truth, said to him, "You may be sure that I shall not be satisfied if you do not tell me what you have done or what you have thought to-night." But the brother, who was not conscious of having done anything, did not know what to say. He said, however, to the old man, "Forgive me, father: I have only done this, that I was urged seven times by the tumult of my thoughts to go away and sleep, but because I had not been dismissed by you as usual I did not retire."

When the father heard this he perceived at once that a man is crowned by God as often as he resists temptation. But, for the benefit of the brother, he told none of these things to him, but related them to other spiritual brethren, in order that we may learn that God assigns crowns to us even for little victories. It is well, therefore, for a man to put force upon himself in any matter for God's sake. For it is written, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

THERE are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Ireland's First Christian Poet.

IRELAND is of a surety a poetical nation; and if her many poets have not had reward in worldly goods for their songs, they at least have had the love and honor of their countrymen. It is a pleasant thing to know that the faith of Christ was not long established in the land till the first Christian poet sang. The learned Alban Butler devotes one line only to this bard, St. Secundin: "He was a nephew and disciple of St. Patrick, and died in 447."

In the old Irish annals, Secundin is known as Sechnall; and he was the son of St. Patrick's sister Darerca, who had been carried into captivity with her brother, and who subsequently married a man of the name of Lungbaird. Some authors say this Lungbaird was a native of Ireland; others hold that he was a Breton. Secundin, however, seems to have accompanied Patrick when he went to the island on his apostolic mission; for the annals of Ulster speak of Secundin as being a bishop in 439. Probably he received consecration in France or Britain. For a time he was in charge of the See of Armagh; but his own diocese was Dunshaughlin, in Meath.

"The Hymn of St. Patrick" was composed by Secundin in honor of his uncle; and the story of its origin is rather curious. An ancient authority says that Secundin had offended St. Patrick by some criticism of his preaching. Patrick in his sermons never insisted on extraordinary almsgiving; his nephew thought and said that more land and goods should be given over to the Church. Secundin's remarks—with additions, no doubt—were repeated to St. Patrick, who explained that "for charity's sake he forbore to urge charity," so that those who came after might receive the offerings of the faithful.

In course of time Secundin sought and obtained his uncle's pardon; but he spent hours in composing a hymn in St. Patrick's honor as a sort of satisfaction for his offensive remarks. The hymn consists of twenty-two stanzas, and they begin with the letters of the alphabet in due order. The hymn was in Latin; and when Secundin asked permission to read it to Patrick, the saint assented. Patrick's name was suppressed till he had expressed approbation of the poetic effusion; then Secundin told in whose praise it was written, and claimed, in the old Irish fashion, a reward for his labors. St. Patrick, tradition has it, was rather displeased, but at length promised to beg the Saviour of the World to give the glory of heaven to all who recited the hymn twice daily. Secundin answered, "*Deo gratias!*" and went his way.

Better known still is the hymn "*Sancta Venite,*" also written by Secundin. A legend says it was first sung by angels in St. Secundin's own church at the time he was reconciled to St. Patrick. The first stanza runs, as follows, in Denis Florence MacCarthy's translation:

Draw nigh, ye holy ones,—draw nigh
—And take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the Sacred Blood outpoured;
By which redeemed, ye shall not die.

The first Christian poet of Ireland passed to his reward on the 27th of November, on which date he is commemorated in Irish martyrologies.

THE longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination,—a purpose once fixed, and then—death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a two-legged creature a man without it.

—*Sir T. Fowell Buxton.*

An Unreasonable Objection.

VENERATION of some sort for the Blessed Virgin has become so general of late years among those outside of the Church—there is real and increasing devotion among a certain class of Anglicans—that it is not common now, as formerly was the case, to accuse Catholics of paying Mary divine honor. The most frequent charge against us at present is that the language of our devotion is extravagant, far different from that employed in the early ages of Christianity.

Many non-Catholics have come to know that the Mother of Christ really was venerated by our forefathers in the Faith. As to the language which we employ in addressing her, it should be sufficient answer to the objection to declare that it can not be otherwise than extravagant. Love that is worthy of the name must be ardent, and it can express itself only in superlatives. On this point Cardinal Newman made these striking remarks, replying to Dr. Pusey's "*Irenicon*":

"Of all passions, love is the most unmanageable; nay more, I would not give much for that love which is never extravagant—which always observes the proprieties, and can move about in perfect good taste under all emergencies. What mother, what husband or wife, what youth or maiden in love, but says a thousand foolish things in the way of endearment, which the speaker would be sorry for strangers to hear? Yet they are not on that account unwelcome to the persons to whom they are addressed.... So it is with devotional feelings. Burning thoughts and words are as open to criticism as they are beyond it. What is abstractly extravagant may in religious persons be becoming and beautiful, and fall under blame only when it is found in others who imitate them."

The ardent lover addresses the lan-

guage of the heart to an ideal which he imagines is embodied in the lovely being whom he protests that he "idolizes," "adores." Yet that ideal is never fully realized. Perfection is not found in this world; and oftentimes the beings to whom such extravagant language is addressed prove themselves, on more intimate acquaintance, to be altogether undeserving. Still, no one thinks of charging those enthusiastic lovers with idolatry because they have, in the ardor of their feelings, addressed to their "idol" language which, literally interpreted, would indeed savor of the idolatrous.

But the Catholic devotee addresses the warm language of his heart to an ideal which he knows is fully realized and embodied in the object of his love and devotion,—the very highest ideal of human perfection that it is possible to conceive, crowned with graces which shed a halo of divine radiance over every feature, and which constitute an ineffable charm, an irresistible attraction to every heart devoted to her service. She is the great and holy Mother of God,—the holiest, most favored of all created beings; and, for those who are in love with her, it is impossible to find language strong enough to express fully either the strength of their admiration or the ardor of their devotion.

Why, then, should they be charged with idolatry for addressing to her language which, interpreted by a cold and unappreciative literalism, might bear the semblance of extravagance? She is the Queen of Heaven, the Queen of Saints: why should she not be our Queen also? She is the Mother of Jesus, who is our Elder Brother: why should we not call her our Mother? And if Jesus loved and revered her, why should not we, His children, love and reverence her as well? Are we not commended to honor our earthly mother? Dying on the Cross, Our Lord

gave her to St. John to be His Mother, and He gave the Beloved Disciple to be her son. In this symbolic act He not only justifies but invites and encourages the warmest love and the most ardent and enthusiastic devotion of all His children.

We admit that the language of present-day devotion to the Blessed Virgin is different from that employed in the early ages of Christianity,—different in being comparatively cold and formal. Let us go back as far as the fourth century. This is how St. Ephrem, a Father and Doctor of the Church, addresses the "Mother of fair love and of holy hope,"—could language be stronger, more ardent than this?—

"Spotless Robe of Him who is clothed with light as-with a garment; Bridge of the entire world, which leads us to heaven; Mother of the never-setting Star; true Vine, bearing the Fruit of life; Safety of those who stand, Resurrection of those who fall; Dispenser of all good; Haven of the tempest-tossed; Staff of the blind; Guide of the wandering; Deliverer of the imprisoned; incorruptible Flower, dispersing sweet odor throughout all the world; most glorious Lily; Rose full of the most fragrant perfume; my salvation, my light, my life, my glory; bright Lamp of my darkened soul,—oh, look down upon my faith and upon my desire!... City of God, of which David speaks: 'Glorious things are said of thee....' Ornament of the angels; Key that admits us into heaven; Glory of the true and mystical day; illuminating Light of believing souls; Morning Cloud that bringest dew to the inhabitants of earth...."

And so on for pages and pages,—a stream of Oriental eloquence. This from a great athlete of Christ. We weaklings express ourselves in less glowing terms, because our faith is less lively, our love less tender, less deep, and less strong.

Notes and Remarks.

While the actual words of the Papal decree classifying the Y. M. C. A. as a sectarian organization have not yet reached this country, it is certain that the Holy Father, having received ample proof of the strongly Protestant purpose of the Association, has locked its doors to Catholics. Discovery of this evidence was no difficult matter: from Italy, from various parts of France and Germany, from the West Indies and South America, official voices told Rome and the world that American money was being lavishly used by the Y. M. C. A. to further the Protestant Evangelical cause among stricken peoples who could be seduced by an offer of aid. We, as Catholics, have no criticism to make of the rôle which the Association has played in relief work during and since the war; that criticism has already been sufficiently unsparing, and has come almost entirely from the non-Catholic public. It is, however, a distinct advantage to be in possession of a label that will stick to the elusive body which has collected money on a promise of religious impartiality and has not lived up to that promise. In justice to the Y. M. C. A. we shall, however, venture a guess: its present dishonesty is due to the mentality of the recruits it drew from the Protestant clergy. The better, more generous-minded men among these have returned to civilian life since the war; and the pygmy, prayer-meeting person, whose theological stock-in-trade is limited to a dozen shelf-worn anathemas of Catholicism, has remained.

The only thing to do with these gentlemen is to see that none of our money gets into their hands. We can not support the organization which upholds them. This means, too, that we must supply something to take its place in America. The National Federation

of Catholic Men, the Knights of Columbus, and kindred bodies, assume an importance which we can understand only when we realize that Catholic youth in the cities will depend upon them for recreation, society, and in some instances even for board and lodging. Pascal's advice to sit quietly in a room is soundly philosophic; only, this is not the time to carry it out.

It is quite possible that the report of the Committee of 100 Americans who have been investigating conditions in Ireland will not impress the great mass of the English people very forcibly. Many of these people have, from the outset, regarded the formation of the Committee and its subsequent activities as a piece of "Yankee impertinence" on the part of those who should "mind their own business." Many others will be unable to convince themselves of either the competency or the impartiality of the Committee's members. No Englishman, however, can afford to pooh-pooh the report of another committee that has completed its work of inquiry into the actual state of Irish affairs. Word from London is to the effect that the English labor commission, which recently investigated affairs in Ireland, in its final report declares "a thing is being done in the name of Great Britain which must make her name stink in the nostrils of the whole world. The honor of our people has been gravely compromised."

The forcible, if not very elegant, phrase of the labor commission is apt and adequate.

In reference to the statement, attributed to the *New York World*, that a group of men, apparently Protestants, are anxious to see an American envoy at the Vatican, the editor of *America* remarks: "The inspiration of this movement undoubtedly came not from religious but political circles. Nearly

all the civilized nations of the earth are now represented at the Court of the Vicar of Christ,—not excepting England, which does not allow its Protestant bias to obscure the fact that the Vatican is the world's greatest religious and moral influence. Should the United States send a representative to the Pope, it will be in the way of resumption of diplomatic relations,—under vastly different circumstances, it is true, from those that obtained in 1848, when our first representative went to Rome. In that year Jacob L. Martin, of North Carolina, was appointed *chargé d'affaires*, and died in office the same year. Lewis Cass, Jr., of Michigan, succeeded him and served till 1854, when he became Minister Resident. The last Minister Resident was Rufus King, of Wisconsin, appointed by President Lincoln in 1861."

We are inclined to think that the statement was merely a "feeler," and we very much doubt if a formal proposal to renew diplomatic relations with the Vatican would not meet with much opposition everywhere. It might not be very open, but it would probably be very strong.

A timely warning to pagan capitalists is given in a paper contributed to the December *Month*, by the Rev. Fr. Lucas, S. J. He pictures "some latter-day Burke" thus inveighing against the "Very Big Rich":

Un-Christian Capitalists, beware! Your financial thrones are in danger,—yea, are already beginning to totter to their fall. You are the objects of detestation not less hearty or less bitter than that which assailed the French "Aristos" of 1789-94; and meanwhile the power of the people, now rapidly passing from under wise control, has become far better organized for destruction than that of the French revolutionary mobs. . . . Rightly or wrongly, the people will no longer rest content to see you in undisputed possession of colossal accumulations of the good things of this present life; to watch your sons and grandsons and nephews, and, alas! too many

of your wives and daughters, playing the inglorious part of idle parasites, and yourselves and them served by a retinue of menials who minister to your luxuries; and this not alone out of vulgar envy and sheer jealousy, but because they know and see that your wealth gives you an altogether exorbitant share of power in the councils of States and of the world at large,—a power often secretly and insidiously exercised, not at all for the general good, but even at the cost (as in the case of war) of countless thousands of lives, for your own further enrichment and aggrandizement.

You will be wise, before the storm breaks, and before it is too late, yourselves to impose—or to initiate legislation which shall impose—a limit on your individual holdings in land and capital, on your incomes, and on the rate of interest which you shall be legally entitled to exact or receive, and for your own protection to see that such legislation is faithfully carried out, and not cleverly and "graftily" evaded. . . . Be advised, *before it is too late*.

**

This outburst recalls the stirring passage (subjoined) in which the French historian, Rollins, deplored the decline of real glory and true greatness among his countrymen,—a decline which culminated in revolution. History never fails to repeat itself:

Newly raised families, intoxicated with their sudden increase of fortune, and whose extravagant expenses are insufficient to exhaust the immense treasures they have heaped up, lead us to look upon nothing as truly great and valuable but wealth, and that in abundance; so that not only poverty, but a moderate income, is considered as an insupportable shame; and all merit and honor are made to consist in the magnificence of buildings, furniture, equipage, and tables.

How different from this bad taste are the instances we meet with in ancient history! We there see dictators and consuls brought from the plough. How low in appearance! Yet those hands, grown hard by laboring in the field, supported the tottering State and saved the commonwealth. Far from taking pains to grow rich, they refused the gold that was offered them, and found it more agreeable to command over those who had it than to possess it themselves. Many of their greatest men—as Aristides among the Greeks, who had the management of the public treasures for several years; Valerius Publicola, Menenius

Agrippa, and many others, among the Romans—did not leave wherewithal to bury them when they died: in such honor was poverty among them, and so despised were riches. We see a venerable old man, distinguished by several triumphs, feeding in a chimney corner upon the garden stuff his own hands had planted and gathered. They had no great skill in disposing of entertainments; but, in return, they knew how to conquer their enemies in war, and to govern their citizens in peace. Magnificent in their temples and public buildings, and declared enemies of luxury in private persons, they contented themselves with moderate houses, which they adorned with the spoils of their enemies, and not of their countrymen.

Citizens of all political affiliations will commend the decision of our President-elect to have a simple ceremony at his inauguration,—no ball, no parade, no expensive ostentation whatever. In two different statements he declares that useless expenditure of money or needless display on the occasion would find him an unhappy participant. Other reasons besides the apparently increasing discontent of the laboring classes, and the anxiety felt over the industrial condition of the country, probably suggested to Senator Harding the propriety of the simplest inaugural programme. In fact, he says in one of the statements referred to that an example of economy and simplicity may be helpful in the process of seeking our normal once more. Never before has there been greater need of such an example on the part of a chief executive.

From that able and exceptionally interesting journal, the *Sing Sing Bulletin*, we note that Archbishop Hayes' Christmas message came to a large number of Catholics. More than half the inmates of the great prison are, nominally at least, members of the Church. There are interesting reasons why this is so. Seventy-seven per cent of these Catholics are aliens, either by birth or in

speech and habits. Only forty-two ever attended a Catholic school, and twenty-two of these went for less than five years. Very nearly all have been negligent in the practice of their Faith. What a powerful inductive argument this is for Christian training of the young! As Catholic Americans, we have plainly no greater duty than that of supporting our schools as a bulwark to the nation and as a safeguard for individual character.

While speaking of this matter we should like to remark incidentally that one of the chief difficulties confronting the Sisters to-day is standardization of education; many of them did not receive the required amount of training, and are forced to attend summer schools after their year of hard work. Many of them are pitifully poor. What charity could be better than the giving of a scholarship to cover some Sister's very modest expenses at one of our Catholic summer schools?

One can not but rejoice over suggestions for octaves of prayer for the unity of Christendom from the leaders of the World Conference on Faith and Order, and the zealous promoters of the Unity Octave, approved, blessed and indulgenced by Benedict XV. The former declare: "When we pray for Unity we pray for that which Jesus Christ purposes, and our prayer is certain of answer." And the latter affirm: "Our Lord's prayer for Unity is an appeal to Catholics for their united suffrages, since He wills not to accomplish His great work without our co-operation."

The leading lights of the World Conference on Faith and Order are the so-called "Anglo-Catholics." While sympathizing with their aims, let us not incur the guilt of neglecting to remind them, in the words of Father Leslie Walker, that "their own Church neither teaches the doctrines which

they preach, nor sanctions their practice. If she be Catholic, as they say, they should submit to her when she calls them to order. If she be not Catholic, but they are, they do not belong to her. To resist their Church, to disobey its bishops, to go counter to the doctrine of its Articles and to condemn its ordinances is to deny by their action that very Catholicity which in argument they so persistently maintain. It manifests, too, not a Catholic but a Protestant spirit; for to pick and choose what one will believe and how one will worship is no less Protestant because one appeals to Catholic tradition than if one appealed only to Scripture. . . . It is not Catholic teaching, but their own judgment of Catholic teaching, that these men follow."

That the heartache of Ireland still leaves room for sympathy with the destitute is very finely shown in the appeal which his Eminence Cardinal Logue made for aid to be given the stricken children of Central Europe. "It is true," he says, "we have our own troubles here in Ireland; but this sympathy with the sufferings of others may move the Sacred Heart to put an end to our own."

There are no words expressive enough to describe the beauty of this Christian rejection of the phrase, "Charity begins at home." If the Cardinal's pathetic appeal were heard by everyone who has no such great weight on his soul, the welfare of those children would be assured.

The question of securing servant girls, housekeepers, servant maids, "female hired help," etc., is a pressing one in more countries than ours. In the course of a practical letter on the subject, contributed to an English exchange, we find this literary nugget:

In his notes on St. Zita, the holy servant maid of Lucca, Ruskin quotes from a letter:

"Our friend Count Parolini, with whom we are staying, lost an old servant last year, at the age of a hundred years and four months. She was quite childish and helpless; but he took her death so much to heart that it made him quite ill, and he put off a journey, at much inconvenience, that he might not miss attending her funeral." Ruskin adds: "I am glad of this anecdote, because in my first notes I dwelt only on the lesson of the story to servants, and not at all on what perhaps we English stand somewhat more in need of—its lesson to masters. All the 'flunkysm' and 'servant-gal-ism' of modern days is the exact reflection of the same qualities in masters and mistresses. A gentleman always makes his servants gentle."

Positions in business offices, in shops and stores, in telephone booths, etc., may exercise a more potent appeal to the twentieth-century American girl who is compelled to earn her own living; but it is, we think, unquestionable that the performance of household duties of any kind tends far more to true happiness in maidenhood and mature womanhood than do most of the various jobs offered to present-day self-supporting girls. They may not have so much liberty, but they have a great deal more peace.

Two characteristic utterances were made by Mr. G. K. Chesterton almost as soon as he arrived in New York. Of course the reporters were the first to greet him. In reply to one of them who asked if he had suffered (from thirst understood) since he landed, the modern Dr. Johnson said, with a far-away glance: "You started out with the Declaration of Independence and ended up with Prohibition." The Master of Paradoxes is sure to say many things like this in his lecture on "The Ignorance of the Educated," to be delivered first in Boston. When informing the reporters that he did not intend going farther West than Chicago, he remarked: "Having seen both Jerusalem and Chicago, I think I shall have touched on the extremes of civilization."



The Legend of the Empty Socket.

THERE is a Hebrew tradition that once the sapphire was missing from its place in the breastplate of the high priest. Accordingly, an elder was sent forth to search for a choice and goodly stone, which might fill again the empty socket. He was told to spare no trouble and no expense to find a sapphire worthy of this place in the service of the Most High.

And so it came to pass that in his travels he came to Ashkelon, and found there a gem merchant, a Gentile, yet withal an earnest and devout man. The elder told him of his quest for a fine sapphire, when the merchant informed him that he had such a stone in his possession, one unsurpassed for size and color and brilliancy, and bade the other wait a little until he could get the gem from the place in which it was hidden, and show it to him.

The merchant went upstairs to an upper chamber, where, in a darkened corner, with closed shutters, lay his aged father, stricken with the palsy, and from whose weary frame sleep seemed utterly to have fled. There beneath his pillow lay the casket containing the sapphire, doubly locked and sealed. The merchant, treading softly in the sick man's chamber, and speaking gently, told his father that he had at last found a purchaser for the gem. But as he spoke he perceived that his father had fallen asleep, through utter weariness, and was slumbering peacefully. He watched him for a moment, feeling that he could not run the risk of waking him by attempting to get the sapphire.

So the merchant returned to the elder, and told him that he was very sorry, but that he must defer their business for a while. The elder, due at Jerusalem on the morrow, and impatient to start on his return journey, asked what might be the price of the stone; and when the merchant named a price—which he said was high but fair, so great was the beauty of the stone—the elder said he was quite willing to give the price if the stone came up to his expectations. But he must examine it first. "To-morrow thou shalt see it," said the merchant.—"No: I must see it to-night," said the elder; "for to-morrow I must be back in Jerusalem."

The merchant thought within himself: "It is a pity to let such an opportunity slip. I want to sell the stone, and he wants to buy it, and will give a good price for it." So upstairs again he went, and, bending over his father, watched him and saw how he was enjoying his sweet, refreshing sleep; then he hurried downstairs again to the elder, saying: "If I could, I would gladly sell the sapphire, but I can not let you see it just now." The other, supposing that by all this delay he was trying to get a better price for the stone, and anxious to obtain it and be off, now offered to give double what the merchant had asked for it, but said that he must have the gem at once and set out for Jerusalem.

The merchant knew that this was a most splendid offer, and determined, if possible, to remove the casket from beneath his father's pillow. Again he went upstairs, stood for a moment watching his father's sleep, and then thrust his hand underneath the pillow. The sleeper turned uneasily, and

wanted but another touch to rouse him up. The good son would not risk spoiling his father's sleep, even for the large sum which he knew full well he never again could get for his sapphire. Carefully and cautiously he withdrew his hand; and, though sorely tempted to sell the stone, yet filial duty triumphed over love of gain, and he returned to the elder, and told him he was very sorry, but that he could not see the gem that day.

When, in after time, Joshua the high priest came to know the reason why the Gentile merchant would not sell the stone, he declared that there was no jewel in the breastplate which might compare with that empty socket, the token and memorial of a son's filial devotion.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—FIFINE'S GODMOTHER.

MARJORIE!" repeated Bryce. "Thunder and turnips! Marjorie Vincent Morse!" And he dropped upon the iron bench of the park and went off in a fit of laughter that brought tears to his eyes.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" exclaimed the frightened Fifine. "What is it in the letters, Monsieur? My godmother's letters?"

"Your godmother! *Your godmother!*" Bryce found voice to gasp. "Great Scott! Marjorie your godmother! I suppose she heard of the godmother business and went into it, like the poor lonely kid she is. Sent you boxes and clothes and a doll, did she? I wonder if mother knew it. Most likely not. And you've come here to look up your Godmother Marjorie. If that doesn't beat the band!" And Bryce went off again in a paroxysm of mirth.

"Is it that Monsieur knows my godmother?" asked Fifine in bewilderment.

"Know her!" repeated Bryce. "Know

Marjorie Vincent Morse that wrote those letters to you! Know her! Well, I should smile! I know her as well, I guess, as my own sister. We live in the same house,—that house where you went just now looking for her. But I never thought or guessed—gee-whil-akins, how could I?—that Marjorie was your godmother."

"She is there, then," said Fifine, her little face lighting up with glad relief. "She is there, as I thought. Made-moiselle led me aright. My godmother is there indeed. Ah, Monsieur, then I can go at once and see her!"

"See her!" exclaimed Bryce; and, as the picture of Fifine's godmother arose in his mind, he felt the meeting would be fun which no boy could forego.

But there were his mother and Elise, to say nothing of Miss Marshall, to bar such a visitor's way. He glanced at his imposing home across the street. Three of its front windows were lightly barred; the wide side porch opening on their level was shaded from intrusive gaze. But as he gazed, he caught sight of a pale little face pressed against the bars and peering into the street, with the look of a caged creature. A limousine was just sweeping under the *porte cochère*. His mother and Elise were going out for their afternoon drive. Poor little Marjorie! He'd take his chance with Miss Marshall, and let his family "blow out" afterwards as they pleased. Fifine should see her godmother at once.

He waited until the two stylish figures had stepped in the limousine and were swept out of sight before he answered the eager appeal in his little companion's eyes.

"Come on, then," he said recklessly. "We will now find your godmother." And he led Fifine across the street and into a grassy yard, behind No. 305, to a back door, for which he had a key that his schoolboy comings might not disturb the majestic Gregg. A wide hall

opened from the door, and beyond rose a broad carpeted stairway, which Bryce was about to ascend when a loud outcry from above made him pause:

"I want to go out with Cousin Marcia! I want to go out, too! I won't be shut up like this,—I won't,—I won't —*I won't!*"

"But, my dear; my dear," came a low, soothing voice. "The doctors said—"

"I don't care what they said," was the passionate cry. "I hate the doctors! I hate Cousin Marcia! I hate you! I hate everybody,—everybody!"

"Jing!" muttered Bryce in dismay. "We've struck a tantrum sure!"

But Fifine only raised soft, uncomprehending eyes. She did not understand very well; and, besides, she had heard so many cries of pain and fear in the sad shelter of Saint Celeste that they failed to startle her.

"It is time for you to rest, my dear!" continued the steady voice. "Come, lie down here on the couch, and let me massage you."

"No, no, no, I won't,—I won't,—I tell you I won't!"—the words rose into a shriek. "It hurts me,—it hurts!" And with the cry there mingled a queer, clanking sound, as down the stairs, half sliding, half stumbling, came a piteous little figure struggling in wire-cased limbs; a girl of Fifine's own age,—a girl with a tawny mass of hair flying, unbound by comb or ribbon; and big grey eyes flaming with fury, lighting a wan, weazened young face,—a desperate little rebel, whose wild flight might have ended seriously had not Bryce made a swift spring up the stairs and caught the tottering figure in his arms.

"Marjorie!" he cried. "You crazy kid! What do you mean? Do you want to kill yourself?"

"Yes," came the fierce answer, as the speaker struggled in the boy's hold. "I do,—I do. Let me go, Bryce King! I

want to get out, if it *does* kill me. I won't be massaged. It hurts,—it hurts. I won't be shut up there, with that old grey cat purring at me."

"Bring her up,—bring her up to me!" cried the "old grey cat" from above. "Shall I call Gregg to help you, Mr. Bryce?"

"I'll scratch his eyes out if he comes near me," screamed Marjorie, defiantly. "I am going out, I tell you,—I am going to sit on the grass in the sunshine. I am going to—who is that?" the speaker broke off with a sudden change, as her eyes fell on Fifine staring in wide-eyed bewilderment from the foot of the stairs.

"That," said Bryce, feeling he could not make matters worse,—*"that is a visitor I brought to see you, and that you are frightening out of her wits. This is Josephine Marie La Roque, your French goddaughter. And, Josephine Marie, this wild young lady here is your looked-for godmother."*

"O Monsieur, no, no!" replied Fifine. "It can not be. My godmother is Mademoiselle Marjorie Vincent Morse, who sent me the fine letters and big doll and this beautiful dress."

"Oh!" gasped Marjorie, slipping from Bryce's hold into a quiet little heap on the stairs. "Oh! oh! oh! It's the truth,—the truth! She has my own blue satin dress on now. O Bryce, where did you find her, my own dear little French orphan?"

And as Fifine's godmother quieted down under this amazing revelation, Miss Marshall, who was often at her wits' end with her troublesome charge, allowed Bryce to carry her out on the grass, where, seated on a soft Persian rug under a blossoming crepe myrtle, she made delighted acquaintance with her goddaughter.

Toys and dolls of every make and kind had been Marjorie's all her sad young life; pets, too, without number. She had her Persian cat, her Pekinese

dog, her birds singing in gilded cages all around her; even her parrot and her monkey. She had tired of them all. But here was something altogether new,—a little creature whom she had blessed and helped, and who had come to thank and love her.

Her "godmothering" had been a mere freak at first. Through Miss Marshall's connection with the good work, Marjorie had been roused to interest herself in "French orphans." The boxes, the clothes, the letters, the doll, the toys, had proved wonderful and welcome distractions through the dreary days of a long winter to the prisoned little girl, wakening for the first time in her loveless and unloved life to the joy of helping and giving. But her "orphan" was too remote to hold Marjorie's restless fancy long; and her goddaughter would probably have been very soon forgotten had it not been for Fifine's sudden appearance to-day,—a quaint, soft-eyed little figure, full of unconscious appeal to all that was warm and generous in her godmother's heart.

Seated on the rug at Marjorie's side, she had added, in her mixed English and French, further details to Bryce's explanation:

"To find you a little girl like myself was what I did not think," she said with a faint sigh.

"But I can be your godmother all the same," replied Marjorie eagerly,—
"can't I, Bryce?"

"Ask me something easy," was the evasive answer.

"I can," continued Marjorie, for the moment forgetful of the poor little wire-cased limbs stretched before her on the rug.

"There will be your papa and mamma," said Fifine, softly.

"But I have no papa and mamma," interrupted her godmother. "Nor uncles nor aunts, nor anybody; have I, Bryce?"

"How about Uncle Miles?" asked Bryce.

"But he isn't my uncle," was the quick reply. "He is only my guardian, and guardians don't count."

"Oh, don't they?" whistled Bryce.

"No," said Marjorie, and a wise, sad look came over the pale little face,—
"because they don't care."

"Gee!" exclaimed Bryce. "Look's to me as if Uncle Miles cared for you all right. Get's you everything you want, doesn't he? Has doctors to cure you and nurses to take care of you, and mother here to run the house right, and everything money can buy in your rooms. Golly! if your goddaughter could see those rooms of yours,—you spoiled kid!"

Marjorie's face brightened.

"We'll take her, then. You carry me up, Bryce. You see, I can't walk very well," she explained to her goddaughter; "and the horrid doctors make me keep these things on my legs, so they will get strong and I can dance and run. I hate doctors, don't you?"

Hate doctors,—the good doctors whom Fifine had found such kind, wise friends; the doctors whom everybody at Saint Celeste loved! Marjorie's little goddaughter could find no answer to this question. It was English she did not understand.

"Come along, Spitfire!" laughed Bryce, taking the speaker up in his strong arms. "You haven't got that red head for nothing."

"It isn't red!" flashed back Marjorie. "It's auburn. And if you call me names, I'll kick you, Bryce King."

"Kick away!" said Bryce, who knew how helpless were the poor little caged feet. "You're a nice sort of godmother,—isn't she, Josephine Marie?"

"I do not know," sighed Fifine in bewilderment, as she followed Marjorie and her bearer into the house. "All is very strange and sad. My poor, poor little godmother!"

The pitying words were whispered softly, so that Marjorie could not hear. They were the keynotes to which all Fifine's coming days would be attuned: "My poor, *poor* godmother!"

"Come on, Josephine Marie!" called Bryce cheerily, as he and Marjorie led the way up the stairs and into a wide, arched hallway carpeted with green velvet, soft as the grass without. A tall pale lady, all in white, came forward to meet Bryce and his burden. For the moment she did not notice the little stranger.

"Take Marjorie into her bedroom," she said to Bryce. "This is against all the doctor's rules. But she has been very nervous to-day. Come, my dear: you must lie down and rest."

"O Miss Marshall, no, no! I don't want to rest. I can't rest. I won't rest. Push out my chair; for, O Miss Marshall, I want to show all my things to my goddaughter here."

"Your goddaughter!" gasped Miss Marshall, her glance falling for the first time on the quaint little figure in the background. "Your *goddaughter*?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Marshall!" Marjorie had slipped out of Bryce's arms now to a green divan by the wall. "Don't you remember the little goddaughter that I sent boxes and clothes to a year ago,—my little goddaughter in France? Here she is, Miss Marshall."

"*Oui, Madame*," said Fifine, realizing that she had found a responsible grown-up at last. "Here I am,—Josephine Marie La Roque" (she dropped her little convent courtesy again), "from across the great sea, to find my godmother, Madame."

"Oh, isn't she the dearest little dear?" cried the godmother, delightedly. "Did you ever see anything so cute, Miss Marshall? Just like a great big French doll; and in my own blue satin dress that we packed up for her,—don't you remember, Miss Marshall?"

Miss Marshall began to remember

indeed, and with dire dismay,—the boxes, the toys, the discarded clothes that had kept Marjorie eagerly interested for weeks. The letters,—above all the letters! What had Marjorie written in those letters that could have brought this little oddity across the sea? Poor Miss Marshall dared not think.

"Where, when, how did this child come here?" asked the good lady, breathlessly.

"Oh, she came to her aunt and found she was dead!" explained Marjorie, who by this time had gained some knowledge of her goddaughter's story. "And Mademoiselle Somebody, who brought her from France, has gone she does not know where. So she has come to me, as I wrote her in my letters. I told her I would be her friend. I put that down plain. It's in the letter; isn't it, Bryce?"

"It is certainly very plain," grinned Bryce.

"And I signed my name to it," continued the letter-writer, decidedly. "I signed, 'Your friend forever, Marjorie Vincent Morse.' That makes everything true and solemn. Uncle Miles told me I must be always very careful about signing my name. And I never had a friend before, or a goddaughter, or anything all my own like that. And I am going to keep her, Miss Marshall."

"My dear, my dear," cried the much perturbed lady, "I can't let you get excited in this way! Marjorie, your cheeks are flushed, and you will have temperature. Come, you must lie down and rest. Let the little girl go away now. She will come back to see you to-morrow. Let her go away now."

"Oh, I won't,—I won't! I might lose her, because she has no place to go."

"No place to go!" echoed the lady. "You mean—you mean—"

"Somebody left her here and skipped," explained Bryce, grimly. "She has Marjorie's letters all right, and wanted to see her, so I—"

"You let her in!" gasped Miss Marshall. "What will your mother say? What will your uncle say, boy? Take the child away before they see her."

"Where?" asked Bryce.

"To the police station, the orphan asylum,—anywhere out of this house," said the excited lady. "Take her away at once!"

"He shan't!" cried a passionate little voice; and, starting up on her poor little caged feet, Marjorie tottered to Fifine's side, and clasped trembling but defiant arms about her goddaughter. "He shan't take her away. She is mine, and I am going to keep her. As I signed my name to the letters, I am going to keep her forever: her friend (I put it down plain) forever,—Marjorie Vincent Morse."

(To be continued)

The Pride of Venice.

The Basilica of St. Mark in Venice is one of the most interesting churches in Christendom. Its history reads like a romance, and its legends are very beautiful. Many books have been written about it, and almost every traveller to Venice describes St. Mark's.

During the last restoration of this famous edifice an important discovery was made. In the cement which attaches the mosaic to the wall in the Tribune of the Patriarch, was found a small copper coin of the time of the Doge Dandolo. This settled an important question,—it proved that this portion of the cathedral was built in the twelfth century, the most glorious period of the Venetian Republic. The coin probably fell into the cement from the pocket of one of the workmen, and had lain undisturbed for seven centuries. It has been placed in the historical museum, where everything is gathered which throws light upon the history of St. Mark's.

Why they Went to War.

A certain king sent to another king, saying: "Send me a white pig with a blue tail, or else—"

The other, in great rage, made the hasty rejoinder: "I have not got one; and if I had—"

On this weighty cause they went to war. After they had exhausted their armies and resources, and laid waste their kingdoms, they began to desire peace; but, before this could be secured, it was necessary that the insulting language that led to the trouble should be explained.

"What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a white pig with a blue tail, or else—'?"

"Why," said the other, "I meant a white pig with a blue tail, or else some other color. But what could *you* mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—'?"

"Why, of course, if I had it I should have sent it to you."

The explanation was satisfactory, and peace was accordingly concluded.

Most quarrels are quite as foolish and needless as the war about the white pig with the blue tail.

My Knitting Thoughts.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

I SIT and knit, and think of many things:
Why I have feet, and only birds have wings.
If I could fly, I'd find out sure (would you?)
Why little clouds are white and skies are blue.

I think God made the apples, round and red,
That all His little children might be fed.

I like the morning when we each one say:
"May every little child be fed to-day!"

And mother adds: "Remember, dears, these words:

"Out of my plenty I have fed the birds."

When a child knits, how happy she can be,—
So many things my needles say to me!

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—It is announced that Sir Philip Gibbs has accepted the editorship of the *Review of Reviews*. His first number is dated Jan. 15.

—The first volume of an extensive work by Dr. James Hogan, professor of History, University College, Cork, entitled "Ireland in the European System," is announced. It gives the history of Ireland in its European relations from the sixteenth century to our own times.

—Sir David Hunter Blair's memoir of "John Patrick, Third Marquess of Bute," is described as "the tribute of an intimate personal friend to a man 'who may justly be regarded as one of the not least remarkable, if one of the least known, figures of the closing years of the nineteenth century.'"

—"The Torch," is not the only light touch about the year-book for 1921 issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. There are interesting addresses on religious problems of especial appeal to the laity, and a rather frank self-examination in matters where effort has fallen short of expectation. We are especially gratified by the eager concern shown for the progress of the Church in the United States. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is doing splendid work, which, we hope, will prosper more and more.

—Readers of THE AVE MARIA in particular will be pleased to hear that "A Woman of the Bentivoglios," Gabriel Francis Powers' reverently beautiful account of the life of Mother Mary Magdalen, foundress of the Poor Clares in the United States, will soon be published in book form. The fragrant simplicity of a life singular in its devotedness to the loveliest of Catholic ideals is here enshrined in prose that wears, for its cover, that gentle Franciscan brown which has been associated everywhere with so much of the radiant reality of Christian art and religious perfection.

—We welcome the *Almanach Catholique Français* for 1921; it seems a distinct improvement over the excellent book issued last year. Edited with much skill and care, there are, besides a vigorous preface by Mgr. Baudrillart, and interesting statistics covering the manifold activities of the Church in France, articles on special subjects, like literature, art, politics, and science, by men of national repute. Especially noteworthy is the section devoted to the cathedrals of France, where photographs and histories of all of them will be found. The biographical dictionary still suffers from in-

completeness; it is difficult to understand why certain very notable names have been omitted. Any one who cares to observe the progress of the Church in France will find in the *Almanach Catholique Français* much to interest and reassure him. Bloud et Gay, Paris.

—A reprint of Cardinal Wiseman's "True Story of the Great St. Ursula," with a tribute of affection by a daughter of the blessed martyr, makes a really attractive little pamphlet. Besides the devotional interest of this essay, one will find in it ample proof of the historical learning of the author of "Fabiola."

—There is sure to be a wide welcome for "The Fringe of the Eternal," a collection of short stories, by the Rev. Francis Gonne, just published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Some of these stories first appeared in THE AVE MARIA. They are charmingly written, and full of the atmosphere of the West Coast of Ireland and the simple faith which rules there.

—The delicacy of Lord Alfred Douglas' poetry is quite as remarkable as the robustness of his prose. As everyone knows, he is a master of the sonnet, but we doubt if he has ever written a finer one than this, which was published in the Christmas number of *Plain English*:

CHRISTMAS.

There is a ghostly stable in my heart,
Fraillily devised and fashioned out of dreams,
Whose patient masons were infrequent gleams
Of insubstantial visions. In the mart
Where Passions are made slaves, I bought a part
Of that wherewith I builded. On slow streams
Of tears, whose fountains were vouchsafed beams,
The rest came floating.—Holy as Thou art.

Child of all Light, celestial Excellence,
Enwombed in grace-bestowed Virginity
Which is Her image consecrated there,
Be born in this rude house, where broken sense
Is gold straw for thy feet. So shall it be
Ringed round with wings that beat the enchanted air.

—Although it may be a little late, we had better say a word for Mr. James G. Huneker's history of the Ego which is decorated with the humble title of "Steeplejack." He is the American who discovered the world, and in these amazingly gossipy volumes he tells how the impossible was done. Life began rather well, with a quiet, religious mother, whose household welcomed Father Kent Stone and Father Gibbons (now the beloved Cardinal). But the lad's Bohemianism was even then too rampant for a religious life. What amazing things Huneker did in his later career only he himself can relate, although even his prodigious memory may have

forgotten some of them. He lived and wrote and drank wine in Paris; wrote and existed and drank beer in New York (until recently); knew everybody and managed to get inside of the queerest places on earth. A "hickory" Catholic, as some one has said, Huneker could never be anything else but a Catholic. Of all the critics who have imbibed the spirit of later nineteenth-century literature, he is, perhaps, the most satisfyingly complete and balanced. The others have inherited merely the echoes or the poses; he has known the reality. While among the most intellectual of American literary men, Huneker has the cinema mind, thus possessing in himself a counterpart of the artistic medium he most heartily despises.

Of the savor of these books, their wit and wisdom, one random anecdote shall have to give indication. "I have mentioned Kipling. I came up from Paris to Rouen one morning with him. I was about to pay a visit to the tomb of Flaubert. When I alighted, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling had taken their seats in the dining car for the midday *déjeuner*. The window was open, so I said: 'Mr. Kipling, you should have stopped at Rouen and made a propitiatory pilgrimage to the tomb of Flaubert in the Monumental Cemetery, if for nothing else but to expiate your literary sins.' Rudyard of the clan Kipling preserved a stony mask. The train moved. No doubt he took me for a harmless lunatic, and perhaps he was right."

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.
 "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.
 "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.
 "An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., I.L. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

- "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "The Right Rev. Edward Dominic Fenwick, O. P." Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O. P. S. T. M. (Pustet Co.) \$3.50.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "Westminster Cathedral and Its Architect." Winefride de l'Hôpital. 2 vols. With Illustrations. (Dodd, Mead.) \$12.
 "Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
 "The Foundation of True Morality." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.40.
 "Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.
 "Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England." Rev. F. B. Steck, O. F. M. \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Hugh Fox, of the diocese of Sioux Falls; and Rev. Thomas Cloke, diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Barbara, of the Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Dorothy and Sister M. Augustine, Order of St. Ursula; Sisters M. Sylvia, M. Coletta and M. Matilda, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Bowles, Mr. Louis Hoffman, Mrs. Louise Keenan, Mrs. Johanna Boland, Mr. Alfred Adamski, Mrs. William Greenwell, Mrs. L. Ireland, Miss Elizabeth Sutton, Mr. William Creedon, Mr. Thomas Sproules, Mr. Daniel Davis, Miss Margaret McManus, Mr. Thomas Connors, Mrs. Mary Edelman, Mr. Frederick Cunningham, Mrs. Margaret Pearce, Mr. A. J. Bergfeld, Mr. Wilfred Dwyer, Miss M. C. Ferguson, Mr. Thomas Clare, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Donohue, Mr. James Tesson, Mr. F. H. Rosemann, Mr. John O'Donnell, Mr. Andrew Nelson, Mr. George Meyer, and Mr. A. B. Jackson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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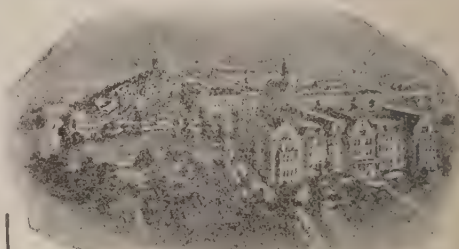
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 29. St. Francis de Sales, B. C. D.
 SUNDAY, 30.—**Sexagesima Sunday.** St. Martina,
 V. M.
 MONDAY, 31.—St. Peter Nolasco, C.
February.
 TUESDAY, 1.—St. Ignatius, B. M. St. Bridget, V.

WEDNESDAY, 2.—**Purification of the Blessed Virgin.**
 THURSDAY, 3.—St. Blaise, B. M. St. Lawrence,
 B.
 FRIDAY, 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, B.
 SATURDAY, 5.—St. Agatha, V. M.


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In Darkness.

BY MEREDITH STARR.

OUR paths are veiled in misty cloud,
Our souls are sunken in deep gloom,
While evil things about us crowd,—
Vultures and vampires of the tomb.

O loving Lord of life and death,
Be with us, lest we faint and fall;
And quicken with Thy blessed breath
When ills prevent, when fears appall!

O Thou who art above all praise,
Sole solace of the heart that bleeds,
Guide Thou our footsteps through the maze
Of doubtful paths and hostile creeds!

St. Luke and the Holy House.

BY THE REV. HENRY WYMAN, C. S. P.



T. LUKE was a companion and disciple of St. Paul. When he wrote the third Gospel, the main facts of Our Lord's life and teaching had already been given to the world. The first words of his Gospel show that it was his desire to repeat what had been told, setting things in more perfect order and with greater detail.

He was not, like St. Matthew and St. John, an eye-witness of the events he describes. He says he drew his information from those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word." They were living when he wrote. They must have

sanctioned his Gospel, for he refers to them as authorities. Besides, it is of faith that all parts of Holy Scripture are of equal authority.

What is the extent of our debt to St. Luke? It would be impossible to acknowledge it fully in brief space. First in order of narration are the opening chapters devoted to St. John Baptist, to the prophecies and miracles attending his birth. Here we gain a new vision of his greatness. St. John is exalted; and through St. John, who attained the highest degree of human holiness, our conceptions of the infinite holiness of Christ are exalted, by contrast. To St. Luke is due the honor paid to the Nativity of St. John by the Church from the earliest period of her history. The miraculous recognition of the Saviour by the infant Precursor while yet in his mother's womb is for us a measure of the wonderful grace bestowed on him,—grace active before birth.

Again, it is around St. John Baptist that St. Luke groups the three supreme canticles of Christian devotion. The words of St. Elizabeth when, filled with the Holy Ghost, she greeted the Immaculate Mother, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," have been daily, hourly repeated ever since in the most familiar prayer of the Immaculate Mother's devoted children. From Mary's own lips came the reply, the *Magnificat*, our sweetest Vesper song. No doubt the angels chant it in heaven in unison

with the Church on earth; and it will never cease to rise throughout eternity, the perfect praise of God Most High. Finally, the birth of St. John and the writing of his name loosed the tongue of St. Zachary to utter the *Benedictus*, our inspiring morning hymn.

The all-important, the most fascinating question concerning the Gospel of St. Luke is the contribution made to it by the Blessed Virgin. Was not she, for him, the chief of those who "from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word"? Compared with other Evangelists, St. Luke leads as founder among Catholics of the lore and love of Mary. It is a reasonable and beautiful supposition that he learned the hidden secrets of Mary's graces from her own lips. Of a certainty, she was the ultimate source of the most precious details added by St. Luke to the Gospel of the Lord. For example, Our Lady was the only human witness of the Archangel's annunciation. "And Mary kept all these things in her heart." But, after Our Lord's ascension, after the descent of the Holy Ghost on the waiting Apostles and disciples, when the great work of the Church had begun, it is likely that the Blessed Mother chose to open her heart to the Evangelist God had inspired to write the history of what the Holy Ghost had wrought in her.

Naturally the early childhood of the Divine Saviour was dearest in the memory of Mary. It is so with all mothers. One knows that Nazareth, with the Holy House beneath the hill, was the scene of her fondest recollections. Under her influence we can well imagine the Apostles gathering there, more than once, in the first years of their labors, to renew a fervent realization of the great truth with which they had been entrusted,—“And the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us.” The impulse of devotion to visit consecrated places has been universal with

mankind. It is hard to believe that the Apostles did not share in it.

Believing as they did in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, relying on Holy Communion daily as the Bread of Life, it is inevitable that the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice was promptly instituted by them under the roof which had sheltered the Annunciation. If it be possible that such use for the Holy House did not occur to the Apostles, we can not imagine that the Blessed Virgin allowed the opportunity to pass. The Holy Sacrifice was for her the repetition of the most sacred experiences of her life. To no other sorrowing, bereaved mother has such a privilege been possible.

These suppositions are abundantly corroborated by subsequent traditions of the Holy Land. Thus we find St. Luke introducing us to the wonderful story of the Holy House. It is a continuation of the spirit of his Gospel to follow this story through the centuries. For the facts concerning the Holy House present to us a most powerful means of studying the faithful, loving attitude of the Blessed Virgin toward all things connected with the personality of her Son, and especially toward His hidden life during the early years.

St. Joseph provided the Infant Saviour with the shelter of the cave at Bethlehem. Later, in the spirit of desecration, the pagans planted a grove to Adonis there. Joseph of Arimathea gave Christ his sepulchre. A temple to Venus was afterward built above it. The home at Nazareth was, above all others, the Blessed Virgin's offering to her Son. And after the lapse of ages, when St. Helena entered Palestine to restore the holy places, she found this home undefiled. Already famous as a shrine, under the bounty of the Empress' devotion, it became the most beautiful Christian temple of the East, and drew its pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world.

As long as Christians ruled Palestine, which they did for centuries, the throng of pilgrims grew. This continued until the rise of the Mahometans to power. After all the other holy places had fallen beneath their fanatical rage, the church at Nazareth remained untouched. At last they violated it, but still with a difference: they did not make of it a mosque. It seems to have appealed to them only as a source of loot. Their greed destroyed its riches and beauty, leaving it bare and dismembered. Their impiety was allowed to go no further. It is morally certain that its chief treasure, the Holy House, hidden in a crypt, was not even entered by them.

Many influences contributed to this remarkable immunity. The Knights of St. Catherine, followed by the Knights of the Temple, fought again and again illustrious battles in defence of this humble shrine. St. Louis of France, who decorated the walls of the house with a fresco of thanksgiving in memory of a former visit, organized his second Crusade under the impulse of news that the house was in danger. Gold, too, was lavishly expended to purchase from the Mahometans immunity for the home of the Virgin Mother.

But Mary herself was always its most watchful and most powerful defender. She appeared to the Crusaders, doubling their strength with promises of victory,—promises that were always punctually fulfilled. And, finally, when the abomination of desolation had settled down on the entire Holy Land, she removed the house to safety in the midst of her devoted children.

It came first to the hill of Tersatto, in Illyria, in the month of May, 1291. Some three years later it was removed to the forest of Lauretta, on the coast of Ancona, in Italy. After eight months it passed inland, the distance of a mile, to a hill near the village of Recanati. Again, within five months, its location was changed by a distance of a hundred

yards, to the middle of a public road. Three, at least, of these four changes were due to violence offered to the house or to its pilgrims.

For six hundred years the miraculous intervention of the Mother of Christ in behalf of His childhood's home has strengthened the pious belief of millions. Hosts of witnesses have reported the fact with incontrovertible evidence. Repeatedly, commissions with full authority and under solemn oath have compared the dimensions, material and aspect of the translated house with its former characteristics in Nazareth.

The first of these commissions went from Tersatto in the year of its appearance in the West. Not only did they establish perfect agreement between the mute witnesses of the sacred home's identity, but also gathered from inhabitants of Nazareth accounts of its sudden and mysterious disappearance. What this commission established, all others following it found and testified to. As the ages passed, and the development of science provided more accurate chemical and geological tests, the truth was only more firmly proved.

Here again human efforts were powerfully supported by the Blessed Virgin. Miracles of healing, of release from demons, of answers to prayers offered by those in distress, coupled with vows of honor to the shrine, marked it as the same sanctuary of her mercy that it had been during the centuries of its stay in Nazareth. By miracles, too, scoffers were converted, marauders expelled, plunderers changed to suppliants bringing gifts. Even the Turks were compelled to proclaim its holiness. The Mother who for so many years performed within its walls the lowly duties of housewife, defied the laws of nature in her jealous zeal for its integrity. Impious attempts at changing its form were repulsed. Worshippers who sought to remove its smallest parts as relics were

punished and thwarted. Walls erected to support it were removed.

Enriched by wondrous art—art of the temple-builder, art of the painter and sculptor, art of goldsmith and lapidary,—tapestried with the many changing folds of twenty centuries of history, watered with the blood of heroes; hallowed with the thanksgiving, the adoration, the prayer, of all the generations of the faithful; sanctioned by the continuous acclamation of councils, saints and popes, the immemorial shelter of the never-ending Sacrifice of the Mass,—this frail, immortal structure, home of the Immaculate Conception, of the Annunciation, and of the Word made Flesh, to-day invites the pilgrimage of reverent followers of the Gospel. For it is the scene itself of the precious, personal details which St. Luke added to the story of the Incarnation.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

VI.

ON entering the court room, Plumpton advanced to the table, bowing low to each of the magistrates.

Sir Francis Walsingham: "What is your name, and where do you live?"

"Roger Plumpton, your honor, tailor, of Sulhamsted, and other places."

Sir Francis: "What do you mean by other places?"

"That I go about the country a good deal, and learn a little here and a little there. Mr. Humphrey there and Mr. Stafford have both—"

Sir Francis: "There, that will do. Your home is at Sulhamsted?"

"Yes, sir."

Sir Francis: "You have sworn an information before these gentlemen" (bowing to the magistrate), "in which you charge Francis Perkins, of Ufton Court, gentleman, of harboring Popish

priests, of holding Popish services in his house, of persuading others against the worship of the State; and you say you are able to disclose sundry other matters practised by the said Francis Perkins against her Majesty. You further state that there is at this moment concealed in a cock-loft at Ufton, a seminary priest of the name of George Lingam; and that the said George Lingam very seldom walks abroad, but that when he does he wears a blue coat; and that he has baptized some children into the Popish Church; and that he is, in your opinion, a traitor to the Queen's Majesty. Is this statement correct?"

"Yes, Sir Francis, every word of it," replied Plumpton.

Sir Francis: "Very Good. Now please state to these gentlemen and myself how you became aware of these facts."

Plumpton: "Well, your honor, I was up here at the house a week ago. You may remember your honor's doublet wanted some trifling repairs, and—"

"Never mind my doublet," put in Sir Francis. "We will take it you were at Englefield. What date?"

"August 31."

Sir Francis: "Go on."

"Well, I was here on the 31st of August; and I had had word that a messenger from Sir Francis Englefield, whom your honor knows is no friend of the Queen's Majesty, and lives—"

Sir Francis: "Never mind Sir Francis Englefield! Let us hear about the messenger."

"A messenger with letters from Sir Francis Englefield was expected; and, as Master Harry Taylor is his agent, and bears his letters when brought to these parts, I thought I would keep a lookout on Taylor. Just after dusk, I saw a stranger ride up on a stiffish cob. It didn't take two eyes to see that he and Master Henry knew each other, but I never saw any packet pass between them; and I could not make out by any after conversation that I had with this

stranger that he had come from the coast or from London town; but he said he had journeyed from Buckingham. Anyway, I could see he wasn't what he tried to look like; and, putting two and two together, I thinks to myself, 'This man, if he has not brought letters from Sir Francis, is one of them seminary priests.' And priests, as your honor knows, nowadays is game worth catching. Thinks I, 'If I can find out the hole you are going to burrow in, my good fellow, it means money to Roger Plumpton.'"

"Go on with your story, and leave yourself and your pay out of it, if you can!" angrily shouted Walsingham. "You thought this man was a Popish priest. What did you do?"

"I just made sure that he was housed safe for the night, and then set watch before daybreak to see if he broke cover."

Sir Francis: "Well, what did you see?"

"First of all, Griffin, Taylor's man, starts off across the road by Cranmer, and presently out comes a chap dressed as a peddler and follows him. At first I thought it could not be the same, so I went into Taylor's to make sure; and I found, after a good deal of beating about, that my man had gone, but had left his horse behind in the stable. Thinks I, 'Here's after the pair of them!' I tracked them by Sulhamsted, but never came up to them; only I met Griffin afterwards coming away from Ufton Court; and thinks I, 'You're right for once, Roger: there's a seminary rat in that hole for certain at last—'"

"Is that all the evidence you have?" inquired Walsingham, noticing that Plumpton paused.

"Well, no, your honor; 'tis and 'tisn't. I knew young Gaylor—"

"Who is Gaylor?" asked Sir Francis.

"A young chap that lived along with Mr. Perkins in days agone. He courts Mrs. Perkins—"

"Courts Mrs. Perkins!" exclaimed Walsingham.

"Her maid, I was going to say,—only she's chucked him over. I knew this Gaylor could tell me a lot if he cared to do it; so I tried it on, but could not make much of him at first. Presently I hit on a notion, and got out of him that he knew Mass was often said at the Court, and that seminaries were commonly there."

"We all know that," put in Sir Francis. "Had he no other evidence. You say in your information that he stated he was present at Mass on the morning of September 3. Is that so?"

"Quite true," replied Plumpton, who, seeing the way in which his evidence had been taken down gave greater weight to it, added another lie by saying that Gaylor had seen and could swear to the priest.

This in the main was the substance of the tailor's information. He was ordered to withdraw; and, after a few minutes' consultation, the next witness was called. He proved to be Andrew Gaylor, and it was quite evident that he was present against his will. As a matter of fact, he was to a certain extent in custody; and, as Mr. Foster had been the instigator of procuring him, he took upon himself the chief part of his examination.

"Well, Gaylor," began Foster, "we know each other well enough to dispense with names and places of abode. You have attended Mass at Ufton Court?"

"I can't say I haven't, sir."

"You have seen priests there?"

"Yes, sir."

"You saw a priest in the house but two days ago?"

"No, sir."

"No! What made you tell Plumpton you had seen one and heard Mass?"

"I never told him any such thing."

"Look here, Gaylor: it's no use beating about the bush. We have it on

Plumpton's sworn depositions that you were present at Mass at Ufton Court on the morning of September 3; and if it's on the depositions it must stand. Now, you heard Mass, and of course saw a Popish priest?"

"Not on that day, sir. It's a lie, sir."

"Perhaps the date is wrong," put in Mr. Stafford. "Were you at Ufton Court on September 3?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say you saw no Mass going on," continued Foster; "and yet you stated to Plumpton that you were present at it. When was it you saw Mass being performed?"

"It's a long while ago, sir. I couldn't be sure, but maybe two years or three—"

"Two years or three! Don't trifle with us in this way," angrily interposed Walsingham. "You first say you were present at Mass on a particular day, and now—"

"I never said I was present at Mass lately; I only said—"

"Well, what did you say? Let us have it, and no beating about the bush. Remember, we have a very powerful means of bringing your memory back if you withhold the evidence we want. It is sworn to by Plumpton that you stated you were present at Mass on this particular day. Do you deny it?"

"Yes, sir. I was not at Mass on September 3, and I don't know of any Mass being said at Ufton on that day."

"There is only one course open for us, that I can see," observed Walsingham, addressing the magistrates. "This witness is obstinate and in contempt. He must be committed."

"Certainly," replied all.

"Let me try him once more," said Foster. "Now, Gaylor, on your answer to my question probably depends your liberty, and much more than your liberty. It behooves you, as you value yourself, to reply 'Yes.' Were you at Ufton Court on September 3 last,

and did you witness the Mass there?"

"I was not present at Mass, but I was at Ufton Court," responded Gaylor.

"Then Mass was being said there on that day, but you were not actually present?"

"I did not say that," replied Gaylor.

"No, but your answer leads to the inference that you knew Mass was being said. You have lived among these people practically all your life, and must know the methods they adopt to hide their mummery. Now, what did you see that made you think Mass was going on?"

"I really saw nothing, sir. My business was with Aylen, Mr. Perkins' man; and I went up to his room, and in a few minutes came down again, and left the place. I was not in the house a quarter of an hour in all."

"Did you see any one else there besides Aylen?"

"Of course, sir."

"Who was there?"

"There was Mrs. Martha and Mesea and—"

"No, no! I don't mean the servants."

"Mr. Marvin was there and Mrs. Tottersall and—"

"They are staying in the house; but was Buss there, or Hall or Arslett, or any one else not living in the house?"

"Mrs. Arslett was, sir, and Mr. Pursell and Mrs. Hall and young Pollard."

"Oh! Whereabouts in the house did you see them?"

"Mrs. Hall was in the kitchen, and I think I saw the others on the second floor."

"And did it not strike you as strange that these people should be walking about in Mr. Perkins' house at seven o'clock in the morning, when they all live at some little distance, and have business of their own to attend to?"

"I didn't think at all about it, sir."

"You will *have* to think about it," put in Walsingham, "and give your evidence more readily than you have done, or it

chair at the foot of the bed. Lady Halford turned on her sister. Though Jean was her elder, she took all her sister's speeches in good part.

"'Tis easy for you to laugh, Jean," Lady Halford said; "but it isn't seemly. And half of Ted's constituents coming to-morrow for the ball!"

Jean laughed again, while the girl on the bed flushed painfully.

"Not half surely! He polled two thousand votes five years ago. Many of the two thousand electors must be dead or have changed their political opinions in five years. Five years is a long time." Jean Hales had a slight American drawl much deplored by her married sister. "Sit down, Margot, and tell us about the royalties."

Lady Halford was tired, and obeyed. Then she made a few inquiries regarding what the doctor had said about the injured member.

"A day or two's rest? Well, that isn't so bad," she commented. "Jean, ring and tell them to bring tea here. Then I will tell you about the bazaar. Kate Winton was there in such a barbaric frock!"

"Poor Kate! Why doesn't she stay at home, like me?" Jean remarked.

"Oh, you!" Lady Halford said. "You're not like Miss Winton. She's fifty if she's a day. You're far from that, Jean."

"No," Jean agreed.

"Yet you won't go out anywhere—no, Gertrude, she won't,—not even to meet Queen Mary!" Lady Halford was tearful. "She has such an awful lot of money that people—"

"That I can do as I please," Jean interrupted and corrected.

"No one can do that. O Jean, do go and hurry up tea! I'm so thirsty, and the servants are so lazy," the exhausted lady pleaded.

Jean laughed and went. Lady Halford said with that suddenness that sometimes startled her listeners:

"Jean has become like that—clever and intellectual and—and sarcastic—since she quarrelled with Tom Wellesby. Of course I'm glad she did. He was only an engineer and poor. Jean might marry a duke. Lord Malvers is simply dying to ask her."

"Lord Malvers!" Gertrude said. "But he's old."

"Well, Jean's getting on. She's over thirty, and American girls at thirty are old. Oh, don't look so shocked, Gertie! You aren't so innocent as that in Great Merton."

"Miss Hales is beautiful," Gertrude said rather vehemently, "and kind."

"Kind enough," Lady Halford admitted; "but she's not beautiful,—not at all. She has good grey eyes and nice hair; but no style, no go—here's tea at last, thank goodness! Parker, you took your time."

Parker, being a decorous English maidservant, made no reply, but stolidly set out the viands.

About the time Lady Halford was, as she hoped, entertaining the grizzled Frenchman who had taken her into dinner, her sister Jean was learning why Miss Halford had visited London.

"Papa—poor dear!—thought I was coming to buy hats. I did mean to buy one, cheap; but I came because of Mrs. Gregg's piano," Gertrude explained. Her foot was easier; her father had sent a telegram in reply to one of hers, and she had partaken of a good dinner; also she was fast becoming friendly with Jean Hales.

"A piano?" Jean said, with her soft drawl.

"Yes. Mrs. Gregg is a widow, and things haven't gone well with her since her husband's death. Dearer labor, you know, and loss of cattle. She had to give up her farm. Several of her sisters have married well, and they have taken a cottage for her and mean to furnish it. But poor Mrs. Gregg wants her old things, and they won't

buy the piano for her. They say, truly enough, what use will a piano be to her? She never could play, and she has no children living. But she wants it. Her dead girl, Martha, used to play on it forty years ago." Gertrude's eyes filled with tears.

Jean nodded comprehendingly.

"I know! I have mother's flat-irons still," Gertrude said; "though I don't do laundry work." Her eyes brightened, and she smiled. "Well, I wanted to buy the piano for the poor old woman at the sale to-morrow, and—I hadn't the money. We—we aren't well off, and my father doesn't think about money. He—"

"Thinks about old books and curious manuscripts," Jean interrupted. "Your brother has told me. I like Ted."

"Poor father! Well, I had an ugly bracelet that I wanted to sell."

Jean nodded.

"That was my business to London. And I didn't mean to come here, till I was hurt. Then I was afraid of going to a hospital—on father's account."

There was a momentary silence.

"And now I can't attend the sale," Gertrude said; "and I haven't sold the bracelet. It is in my bag."

"Oh, I—" Jean paused and changed her mind. She could not offer money. "Couldn't one of the servants (Parker knows London) sell the bracelet for you? I am sure there are places yet open." Jean spoke doubtfully. "Give me the bracelet."

Gertrude indicated the bag, and Jean took from it a heavy, ugly bracelet.

"My godmother sent it to me," Gertrude explained; "and it probably cost a good deal of money."

"Probably," Jean assented. "I'll try Parker."

She left the room, and placed the bracelet securely at the bottom of a trunk in her own apartment, wondering what sum the article might be worth. When she returned to the invalid an

hour or so later, she carried twelve pounds in paper in her hands.

"There was no difficulty in getting the money," she said truthfully.

Gertrude gasped:

"Oh, twelve pounds! I hoped for only ten, and the old piano won't go for more." Suddenly the girl's face clouded. "But I doubt if I can go home to-morrow."

"Of course you can't!" Jean was positive.

"But who will bid at the sale. It is a public sale, you know,—an auction. I meant to buy it myself for the poor old woman. I never spoke to any one about it."

"I will go," Jean said promptly.

"O Miss Hales!"

"Couldn't you call me 'Jean'?"

"I—I—oh, yes, Jean! How can I thank you? And what will Margot say?"

"Nothing. She needn't know. I don't give an account of all my doings to Margot."

"No?" Gertrude spoke slowly. Then she tried to give Jean some idea of Great Merton and Mrs. Gregg.

"It will be a delightful outing,—isn't 'outing' the word? I shall enjoy outbidding everyone," remarked Jean, as she rose and said good-night. She had all information as to the hour of the sale, trains, and so forth.

Next day she reached Great Merton in good time. Despite its name, it was only a big village, and soon Jean had received directions as to the whereabouts of Mrs. Gregg's farm. As it was only a mile from the village, she walked, and arrived some short time before the auctioneer and his attendant. The day was fine, and Jean felt a thrill of pity for the grey-haired woman who sat in dull sorrow before the door of her home. The articles for sale had been carried out to the plot of ground in front of the house. Evidently it had once been a flower garden, but most of

the blooms had been trampled down by the passing of heavy feet. Jean soon discovered the piano. It stood forlornly apart, its crimson silk front dull and faded in the sunlight.

The bidding was brisk; but, though this was to Mrs. Gregg's advantage, she wiped away a tear each time a purchaser was declared. Jean had kept in the background till the piano was put up, with encomiums as to its merits from the salesman. A man's voice from a window of the house offered ten pounds for the instrument. The auctioneer was seemingly astonished, and tried to get a glimpse of the bidder.

"Twelve pounds!"—Jean's voice was firm, but low.

Again the auctioneer looked surprised, and gazed inquiringly at the lady who had spoken. Her appearance was what the clerk later termed "swank."

"Thirteen pounds!" the gentleman in the window cried.

"Fifteen pounds!" Jean answered briskly, beginning to enjoy herself.

"Sixteen!" came from her opponent.

"Eighteen!" Jean nodded, to the bewildered salesman. The crowd grew very still at the spirited bidding.

"Nineteen pounds!" said the voice from the house.

"Twenty!" Jean responded instantly.

"Twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five!" Jean said.

There was a pause and the piano was "knocked down" to the lady. Jean moved forward, with her handbag open, as the man stepped from the house; and the pair stood silently regarding each other for a few seconds. The man raised his hat.

"Miss Hales!"

"Tom—Mr. Wellesby!" Jean hesitated, and held out her hand. Then she laughed somewhat nervously. "Did you really—want the piano?"

"The piano?" Tom repeated. "No—yes—that is, not for myself."

Jean tendered her money, and moved towards her property. The gentleman kept by her side.

"I came to buy the poor old piano for Miss Halford," Jean explained.

"And I for Mrs. Gregg," Tom confessed; "only I had to stop—"

"But Miss Halford was buying it for the old lady, too." Jean gave a short account of Miss Halford's mishap and of her own appearance as her deputy. Then the pair were silent.

"Where have you been lately?" Jean asked at length.

"Building bridges in France," he said. "I knew Great Merton long ago. Indeed most of my holidays were spent under the roof of Mrs. Gregg. I have had an illness,—nothing serious, but enough to get me sick leave."

There was another silence. Jean colored beneath the veil she wore as she put another question:

"Are you as obstinate as of old?"

"Circumstances have altered," Tom replied. "My aunt died two weeks ago. She left her property to me. I am rich enough not to be depending on the woman I marry."

"Oh!"—Jean tried to make her tone indifferent. "I congratulate you!"

They moved a few steps farther from the crowd.

"Jean, will you marry me?" Tom asked.

"I—I nearly asked you that question once," Jean said, "and you wouldn't marry me."

"But I couldn't, Jean. How could I live on your millions and preserve any self-respect?"

Jean laughed.

"Oh, you wouldn't, Tom! That was why we quarrelled. You were too proud."

"I'm not proud now. I'm begging you to marry me, Jean. Won't you?"

"Yes," Jean responded quietly. "And now, Tom, let us give Mrs. Gregg her piano."

The Gentle Empress..

BY M. M.

MUCH has been said of the beauty and grace of the lovely Spanish girl whom Napoleon III., in 1853, chose to share with him the throne of France; but no eulogy could exaggerate her deep piety and her generous charity toward the poor. In truth, she possessed a queenly heart, full of fortitude and tenderness. Of the former virtue she gave manifold proofs.

When, in 1865, cholera was raging at Amiens—chief town of the Department of Somme, in the north of France,—the Empress visited the hospital, stopping at each bed to say a kind word. One poor fellow, whom she raised on his pillow, had his sight obscured by the film of death, and replied, calling her "*Ma Soeur*." The Sister of Charity who stood by said:

"It is not a Sister, *mon ami*, but our kind Empress—"

"Ah!" interrupted the noble visitor, "why undeceive him? The title he gives me is the one I prize most."

The Empress left a very large sum of money for the distressed population of the stricken town and region. With similar zeal, she often undertook visits equally dangerous, regardless of her own life or even the loss of her loveliness. During an epidemic of smallpox that broke out in Beaujon hospital, in Paris, she and the Emperor went slowly round the wards, showing every mark of sympathy with the sufferers. Eugénie would not allow her ladies-in-waiting to risk the dreaded disease, and left them outside.

Not only did every work of charity, to say nothing of innumerable private miseries, appeal to the Emperor and Empress, always sure to furnish munificent relief, but the Empress loved nothing better than to pay impromptu visits to various charitable institutions,

the inmates of which were often the very scum of the earth. One of the most venerable buildings of the capital, situated in Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis, is called Saint Lazare. Built upon the site of what was a leper hospital during the Middle Ages, it became the first house of the Priests of the Mission, commonly called Lazarists for this reason. Saint Vincent de Paul resided there for many years during the latter part of his life, and the room that witnessed his holy death is still shown to visitors. In 1789, Saint Lazare happened to be the first religious house raided and pillaged by the revolutionary mob, and later it became a female prison, under the care of the Sisters of Mary and Joseph.

One morning, a brougham in the quiet livery of the Emperor—dark green, lined with drab-colored cloth—stopped before the monumental old building. Two ladies, simply attired, alighted, asked to see the Mother Superior, and were shown into the visitors' parlor. When the religious entered the room, she instantly recognized the Empress, and while thanking her for her kindness, acquainted her with every detail of the establishment likely to interest her. Finally, she asked:

"Would not your Majesty like to see our poor children?"

"Of course! I have come on purpose to see them," was the reply.

Guided by the nun, the Empress and her lady of honor visited the whole establishment, dormitories, working-rooms, kitchens, etc. When about to open the door of the infirmary, the Mother Superior stopped.

"Here," she said, "we have a very sad case: a poor creature, on the point of death, who rejects all religious consolation. Not only all of us, but even the chaplains, have tried in vain to stop her blasphemies. 'There is no God,' she cries, 'or He would not have made me

so wretched. If, as you pretend, there is a hell, it can not be worse than the life I have endured.' Indeed, her lot had been exceptionally hard; she had never known her parents, nor any relative; no one had ever loved her. The one bright spot in a life of woe was a child on whom she doted, and it died."

The Empress, deeply moved, went to the bedside of the desperate sinner and spoke words inspired with the supreme eloquence of a feeling heart, while she affectionately stroked the face of the dying woman, and with her dainty little hands—ungloved—pressed the rough hands of the outcast Magdalen. The hardened heart was melted, and a flood of tears fell from her eyes.

"Oh," she cried in the midst of her sobs, "there must be a God, since you who are beautiful and happy are not afraid to speak to and touch an unfortunate creature like me! Yes, I shall be glad to see the chaplain and confess my guilty life."

The priest was at hand. He reconciled the Magdalen with the merciful Saviour whom she had never been taught to love; and a few hours later she passed away in peace, while the community joined in thanksgiving. Was not that visit of Empress Eugénie truly providential? She herself rejoiced quite as much as the devoted nuns at having been instrumental in saving a forlorn soul. Moreover, she left abundant alms, that all the inmates of the prison might partake of a treat in her honor.

The Empress was far from being the happy mortal, free from care, whom the poor prisoner imagined. Besides the political anxieties inseparable from an exalted station, of which she took her share, the private conduct of the Emperor, on more than one occasion, gave her cause for grave displeasure. He made amends, however, and succeeded in winning back her affection.

At the outbreak of the disastrous

Franco-Prussian war in 1870, the Emperor started for the Front, leaving the Empress as regent, a responsible situation. In the space of a few weeks, Napoleon III. was compelled, at Sedan, to surrender his person and eighty thousand men of his army. Impartial History will write a splendid page in testimony of the greatness of soul displayed by Empress Eugénie under the most critical circumstances. When the dreadful intelligence arrived, she suggested the name of the Duc d'Aumale as commander of the troops to repel the invasion. "But," some one observed, "a prince of the Orleans family would not suit. The imperial dynasty—" "Ah!" she interrupted, "what matter about the dynasty? We have to save France!" She consented to fly from the Tuileries only when the revolutionaries were breaking in; and had she been permitted to tarry five minutes longer, they would doubtless have massacred her whom for years they had worshipped as an idol.

The crowning sorrow of the exiled sovereign, as everybody is aware, was the heroic death in Zululand of her only child, the Prince Imperial, on the first of June, 1879, at the age of three and twenty. Cardinal Manning, in his funeral oration, paid an eloquent tribute to the rare virtues of Prince Louis Napoleon.

"It is a wonderful mystery of God's sovereign wisdom. A youth so fair and so noble, so blameless and so brave, so high in intellect and so cultured, so attractive in all his ways, so winning in his speech, so humble in his dignity, so loved by all,—that he should have come like a ray of April sun, as it were for a moment, and passed away; giving a transient promise of sunshine and ending forever in a cloud; this, I say, is a mystery of God's sovereign wisdom. . . . And I know that the youth of England, those who never saw him, have been touched, and his bright example has

spoken to them; and comrades in arms have wondered at the purity, the holiness and the dignity of his youth. . . .

"He himself has given us a revelation of that which we could never otherwise have known. After he had departed, the loving hands that tended him found a writing in his own characters. How shall I describe it? Was it a prayer to his Heavenly Father? Was it an oblation to his Divine Master? Was it a sacrifice of himself? I have hardly, in my memory, read anything more elevating, or anything which showed more clearly the spirit of God guiding and ennobling the soul of man. It was full of self-sacrifice, full of self-devotion, full of reparation, full of the oblation of himself as a victim. 'Smite me if any are to be smitten. If Thou wilt make reprisals, here I am.' And, thinking over these words, I have said to myself: 'If there was ever a son of France, it was he.' France is that great people that have been created by soldiers and by priests,—soldiers vested with a sacerdotal character, because full of faith; priests with a martial courage that not only fears no martyrdom, but courts it."

And so the gentle woman who had held loving dominion over a nation that smiled on her, came to dwell at last in a new world, almost utterly alone. Occasionally her aged figure appeared in the journals over the caption, *Sic transit gloria*. One knows, however, that she did not mind; for her great and gracious ways were fashioned for the kingdom of the soul.

Everyone that understands France realizes that there is a deathless country in the past, inhabited by saints and kings and chevaliers, among whom courtesy is still kindly. This was the Empress' home,—this and the peaceful land to which she looked forward, wherein the mercy of God is greater than the mercy of His people. Although

her suffering had been great, there was little to be sorry for. History, which somehow mellows the tale of man into something like the truth, will be glad to say that Eugénie lived; it will give her a nobler crown in exchange for the one she wore. The few episodes which have been related in this short sketch may serve to indicate the reason.

A Sweet Revenge.

A FRANCISCAN lay-brother went out one day as usual to seek for alms. He came by chance to the abode of a noble English Protestant who had taken up his quarters in a beautiful country-house outside the walls of Nice. Seeing the door open, the friar began with great humility to ask for alms; but the Englishman gruffly commanded him to be gone out of his sight. Not understanding the broken French which the other spoke, the friar repeated his request, and waited meekly. At length, quite beside himself with anger, the Englishman seized a stick and belabored the poor mendicant so furiously that when he returned home he still bore upon him unmistakable signs of the reception he had met with.

Some time after this event, the Englishman had occasion to visit a famous Franciscan convent not very far distant. He went thither to make sketches of the surrounding country. One of the religious received him kindly, conducted him to the garden, procured a chair and table, and paid him every attention, pointing out the vantage-grounds which other artists had chosen, and answering courteously all his questions.

When he had finished sketching, he was offered refreshment. The Englishman accepted it with gratitude; but while taking it he was greatly surprised to recognize in the friar who served him the very one whom he had treated so roughly in his own house. He was so

embarrassed that he could not help asking if his host was really the beggar whom he had treated so ignominiously some time before. The friar said he was the man.

"But tell me," said the Englishman, "how could you treat me so well, after the evil treatment you received from me? I suppose you didn't know me?"

"Yes, I knew you very well," answered the friar, with a smile; "but our religion, you know, commands us to forgive injuries—to return good for evil."

This sublime principle, enunciated with so much calmness and modesty, made such an impression on the heart of the visitor that he at once called for the superior of the house, related what had happened, and humbly begged pardon. He gave a considerable sum of money to the convent, and asked as a special favor that the Brother whom he had treated so badly should go every Saturday to his house, where he would be sure to obtain alms.

It remains to be told that years afterward the Englishman joined the Church, and he was accustomed to say in reference to his conversion: "Perhaps a good Franciscan lay-brother whom I once met abroad had as much to do with it as anything."

THE search for happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow: it recedes as you advance. You can't capture it. After all your planning and your straining after happiness, you will have to give up the pursuit and content yourself with following the plain and plodding path of duty, and to find your joy in fidelity to conscience, and in obedience to the divine will. In attaining this blessing imitate the boatman, who directs his prow above the point of destination, and so makes sure of it. Aim at something higher than happiness, and the higher will be sure to include the lower.—*Anon.*

Poetry's Lady-in-Waiting.

ALTHOUGH she was the poet of a very few, in days when no poetry speaks to a large audience, Louise Imogen Guiney has been remembered since her death with an affectionate admiration to which only the finest, most genial spirits have a right. Whoever has felt that her poems were flowers, and she herself perhaps more delicately fair than any of them, will enjoy "The Charm of Louise Imogen Guiney" which Jessie B. Rittenhouse has recalled in the February *Bookman*. Between the poet and her critic there had been much in common that was both happy and helpful; but the former had a heart for the old, wistful things, and to these she was finally married.

Miss Rittenhouse begins where everyone should have loved to begin—with the poet in person. The background is the post office at Auburndale, Mass.

I was seated in a comfortable chair, and left alone to glance at the books and pictures, and to fall into a daydream, so that I did not notice the door open and a friend of Miss Guiney—for it could not be she—stand before me. Doubtless, I thought, this exquisite creature is some house-guest who has come to help me beguile the time; for she was young and gay as spring, and came lightly into the room with her hand on the head of a great Saint Bernard dog, making, as she stood there, a subject for Landseer. Whoever she was, she was an apparition to "haunt, to startle and waylay"; and it was with difficulty that I pulled myself together and exorcised the ghost of the village postmistress as I responded to the greeting of Miss Guiney! It is a happy fortune for a poet to be beautiful, and Miss Guiney had a beauty as distinctive as her work, with the dark-blue eyes, chestnut hair, and fresh color of the Celt, and the delicate and sensitive features of one who lives with the finer emotions and has an eager joy in life.

There are other reminiscences of the Miss Guiney who was content to be "a mere mole of the enchanted Bodleian," while preserving the *aura* of "a creature made of fire and dew." Hers was the

soul of the sprite that haunts the most beautiful of old ruins. Now that they are more lonely because of her absence, and the delicate bowl of perfume she bore has itself become part of the eternal springtime of the past, one must be content to think of her as a woman no longer, but a poet forever.

Miss Guiney knew well how to fence with life, how to disarm Fate with gayety, how to meet limitation from the inexhaustible resources of Beauty; and this is all in her work—is, indeed, the heart of her work, for any seeker to find. Scarcely a poem but bears witness to her spiritual encounters, but all by indirection; for no one was less didactic. Three notes predominate in her work: the valorous note, the Celtic note, and the mystical note, expressed at its best in "Beati Mortui," that beautiful salutation to the dead:

Not passed but perfected,
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant.

The casual reader might not know that she was brought up in the tradition of the Church, as he would be sure to know this fact, for example, from the poetry of Francis Thompson; for Thompson uses constantly the symbolism of the Church, and casts over his work its richness, like an encrusted vestment. Miss Guiney, on the contrary, while no less an adherent of the ancient Faith, expresses always in her poetry its inner rather than its outer aspect, thus holding more closely to the universal. Such acquiescence in the shaping Force of life, coming from one who without such acquiescence might have been broken by it, is rarely met elsewhere; and she who knew so well how, in the disparity of things, one may be

Sick with the impact of eternity,
could say with serenity that one is a part of
the great pageant "made in joy to pass,"
and should not

... the privilege disown
To flourish fair and fall fair, and be strown
Deep in that Will of God, where blend
The origin of beauty and the end.

ONE'S prayers for health or any other temporal blessing ought always to be conditional on the adorable will of God. St. Teresa says in one of her letters: "When God sees that our welfare needs good health, He sends it to us—otherwise sickness."

Plain Common-Sense.

IF there were omnipotent and obliging fairies going about as they did in the olden times, with endowments and gifts for one and all, what boon would be most generally craved? Money, fame, knowledge, ability, pleasure, good taste, and many another matter would have innumerable votaries. Plain common-sense, though the best of possessions for the wear and tear of life, would be sought by few. Most of the poets, artists, musicians, authors, who made a sad work of their own lives and the lives of others were notably deficient in this great asset. Molière, Shelley, Byron, Carlyle, and many equally well known to fame, were lacking in common-sense.

Those possessed of common-sense are not in the habit of battering their heads against stone walls. They recognize that feelings of envy or jealousy hurt themselves only; and they never lose sight of the fact that, while there are certainly people very much better off in life than themselves, there are as surely many mortals far worse situated.

Common-sense teaches control of the temper, and restraint of that unruly member, the tongue; and it counsels patience and resignation in the trials and afflictions that are inevitable. It disdains the ever-recurring minor worries of the day, and accepts philosophically the irritating annoyances that fall to the lot of the majority of mankind. This quality enables those endowed with it to view their own abilities and their own limitations with fair impartiality; they also can make allowance for the faults and imperfections of their neighbors, remembering

There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill becomes any one of us
To speak an ill word of the rest of us.

They are wont to remember, too, the
futility and unreason of

...compounding for sins that we're inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to.

When decisions regarding worldly
affairs are to be made, common-sense
is ever a safe guide, being neither
falsely buoyed up with illusions and
glamour, nor frightened by ordinary
risks and dangers. Nor does it take
umbrage at imaginary slights or
neglects, though it preaches always
sturdy self-reliance and independence.
It makes persons realize their duties
and liabilities. The quality must have
been high in the Bard of Avon's breast
when he wrote:

In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Truly the person who termed plain
common-sense

... best boon to mortals given,
And, though no science, fairly worth the
seven,
was not far wrong in the statement.

Of One Mind.

A PRETTY story, related of the late
King Edward VII. of England,
illustrates the union of mind exist-
ing between him and Queen Alexandra.
On the occasion of the last visit paid
by the English sovereigns to Copen-
hagen, King Edward, accompanied by
Prince John of Denmark, paid a visit
to the royal jewellers. He asked to see
that morning as he passed by the
jeweller's window, and which he wished
to give to Queen Alexandra. The
salesman uttered an exclamation of
surprise at the King's request; and then
apologized, stating that the English
Queen had bought the work of art only
a short while before, as she wished to
give it personally to the King.

Notes and Remarks.

All fair-minded citizens must feel
gratified over the protest against anti-
Semitic propaganda in the United
States, headed by President Wilson and
bearing the names of many prominent
men and women. Clergymen of every de-
nomination, college presidents, leading
educators, and eminent editors all over
the country, have expressed their entire
disapproval of "this insidious un-
American and un-Christian agitation."
"We protest against this organized
campaign of prejudice and hatred," the
signers declare, "not only because of
its manifest injustice to those against
whom it is directed, but also and espe-
cially because we are convinced that it
is wholly incompatible with loyal and
intelligent American citizenship."

Is it too much to hope, now that dis-
trust and suspicion of the loyalty and
patriotism of citizens of Jewish faith
have been so fittingly and fully re-
buked, that when the next organized
campaign against Catholics is started
in this country there will be something
like a general protest against it, and
that our President will be the first to
discountenance it?

We are pleased to note that the tradi-
tional breadth of spirit in Oxford (and
Cambridge) has again fearlessly shown
itself in connection with the British
policy in Ireland. Recently a great
meeting held at Oxford, under the
guidance of Sir Horace Plunkett,
denounced the reprisals that have
disgraced England; at the sister Uni-
versity, a formal protest has been
signed by a large group of scholars,
headed by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.
All of this recalls vividly the remark-
ably sane impression with which Car-
dinal Newman came back from Ireland.
Although his cherished plan for a
Catholic university there failed, he re-

mained sympathetic with the Irish people, especially with the younger element, and declared that if he were a citizen of the country he would be a Nationalist. It may be recalled in this connection that some of the lectures Newman delivered in Ireland were quite Celtic in inspiration and even style. One can fancy what a broad, clear, judicious analysis of the present situation would come from his pen were he alive. There would be no dodging of the issue, no matter how unpleasant the deductions might be; and no overstatement of details, the stumbling-block of the partisan.

With her territory reduced to that of one of our smallest States, burdened with a crushing debt, her industry paralyzed, and her commerce ruined, the plight of Austria would be the most desperate of any country in the world even if she were not threatened with famine. The markets have been closed for weeks. The frontiers are veritable prison walls, within which two and a quarter million people live in darkness, suffering from cold and hunger. Vienna, once the gayest capital in the world after Paris, has become a city of gloom. Citizens, once wealthy, now stand ill-clothed, awaiting the State's doles to the destitute.

The misery of Austria's children, thousands of whom are hungry and all but naked, besides being afflicted with various diseases, is beyond description. A French correspondent, who watched the bread lines before the soup kitchens where American relief agencies are feeding those under fourteen years of age, relates that one of the managers, pointing to two little girls, said to him: "Often I have to force them to eat. Grief at the thought that their mother has nothing kills their appetite." A poor little girl, wearing men's shoes, in which her feet were lost, tried to crowd in ahead of her turn.

Sent back in the line, she cried. Asked why, she explained that she was wearing the only shoes in the family. She wanted to hurry back, so her brother might have the shoes and come in his turn while there was still food.

A foreign correspondent of THE AVE MARIA assures us that the danger of starvation in Austria is more threatening than in any of the countries suffering from the effects of the war. It will be possible, with the funds on hand or being raised, to support the children of Vienna until spring; but there are thousands of others; and, of course, they need clothing and fuel as well as food. Then there are the bashful poor in great numbers; the sick and aged, too, who must be sought out and relieved; besides orphans to be housed and fed and clothed.

By the terms of an Education Act for Scotland, passed in the year 1918, all voluntary or denominational schools must be transferred by sale or lease to the education authorities, to be "held, maintained, and managed" by them; otherwise no grants (from the State) will be paid. Some time ago it was stated that, so far as Scottish Catholic schools are concerned, Rome left the option of sale or lease to the Catholic authorities; and now comes word that the managers of the Catholic schools of Edinburgh have decided to sell these schools to the educational authorities. It goes without saying that the Scottish Catholics understand their own business best, and it may be taken for granted that they are not sacrificing the religious interests of their children. This whole matter of government aid, in Great Britain, to distinctively Catholic schools has, for the past seventy years, been a source of periodic controversy. Much of interest concerning it is to be found in a recent "Life of Sister Mary of St. Philip." She took the stand, at different periods, that

Catholics could not afford to give up State aid, and it is interesting to know that Father Faber warmly advocated her contention. Fifty years ago the "Conscience Clause" in a new Education Bill perturbed many Catholics, who held that the Bill was the death knell of Catholic ideals in education.

"But again," says the London *Universe*, "those engaged in the actual work of Catholic education could give reassurance. 'Sister Mary of St. Philip and her old friend Father Rowe—the Oratorian, principal of the Hammer-smith Training College—took pains to show that the Conscience Clause left the whole tone and atmosphere of our schools essentially Catholic; in conforming to it, Catholics contravened neither the letter nor the spirit of the law.' Probably neither Sister Mary of St. Philip nor Father Rowe escaped criticism from the extremists of their day. The results, however, have justified their foresight, and few to-day would have it otherwise. As the biographer states, 'But had Catholics in that crisis refused to close with the terms offered, because they could not admit the principle which dictated the terms, elementary education would have passed out of Catholic hands, and with it the opportunity of teaching Catholic truth to the people. This was emphatically Sister Mary of St. Philip's view, as it had been Father Faber's in 1857.'"

Half a century hence, the present action of Edinburgh Catholics may receive a similar vindication.

Whatever the truth may be regarding other crimes, it is certain that homicide has greatly increased since Prohibition went into effect. According to popular expectation, the rate for 1919 should have been lower than during the preceding year when alcoholic liquors were sold freely; but the contrary is the case. Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, of New York, who has

made a study of homicidal statistics in the United States, reports that, with the exception of 1916 and 1917, the rate of homicide for 1919 was the highest on record since he began his studies. His figures show that the death rate from homicide for thirty-one cities, with a population of about 20,000,000 in 1919, increased from an average of 8.2 per 100,000 during 1909–1913 to 8.8 during 1914–1918, and 9.1 during 1919.

Dr. Hoffman asserts that "human life was never so insecure in the United States as it is to-day, and that practically nothing is being done in the direction of reducing the risk of homicidal frequency."

Most persons, we suppose, are of opinion that, as a result of the war, Germany has been sufficiently despoiled, crushed, and humiliated. Gen. Mangin, however, who from July, 1918, onwards commanded the Tenth Army and is now head of the French Army of Occupation, thinks differently. He maintains in a book he has just published that "the spirit of united Germany is unchanged. Her professors continue to teach that Germany ought to govern the world for the greater good of humanity; . . . that she did not desire the war, and has not been beaten; and, finally, that she will rise after her misfortunes of 1918, as she did after the defeat of 1806." It would be interesting to have the names of the professors referred to, and to know where their teachings are given out. There are others besides Germans who feel confident that Germany will rise as France did after the Franco-Prussian War, and again be heard from.

Catholics have been given several rather vigorous scoldings of late for their anti-Christian attitude towards the Negro. The tolerance of, and love for, the colored citizens of this country which is advocated by Father William

Markoe, S. J., and others, is undoubtedly the Catholic ideal. One may doubt, however, whether, under the actual existing state of affairs, that ideal is capable of realization. Our people are, after all, human; counsel is easy, but life is difficult.

It is some consolation to know that Catholics have not been closely concerned with the lynchings which take place in the South with hideous frequency. In an address which John C. Minkins, a newspaper man of Providence, R. I., delivered before the Baptist ministers' union, held in that city, it is asserted that 95 per cent of these murders occurred in States where Protestants predominate. In only one State where Catholics are in the majority, Louisiana, was a Negro lynched. Georgia, the notoriously bigoted commonwealth, staged the largest number of these enlightened performances.

While these statistics are not especially telling, they at least release the Church from responsibility for the most ghoulisb outbursts of mob violence in the Western Hemisphere.

A letter to the editor of the London *Tablet*, signed "T. H. Q." and published in its issue for Jan. 1, inspires the hope that, after a while, those people who see only one side of the Irish Question will be disposed to look at the other. The communication is in reference to the letter addressed to Cardinal Mercier by the president of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. "Is it not deplorable," asks T. H. Q., "that an influential section of the British public and the Irish people can not understand each other? . . . The Catholic Union takes the stand that the people of Ireland should be content with the Government under which they live; that in attempting to rid themselves of that Government they are resisting lawfully constituted authority and are consequently rebels. The people of Ireland,

represented by a majority of over 85 per cent, claim the Government imposed on their country has not justified itself as tending to their welfare, happiness and self-respect; that they have never consented to that Government, and assert they never will. Are we not up against a dilemma? Which party is right? Where does justice lie? If the Catholic Union is right, then indeed are the Irish rebels. If the Irish are right, then the Catholic Union places itself on the side of oppression.

"Were the Government, under which the Irish have been obliged to live, ever so benign, if they do not want it, whence the right to impose on an unwilling people a régime they will not have, and which can be maintained only by force? No prescriptive right follows, because the misgovernment of Ireland has lasted for over seven centuries; on that plea the Turks claim the right of being left in possession of Santa Sofia. If the people of Ireland are justified in their demand, the German plots, real or imaginary, the 1916 uprising, murders committed by Irish extremists goaded to exasperation, are all beside the mark; the question is, and ever must be, Where does justice lie? The theory, 'England's safety depends on Ireland's subjugation,' is Prussianism pure and simple. It hardly accords with the principles so emphatically insisted on as those for which the late war was fought,—principles the British Government has enforced on others. . . ."

All of which we commend to the serious consideration of Englishmen in general and to newspaper correspondents in particular, who, like Froude, "write without restriction."

Although the celebration by the Sisters of Charity of the anniversary of the death of Mother Seton did not attract extraordinary notice from the world at large, there is a sense in which its significance is world-wide. Was

there ever a time when charity could do so much to redeem the nations as now, when the mission of the nun to perpetuate the kindness of Christ was so truly the finest service that it is given woman to perform? The splendid work of Mother Seton needs no presentation here; for her daughters have gone far afield, and have been better witnesses to the inspiration which had gathered them together than any words could be. The Order has prospered, beyond the expectations of its foundress, perhaps. But there lived in Mother Seton a divine clairvoyance, an astonishing fervor, which in due time will doubtless be made more fully known. American women have in the past given notable proof of the courage and devotedness of their sex; but there are few who have so admirably combined strength and love in the forge of their daily lives as this saintly American lady whom the Sisters of Charity remember with the name of Mother.

Replying to what the members of Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church characterize as contemptuous treatment of the Protestant ministry by cartoonists, writers, and actors, the editor of the *Washington Post* pointedly remarks:

... Neither the press, the stage nor the movies depict the clergy of any denomination disrespectfully. There are certain clergymen who make themselves ridiculous, and they are thus fair marks for funmakers. But it is not the fault of the funmakers. When a minister of the Gospel enters the arena of politics and arrogates to himself the powers and privileges of a boss, he must expect to be the target for attack.

There are many highly paid professional reformers in Washington and in other cities of the country who have been tempted from their legitimate fields of labor by the lush grass of specialized activities. They have deserted the drudgeries of parish work, with its penury, its sick calls, its funerals, etc., to become censors of public conduct. They toil not, neither do they spin; but they hold con-

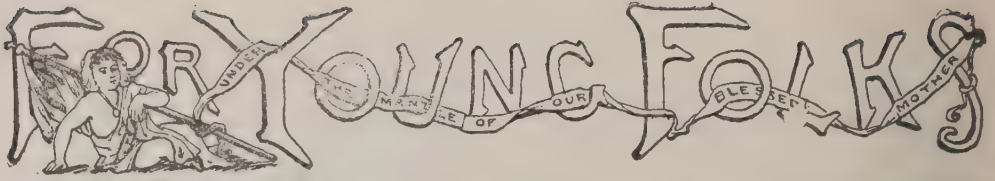
ventions, collect funds, issue impressive manifestos and browbeat Congress. Yet they demand for themselves the same public respect that is willingly and spontaneously vouchsafed to the humble priest of religion who trudges in the path of the lowly Nazarene.

It is they, not the clergy, who are made the butt of jokes and the target of the artist's humor. They should not complain, for the remedy is in their hands. Let them return to the duties for which they were ordained.

From a queer rejoinder to this by Brother Deets, of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we learn that this organization is one of seven "connectional benevolent boards" maintained by the M. E. C. The information, so naively imparted, is decidedly significant in view of the pointed, though guarded, editorial remarks which we have quoted.

When is the Tiger not a tiger? That M. Clemenceau of the hard speech and bitter invective is softening in his mysterious retreat in the Orient, seems quite evident from a little address which, the *London Post* informs us, he delivered to the pupils of a French Sisters' school at Singapore. "I am very much touched," he said, "to meet these good fathers who take part in this work and the Sisters also. I must admit that we have not always been friends; and, frankly, I am glad of it, because it has given us the opportunity to be better friends now. . . . In a few years, perhaps in a few months, you will hear that I am dead. Let me ask you now, when that day comes, to think for a moment of me."

The old French Premier has learned many things since the days when he sat supreme in the cold brilliancy of the *Salle des Glaces*. After having plunged his claws into the clouds of world ambition, he seems to have dug them into the earth, to find there the ineradicable roots of the faith and tradition by which his race has lived.



Angel Friends.

BY A. NON.

OUR Guardian Angels! patient, kind,
And full of tender love and true,—
A wiser and more earnest love
Than human being ever knew;
To whom God giveth heavenly light
To guide our faltering steps aright.
In darkest night, in loneliest path,
In wildest storm, we need not fear;
For God hath given His angels charge,
Where'er we are, to hover near;
And faintest word of humblest prayer
They hear, and unto heaven bear.
Our angel friends!—on wide, swift wings
God sends them to us from above,
Each bearing to our waiting hearts
New revelations of His love;
For all their love of us is still
But glad obedience to His will.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

V.—MARJORIE'S GUARDIAN.

"HALLO,—hallo! What's the matter here?" asked a deep voice, and a heavily built man stepped forward into the green carpeted hall from an entrance at the side. "Marjorie! Miss Marshall! Thunderation! What's the row about?"

"It's my goddaughter, Guardy," answered Marjorie, keeping a trembling hold of her bewildered charge,—
"my goddaughter that has come all the way from France; and Miss Marshall wants to put her out, and I *won't* let her go."

"Your goddaughter!" repeated the

gentleman, fixing eyes shaded by very bushy brows on the frightened Fifine. "Where the d—— did *you* get a goddaughter?"

"If you will let me explain, sir," began Miss Marshall, nervously.

"No!" burst forth Marjorie, steady-ing herself by a tighter clasp of Fifine's waist. "I'm going to explain myself. This is Josephine Marie, Guardy,—the little French orphan that I wrote to a year ago, and sent boxes and clothes and toys. Miss Marshall said it was a nice thing for a little girl to do,—you know you did, Miss Marshall—"

"But, my dear, my dear," interrupted the lady, anxiously, "I never thought—"

"I'm going to talk. I'm going to tell Guardy all," went on Marjorie. "I wrote the letters, and told Josephine Marie I would be her friend and god-mother forever, and signed my name to it—Marjorie Vincent Morse. And you said, Guardy, that made writing solemn and true."

"At times, very solemn and true," agreed the gentleman.

"And now she has come," continued Marjorie, breathlessly,—
"she has come all the way from France. And her aunt is dead, and Mademoiselle that brought her is lost she doesn't know where; and she has come to me, her godmother. And I'm going to keep her, Guardy! Isn't she the dearest darling of a god-daughter you ever saw? And she has my blue satin dress that I sent her; and all my letters are in her little bag."

"If I might say a word, Mr. Carter," began Miss Marshall, desperately.

"You may, Madam, in a moment. Sit down, Marjorie. You'll hurt yourself standing so long. Now" (as Marjorie, still holding to Fifine, sank down on the

velvet divan, he drew out the watch from his pocket), "keep quiet for three minutes and let Miss Marshall talk. Explain, if you please, Miss Marshall, the meaning of all this excitement, which the doctors declare is so injurious to my ward."

And Miss Marshall, exceedingly nervous under the frown of the bushy brows, explained:

"It was more than a year ago—about fifteen months perhaps, or not quite so long—"

"Spare unnecessary details, Madam. We have only three minutes," interposed the gentleman.

"I became a member of a society to help the friendless orphans of France. I am sure you have heard of it."

"Quite frequently," was the brief reply; "and, I may add, quite extensively."

"And, partly to be of help, but chiefly, I assure you, to interest and amuse Marjorie, I suggested that she, too, could assist. There was so much of which she was tired,—her clothes, toys, dolls, books. I proposed that we should pack them up and send them to the friendless children in France, or, as the popular idea then was, to be a god-mother to some one. The idea pleased her, interested her, diverted her for weeks. Indeed, both the doctors and I noted marked improvement while the fancy lasted."

"I see. And this is the result." Mr. Carter's eyes rested on the small figure in the clasp of Marjorie's trembling arm.

"I hope you don't consider me responsible, sir," went on Miss Marshall. "It never occurred to me to read the letters which the child seems to think established some sort of an absurd claim."

"Not at all,—not at all!" was the brusque answer. "Your explanation is satisfactory, Madam, and your three minutes are up. The question is" (the

frown of the bushy brows grew blacker and heavier), "who the dickens brought the child here?"

And Bryce, who had been leaning against the wall in gleeful enjoyment of the scene, answered:

"I rather think I'll have to stand for that, Uncle Miles."

"You!" Uncle Miles turned a very thundercloud of a face upon the rash speaker. "You graceless young jack-anapes, what had *you* to do with it?"

"Nothing in the world, Uncle," was the light answer. "I found this small person looking around for her god-mother, Marjorie Vincent Morse; and, as she seemed a harmless little freak, I trotted her in. I was about to trot her out again when you appeared."

"Try it!" flashed out Marjorie, catching Fifine in a tighter hold. "You just try trotting out my goddaughter, Bryce King! I'm going to keep her,—can't I, Guardy?"

"Keep her!"—a lightning gleam shot from under the butting brows,—"keep a strange little beggar here! No, you can't."

"She isn't a beggar at all. You shan't call my goddaughter a beggar, Guardy. You said I could have anything I wanted if I let the doctors put these cages on my legs,—*anything*, Guardy. You promised to get me a grey pony and a nice little carriage to drive myself, or a movie picture here in my own rooms, or a white fur coat lined with blue, or anything. And I couldn't make up my mind what I wanted. Now I know, Guardy,—I know. I want my goddaughter,—I want my goddaughter. Bryce King shan't take her away."

"Non, non, non!" murmured Fifine, who had only a bewildered comprehension of the excited conversation around her. "I will not go away, since it sorrows you so much, my godmother. I will stay if you wish,—I will stay long time."

"The devil you will," said Uncle

Miles, fiercely. "A fine mess you have made for us with your meddling, Master Bryce! Where did you pick up this little fool?"

"At this door, sir," answered Bryce, his eyes dancing with a glee that Uncle Miles' bushy brows could not suppress. "She was inquiring for her godmother. Not knowing any one who seemed entitled to that name, I turned her away, only to find she had written evidence of her claim in that small bag of hers. Hand over your papers, kiddie."

"My—my papers, Monsieur?" repeated Fifine.

"The letters from your godmother," explained Bryce, with a grin he could not hide.

"This may be a fine joke for you, sir," said Uncle Miles; "but you should have learned by this time that jokes are not in my line."

"I know that, sir." Bryce became suddenly serious. "But—but this poor little midget of yours was in a bad way this afternoon, and I thought a visiting goddaughter might be a diversion for her. If you look at these letters, perhaps, after Miss Marshall's explanation of the correspondence, you will understand."

"I don't care to understand," was the gruff answer. "It's a piece of idiocy from beginning to end. Come, Marjorie: we have had enough excitement for this afternoon. You must let this strange little girl go."

"I won't,—I won't!" cried Marjorie, shrilly. "And she hasn't any place to go. She has lost Mademoiselle who brought her here—brought her to me, to her godmother. And I'm going to keep her—"

"My dear, you can't,—you can't!" interposed Miss Marshall, nervously. "You don't know what disease the poor little creature may have brought from those terrible places across the sea."

"*Oui, oui,*" said Fifine, vaguely catching the lady's meaning. "*Ah, oui, Madame,* it was terrible, the great sea.

It made me sick all the time. But now I am well. I eat biscuit, milk, everything. The doctors look at me and say, 'All right,—all right.' So I come to my godmother all right."

"And now you're *going* 'all right,'" said Bryce, cheerily. "Come along. We'll have another hunt for that Mademoiselle of yours. She may be in the park now, looking out for you. Let her go, Marjorie. She can come back again, you know. Come, kiddie!"

Bryce tried to take Fifine's little hand, but Marjorie caught the child in her arms and burst into a wild storm of tears and sobs.

"You shan't take her away,—you shan't! Why can't I keep her, Guardy? You let me have dogs and cats and parrots: why can't I have a goddaughter? I'll die if you take her away from me. My heart is jumping as fast as it can now, and I can't get my breath."

"Oh, my poor godmother,—my poor godmother! She has the spasm!" wailed Fifine, who had not passed untaught through the terrors of Saint Celeste. "Bring her the water, the ice, Monsieur."

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" cried poor Miss Marshall, desperately aware of her employer's blackening frown.

"Thunderation!" burst forth Uncle Miles, in fury. "Is this the best you can do for your money, Madam? Letting the child shriek herself to death! Be still, Marjorie,—be still, you little wild-cat! You can do anything, have anything, keep anything you please!"

"My goddaughter,—I don't want anything but my goddaughter!" gasped Marjorie, struggling for speech. "Can I keep my goddaughter, Guardy?"

"Yes, yes, *yes!*" roared Uncle Miles. "Let me get out of here, or I'll go off in apoplexy myself."

"You mean the child, this strange child is to stay here, sir?" ventured

Miss Marshall, as the gentleman turned away.

"Yes, Madam,—yes. I would let the devil himself stay, to stave off such a row as this. Let Marjorie keep the child until to-morrow. By that time she will be tired of her, as she tires of everything; and we can let her go."

And Uncle Miles, who had high blood pressure that his doctors warned him must not be trifled with, went off to calm down; while Bryce thought it wise to escape further trouble by following him at a safe distance, leaving Miss Marshall to quiet her charge with the usual dose of bromide which such "tantrums" demanded.

"No, no!" said Marjorie, thrusting it aside. "I don't want it. My heart has stopped jumping and I'm all right. Just get my rolling chair, Miss Marshall, and let my goddaughter push me into my rooms. I will show you all my pretty things, Josephine Marie."

"That is a long name to say," murmured the goddaughter. "In my own land they call me Fifine."

"Fifine! That is dear!" declared Marjorie, approvingly.

"And," added Fifine, "'godmother' is a long word, too. In French it is shorter. I will call you *marraine*, if you so wish."

"Oh, yes, yes! That is much better," was the eager answer. "Here is the chair now,"—as Miss Marshall came forward, pushing a pretty little affair of gaily cushioned wicker-work, that might have been a fairy chariot. "We will go into my rooms, and I will show you my games, my toys, my birds. My dog is gone. He got cross. Dogs don't like being shut up. Some day I will get another. But now I don't want dogs or pony or anything, but you, Fifine. I don't want anything but you, my dear goddaughter!"

And the pale, drawn little face, with its big grey eyes that a moment before had been so wild and fierce,

softened and brightened wonderfully as, taking the handle of the chair, Fifine pushed her *marraine* through the wide door, that Miss Marshall opened, into a suite of rooms beautiful enough for a fairy queen.

The soft rugs that carpeted the shining floors seemed beds of blooming flowers; the wide windows were draped with rose-colored curtains; the dainty furniture was ivory and gold; the snowy bed was canopied with lace. The old chateau of La Roque had been a bare, simple place even at its best; and Fifine's late days, all want and desolation.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" she gasped as all this splendor burst upon her. "Never did I see anything so beautiful. You sleep, you live here, *marraine?*"

"Yes," said Marjorie. "This is my bedroom. It is pink now, and last year it was blue,—so blue that it made me sad, so Guardy let me change it. I like pink best, don't you?"

"Oh, I do not know,—I do not know!" said Fifine, as she paused in her pushing for a breathless survey of the wonderful apartment. "Both are beautiful. And you change all this when you please?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, lightly. "I get tired of things, you know, when I look at them so long. Next year perhaps I will have my room yellow or green,—I do not know. There is the bath,"—and she pointed through a curtained arch into an alcove that was all white and silver. "And Miss Marshall's room is next. Now push me in through those doors."

And Fifine pushed on into further splendors. There was a little library, with low shelves filled with books, and a soft-cushioned couch in its big window. There was a wide, screened porch, gay with potted plants, where three canaries swung in gilded cages. There was a play-room. "Ah, *mon Dieu!*" Fifine could only murmur her

delight under her breath. Such a play-room! Dolls, that might have been the lost Toinette's sisters or cousins, sat in rows and tiers; toys of all kinds filled the shelves; between the windows there was a Punch and Judy show that talked by phonograph; there was a circus that went by machinery, where the clowns tumbled, and the riders vaulted over bars, and short-skirted ladies pirouetted through spangled hoops most naturally. There was everything that earthly child could want or wish, from the jewelled cuckoo clock that greeted her with its cheery chirp in the mornings, to the victrola whose wonderful records sang her to sleep at night.

"And it is all yours, *marraine*," little Fifine could only whisper in breathless amazement,—*"all yours! Truly the good God could give you no more. It is—like—like heaven, marraine."*

"And you shall have it all with me," said Marjorie. "There is another little room near mine, with the white bed I used to have, where you shall sleep; and we will play together and read together and live together, and be friends, as I wrote in my letters,—be friends, forever, my goddaughter,—friends forever and forever."

(To be continued)

A New Employment for Dogs.

There has been a recent exhibition in one of the European cities for the purpose of proving that dogs can be trained to wander over battlefields and find wounded soldiers who lie uncared for in secluded places. Men were sent to hide themselves in nooks of the countryside; but as soon as a dog was released and ordered to "Search!" he trotted off, his nose to the ground, to find the apparently lost persons. Then he returned to the officers and led them to where the men were in hiding. The experiment was repeated many times and never failed once.

A Royal Deed.

THE Prussian King, Frederick the Great, called by his own people "Old Fritz," was in the habit of working late into the night. One evening, as he sat in his chamber, he rang his bell for a page. No one responded. Getting up, he opened the door of the ante-room, and found his page sound asleep upon a chair. He approached and was about to awaken him, when he noticed a bit of writing-paper protruding from the boy's pocket. His curiosity being aroused, the King cautiously drew the paper forth and found it to be a letter from the boy's mother, thanking him for the aid he had sent her out of his wages. "God will reward you, my dear son," she wrote, "if you continue to be faithful to Him. Be obedient to the King, and even earthly fortune will not fail us."

Returning quietly to his room, the King brought a roll of ducats, and placed it in the boy's pocket, without awakening him. Then he went back to his apartment and rang—so loud that the page awoke.

"So you have slept well?" said the King.

The page stammered out a half excuse, and in his confusion put his hands down into his pockets. Surprised and alarmed at finding therein a lot of money, he took it out, and stood looking at the King with tears in his eyes, unable to utter a word.

"What is the matter?" asked Old Fritz.

"Ah, your Majesty, I am ruined! I must have enemies that I did not know of. They have concealed all this money in my pocket!"

"God's gifts come to us sometimes while we are asleep," said the kind-hearted old King. "Send this to your good mother, with my compliments, and assure her I shall see that she is always provided for."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The latest book by Mr. James Huneker, whose volume of reminiscences ("Steeple-jack") we noticed last week, is "Bedouins," his somewhat eccentric name for modern Bohemian artists.

—The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Council is soon to publish a directory of Catholic schools and colleges. It is compiled by the Rev. Dr. James H. Ryan, and has a preface by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edward Pace. The book will contain about 800 pages.

—The first volume of a study of the Vulgate Psalter in the light of the Hebrew text, by the Rev. Patrick Boylan, has been issued by Gill & Sons. It is designed to afford seminarians, priests, and the educated laity, such information as is needed for the intelligent use of the Psalter. Each psalm is given in the Latin text and English translation, and has a commentary.

—The "Australian Catholic Directory" for 1921, edited by the Rev. Peter J. Murphy, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, would be hard to beat among year-books for comprehensiveness, accuracy, and conciseness. The information presented is supplied by the archbishops and bishops of Australasia. All books likely to be so much used as this should be sewed with thread instead of wire.

—Everyone interested in cartooning generally, and in the 'Ole Bill who smiled the war away particularly, will find the "Bairnsfather Case" a very readable book. (Putnam's Sons.) It is really a literary duet, in which Bruce Bairnsfather and his enthusiastic friend, W. A. Mutch, undertake to explain how the artist leaped from obscurity to fame out of a trench in Flanders. Of course, most of it is rather raucous advertising; but Bairnsfather certainly can say things, and some of the numerous sketches done for the book are really good.

—A church of rare beauty and real distinction, a masterpiece of architecture exquisitely decorated, is St. Agnes' Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Its devoted pastor and parishioners have good reason to felicitate themselves on the possession of so magnificent an edifice. The generosity to which it owes its existence was inspired by the noblest motives. From a very interesting description of it by Anne O'Hare McCormick, we learn

that "in twenty-seven years there has never been a personal solicitation of contributors or a public record of contributions." The work of the architect, Mr. John Theodore Comes, was done in the same spirit—*con amore*. St. Agnes' is described in a handsome brochure of forty-eight pages, with numerous illustrations, printed by the Martin Co., Cleveland.

—"The Palace Beautiful" is an elegant book, in which the Rev. Frederick A. Houck essays to describe the human soul as the residence of the Spirit of God. It is brimful of sound popular teaching on personal religion, and will doubtless do good. Under the friendly guise of a gift book, such volumes get into places where more learned and literary ones might meet with a rebuff. Fr. Pustet & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.50.

—The following lines from a recently published poem on "Westminster Abbey," by Mr. W. M. Watt, present a fine example of stately cadence. The author is a poet of rare literary gift, and this is a striking specimen of his distinguished craftsmanship:

While "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" from the shrine
Thrills softly: "Et in terra pax" with chords divine,
The pilgrim chaunts unto the sounding line,
"Hominibus bonæ voluntatis." Amen, Amen;
The pilgrim whispers and again
Amen, Amen, so softly sibilant
Engages with the high triumphant chaunt,
Until with chords prolonged the closing strains
Abruptly die and once more silence reigns.
Amen, Amen, the pilgrim sighs, and, rising then,
Fares slowly forth, yet whispering low, Amen, Amen.

—It is difficult to express in a limited amount of space just what could be said for the brochure entitled "The International Jew: The World's Foremost Problem." On the whole, one is vividly reminded of Mr. Chesterton's "The Man who was Thursday," a volume which is made up of intangible complots intangibly arranged. It may be said in general that this work (published under Mr. Henry Ford's auspices) is an attempt to show that there is a world-wide Jewish conspiracy to gain control over Gentile peoples,—a conspiracy that is at once weirdly efficient and weirdly strenuous. The argument involved seems to us to consist of deductions too large for their premises. While it is true that international finance is under Semitic control, and that the leaders of Russian revolution are, almost without exception, Jews, one is not so easily impressed with the statement that there is an alliance between the two. We

admit that the rise of Lenin and Trotsky was startling; that the leaders who have pledged part of the Socialist party in France and elsewhere to the Third Internationale are Jews; and that a great deal of the moral filth exuded from the press, the theatre, and the cinema are due to representatives of the same race. This may amount to a practical conspiracy, and it may not. There is no satisfactory evidence to prove either assertion. If there be a Jewish conspiracy, there are also others. The Church has not inveighed against secret societies for no reason whatever.

—Visitors to California, all of whom are attracted to the old missions, which indeed are its chief glory, will do well to provide themselves with a new book by Mr. Trowbridge Hall, published by the Macmillan Co.: "California Trails.—An Intimate Guide to the Old Missions." It is a handsome volume of 243 pages, with 32 full-page illustrations. The author has not undertaken to write a history of the missions,—that has already been done by others; but he has studied their works, and gleaned from them many interesting facts and delicious tidbits, which greatly enhance both the value and the charm of his narrative. Though a non-Catholic, Mr. Hall writes with understanding, even appreciation, of the work of the Franciscans in California, and pays many glowing tributes to their zeal and self-sacrifice. Of Father Junipero Serra, their heroic leader, he says: 'California is forever indebted to him.' Price, \$5.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsell & Co.) 16s.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Jose Siso, of the diocese of Galveston; Rt. Rev. Thomas Flannery, diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. Philip Murphy and Rev. Charles King, S. J.

Sister M. Claudine, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Frank Duncan, Mr. William Hake, Miss Nellie Burns, Mrs. Emma Mugs, Miss Mary Klein, Mr. Charles Garlinger, Mr. Michael Froley, Mrs. William Lee, Mrs. Owen McKeon, Miss M. J. Golder, Mr. James Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Buttimer, Mrs. Catherine Shannon, Mr. William Masterson, Mrs. Thomas Halligan, Mr. John Bucknar, Mrs. Ellen Bucknar, Mrs. Nora McHale, Mrs. Bartholomew Edgeworth, Mrs. Mary Connelly, Mr. William Creedon, Mr. Wilfrid Dwyer, Mrs. Mary Edleman, Miss B. M. Sharkey, Mr. Henry Evans, Mr. John Sullivan, Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, Mr. James Marshall, Mrs. Margaret Marshall, Mr. Frederick Cunningham, Mr. Thomas Connors, Mr. A. J. Bonus, Mr. James Dee, Mr. F. B. Graflage, Mrs. Johanna Kirby, Mrs. Mary Donavan, Mr. Otto Hauck, Mr. Julius Diel, Mr. Michael Dunne, Mrs. Ann Kelly, Mr. George Broeckelmann, Miss Anna Heller, Mr. James Doolan, Mrs. Mary Ryan, Mr. F. B. Selmann, Mr. James Babcock, Mr. John Moloney, Mr. Daniel Madden, Mrs. Augustine Arsenault, Mr. Benjamin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Collins, Mr. Robert Churchill, and Mr. John Fraser.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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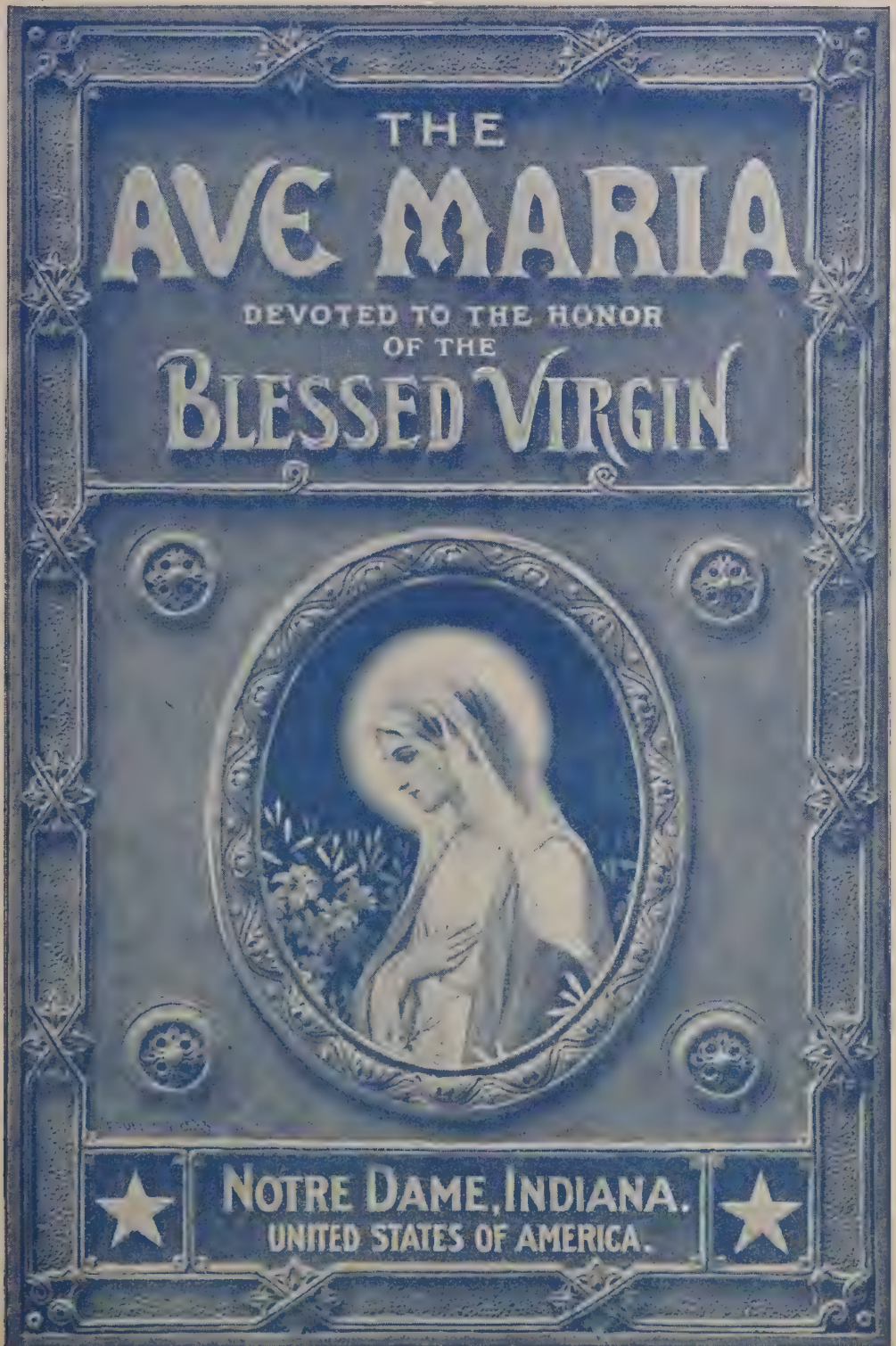
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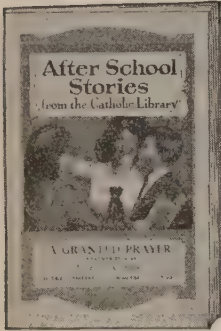
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NO. 6

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Mater Purissima.

BY W. H. HAMILTON OF GAULDREY.

WHEN I think long of Him,
What He may be,
My dreams in twilight dim
Wander to thee,—
How thou, so calm and mild,
Hast sung or wept,
And kist thy Holy Child
While soft He slept;
How then those gentle songs,
Kisses and tears
Waked pity for the wrongs
And grief of the years.
For a song in an infant's heart
Or dream uncured,
In the man's soul hath its part
To save the world.
Wherefore we deem it meet,
O Star of the Sea,
Madonna pure and sweet,
To reverence thee!

Natural Laws and the Lawgiver.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

HERE are some people who say that science and religion have nothing to do with each other; that there is no point of contact between them; that, in other words, they never deal with the same subject, and so all opposition between them is not merely unnecessary, but wholly imaginary. Unfortunately, it is not imaginary, though it is unnecessary.

According to these people, when we

hear of any scientific discovery, or supposed discovery, that seems to contradict some doctrine of religion, we ought to say to ourselves, "I hold my religion by faith only; scientific discoveries can not make any difference. Religion knows nothing about science, and science knows nothing about religion. Let each go its own way, neither troubling about the other." That would be a very comfortable view if it were true; but it is not true. The fact of the existence of a very old quarrel between science and religion—or, it would be more accurate to say, between some scientific men and religion,—ought to be enough to tell us that there are departments of human thought and knowledge in which science and religion come in contact with each other. It would be absurd to suppose that the ablest intellects on both sides for ages have exercised themselves in discussions that had no foundation whatever.

The truth is this: there need be no quarrel between religion and science; religion *has* no quarrel with true, genuine science; the quarrel is between religion and that false science which consists in the presentation of unproved theories as if they were ascertained facts, or in the wrong interpretations of, or unjustified inference from, scientific facts. Sometimes, too, an appearance of opposition arises because religious truth itself is wrongly presented. Religion is not at all afraid of any true scientific discovery. On the contrary, the reasonable basis of re-

ligious truth is eventually confirmed and supported by every new fact that science makes known to us, provided it is a real fact and not a fancy, and provided it is not used to draw unwarrantable conclusions.

There are many sciences. At present I am speaking only of what we call natural or physical science,—the science that examines the physical, material universe, and the visible or palpable things which it contains; the things, that is, which are in one way or another perceptible by our senses. There are other sciences. There is the science of history; the science of criticism of ancient documents, sacred and secular. In this is included what is known as the Higher Criticism of the Bible, liable to degenerate into what some one called the “higher captiousness.” There is the science of psychology, dealing with the human soul. Of all these sciences, what I have said is true: that no real fact or genuine truth that they make known to us will be found, upon careful inquiry, to contradict any of the genuine teachings of religion. An appearance of contradiction may sometimes arise, but it will disappear on being properly investigated.

Let us try now to understand exactly what is the position as regards physical science—with which alone, I said, we are dealing at present—and religion. And we will ask, on what points do they come in contact with each other? It is where they come in contact that opposition arises,—the unnecessary opposition that is worked up by a certain class of physical scientists. If they did not come in contact at all, there could not be even that unnecessary and mistaken quarrel. You can not very well have a fight between an elephant and a whale. The opponents must be able to meet somewhere on the same ground.

To find the points of contact between science and religion, we must see what are the subjects with which each of

them deals; and, to some extent, how each deals with its subject. It will be sufficient now to confine ourselves chiefly to the subject-matter and method of science, touching on religion only so far as necessary to show where lies the ground common to both.

The first thing that physical science does is to examine very carefully all the phenomena of nature which it can discover and notice; and it is always hunting for fresh and hitherto undiscovered phenomena. By a phenomenon, of which “phenomena” is the plural, we mean simply any visible or palpable fact or happening in nature, such as the fact that a heavy body always tends to fall earthward; that light, passing through a prism, is split into various rays, some of them, it is now known, invisible, and able to pass through what have hitherto been called opaque substances. Such are the celebrated X-rays, by means of which your skeleton can actually be photographed. Such phenomena, in their multitudinous variety, are examined most carefully and most precisely under all the varying conditions in which they can be placed, at least all that can be thought of by the able and learned men who give themselves up to this most useful and most instructive work.

The next thing science does is to arrange and classify all the facts and phenomena that are noticed, and to group similar phenomena together. Thus all those things—chemical substances, for instance—that always behave in precisely the same way under like conditions, are put in a class. By this method scientists arrive at what are called “laws of nature.” A “law of nature” may be regarded in two ways: as a formulation of the record of experience, or as a tendency to act in a certain manner impressed upon things in nature. Huxley, looking at laws of nature in the first way mentioned, said that such a law “is simply

a mere record of experience. Thus the law of gravitation is simply a statement of the manner in which experience shows that bodies which are free to move, do, in fact, move towards one another."

This is true, but it is scarcely an adequate account of the matter. It is valuable, as emphasizing what it is very necessary indeed to emphasize—namely, that, as Cardinal Newman said, "a law is not a cause, but a fact." And Father Gerard, in "The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer,"* says: "A 'law of nature' . . . is simply a statement of what *de facto* has always been found to occur under certain conditions, and may consequently be expected again. It is obvious, however, that such expectation is implicitly based on *the existence of some cause capable of ensuring the result.*" (Italics mine.) The "cause capable of ensuring the result" is the Agent—none other than the Creator, as we know—who has impressed upon matter those constant directive tendencies which, by a most legitimate analogy with ethical and positive rules of conduct; we call "laws of nature."

Briefly, here, as in moral science, a law demands a lawgiver. It is important, therefore, not to lose sight of the fact that a proved and established "law of nature," apart from supposititious "laws" often theoretically formulated by those who have "fish to fry," is not merely a verbal "record of experience," but is also an actual fact existing in nature, and demanding, to account for it, some cause beyond itself.

One of the fallacies which have brought about unnecessary opposition between science and religion is that advanced by some scientists when they talk of "laws of nature" as if they were the *causes* of regularity or constancy of behavior in material things,—regularity of which, regarded as formularies, they are the *expression*; and

with which, regarded as facts in nature, they are simply *identical*. The "law," as a fact, *is* that regularity recognized from its constancy as somehow necessitated; as a formulary, it asserts that regularity to be a matter proved by prolonged observation. To say, for instance, that the law of gravitation *causes* heavy bodies to fall is the same thing as to say that they fall because they have a fixed tendency to do so. This does not account for the existence of the tendency. Yet some scientists speak as if it did. They erect these "laws" into all-sufficient causes of what they assert, or into causes of their own existence: the first, if we regard them as formularies; the second, if we look at them as facts.

At the head of these "laws" is placed by an extremist school the great "law of evolution," as the first, universal, and only cause of everything that is. They put this "law of evolution" in the place of God. You don't need God, they say: evolution accounts for everything. But what does the "law of evolution" mean? It means, and it can only mean even in the minds of its worshippers, that observation shows things to have arrived at their present state by a process of evolution which, from its constancy, is evidently due to a fixed tendency in them to evolve as they do.

I am supposing, of course, for the sake of argument, what is not really the case—namely, that evolution has been proved to be as universal and all-embracing as these theorists claim. Even so, to say that evolution accounts for everything that is, is merely to deliver the profound dictum that things evolve because they evolve. If we ask why they evolve, we want a more serious answer than this. If, indeed, a law of evolution *is* impressed upon all nature, then this "law," as much as any other "law of nature," demands a lawgiver, a first cause that has impressed upon things the tendency of which the "law,"

* P. 17, Note 2.

when formulated, is the expression.

In the course of what is somewhat in the nature of a digression, we have come to the third stage in the processes of science, and to the common ground on which science and religion meet; on which, therefore, opposition becomes possible. This third stage is the inquiry by science into the ultimate causes of things,—the causes that lie at the back of the laws of nature themselves. When science observes and classifies phenomena; when it enunciates (often most truly, and with results of inestimable value) natural laws, religion has nothing to say to it, except on occasion to object, on ethical grounds, to the putting forth of pure theory as if it were ascertained fact. In regard to facts duly established, religion can have no quarrel with the scientist.

When, however, we come to the inquiry as to ultimate causes, and, as is inevitable, to the question of the original First Cause of all things—of their being, life, and movement,—then religion is concerned; and if science could prove that all can be accounted for by some agency within the universe, something in the cosmos and not independent of it, then indeed would collapse those proofs of God's existence that religion itself seeks in the visible Creation, and science would be able to claim a triumph. But that never has been, and never will be done. When scientists set up the cause or law *within* nature as the original *of* nature, they land themselves in absurdities that, if generally accepted by its professors, would reduce science itself from the position of a noble and illuminating guide towards God and religion to that of a blind and deceitful leader into the abyss of scepticism and unbelief.

Another point of contact between science and religion is the question of the existence and nature of the human soul. If we are merely highly perfected apes, certainly we have no use for

religion. If our relatively perfected apishness is part of a mechanical evolution, so that all human life—all thought, all intellect, all poetry and knowledge and genius and art; all noble sentiment, all morality, all love and affection and sympathy; all heroism and sacrifice; all, too, that we call religion; all reverence and devotion, all holy conduct and aspiration; the wonderful and consoling mysteries of the Faith, as well as the noble and fiery enthusiasm with which bright Youth lately threw itself into a deathly struggle for the ideals of justice and loyalty,—if these things, which are things of the soul, are with the soul to which they belong just phases of the purely mechanical evolution and complicated development of the movements that were (we are not told whence) in the original primitive nebula from which all things are said to have come, then, again, religion, as we understand it, is destroyed.

And there are professed scientists who would force this dismal conception upon the world. According to them, we are soulless cogs in a soulless machine. That is how the extreme materialist or mechanical theory of the universe affects our own lives.

Other scientific men take up what is called the Agnostic position. "Agnostic" means not knowing. Agnosticism is a kind of Know-Nothingism in regard to supersensible things. These men refuse to acknowledge that science has any means of discovering the ultimate Cause of all things; they deny that there is here common ground with religion, and that science, if properly used, points inevitably and surely to a divine Creator. They say that science can not find the First Cause,—can not discover anything about the soul. "I have dissected many bodies," a doctor once said, "and I never found a soul yet." In one way he spoke reasonably: neither the soul nor God can be discovered by the senses alone, nor by any

purely physical means. But we have minds; we can make inferences; we can argue from one thing to another. And science is continually making the most wonderful inferences. No one ever saw or felt the ether, yet science believes in it because it has inferred it,—that is to say, has argued that it must exist, because we can not possibly account for many things in nature without it. That is exactly the argument for the existence of God, only in the case of God we can not account for the existence of anything at all without Him.

If science, then, as it admittedly does, seeks ultimate causes, and reaches them by inference, it may not deny the validity of that process in reaching the knowledge of the existence of God, the First Cause, the Ultimate of ultimates. Indeed, one must consider it a false modesty on the part of physical scientists to say that the search for the First Cause is beyond their province. Technically, it may be so; but there is no reason why all, as so many have done, should not admit that here even physical science and religion meet on common ground, not to quarrel, but to agree. The same might be said of the question of the soul, of which the existence and spiritual nature are made known by those operations of thought and generalization that the physical scientist exercises.

So it is that, far from opposition, there is in reality an agreement between true science and religion on the common ground on which they meet—the inquisition for the intimate Cause of all that is. It is here that true science ends, having led its votaries to the threshold of Faith; it is here that religion begins, leading the soul on to the high mysteries of God, that are, indeed, beyond the reach of any human science, but are known through the very word of God Himself in the revelation that He has made to men through Jesus Christ, His Son.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

VII.



TWO hours or more before day-break on the morning following the meeting we witnessed at Englefield House, an early traveller, entering the town of Reading by the western highway from Bath, would have encountered a cavalcade, the object of whose journey at such an hour would have been difficult to define. It consisted of about twenty men, mounted, fully armed, and headed by one whose costume indicated official position, as did the more simple dress of two who rode by his side.

This was the sheriff of the county of Berks, with his under-sheriff and petty officers. The completeness of their martial equipments indicated that they anticipated an enemy from whom strong resistance might be expected.

Keeping the main road for about two miles beyond Reading, they then turned to the left, and, crossing the River Kennett, continued their journey through Burghfield Common, at the extremity of which they struck into a narrow lane to the right.

Proceeding for a considerable distance, during which they took several branch roads to both the right and left, they found themselves, as the first dawn was breaking, skirting a large park. The leader called a halt, and expressed his opinion that they had lost their way. While debating the best course to take, a man was seen hastening towards them. The moment he espied the troops, he struck into a copse, and, in spite of their shouts, quickly disappeared.

Ordering his men to remain where they were, Sir Francis Knolleys (that being the name of the sheriff) rode forward, with his two immediate companions, to the nearest house.

The first peep of dawn was breaking on Ufton Court, as well as upon the sheriff and his troops, when a haggard, unkempt figure dashed out of the adjoining wood and rushed frantically to the mansion. He tried three of the four outer doors only to find them barred against him. The fourth, in an obscure corner, was ajar. Pushing it open, he entered and immediately barred it behind him.

The fugitive was Andrew Gaylor, who—feeling that the evidence which had been forced from him might tend to the ruin of Mr. Perkins, for whom all his former good feelings had returned—had watched his opportunity to escape from surveillance and warn his patron of the impending danger.

The lower part of the mansion was tenantless. Gaylor hastened to the first floor, where he knew the Squire's apartments were situated; and, without waiting to knock, burst into the room.

Mr. Perkins, who was half dressed, looked round in astonishment; but, before he could utter a word, Gaylor exclaimed:

"The priest,—the priest! Look to him! 'You are betrayed! I am the betrayer!'"

"You, Andrew!" replied Mr. Perkins. "You betray me! What priest do you mean? I have none to deliver to you. Begone!"

"If you have a priest in the house, Mr. Perkins, in pity lead me to him. Not a moment is to be lost. But five minutes ago I saw the priest-hunting crew in Padworth Lane. They will be here in a few minutes."

"Nay, Andrew, had I a priest in the house I certainly would not put him in the hands of a man who, to my face, tells me that he has betrayed me. But it matters not: they will find no priest here. Once more I say, leave me."

"Master, master, pray hear me and take my word! I betrayed you; but it was my weakness and against my better

self. There is no time for explanation now, but later I will tell you all. Once more, if you have a priest in the house, warn him of his danger, or it will be too late. If no priest is here, then look to your church stuff and books; for if they find you in the possession of them, it will cost you dear."

"Go, Andrew, I say! They can do their worst. God and His Holy Mother will sustain us. On your own confession I can not trust you."

"Curse my confession and the folly which led me into this mess! I tell you, Squire, I am your friend, and would help you. Nay, I will prove it. Look you here. I know every secret hiding-place in the Court, every hole where even an *Agnus Dei* could be hidden. With this knowledge, should I not rather have led the hounds to hunt their prey than come to warn you, as I have done? Traitor to you I may have been, but God knows I am so no longer. Is a priest in the house? If so, trust him to me, and I swear I will save him and you."

Mr. Perkins paused an instant. Then, holding out his hand, he replied:

"I will trust you and leave all to God. There is a priest in the house at this moment. He is doubtless vesting for Mass. Seek him in the chapel—you know your way. I will follow in a moment."

"Nay, do not follow: trust me with the charge. See you that Aylen, or some one else in whom you have full confidence, equips, without a moment's delay, two horses, which he must have within a quarter of an hour in the wood below the lower fish-stew. Instruct him to convey whoever he sees in my charge to some safe place. First, perhaps, it had better be to Woollascot's at Woolhampton; but I leave that to you. Delay not an instant." With these words, Gaylor hastily departed.

Mr. Perkins, turning towards the window while hurrying on his coat,

espied enough to convince him that Gaylor was right; for at the extreme end of the avenue the body of horsemen, headed by the sheriff, were advancing. Mesea was dispatched to bar all the lower windows and doors that might by chance have been left open; for by this time most of the household were astir, and Aylen had barely time to slip round to the stables before the troops were battering at the front door. To gain as much time as possible, no notice was taken at first of the intruders; but at length Mesea, looking from an upper window, demanded why they disturbed the house at so early an hour.

"We demand instant admittance in the Queen's name," replied the sheriff.

"I must first seek my master," responded Mesea.

"We brook no delay. Acquaint him that Francis Knolleys, sheriff for Berks, of her Most Gracious Majesty, demands instant admission to his presence."

After as much more delay as decency permitted, Mesea slowly unbarred the door. The sheriff, with his two companions, entered, and were met in the hall by the master of the house.

Greeting Sir Francis Knolleys, with whom he was well acquainted, Mr. Perkins demanded in friendly tones the nature of his business.

"I regret, Mr. Perkins," replied Sir Francis, "that the office which I have the honor to hold from her Most Gracious Majesty imposes on me the very unpleasant duty of demanding at your hands the person of one George Lingam, a seminary priest, who, from information sworn to by a liege subject of her Majesty, is known to be under your roof. If you think fit to surrender him to my custody without demur, I can promise you, on my word as an old friend and near neighbor, that you shall be held free from the pains and penalties which the law imposes on those who harbor these enemies of the Queen and

the religion of her realm. If you think fit to resist my appeal, I hold a warrant under the seal of Sir Francis Walsingham to search your house, and take such measures as I may think fit to secure the person of the said George Lingam. I trust that you will in your discretion see fit to relieve me of so unpleasant a duty."

Sir Francis Knolleys, in spite of the honey of his tongue, was one of the most bigoted Protestants of his time. A large sharer in the spoils of Reading Abbey, he had good reason to support the established religion; and in doing so he lost no opportunity of persecuting those who held to the belief of his forefathers. To Mr. Perkins the character of this man was well known, and he took his words for what he thought they were worth. His reply was truthful, as the sequel will show, but it rendered him no relief.

"I hasten to assure you, Sir Francis, that a more loyal subject to her Majesty does not exist than her humble servant who stands before you. I am equally loyal to the faith which I profess, and I hesitate not a single moment to say that if a priest lay hidden in my house I would not render him to you, for I do not recognize the right which the present laws impose on a man's conscience; but I am glad to be able to say, and, if necessary, to confirm on oath, that no such person as George Lingam is in this house" (the priest's name was Edward, and only as such did Mr. Perkins know him); "nor do I know such a person. If you care not to take my word, you are at liberty to search my house; but, as I protest against such an infringement of the rights of an Englishman, I must decline either by myself or my servants to render you any assistance whatever."

"You will do me the justice, Mr. Perkins," replied Sir Francis, "to believe that I accept your word. I regret extremely that my duty will not permit

me to give you proof of this by at once removing myself and my men. The warrant of which I am the bearer compels me to resort to measures which, under other circumstances, I should be glad to forego. I have no course open to me but to take precautions against the exit of any persons who may be within your walls, and personally to assure myself that George Lingam is, as you say and I am willing to believe, not on the premises. I beg that you will read this warrant and assure yourself that I am acting merely as my duty directs."

Mr. Perkins took the warrant from Sir Francis; and, after a brief glance at its contents, returned it to him, with these words:

"The warrant is, without doubt, Sir Francis, in due form and in accordance with the present laws of the Kingdom. To these laws—or rather to those of them which come between my conscience and the duty I consider I owe to my Maker—I never can agree. But, as I am powerless to oppose the force exerted against me, I must ask you to proceed to your task with as little delay as possible."

"I am obliged, sir," replied Sir Francis, "to request that, as you do not propose to render me any assistance, you will remain in this apartment until my return; and it will be my painful duty in the interval to place a watch upon you—"

"In plain words," interposed Mr. Perkins, "I am a prisoner in my own house."

"I do not like the term 'prisoner,'" returned Sir Francis; "but we will not dispute on words. I leave the undersheriff to your charge, and assure you I will do my duty with as little inconvenience and as much haste as possible."

What this sentence meant we shall presently see.

(To be continued.)

A Sea Town.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

HERE storms can never enter
The harbor's sheltered peace;
And homing sails, once folded,
Need never seek release.

About the streets 'winds wander
With perfumes of the rose
From little gardens of the town,
And vine-clad porticos.

Far off, the breakers murmur
Their hints that life must be
Reminded in all moments
Of God's eternity.

But far beyond the headland
The lighthouse stands serene,
And answers to our yearning
That we on God may lean.

O little town of quiet
Beside the ocean gray,
You are the symbol ever
Of what we seek and pray!

Beside life's ocean, chartless,
We quest a little town
Of love and trust and beauty
Ere we to seas go down.

An Irish Patriot and Saint.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

AN ancient volume, with the quaint title "*Gesta Dei per Francos*," is a record of the truly splendid achievements of the Gallic race; only, it should have a companion volume—"The Works of God by the Irish." In missionary endeavor; in explorations and voyages over distant seas, which had for their objective no less the conquest of souls than the acquisition of new territory; in ardent zeal, in burning devotion, France has been as a light upon the holy candlestick. She had, however, as a background, during many centuries, the pomp and pageantry of courts, the splendor of ecclesiastical tradition, the approval of a mighty nation. Princes,

prelates, and the great ones of the earth applauded her efforts with a fine enthusiasm.

But the Irish—famine-stricken by the hedgerows, in caves and hillsides, persecuted by powerful enemies, pursued by heretical hatred, their priests outlawed, their national leaders dispersed—died, where they stood, martyrs to the Faith of Christ. They were driven from their own land like cattle, bound betimes as slaves, herded in unseaworthy vessels, with the name of Christ on their exiled lips. Cast ashore, fever-stricken, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, they gave to Canada immortal examples of faith, resignation, and heroism. They penetrated to far South America; they reached every corner of this Western Continent; and, as they had done at the Antipodes, they leavened the lump of materialism which was threatening these new worlds with ossification. Everywhere they brought the message of the Gospel; their standard was the Cross of Christ. Churches sprang up in their path; they proclaimed their undying attachment to the See of Peter. Swept away were their native monasteries, schools, seats of learning; extinguished the light with which they had illumined Western Europe; but they still bore aloft the torch of true belief, with which to enkindle new fires of religion and virtue. Catholicity has made Ireland unique amongst the nations. In it lies, and must always lie, her strength, though it has procured for her a prolonged martyrdom. Therefore, it is no little surprise that certain Catholics of other nationalities have, as a class, lent no voice to what is now a world chorus of sympathy.

Never before has there been so widespread, so almost unanimous, an intensity of interest in the fortunes of Ireland. In Canada, as in the United States, the name of Ireland awakens a profound interest, an emotion too deep for words; and that not alone

in Catholics or in those of Irish birth or descent, but in people of all races and creeds.* They are watching the struggle with breathless interest, and ever with the hope that the monopoly of crime will be left to the enemy. It was a great Irishman who said: "The bullet or dagger of the assassin never yet reached the heart of a great cause." Intolerable as is the provocation, it will be in the times to come the glory of Catholic Ireland that the mass of her people were true to their traditions.

It is a pleasant task to bring forth from the gloom of Irish annals one of those luminous figures who have illustrated her history. From the shadows of the twelfth century, the great Archbishop stands tower-like between his people and their enemies. By the sequence of events, he is linked with that noble episcopate of Ireland, with the venerable Cardinal at their head, who have stood four square for truth and justice, and who by their dauntless attitude have won the love and veneration of their Irish fellow-Catholics in this Western Hemisphere. Another leader in Israel, the Most Reverend Daniel Mannix, finds his prototype, as shall be seen, in the subject of this sketch.

Lawrence (or Lorcan) O'Toole was the youngest son of Maurice O'Tuathal, a prince of Leinster, whose ancestors had lorded it over the fair lands of Hy-Murray and Hy-Mal, near Dublin. He was only ten years of age when the wicked and unscrupulous Dermot Mac-Murrough ravaged his father's lands and carried the boy off as hostage. The

* The writer ventures the assertion that her mother, the late Mrs. James Sadlier, did much in her day and generation to keep alive the spirit of Irish nationality amongst her compatriots in America, by inculcating through her writings pride of race, attachment to the motherland, devotion to the old Faith; holding up to merited scorn those who were ashamed of the noble stock from which they sprung.

father, learning that his son was being ill-treated by that wretched King who later was to bring about the ruin of his country, sent forth an expedition, which took prisoner twelve of Dermot's men, whom he threatened to put to death unless Lawrence were placed under the care of the Bishop of Glendalough. That prelate was faithful to his charge, and under his fostering care the youthful captive grew apace in virtue and in learning. Then came the dramatic moment when Maurice O'Toole called upon the Bishop to thank him for his care, and to inform him that he wanted to follow the old custom of noble families in Ireland and give a son to the Church. To the astonishment of the Bishop, he suggested that lots should be drawn amongst his five sons. But Lawrence solved the difficulty by declaring that it was his dearest wish to consecrate himself to God in the priesthood. At which the prince took his son's right hand and laid it in that of the Bishop.

There were peaceful years at romantic Glendalough, "Valley of the Seven Churches," whose abbey was famed for learning and sanctity. There the splendid intellectual and moral abilities of the future saint were thoroughly cultivated. "With the increase of his bodily strength," says a biographer,* "his spiritual progress seemed to keep pace. His thoughts were continually fixed on the things of heaven, while he despised the world and its allurements. His will was directed to the law of the Lord, on which he meditated day and night. In hearing the wholesome precepts of wisdom, he was most attentive; and his natural good memory enabled him to treasure them securely in his mind. . . . His intellect was clear and sagacious, for it was illuminated by light from on high. Purity

of morals and depth of learning were united in him. He had the wisdom of a sage at a very early period of his life."

Therefore it is not surprising that he was chosen Abbot of Glendalough at the early age of twenty-five. He would have been made bishop but for his own strenuous objection that Canon Law forbade the election of a bishop under thirty years of age. He was an exemplary ruler, but his desire for exact discipline and the perfect observance of the holy rule made him many enemies: and even the voice of calumny was raised against him. But he went his way serenely, giving no heed to the clamorous tongues that assailed him. In his daily life he gave proofs of the most exalted sanctity. Thus a studious youth, whose ardent temperament was afire with the love of God; a holy priest and a wise ruler over that vast monastic company, he wandered during those peaceful years.

By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never wandered o'er,

and went forth from that hallowed solitude to rule over the See of Dublin.

During his last term at the Abbey his heart was torn by the sufferings of the surrounding region, caused by a famine, and during it he performed marvels of charity. The depredations of robbers, who even attacked the Abbey servants carrying food to the famine-stricken, were deplorable. Against these he employed solely the arms of prayer and fasting, depriving himself of food, and kneeling for hours at a time before the Tabernacle. It was noteworthy that the leaders of those miscreants fell one by one into the hands of justice, while the bands were broken up. These trials strengthened Lawrence for that wider life and those crushing responsibilities which were soon to be his lot.

He was chosen by the acclamation of priests and people, but his own reluctance to accept that onerous charge

* The Rev. John O'Hanlon, who closely follows a Latin Life by Surius and other contemporary chroniclers.

delayed his consecration for some months. It finally took place in Christ Church Cathedral, instead of at Canterbury, England, as had hitherto been customary. He began there a life of wonderful austerity, wearing a hair-shirt, fasting on bread and water every Friday, often refusing the slightest nourishment, and taking the discipline for the smallest fault. In his whole aspect was shown the modesty, recollection, and detachment of the saint. He established in his cathedral a branch of the Regular Canons from Arras, France, in which all the Canons of the cathedral were enrolled. He obtained leave from the Pope to wear the religious habit under the episcopal robes, and he scrupulously followed every holy observance. He kept the regular hours of silence and rose for the midnight Office. After Matins and Lauds had been chanted and the Canons had retired to rest, he continued his devotions prostrate before the crucifix; and at the dawn of morning proceeded to the neighboring churchyard to pray for those buried there.

Though his own manner of life was simple and frugal in the extreme, he frequently entertained distinguished guests in a style that was suitable to their rank; and he himself carefully, though unostentatiously, avoided partaking of any delicacies. As a preacher he was singularly effective, denouncing with true apostolic vigor the evils of the day, and seeking with burning zeal the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

Nor did he forget his beloved Glendalough, of which his nephew Thomas, trained by himself in learning and holiness of life, had been elected abbot. Thither he repaired for seasons of retirement; and in those lovely spots (consecrated by the memories of St. Kevin, towards whom he had a tender devotion) which had now become a place of pilgrimage, his spirit mounted upwards to still more spiritual heights.

Most of his time there was spent in that cavern, high amongst the beetling rocks, which is locally known as "St. Kevin's Bed."

Strange times were at hand, however, for the ancient Kingdom of the Celts. It is unnecessary to recall that dark chapter in its annals when the profligate King Dermot, wicked, unscrupulous, and treacherous, ravaged and despoiled the territory of less powerful princes, and by his intrigue with "that degenerate daughter" Devorgilla, wife of O'Rourke of Breffny, set the country ablaze. Nor was he content with his career of crime in Ireland. Finding himself opposed by Tordelbach O'Connor and his son Roderick, he called in the aid of Henry II., of England, who was then on a visit to Normandy. That monarch had already been perfecting his plans for the invasion of the sister island, and had gone so far as to obtain from Pope Adrian a Bull empowering him to gain sovereignty over Ireland. The authenticity of that Bull has been disputed; but, in any event, it would seem to have been ineffective, because it was obtained by misrepresentation and a pretended zeal for religious affairs in Ireland. Her destinies were being directed by zealous bishops, amongst whom was the future saint. No word was received in Ireland of that document, which does not seem to have been proclaimed there till many a day later.

Meanwhile we have seen the commanding figure of Lawrence—first amongst his peers, tall in stature, handsome in countenance, easy, graceful and majestic in movement, dignified in person—present at the Synod of Athboy, which brought together an impressive gathering of prelates and priests, princes and people. The objects in view were the enacting of "wholesome regulations respecting public morality, religious discipline and privileges"; the obtaining of a definite acknowledgment

of the sovereignty of O'Connor over the whole of Ireland, as well as the taking of measures of defence against the invasion of the country. Lawrence was conspicuous by the apostolic zeal with which he labored for needed reforms and for wise legislation in all matters ecclesiastical. And there was a subtle irony in the endeavor of the English King, the murderer of Thomas à Becket, the bold intruder upon the liberties of the Church in England, to pose before the Pope as solicitous above all things for the religious welfare of the Irish people. Communication with Rome in those days was, no doubt, difficult, or his pretensions would have met with a summary rejection.

From that time on, the Archbishop was seen not only as the holy and zealous pastor of souls, but as the patriot, Irish of the Irish, heart and soul devoted to the country of his love, and foreseeing, with the prophetic vision of the saint, the woes which foreign usurpation would bring upon the land. His clarion voice, raised high for justice and freedom, was heard through all the island. He was to be found calling the clans together, organizing them, suggesting measures for defence, and urging upon the princes and nobles the unity of purpose and unanimity of action which alone could avert the threatened disasters. Absolutely fearless, he proclaimed truth and justice in season and out of season, and during all that dark drama was the life and inspiration of the people.

MacMurrough had returned with Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and other Norman adventurers; and there came an hour of dark despair when they appeared in force before the city of Dublin. Once more the Archbishop, recognized as its foremost citizen, was sent forth to negotiate, and, by a parley with the besiegers, induce them to retire or to consent to advantageous terms. Clad in his full ponti-

ficals, he was, indeed an imposing figure; and the result of his negotiations might have been favorable had not the English and their allies seized the opportunity to surprise one gate of the city. The Archbishop could do nothing but throw himself into the scenes of violence and disorder that followed, intrepidly interposing his person between the victors and their victims. The high character of the man and his commanding personality averted much of the horror of the conflict.

Through his efforts, ornaments and books which had been stolen from church or monastery were restored. When it was proposed to remove the native clergy from their benefices, the powerful arm of the Archbishop was stretched forth in their behalf. His charities to those left destitute by assault and plunder were unbounded. He tended the sick and the dying with more than paternal care, showing no discrimination between friend and foe. Nor did he tamely submit to the ruin of his country: he wrote letters and sent messengers in all directions, suggesting methods of defence both by sea and land. He strove to put heart into the disheartened, and hope into the hopeless. He brought together an army—under King Roderick; Godfrey, King of the Isle of Man; Hansculph, the head of the Ostmen—which appeared before the walls of Dublin. But the invaders, who were now themselves the besieged, rendered desperate by famine, made a successful sortie, and the native army went down to defeat. Lawrence was seen everywhere in its ranks. Some historians declare that he appeared at the head of a force. As seems more probable, he inspired the others by his dauntless courage, his bold and fearless spirit, and his wise advice.

When Roderick was forced to conclude a treaty with the English, the Archbishop was sent, with the title

"Chancellor of the Irish King," to obtain the most favorable terms possible for his native land. He was received with deference and courtesy, though a strange incident all but terminated his precious life. He spent the night in prayer at the tomb of Thomas à Becket; and in the morning was about to begin his Mass, in presence of the King and court, when a madman, evidently influenced by the associations of the place, struck him to the ground with a club. The King would have put the wretch to death but for the intervention of the saint.

While awaiting favorable winds at a port in Wales for returning to Ireland, a certain holy hermit visited the Archbishop, begging him to consecrate a church dedicated to Our Lady which a wealthy nobleman was erecting there. Lawrence at first objected, fearing that, though the bishop was absent, it might be infringing on his rights. But the hermit explained that the Queen of Heaven had appeared to him, full of reproaches that her church had not been consecrated, and declaring that she wished Lawrence to perform the ceremony. She gave as a sign that he should then have fair weather and prosperous winds for a safe passage to his own country. Lawrence hesitated no longer; and, the ceremony performed, after a short rest, he set sail under the happiest auguries, and speedily reached home.

(Conclusion next week.)

LIFE is a building. It rises slowly day by day throughout the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation in which we engage, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building within us.—*Anon.*

Through a Pair of Shoes.

BY E. BECK.

THERE are days in which all things go pleasantly, and other days when everything—one's temper included—goes wrong. The 28th of December in a certain year was one of the latter days for Anna Crawford. That night there was to be a ball at Sutton Court, the big house of the district, and Anna had been asked to be one of the guests.

Mrs. Crawford, the girl's widowed mother, found it hard to live as a gentlewoman should on her small income. In early days Anna had pleaded to be allowed to find work, but the very mention of it usually prostrated Mrs. Crawford. Sometimes when Anna talked she complained of weakness; frequently a fit of hysterics was imminent, and the faithful old servant, who, in happier times, had been Mrs. Crawford's maid, had to be called in. Always Susan Owens found fault with Anna.

"Work! God help us! And what would you work at, at all? Sure the master would turn in his grave if he could see you giving lessons or working in an office! You ought to be content, Miss Anna."

Anna was clever with her needle. There was a white satin frock that required only some alteration in the bodice to make it wearable. Days before, Anna had sent to London for a yard of satin and some filmy lace. The expected parcel had not arrived.

"I must just furbish up my old black tulle. It is moth-eaten, but it will do," Anna said to herself when noon had come and gone.

She carried the old frock to the fire in the sitting room, and began to rip and sew furiously. While she was trying to make two unequal lengths equal Denis Connor came in.

"What in the world are you about?"

Anna said with unusual asperity. "Why aren't you shooting?"

Denis had come in prepared to ask Anna to be his wife. Her greeting left him nervous and constrained.

"Oh—I—I didn't care for shooting to-day!" Denis stammered. "I thought I should see Mrs. Crawford."

"She is nursing a cold," said Anna, shortly; "and I am frightfully busy."

The remarks were not encouraging, Denis thought.

"So I see," he replied. "Well, I only looked in. It is nigh the luncheon hour, and Mary Sutton warned me to be punctual."

Denis took his departure, and Anna continued to wrestle with the black tulle. She was not altogether dissatisfied when she viewed her reflection in the mirror prior to setting out for Sutton Court, whose boundary wall joined their own small domain. The dark frock showed off her white neck and throat to advantage.

The ballroom was filled when Anna descended, with two girl visitors, to the house. Many of the neighboring young men came up to claim a dance, but Denis Connor was not among them. He was engaged in animated conversation with a fair-haired girl who by and by became his partner in a waltz. Anna, vaguely irritated, filled her card.

When two hours later Denis asked a dance, she shook her programme, covered with initials, in his face.

"You are too late!" she laughed. "I haven't a dance left."

Denis turned on his heel; and it was only when the guests were leaving that he had a word with Anna.

"I am leaving to-morrow," he said gloomily.

"But you will return." Anna's laugh was merry. "Good-night, Mr. Connor!"

Excitement always left Anna disinclined for sleep, and as she pondered over the doings of the night she was disposed to be contrite over her treat-

ment of Denis. Denis was a distant connection of Mrs. Sutton's,—she had once been Eily Connor. He was fairly well to do, and was studying law in London.

"If I am on the road about eleven, Denis will pass," she thought penitently, and soon after fell asleep.

Anna woke early, and performed several household tasks before she donned her outdoor garments. She no longer pretended to herself to be ignorant of the feelings of the impulsive Irishman.

As Anna paced along she met old Mrs. Rafferty, who lived in a cottage half a mile away. Mrs. Rafferty was not very thrifty; and as she met Anna, the girl noticed the pitiable condition of her worn-out shoes. Soft snow had fallen and the road was slushy. A portion of Mrs. Rafferty's left foot was plainly visible.

"O Miss Anna, Mike is going to die, my sister says,—the creature that I nursed and reared as if he were my own child! I am going to the station," the woman announced, "to go to London."

"But your shoes, Brigid!" Anna objected.

"Oh, there's a nail sticking into my heel!" Mrs. Rafferty cried. "How I'm to get to the station, I don't know at all."

Anna, also, was impulsive. The shoes she was wearing were her everyday wear. Brigid Rafferty, too, had a small foot. In a minute Anna was resting on a low stone wall, and in another her shoes were off.

"Put them on quickly, Brigid, and go on at once. I can get home easily."

Brigid prayed and protested alternately as she put on the girl's shoes. But at length she had the laces tied, and was speeding on her way. Then came the toot-toot of a motor car. Instinctively Anna crouched down and tried to conceal her shoeless feet under her scanty skirts. The car, by order of

Denis, slowed down before her. Anna gathered her feet closer under her skirt.

"Oh, go on,—go on!" she cried. "You'll miss the train, Mr. Connor! You haven't time to spare."

Thus addressed, Denis flushed red, spoke a word to the chauffeur, and raised his hat as the car dashed forward. Anna went home through the slush, took off her wet and muddy stockings, and sat down barefoot to cry.

Denis, in the worst of spirits and temper, returned to the chambers he shared with Tom Nolan. Tom had been enjoying himself in the home of a cousin in Streatham, and greeted Denis effusively.

"Hullo, old chap!" Tom cried. "Had a jolly time?"

"A dashed bad time," Denis replied briefly and succinctly. "Let me look at these letters, please!"

Tom elevated his eyebrows and was silent, till Denis came from his bedroom and asked a question.

"What's Mrs. Brady, the charwoman, about? The bed hasn't been—"

"Mike's ill and she can't come."

"Oh, d——!"

"We'll have to look out for somebody."

Tom did make a few spasmodic efforts to find a substitute for Mrs. Brady, but without success. As a last resource he went to Mrs. Brady's and after making due inquiries about her son asked if she knew of any one who would look after Mr. Connor and himself. Mrs. Brady's worn face brightened.

"Why, Brigid is here, and she'll go to you like a shot. She's my sister from the country. It was she who reared Mike," Mrs. Brady explained.

"Good!" said Tom; and Mrs. Rafferty was found and introduced.

"Oh, I'll go for a few days, sir!" Brigid promised. "Mike's on the mend, and his mother will soon be free again."

The next day when Denis was staring at a big legal book, and thinking very bitterly of Anna and her treatment of him, Mrs. Rafferty knocked discreetly at the door of the room.

"Come in!" Denis said gruffly, and the woman entered with a brown paper parcel in her hand.

"Oh, I thought it was the other young gentleman!" she cried apologetically. "But maybe you'd be good enough to address this parcel for me, sir. There was no ink at my sister's, and, anyway, I can't write very well. Miss Anna—Miss Crawford I should say—took these shoes off her own feet yesterday on the road and gave them to me, God bless her!"

Denis looked bewildered.

"Miss Crawford! Shoes!" he ejaculated stupidly, and Mrs. Rafferty began to explain. The explanation included details of Mike's illness, and of Mrs. Rafferty's feelings when she received her sister's letter.

"Having nobody of her own but me, she expected me to come to London. But the station I would never have made in my own old shoes. Wasn't it kind of Miss Anna to give me hers? I can see her yet sitting on the stone wall."

Denis was silent, and his deputy charwoman resumed:

"And 'tis her death of cold the young lady may have got. She isn't used to trudging through the snow in her stockinged feet. Will you please address the parcel, sir?"

"No," Denis spoke decisively; "but I'll take the boots to her. I know Miss Crawford. And," the young man glanced at Mrs. Rafferty's feet,—“and here is the price of a pair of boots for yourself.”

Mrs. Rafferty was voluble in her thanks, and Denis became unwontedly confidential.

"I passed Anna—Miss Crawford—yesterday on my way to the station. I had been staying at Sutton Court. I

wondered why she wished me to pass without speech."

"It was her feet, sir, I'm sure," Mrs. Rafferty said confidently. "It was no personal objection."

So Denis found when he delivered the brown-paper parcel. Fortunately, Mrs. Crawford's cold still required attention; and when Denis left to seek dinner and a night's shelter at Sutton Court, he was an engaged man.

The Marian Congress at Madras.*

THE beautiful title of "Star of the East," with which the Church has long honored the Mother of God, takes on added meaning by reason of the Marian Congress of India, Burma, and Ceylon, which was held at Madras between the thirteenth and the sixteenth days of January, 1921. Fired by the success of many European congresses, particularly those held at Lyons, Freiburg and Einsiedeln, the Catholics of the Far East had made elaborate preparations for an equally impressive demonstration in honor of Mary, to begin in December, 1914. When the outbreak of the war made this impossible, the matter was not forgotten; and at length the pilgrims have gathered from all parts of the Indian Empire to fulfil their pleasant vows.

Madras, the city of choice, earned its distinction because of the large number of Catholics residing within its limits. It is, moreover, a beautiful town, stretched placidly beside the dreamy Bengal Sea, and rich with the mellow charm of the Orient. No other city in India has so warmly welcomed the Catholic missionary; and the radiant influence of Mary will surely be felt in a district thus strongly marked by the conquest of the Cross. No actual news

of the proceedings of the Congress has as yet reached America, but the carefully arranged program was probably carried out with complete success.

The purpose of this convocation was first of all, to make public profession of the love which Catholics in India cherish for the Blessed Virgin. For this reason humble people have come from far-distant cities at great expense,—and expense is a far more formidable matter in Burma than it is with us. Secondly, the Congress must give careful attention to the practical needs of the Faith in the Far East. What general interests do Catholics hold in common? What can be done for the conversion of the great, slumbering nation which is daily growing more conscious of its latent energies? These and numerous other important questions have been made vital to the assembled Catholics, and the immense possibilities of concerted action have been suggested.

Nearly all the archbishops and bishops in India, Burma, and Ceylon were present either personally or through accredited representatives; priests from every corner of the Empire made great sacrifices in order to attend, and the enthusiasm of the Catholic public has been extraordinarily strong. Hearty desire to co-operate has been manifested everywhere; and those who could, have given lavishly that others might have a chance to be present. Influential and representative committees took charge of the details of the celebration; to these must go the credit for having arranged for the general scope of the Congress; for the religious ceremonies incident to it; for the reception and accommodation of guests; for the speakers, the processions, the illuminations, and the necessary publicity. During months the members of these committees worked hard and constantly at their separate tasks, and the final program of the Congress is surely a

* Most of the facts mentioned here were supplied by the Rev. P. Thomas, a native priest of the archdiocese of Madras.

credit to their diligence and judgment.

Since the Catholic population of Madras is thirty thousand, and a throng of guests was expected from far-distant places, it was seen at once that even the most spacious halls in the city would not provide room for the crowds. A huge temporary structure was, therefore, erected on the island across from Fort St. George. Built in the form of a Greek cross, this building comprises a central domed hall with four radiating wings, each of which can seat two thousand people, and from which the platform erected under the dome is plainly visible. The assembled prelates and the various dignitaries, both ecclesiastical and lay, were thereby assured of a properly regulated audience, and a great deal of discomfort was eliminated.

* In this hall, his Excellency Mgr. Pietro Pisani, Apostolic Delegate to the East and Indies, formally opened the Congress on the evening of January 13. Archbishop Aelen, of Madras, welcomed the visitors and guests; afterward Archbishop Goodier, of Bombay, delivered the inaugural address. The first day closed with the sending of a cable message of loyalty to his Holiness Pope Benedict XV. Each succeeding day of the Congress witnessed a Pontifical Mass in the morning, and a Benediction service in the evening. Both the Latin and the Syrian rites were observed at the two cathedrals—Madras and Mylapore—and at the other churches in the city. Appropriate sermons were delivered in English and in the various vernacular tongues.

During the reading and discussion of papers dealing with topics of interest, the main structure was in use. Each wing of this building worked independently of the others, thus avoiding confusion. The subjects treated were those which vitally concerned the Faith in India,—Mary and Catholic life; existing sodalities of the Blessed

Virgin; Mary and non-Catholics; and the Propagation of the Faith. Much good may reasonably be expected to have come from these discussions; and the plan of the Congress to crystallize the results, and to devise means for translating wise policy into action, will, no doubt, be followed with great interest everywhere.

Perhaps the most impressive part of the Congress was its solemn close on January 16. An imposing procession wound slowly through the streets, each parish forming a separate unit, and crossed over to the Congress hall. Pageants, illustrating twelve august titles which are given to Mary, presented a sight brilliant with the color of the Orient. Nearly forty prelates, robed in the splendor of their pontifical garments; hundreds of priests, many of whom also wore the garb of the Church; and an immense multitude of the faithful of either sex, of every race, age, and color, participated in a spectacle of unprecedented magnificence, which gave evidence to the non-Catholic public of the power and ability to organize which the Church commands.

Of the details of this celebration it is difficult to convey an exact idea. People from every part of India, from distant and mysterious Burma, and from the sunny island of Ceylon, came dressed in their picturesque national costumes, gorgeous with color and gems, splendid with the exotic display of the East. Sodalities, guilds, and associations, each preceded by its banner, and accompanied by enthusiastic bands playing religious hymns, marched and sang in honor of Her through whom the mercy of the Redemption was vouchsafed to mankind. All the pomp which the Catholics of India could summon was incorporated into this procession, the like of which the West has not seen for centuries.

As a fitting conclusion to the cere-

mony, the Cooum River, in the neighborhood of Fort St. George, was illuminated. Thousands of twinkling lights dotted the island, and a fine display of fireworks cast a dazzling glare over the night. Life-size figures of the Queen of Heaven, his Holiness Benedict XV., his Majesty and the Empress, were ingeniously displayed. It must not be forgotten that a pageant of this character, which appeals so readily to the nature of the native Indian, will impress him more deeply with the glory of the Faith than abstruse lectures are likely to do. He is intelligent; but, after all, the imagination is the important thing: his devotion needs the symbolism of outward expression.

It need scarcely be stated that the Congress was no parochial or provincial affair, but a representative gathering of the Catholics of all India. Having honored the Mother of God and invoked her patronage for the enterprises of the Church, it tried earnestly to promote the solidarity, the concerted effort, of the Catholic people. Never before has India witnessed so mighty an assemblage of prelates, priests, and people from all parts of the land. At a time when the East is awakening, when vast social and political changes are being contemplated, when popular organization and deliberation are assuming proportions never witnessed before, and when the national aspirations are being voiced with increasing clearness, it is certainly most fitting that Catholics should have come together to assert their rights and make provision for the future. The success of the Church in the ancient and noble lands of India can be assured by co-operation of this kind far more effectively than by any other means. The Blessed Mother of Christ, in whose honor all was done, will surely bless all those who have been instrumental in its success; for "Star of the East" is not only a title of praise but also of love.

A Thing Complete and Perfect.

By Thomas Vane (1645).*

LOOK upon the *Roman Catholique Church*, and you shall see a thing so complete and perfect in all her dimensions, as if it had been (as indeed it was) moulded on a heavenly frame; many members built up into one body, and that body united under one head, maintaining most sweet and admirable correspondence, having in it selfe all fit means for the spirituall conservation both of the *individuum*, and *species* of the particular body, and of the kind: For birth here is *Baptisme*; *Confirmation* for strength and advancement in the state of grace: The *sacred Eucharist* for our daily stock of spirituall improvement and encrease. And so our spirituall sicknesses and wounds, which we receive in our *Christian warfare*, here are Physitians with the *balme of Gilead*, the good *Samaritanes* with wine and oyle to powre into our wounds, the holy *Priests* after the order *Melechise-deck* with the *Sacrament of Penance* to cure all our maladies.

And the receipts for these cures contriv'd with wondrous art; for as bodily evils are cured either with things of the same quality or the contrary, so here. For wounds given by the world, here is a cure by giving the world away in almes. For wounds received from the flesh, a cure by mortifying the flesh with fasting and other austerities. A cure for the fiery darts of the devill, by the darts of prayers shot up to heaven. And when we depart this life (for this

* An old-time convert to the Church in England during the reign of Queen Henrietta Maria. He was a Doctor of Divinity and "lately chaplaine to his Majesty the King of England, etc." The book from which this passage is taken was printed in Paris. There were at least two editions of it. It is entitled "A Lost Sheep Returned Home; Or, The Motives of the Conversion to the Catholike Faith of Thomas Vane."

warfare must not alwaies last) here is precious oyle to embalme our soules with grace; which like the oyle to the antient *Roman wrastlers*, makes us nimble and agile in our latest wrastlings with the devill, that we may slip out of his hands, and be presented, rendering a sweet smelling savour unto God. And that this holy *Church* may continue in succession, until her royall *Bridegroom* call her up to his own throne, here is *Holy Sacramentall Matrimony*, both to represent that union and by grace to encrease it. And that this multitude may not beget confusion, here are *holy Orders*, by vertue whereof they that are ordained do govern this society, as spirituall *Magistrates*, and conduct it, as spirituall *Captaines*, through the wilderness of this world, to the land of *Canaan*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, which is above. Here is the true *Communion of Saints* both of those in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, by the participations of each others Prayers, Merits, and Satisfactions. Here is, as in all well-governed Common-Wealths, Justice both commutative and distributive: Commutative betwixt God and Christ, who payed a ransome for us, and purchased an estate for us, and we take possession upon the conditions required; distributive, in rendring rewards and punishments according to the geometricall proportion of mens merits or offences.

Here are the *Arcana imperii*, high and mysterious things, such as are worthy the wisdom and contrivance of God. Things to be believed, by the world thought incredible; things done by God, and to be done by us, by the world thought impossible; things to be suffered, by the world thought intolerable: and they are believed, done, and suffered, which could not be effected but by a power omnipotent. And because they are so difficult, none but God could subdue mortalls to the belief and practise of them; and there-

fore, even because they are such, they prove Him only to be their Author. For who can imagine that *Confession*, a thing so much against the bias of flesh and blood, or the belief of *Transubstantiation*, a thing so far above the reach of humane reason, could have got such possession in the soules of Christian mankind, and that without any externall violence, had not the finger of God writ it on mens hearts?

In doctrines of this *Church*, that will admit the use of reason for their proportionableness, no things seem more reasonable; and where they are above reason nothing can be more sublime, and befitting God, the Author of this *Religion*, and *Christ Jesus*, the Husband of this *Church*. God who is the God of reason (of which that small portion which man is Master of, which yet ennobles him above all bodily creatures, is but a ray from the splendor of His all-seeing sunlight, a spark from His celestially fire), *worketh all things according to the counsell of His will*, *Ephes.*, i, 11,—which counsell implies prudence, and reason in His actions; according to the type of that eternall law whereby He workes Himselfe, and commands all His creatures to work. And by this character the doctrines and the discipline of the *Catholique Church* proclaim Him for their Author; and are not therefore to be disgraced (as they are by *Protestants*) by the ill-sensed name of policy; giving to the vertue of highest wisdom, the super-scription of deceitful cunning.

The knowledge of those things, which in the government of this noble *Kingdome of Christ* surmount the reach of present reason, are reserv'd for a reward of our humble belief in the life to come; when our faith shall be happily turned into sight; and we shall cleerly see, and be fully and eternally satisfied, with the reason of all those things, which now our short understandings have not line enough to fathom. *Ex-*

cellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God. Psal., lxxxvi, 3. . . . Our Saviour, we know, had such abundant virtue flowing from Him that it cured such as touched Him; such is the body of the Church, of so rare, so holy, and so rational a composure, that virtue goes out of her, and sanctifies; and wisdom, and makes reasonable all her garments, all her utensils, and whatsoever appertains to her. The smell of thy garment is like the smell of Frankincense, Cant., iv, 11.

An Effective Argument.

ONE of the biographers of St. Francis de Sales tells of a home thrust once given by that gentle prelate with excellent results. The Saint had been laboring for some time for the conversion of an elderly Calvinist lady, who constantly importuned him about controversial matters. Finally, she began calling upon him every day, asking for the solution of this or that new doubt which had arisen in her mind. Although the holy Bishop could not see that he was making much progress in bringing her into the Church, he always listened to her with the greatest patience.

One day, at last, she declared that her only remaining difficulty was about the celibacy of the clergy. St. Francis explained that the celibate life was necessary to priests in order that, being free from the care of a family, they might the better serve the people. "For instance, Madam," he continued, "you will readily understand that if I had a wife and children to take care of, I should be unable to talk with you so often about your religious difficulties." The causticity of the remark was lost in the gentleness of its delivery; and the force of the argument did what theological discussions had hitherto failed to do. The old lady was soon afterwards received into the Church.

A Common Absurdity.

"IT is of no consequence what a man believes or doesn't believe; the only thing that matters is what he does." Although the falsity of this statement has been shown a thousand times, it is still repeated, and seems likely to attain a new vogue as a result of the absurd "Free Thought" notions now so widely propagated. Hardly a week passes that some writer or preacher does not reiterate the false principle expressed in the proposition quoted. It is gratifying, therefore, to find a fresh refutation of it by so able a writer as Mr. Arthur Machen. His article, entitled "Belief and Conduct," was suggested by the following passage in a book which need not be named:

"A tramp has murdered a child on the highway, robbed her of a few coppers, and thrown her body into a ditch. Do you mean to say that tramp could not help doing that? Do you mean to say that he is not to blame? Do you mean to say he is not to be punished?"—"Yes, I say all those things."

No fear need be entertained that any number of writers holding like convictions will ever succeed in altering existing laws to such an extent as to secure immunity for rapists and murderers; however, there is ground for apprehension that the advocacy of Free Thought principles may foster the mawkish sentiment in favor of criminals, now so prevalent, and lessen the horror which crime should inspire. Nothing could be more false or absurd than the saying, regarded by many persons as axiomatic, that beliefs are of no consequence. The falsity must be plain at least to every well-instructed Catholic; Mr. Machen thus points out the absurdity:

If we accept the "belief of no consequence, action of every consequence" ruling in its entirety, we can not help inquiring as to what are the sources of action; we are forced by our very nature to ask: "Why does A do this, and B do that?" When we say that a man

does so and so, we at once lay ourselves open to the question, Why does he do so and so? It is not to be avoided. And the answer will have to be that he does this and not that because he believes that this and not that will be the more pleasurable or more beneficial or more righteous. The nature of the reason does not matter to the argument; the point is that there must be a reason. Or if there is a man who acts without any reason, we say that such an one is "irrational"; we put him out of court, we class him somewhere below thistle-down and autumn leaves. . . .

Putting the lunatic asylum on one side, then, every action proceeds from a reason or set of reasons—otherwise beliefs. "I notice you don't speak to A," one man will say to another; "why not?"—"Because I believe him to be a treacherous scoundrel, a Papist in disguise, a Mormon missionary." Again, the reason does not matter; but there must be some reason, some belief on which the action or avoidance of action is founded. And this being so, how can it possibly be true that what a man believes does not matter? Note that beliefs vary in nature. You may say: "I don't care to associate with the fellow because I saw him cheat at cards, and happen to have read of his conviction for a peculiarly detestable crime." There you have a belief founded on logical process. Or your wife may say: "I don't like him because I hate the sight of him," which is an intuitive process. But in either case there is mental conviction, or belief, as the antecedent to action. You may be right in your belief or wrong in your belief; it may be logical, or superlogical, or infralogical; but belief of some kind or another there must be before you cross the room, or light the fire, or knock a man down; and this being the case, it is surely the height of absurdity to say that while deeds matter, beliefs do not matter.

It may be objected that it is mere theoretical belief that is of no consequence; but, as Mr. Machen remarks, no such line of distinction is possible. A position which is apparently pure theory may at any moment resolve itself into hard practice. "The French Revolution began with the most abstract and remote theories about Nature and man,—resolutions, as it were, *in vacuo*; and these abstractions soon translated themselves into red scaffolds and red battlefields and action in its acutest forms."

Notes and Remarks.

With agitators of every conceivable variety intoning their separate hymns of hate, a disinterested spectator would probably fancy that the United States is a country where nobody can possibly love anybody else. The climax of this sort of thing would seem to have been reached in the reorganization of the Ku Klux Klan. This mysterious society, which has adopted the picturesque and comforting garb of the old-fashioned highwayman, is said to be confident of increasing its membership to 500,000. The proclaimed policy of the Klan leads us to infer that this will mean half a million A. P. A.'s in disguise. Their enemies are, first, Negroes; second, Jews; third, foreigners; fourth, Catholics. Perhaps this arrangement is climatic; but the detective-story atmosphere in which these venerable "Americans" move precludes a definite opinion on the matter. It would all be absurd, were it not heartrending.

Emerson, who may be suspected of having confused Catholicism with the Irish famine sufferers, had at least this advice to give in his lecture "To the American Young Man": 'If any charitable project be proposed for the benefit of the Irishman, the Negro or the Catholic, that project will have the hearty support of the young man.' Could it be tactfully suggested, we wonder, to the Klan that Emerson was an American? But their organization is only another evidence that the meaning of the word "American" has been forgotten; when the 500,000 have been recruited we are sure to have plenty of living examples of precisely what it does not mean.

There is a Catholic Women's Suffrage Society in England, and it recently entertained a prominent leader of American suffragists, Mrs. Chapman Catt.

This lady is, of course, a non-Catholic, and it may be interesting to some of our readers to learn her views on the attitude of the Church in this country toward votes for women and the women who wield them. She is reported as saying that 'during the American struggle she had heard many people say that the Catholic Church, which was a tremendous power in American politics, would never allow women to have the vote; she had also heard many other people say that, once women had the vote, the priests would control the politics of the United States. Out of five million voters in New York there were one and a half million Catholics; yet there had never been so much as a rumor of the Church trying to capture the women's vote; but the priests had urged women to use their vote,—to go forth to do their duty according to their own conscience.'

The attitude of our clergy toward Women's Suffrage during the campaign that was waged in its behalf was not uniform. Many priests—the majority of them, perhaps—rather opposed than favored it. Once the matter was decided, however, and the privilege of voting was secured to American women, the clergy united in impressing upon their women parishioners the duty of exercising their rights at the polls. Even our nuns were advised to deposit their votes for the candidate or the cause that appealed most strongly to their conscience.

In the multitudinous war books published during the past four or five years there have been passages dictated rather by passion—passionate patriotism is perhaps the more accurate term—than by impartial judgment. In a number of such books, however, are to be found other passages well worth quoting for their fine taste and discrimination. One such we discover in a volume that has already reached its

seventh impression—"An English Wife in Berlin," by the Princess Blücher, who, before her marriage in 1907, was Miss Stapleton-Bretherton. Living in English society until the outbreak of the war, she and her husband had to return to Germany in 1914. The husband joined the Red Cross and the wife devoted herself to the care of the British wounded and prisoners in Germany. Here is the passage referred to:

I shall always remember one evening service early in the month [May, 1915]. . . . At the back of the chapel knelt my husband and Prince Löwenstein—the one in the uniform of the Knights with the Red Cross badge on his arm, the other in the field uniform of the Bavarian Army,—leaning on their swords with their eyes fixed on the Tabernacle. These and all the soldiers and the congregation were singing the hymn from the very depths of their hearts. They were absolutely oblivious to the outer world, as they knelt and prayed to God, in this hymn to the Blessed Virgin Mary. I stopped and asked myself: "Can you really hate these people as much as you think you do?"

The spirit which dictated that passage was unfortunately much too rare among all the people engaged in the war; and let us hope that the "hate" of which so many boasted was rather superficial than solid.

In one of his Encyclicals on the Rosary, Leo XIII. instanced four great evils which then afflicted the world; Benedict XV., in his address to the Cardinals and other prelates when they paid him their annual homage at the close of the year, enumerated five plagues which afflict our age, the added one being "hatred among brethren." His Holiness said that the great work he was trying to do was the pacifying of minds and restoration of order. Traces of the war feeling remained; and the moral harm they did was greater than the material, though it seemed only of material things, boundaries of States and such interests, that men mainly thought. "Five plagues

afflict our age: denial of authority, hatred among brethren, the mad rush for gain, distaste for work, and forgetfulness of the supernatural aim, the one thing necessary." No progress could be made if the Scripture message were forgotten and man thought to build by himself without God. The one remedy is to return to the light of the Gospel; that brings back discipline, because all power is of God; it brings back brotherly love and ends strife; it brings back simplicity in habits of life, without which the good of the individual, peace in the family and social progress are impossible. So three plagues are cured. For the fourth, distaste for work, bringing strikes, impeding progress in arts, sciences, and industry, what better than the Gospel story of the workshop of Nazareth? And when men have come back to respect for authority, brotherly love, and simplicity of life, and love for work, they will have come back to respect for the supernatural. There is the Gospel message for us to-day, declared his Holiness; it is the story of the transformation of humanity by Our Lord; the Gospel alone can now give us the light to restore things.

Of the hatred among brethren to which the Holy Father referred, there can be no doubt. It is so manifest that others besides "calamity-howlers" see danger of another war in the near future,—one in which a powerful nation not engaged in the last great international struggle will bear an important part. An American gentleman who lately paid an extended visit to the Old World declares that Germany was the only country where he was treated with respect. The fact is, we are held in greater aversion or suspicion by the rest of the world than ever before. On our side, it may be true that there is a growing animosity towards England, which is likely to be an ally of the Power referred to, in the event of a world war.

We do not agree with Mr. Shane Leslie, however, that "America is at present more anti-British than it ever was anti-German." No. During the war the hatred of Germany in this country was intense and general. Since the armistice we have learned a thing or two about our former associates, as President Wilson preferred to have them called. They were never in love with us, England least of all, hard as they tried to make us believe this.

One's hopes for the future of the Church in France are heightened by learning from a statement made by Mgr. Roland-Gosselin, auxiliary of Paris, that the number of recruits for the Grand Seminary for the past year constitutes a record in the history of the Œuvre des Vocations. There are now 345 seminarians at St. Sulpice, and 281 at the Séminaire d'Issy. Among them is one officer of the Legion of Honor, as well as eight Chevaliers of the Legion and six officers who have received the military medal. The students for the priesthood include twenty-six former sub-lieutenants, sixteen lieutenants, six captains, one lieutenant-colonel, and one ex-major. There are also four naval officers, a barrister, a Treasury official, some civil engineers, and two former members of the Trades Unions Executive, as well as several doctors and licentiates in law, letters and science.

It is curiously significant that, though the Government of the Netherlands has decided to raise the rank of its diplomatic representative at the Vatican from the status of temporary to permanent, the Protestant Reformation Society of England is protesting against a British mission to the Vatican, on the ground of its being contrary to the wishes of the people, also expensive. Mr. Lloyd George (who is anxious to confirm the impression that nowhere is the

Church more free and untrammelled than under the British flag, and to correct the impression that anything like unfairness is shown by the English Government towards Catholics in Ireland) has gently rebuked the executive committee of the Protestant Reformation Society, saying that 'in view of the large number of citizens of the British Empire who are of the Roman Catholic Faith, it was considered to be of advantage for his Majesty's Government to maintain contact with the Vatican.' On the ground of expense, the Premier showed that the cost of the Vatican Legation was small.

* * *

Now, let some committee of English Catholics ask Mr. Lloyd George to explain how it is that crucifixes, statues of the Blessed Virgin, and pictures of saints are not allowed in Catholic schools in Ireland, on the penalty of forfeiture of Government support. This fact was unknown to us until we read a letter, of recent date, to the *London Tablet*, in which the writer says: 'Enter any State-aided Catholic school in Ireland, whether it be elementary or secondary, and you will search in vain for altars, holy pictures, statues; not even the crucifix itself is to be seen. Why? *Because in Catholic Ireland the Government forbids it.* There are altars, but they are hidden away in specially built wall cupboards; and were those cupboards found unlocked during school hours, the grant would be lost. Because those grand teachers—the Irish Christian Brothers—refuse to comply with this rule, they never receive a penny from Government funds.'

A great deal of religion is mixed up with what most people regard as a purely political matter in Ireland. Reading of direct intrusion by the military authorities upon cloistered convents of nuns; of the imprisonment, with hard labor, of priests for having "seditious literature" in their possession; of the

destruction of houses because the inmates failed to give information sought, one hour only being allowed to remove "valuables but not furniture,"—reading of things like this one gets a new light on the Irish situation.

Considering the testimony as to the infamous conduct of the black troops of the French Army of the Rhine—there is a great amount of it from various sources,—it is amazing to find a contributor to a Catholic magazine of Paris defending these soldiers. "It is undoubtedly regrettable," he writes, "that the enormous burdens imposed on the French Army by the Peace Treaty necessitate the use of black troops in the guarding of the Rhine. But no one who has a strict regard for the facts can insinuate that these black troops—who are kept strictly to themselves and under the most severe discipline—show themselves inferior in their conduct to any other body of troops."

Would to God that the strict discipline of which the writer speaks had been enforced from the beginning of the occupancy! Let others combat the assertion that the African troops are not inferior to any other body of soldiers in the Rhine district.

That the Smith-Towner bill is not a Catholic but an American issue, that the very design of our Government has been fashioned to exclude such a measure, is becoming more fully recognized every day. The following clear statement of the case by Dr. David Kinley, president of the University of Illinois, was published in the *Chicago Evening Post* for January 11:

This Federal-State plan is known in educational circles as "the fifty-fifty plan." It is strange to me that so many people, even in a State like Illinois, have regarded it as beneficent. The Federal Government takes a dollar from Illinois, returns perhaps twenty cents of it, on condition that Illinois will furnish another twenty cents, and then permits the

agents of the Federal Government a thousand miles away to tell her what to teach her children and how to teach it.

The present tendency in all this legislation is likely to destroy that system of checks and balances which is the very essence of our form of government. We are drifting toward a political system which will lodge authority in practically all matters of public importance in the hands of the Federal Government, and leave the States themselves, and many of the communities in the States, dependent upon action from Washington, and powerless to do otherwise, because the Federal Government will have taken all the means at hand to do the things in question.

This [drifting] not only tends to produce disrespect of law, but it continually weakens the sense of duty and responsibility of the individual citizen. A long continuance of such a process will result in time in imposing on the people, even of a democracy, governmental and bureaucratic control over a large part of their lives and actions.

It is never out of season to speak of the Catholic school; no institution is more admirable in purpose and none has so many determined foes. Some of these would, we feel certain, be converted into friends if they were to digest the principle which Brother Leo, of St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., explained thus in a recent issue of the *Catholic Union and Times*:

A very common misapprehension—shared, I am sorry to say, even by some persons who ought to know better—is that the Catholic school is very like the public school in all respects save one: that in the Catholic school there is a daily period of religious instruction and in the public school there is not. The implications are most misleading. If that were the only difference—if geography, reading and nature study in the Catholic grade school; if history, literature and biology in the Catholic college were substantially similar in content and method to those branches as taught in the public institutions of corresponding grade—then the Catholic school would really have no reason for existing. The Sunday-school might manage the religious instruction, or the students could get half an hour of such instruction every school day; or some other device could be hit upon to do away with the tremendous outlay of men and money which the maintenance of the Catholic

educational system entails. Such a tentative solution has been offered by the Gary plan, where the pupils all together learn arithmetic and history and geography, and then file off, according to denominational affinity, to spend the last period of the day in receiving religious instruction in the several churches.

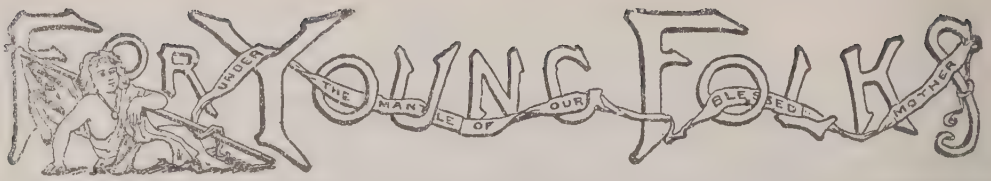
Superficially considered, the Gary plan seems satisfactory; but to Catholic eyes, in the light of the Catholic ideal of education, it would never, never do. The Catholic school insists, of course, upon a definite study of religion; but insists upon much more. It maintains that, since daily associations count for so very much in the building of character, the school environment of the Catholic child must be a distinctively religious one.

* * *

The work of the Sisters in our educational institutions has called forth many a beautiful tribute from Catholics and non-Catholics alike; still it is to be doubted whether any of us have realized fully the vastness of the contribution which they make to American social life. Agnes Regan, the Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women, challenges attention with a recently made statement:

There would be a tremendous awakening were the work of the Catholic Sisters suddenly to cease and their thousands of charges be thrown back on the community at large. Were completed data compiled showing just how many religious are engaged in educational and social work in the United States and how many individuals are under their care, and even an approximate estimate made of what the additional burden upon taxpayers and philanthropists would be were these religious not carrying on the work, the figures would be quite as startling to our people as to those outside the Church.

Let us hope that sober-minded citizens will need no such awakening. The present activities of the Sisters are clear before their eyes; only the most perverse of bigots possess "a stonier condition of mind" than even a blind spectator could be affected with. They have refused to see. We have too much faith in the average American to believe that he can be permanently misled by a coterie of cabbage-heads.



God's Candles.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

THE stars are candles of the sky
That God lights up each night,
So that the souls He's calling home
May find the pathway bright.

But when at last the night is gone
And people stir about,
God lights the large white lamp of day
And blows His candles out.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VI.—A STORMY "HEAVEN."

MRS. CARTER-KING had come home from her drive in no very good humor. Elise had been teasing her all the way for a new gown, and a week's end visit to a fashionable country house; and Elise teased in a steady, cold-blooded way, that her mother found it hard to resist. Bryce, with his laughing impudence, was not half so trying.

"I've simply got to have something decent, mamma, if I go to Corinne's. My spring suit is disgraceful—"

"Then don't go to Corinne's!" snapped her mother, sharply. "You've had three trips already this summer, and I won't stand for another."

"You talk to me as if I were a baby, mamma," said Elise. "I am nearly seventeen and have some rights. If Uncle were not the old grouch he is, I'd speak to him myself."

"About what?" asked her mother.

"Oh, everything!" was the petulant answer,—*"the way I'm skimped for money and clothes, and the good times other girls have, and all that rich uncles can give. He has no wife or children,*

and I don't see why I can't have everything I want. When I think of Marjorie, puny, peak-faced Marjorie, and all the money that is spent on her—"

"Well, it's her own," said her mother, shortly. "Your uncle doesn't give it to her, you may be very sure of that. I know him better than you do, and I advise you to let him alone. He is giving us a home and a fair living, as he sees it; and if you go teasing him for more, we may be turned out bag and baggage to look out for ourselves."

"Then what would he do with Marjorie?" asked Elise. "You said yourself to-day she was almost more than you could stand."

"And she is," was the irritated answer. "Between her temper and her tantrums, I've got almost to hate the sight of her ugly little face."

"Oh, do you think she is ugly, mamma?" There was eager interest in the questioner's tone. "I said so the other day, and Bryce contradicted me flat. He said no girl could be ugly with Marjorie's eyes and hair, and that if she lived half a dozen years more—"

"Which isn't very likely," interrupted her mother. "Or if she does she will be a humpback or dwarf or some sort of monstrosity, for her bones are getting worse and worse all the time. How Bryce can see any good looks in such a puny, wild-eyed little fright, I don't know. He is just naturally contradictory about everything. And I must say when I think of Marjorie and what her money would do for *you*, it makes me sick to look at her. But it can't be helped. She has her fortune, and it's a big one—a million at the very least,—and we have nothing. Still, as her guardian's sister, I am the fitting person to mother her," continued the

lady. "Your uncle, as I told Bryce, is not a man with whom we can ever trifle. I have to humor him as well as Marjorie, if I want to keep my place."

"It makes me just—just furious," said Elise, "to have that ugly, sickly little brat with everything she wants, while I—I—Mother, I *must* have that new dress. You can manage it somehow." And the argument began again, and lasted until the limousine drew up under the *porte cochère*, and mother and daughter went into the house to find a very thunder-cloud of a gentleman awaiting their coming.

Uncle Miles was pacing up and down the wide hall, chewing the end of a black cigar, which his sister knew meant he was in the worst of humors. Elise caught the danger signal and escaped up the stairs as quickly as possible, but her mother was not so fortunate. Her brother detained her by the gleam that shot from under his bushy eyebrows and the brief words, "I wish to speak to you, Madam."

"Madam"! Mrs. Carter-King's heart sank at the words. Though brotherly affection was not one of the speaker's traits, he usually addressed her by the more natural title conferred upon her by her sponsors. "Madam!" Something must be very wrong indeed, and it behooved her to be wise and wary; so, masking under a smiling countenance the angry passions still rising in her own breast, the lady answered:

"Why, certainly, Miles. Come in the library and let us have it out; for something is troubling you, I know."

She led into the spacious, book-lined room; and when he had followed her, closed the door. The interview, she felt, was to be a stormy one; for the black cigar was still giving warning. Uncle Miles took his stand upon the hearth, rug, his stocky legs apart like one braced for battle.

"What is the matter?" queried his sister, with a rather forced laugh, as

she sank into a chair before him. "Is it Marjorie again?"

"It is, Madam." Uncle Miles flung the black cigar fiercely upon the floor, as his wrath burst forth in full tide. "I want to know who is responsible for the management of this house and the visitors admitted to my ward's room. I want to know what in thunder your son means by bringing in a little foreign beggar to claim her as *godmother*!"

"Godmother!" gasped Mrs. Carter-King. "Some one is claiming Marjorie as godmother! I don't know what you can possibly mean, Miles."

"Well, you ought to know, Madam," said the irate speaker. "You are paid to know, and paid well. You are here to have some intelligent supervision (I don't call it by any softer name) over my ward's health and welfare: to see that the doctors' directions are carried out, and that she has the peace and quiet that half a dozen medical men have told me are necessary to her life. And I come to-day to find her in wild excitement over some little French idiot, to whom she has been sending toys and clothes and letters, and who has come to turn her head by some mad claim of being her goddaughter."

"I—I never heard anything so—crazy!" the lady found voice to exclaim. "Who let the little wretch in?"

"Your son, Madam,—your jack-anapes of a son, who seems to think it a fine joke all around,—a joke that might amuse Marjorie. I'll give him credit for that. I don't know when I have seen her so interested. Miss Marshall tells me that the whole business—sending things off to France, writing letters, and all that sort of folderol—woke her up wonderfully; and now here comes the little beggar herself to find her *godmother*!"

"You put her out at once, of course, Miles?"

"No, I didn't, Madam. That's the dickens of it. I *couldn't*. Marjorie

went off into one of her wild-cat fits, and we could do nothing with her. She held tight to the child and wouldn't let her go; said she'd die if we took her away; and, by George, it looked as if she might, she gasped and choked so dreadfully. Things have come to a fine pass"—he began to pace up and down the room restively,—“a fine pass when people of supposed common-sense have to turn fool like this.”

“You have given your orders,” the lady answered. “I suppose Miss Marshall is obeying them.”

“Miss Marshall is a soft-headed idiot!” blurted out Uncle Miles, fiercely. “Get some one else that can control the child.”

“But you said she was not to be controlled.” Mrs. Carter-King was beginning to hold her own again.

“I did not, Madam! I said she was not to be crossed—crossed—*crossed!*”

“It is the same thing,” the lady rejoined.

“Not at all,—not at all,” her brother went on impatiently. “There is a way to control without crossing, exciting, maddening, as Marjorie was maddened to-day. I don't know how it's done, but there are women who can do it. Neither you nor Miss Marshall seems to understand how.”

“You can scarcely expect us to share your devotion to the child,” the lady ventured coldly. “It is an unusual trait with you, Miles.”

“Devotion!” her brother burst forth angrily. “I don't care a straw for the little fool. She has been a pest to me from first to last. But just now, Madam (I tell you this that you may understand the situation),—just now she and her money are absolutely necessary to me—to me and to you, Madam. We must hold her, keep her, care for her, because—because her death would mean ruin to me. Her fortune would pass out of my management, out of my hands, to a distant relative

of her mother's, who would make demands that I could not meet.”

“Miles!”—the lady's tone was sharp with alarm. “You mean you have been speculating with Marjorie's money!”

“Speculating! Well, perhaps. But I had the right to invest it as I thought best, and as long as I am her guardian all will be safe. But if she should die, Madam,—if we let her die, it would mean,” he paused as if he were about to say too much; then added grimly, “the poorhouse for you and yours, Madam. So it will be well for you to mother my ward most tenderly and carefully. I need not tell you this is a brotherly confidence which it will be wise to respect.”

Their eyes met in a look that revealed the selfish coldness of their hearts.

“I understand,” was the woman's answer. “I am afraid you are playing a dangerous game, Miles.”

“I am,” he answered curtly. “But I hold the trumps, Madam—Marjorie and her millions.”

And he turned away with the words and strode out of the room, leaving his sister white with anger and fear, and a new hate for the puny, pale-faced child for whom she must wear the mask of a false motherhood,—the child who held her children's fate and fortune in her feeble hand. Then as she heard the hall door close behind her brother, Mrs. Carter-King touched the electric bell, and told the answering maid to call Miss Marshall to her.

That luckless lady, still flushed and flustered from her late excitement, appeared promptly. Miss Marshall, being of rather a gentle nature, had been quite overcome by her interview with Uncle Miles. But “worms will turn”; and, that bushy-browed gentleman having disappeared, Miss Marshall was in a turning mood. So when Mrs. Carter-King opened the bursting vials of her wrath on Marjorie's nurse, and demanded the hows and whys and where-

fores of her unpardonable stupidity in admitting Marjorie's goddaughter, Miss Marshall startled the questioner greatly by giving notice on the spot.

"I am not in any way responsible for this unpleasantness, and I refuse to accept any blame for it. My position here is daily becoming more painful and embarrassing, and I wish to resign it at once."

"To resign!" exclaimed Mrs. Carter-King, angrily. "To resign! Do I hear you aright, Miss Marshall?"

"You do, Madam. I wish to leave at once." (The worm had not only turned but was standing upright now.) "I have tried to meet the exigencies of a most painful position to the best of my ability. But, to say nothing of the mortifying rebukes I have received from you and your brother this afternoon, I find my duties here too discouraging and depressing."

"Depressing! Discouraging!" echoed the amazed hearer. "With your salary, your leisure, your privileges! I don't know what more a person of your profession could expect. Really"—Mrs. Carter-King assumed an air of lofty and surprised indignation,—"if your employers can not be permitted a few words of criticism on a seeming negligence—"

"*It is not that,*" said Miss Marshall, her lips quivering. "It is something you could not understand if I explained. I have nursed in hovels, Mrs. King, where there was more cheer, more life, more hope. This house, with all its splendor, is so cold, so dead."

"Cold! Dead!" repeated Mrs. Carter-King.

"And—and," Miss Marshall caught her breath for a moment before she went on. "I see no hope for Marjorie in its chilling atmosphere."

"No hope! You mean" (the questioner's tone was sharply anxious now) "that she is getting worse. You think she will die? Good Heavens, speak

plainly, woman! What have the doctors been telling you?"

"Nothing," answered Miss Marshall, briefly.

"I must hear!" Mrs. Carter-King's voice shook with sudden feeling. "You are hiding something from me, Miss Marshall,—from the child's natural guardians. Some condition has developed, perhaps, that we ought to know."

There was such genuine alarm in the question that Miss Marshall was astonished. She had never known Marjorie to awaken such anxiety before.

"I have noticed nothing unusual," she answered. "There is no improvement, I am sorry to say; but—"

"I suppose we can not expect that," said Mrs. Carter-King; "and we do not blame your care of her in any way, Miss Marshall. In fact, you have been so faithful and efficient that I hope you will reconsider your idea of leaving Marjorie. If an increase of salary would induce you to stay with her, I am sure my brother would not hesitate to offer it. It is so very necessary that Marjorie should have experienced nursing,—the most experienced that money can buy. I was somewhat unduly perturbed when I heard how excited she was this afternoon. We know how dangerous such agitation is to the dear child. I will speak to my brother about the increase in your monthly stipend. He will make it twenty dollars more, I am sure, if that will be an inducement to you to forget this unpleasantness and let us retain your valuable services."

Twenty dollars more, and such suavity as Miss Marshall had never known! After all, perhaps she had misjudged these people. Mrs. Carter-King's tone had actually trembled with anxiety for Marjorie's health, and had softened into real regret at Miss Marshall's departure. So it was all settled, and the good lady agreed to remain with her troublesome charge.

Meantime upstairs in the big play-room, the little cause of all these difficulties was watching with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, the "circus," listening to the Punch and Judy talk, taking up the dolls one by one to examine their wonderful toilettes.

"O *marraine, marraine*, never have I seen so many beautiful things,—such grand and beautiful rooms! It is like heaven, *marraine*, this house where you live,—like the good God's heaven."

(To be continued)

The Happiest Moment in the Life of Columbus.

THAT was a memorable thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of the strongest faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to travel the unknown seas.

Palos was full of excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the waves and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang out. On landing, the Admiral and his crew, accompanied by the whole population, went to the principal church and offered up solemn thanksgiving for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the Court. His journey was a triumphal march. It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had

brought with him, and offerings of tropical birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music, that bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement. It was the music of the chapel choir of Queen Isabella.

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting." The majestic *Te Deum* swept on until it reached the sublime words: "Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory!"

The great audience was filled with enthusiastic devotion. It was perhaps the happiest moment of Columbus' life,—the first thanksgiving for the New World.

Weathercocks.

THE weather-vane comes down to us from very ancient times. On the old castle towers, the vane was generally in the shape of a banner; but on churches it was a cock, with Mediæval symbolism, to typify the necessity of vigilance.

Many churches have as a vane the emblem of the saints to whom they are dedicated. St. Peter's, Cornhill, England, has a key for weather-vane. Another dedicated to St. Lawrence, martyr, has a gridiron.

St. Sepulchre's Church, Skinner Street, London, has four spires, each with a vane; which caused an English writer to say: "Unreasonable people are as hard to reconcile as the vanes of St. Sepulchre's towers, which never look all four upon one point of the heavens." From this comes the quaint admonition so often given to quarrelling children: "Don't be like St. Sepulchre's vanes!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The index and title-page for the half-yearly volume of *THE AVE MARIA* concluded with the Old Year are now ready for those who bind their magazines.

—A collection of early English works sold last month in London included a copy of a very rare book by Erasmus—"A Lytle Treatise of the Manner and Forme of Confession." It was printed by John Byddell (1533-44).

—"The Lands of Silence: A History of Arctic and Antarctic Exploration," by Sir Clements Markham, a work which was on the press at the time of his death, has been edited by Dr. F. H. H. Guillemard, and will be issued by the Cambridge University Press.

—The first volume of an edition of Shakespeare, edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and Mr. J. Dover Wilson, is announced. The text has been prepared in accordance with the findings of modern Shakespearean scholarship. The number of volumes in this new edition is not stated.

—George Barret, R. A., James A. O'Connor, Walter F. Osborne, and Nathaniel Hone, R. H. A., are the painters dealt with in "Four Irish Landscape Painters," an illustrated volume by Thomas Bodkin, just issued by the Talbot Press, Dublin. The book gives a bibliography and lists of the works, exhibits, etc., of the painters of whom it treats.

—In the course of an extended review of a new edition of Chateaubriand's *Life of the Abbé de Rancé*, with an Introduction by the eminent French critic, M. Julien Benda, the *London Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "Is it not time to brush aside the cobwebs of prejudice spun by Sainte-Beuve, Lemaître, and their disciples, over the books of Chateaubriand? Is it not time to take them down from the shelf, bang the dust from them, open them, read them, and find that their author is one of the great masters of French literature? . . . It is not only as a thinker that Chateaubriand is admirable: we honor in him not only the man who turned the tables on Voltaire, the man who dared to oppose Napoleon, the man who foresaw and pointed out the weaknesses of democracy; but a great artist, a prodigious magician with words. Sainte-Beuve and Lemaître may howl at him like a couple of jackals: Chateaubriand is still the lion." Of late years not only in his own country, but in England and the United States,

Chateaubriand has been depreciated, his great qualities underrated because of some grave defects. The "Vie de Rancé" is not, according to modern standards, an ideal biography; but the great prose poet is often at his very best in it. The writing of this once famous book was imposed upon Chateaubriand as a penance by his confessor.

—Everyone interested in Mediæval things will be glad to know that a new edition of "L'Art Religieux du Treizième Siècle en France," by Emile Mâle, has just been published by Armand Colin, Paris. This authoritative treatment of the Catholic Renaissance by a prominent Catholic architect and art critic has the added merit of being exceptionally well written.

—"Blessed Oliver Plunket," a Life of that resolute man of God by a Sister of Notre Dame, is as straightforward and compelling as one of his own sermons. He was a great Irish bishop, and all his life something of an Irish soldier. Now, with his honor vindicated and his devotion to the Faith fully established, he will inspire many with the strength of will which the Church needs. This biography is, therefore, a labor of charity in more ways than one. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers. Price, \$2.15.

—The French Academy has awarded the Grand Prix for history to the Abbé Henri Bremond, for his "Literary History of the Religious Sentiment in France." This great and difficult work, three volumes of which have now been completed, is an examination of the schools of mysticism which have appeared in France since the close of the Wars of Religion. Only a man possessing the extraordinary *finesse* of judgment with which the Abbé Bremond is gifted could analyze these obscure trains of thought with success. He will be remembered by English readers as the author of the much discussed volume, "The Psychology of Newman."

—Mr. Chesterton has now discovered America. We trust that his stay will be very pleasant, but note with some regret that he has decided not to write a book about us. Moreover, he believes that the average English newspaper man writing about this country is an ignorant man indeed. "It is conceivable," he says, "that somewhere under the evening star he may have a new idea even about the New World. If he has only half an hour in

which to write, he will just have time to consult the last leading articles in the newspapers. The encyclopedia will be only a decade out of date; the leading article will be soon out of date, having been written under similar conditions of modern rush."

—The importance assumed by Biblical criticism has not lessened since the war, although German work on the subject has probably lost some of its influence with students generally. It is just this work which is ably summed up and commented upon by the Very Rev. M. J. La Grange, O. P., in "The Meaning of Christianity according to Luther and His Followers in Germany." The learned author, who is director of the excellent school for Bible Study at Jerusalem, shows clearly that the attitude which Luther took towards Christianity when he broke from the Church has found its natural results in the negative criticism supplied by Lessing, Strauss, Bauer, Weisse, and the rest. The field has been gone over rather thoroughly, considering the space at Father La Grange's disposal. Even more praiseworthy is the manner of presentation, which is always clear, honest, and devoid of any national bias. The Catholic view of the Scriptures can be gauged from the reading of this volume in a way to inspire confidence. The translation, by the Rev. W. S. Reilly, S. S., has been satisfactorily done. Published by Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$2.15.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

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Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Alexander Scoles, of the diocese of Portsmouth; Rev. Edward Hickey, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. Michael Byrne, diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Thomas Coughlin, archdiocese of Boston.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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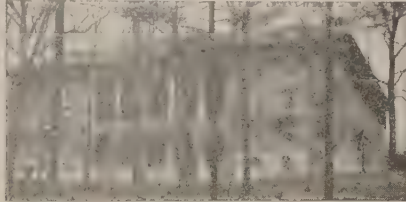
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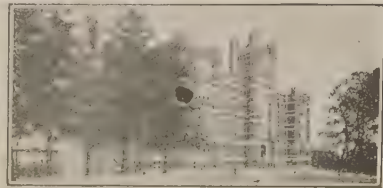
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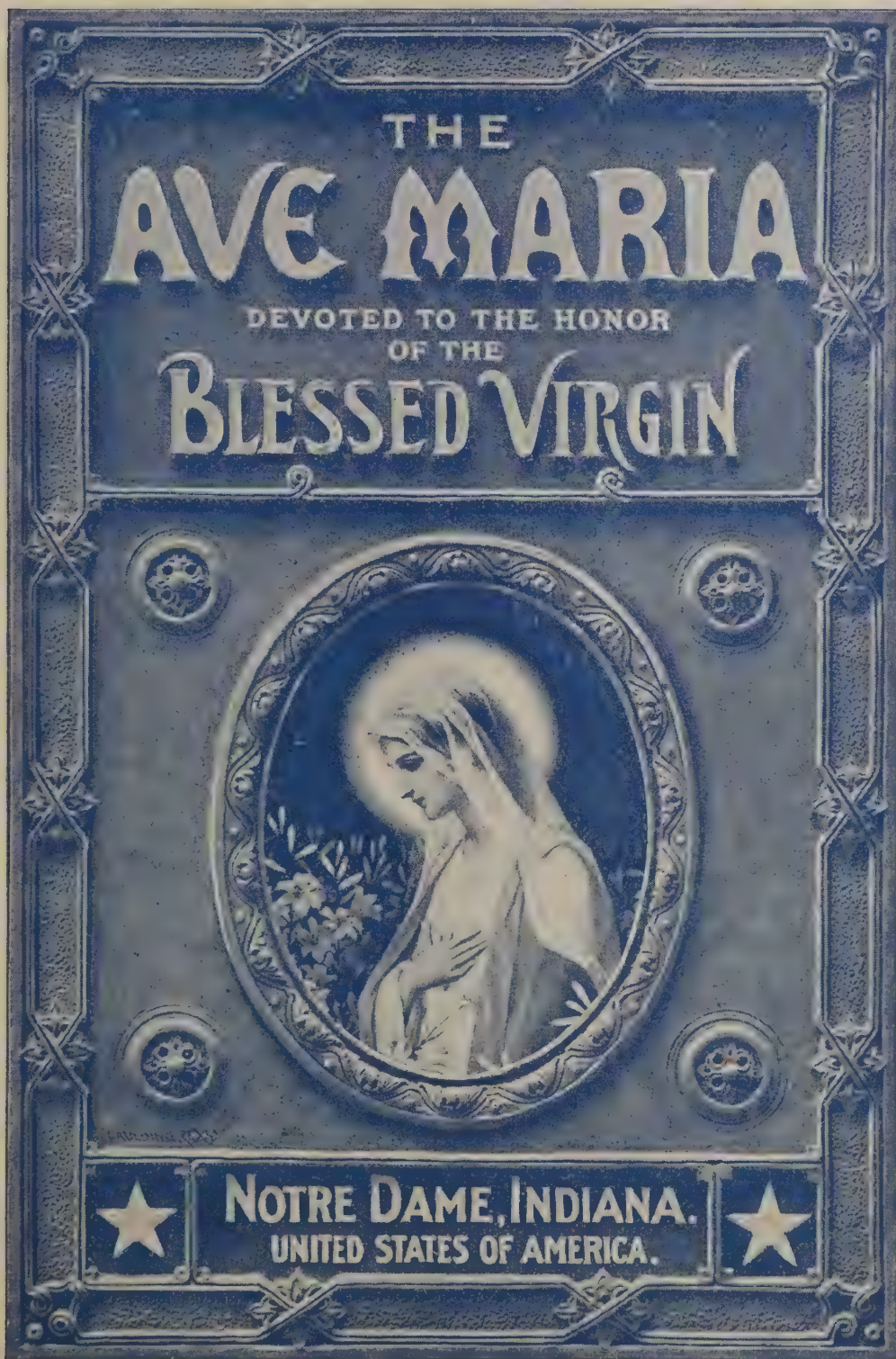
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 12.—The Holy Seven Founders of the Servite Order.	Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 13.—First of Lent. St. Catherine Ricci, V. St. Gregory II., P. C.	THURSDAY, 17.—St. Theodulus, M. St. Finan, B. C.
MONDAY, 14.—St. Valentine, M.	FRIDAY, 18.—St. Simeon, B. M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 15.—SS. Faustinus and Jovita, MM.	SATURDAY, 19.—St. Conrad, C. St. Mansuetus, B. C. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
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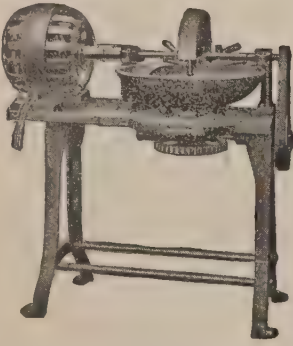
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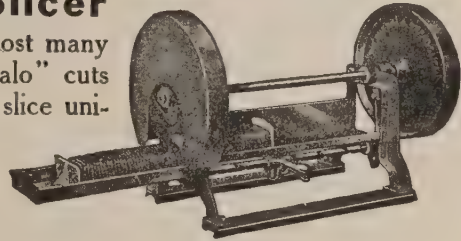
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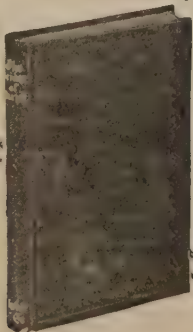
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For thee the swinging stars are bright;
Yet down Life's labyrinth of pain,
What sinner calls to thee in vain?
Through thy calm eyes the blind have sight.
The world plucks men with master-might,
The River Vice runs swift by night;
Keep thou my soul immune from stain,
Most loving Mother!

Within this House of God's Delight,
Before thee pass, in happy flight,
Angelic wings; but I would fain
Rise up, and with earth's sinners rain
Child-kisses on thee in my plight,
Most loving Mother!

Our Duty in Lent.*

THE observances of the holy season of Lent ought to recall every Christian heart to that Heavenly Father whom the distractions of life too constantly make us forget. The end and purpose of life and of time is nothing less than our Father's service. Our passions, our weakness, and our blindness hinder us; and this sacred time of penitence will serve to awaken our conscience, to dispose us to the fear of the Lord, and to fill us with that fortitude and resolution which, with God's grace, alone can bind us to the Eternal King.

* A pastoral instruction, by the late Bishop John Cuthbert Hedley.

But it is not merely the turning away from deadly sin and the arising of the heart from the fatal sleep of spiritual indifference, that a Catholic should look for in these days of salvation. There is something else. Even duty, even zeal for God, even religious observance, are sure to lose their savor, their freshness, and their merit, unless a man from time to time looks earnestly into his own heart. The work of life, the occupation of life, is not simple, but complex. The most important of our obligations and the holiest of our services are made up of many elements, and can easily be spoiled by imperfection, by omission, by inadvertence.

There are too many Catholics who continue through a lifetime in a routine that is outwardly adequate and sufficient, but which the want of good motives, the strong infusion of vanity or self-seeking, and the coldness of divine charity, combine to rob of its supernatural value in the eyes of God, and of its merit unto everlasting life. It is a pity that men's lives should be spoiled like this. It is a pity that good men and women who, in spite of many defects, love their religion, are well disposed to their neighbors, and are even ready to make sacrifices for the cause of God, should for all that be so far away from their Heavenly Father. All pastors keenly experience at times the feeling that many of their flock who seem to be practical Catholics are strangely distant from Christ. These people attend their church, make use of

the sacraments, contribute to the "offertory," help the school, and are generally sympathetic with the priest. But their hearts are not fully Catholic, and their religion is deficient in spirituality. Outward indications of this deficiency are not wanting. Some Catholics live in the faith, but the faith does not seem to live in them. Their faith sits on them as a garment, but it does not penetrate the depths of their spirit. It is a profession, it is even a practice, but it is not their lifeblood or the breath of their life. They believe in God's revelation, but not so much in God Himself. They believe in the teachings of Jesus Christ, but do not seem to be drawn to Christ's person. Their faith is not to them a precious and absolutely essential possession.

Living, like all of us, in the midst of ceaseless non-Catholic activity, they are too tolerant of religious error. They are not only friendly with non-Catholics—which is right, charitable and useful,—but they do not feel as they ought the lamentable misfortune of such non-Catholic friends in their false or inadequate religious views. They are inclined to be very nervous as to what "Protestants will say." They can not be got to see why the Church opposes Mixed Marriages. Sometimes, and even in spite of clear law, they will, on occasion of weddings or the like, go to the length of appearing at a non-Catholic service. They are inclined to believe what the anti-Catholic newspapers print against the Church, the Holy See, the bishops, and the religious Orders. These things tinge their views and warp their sympathy. . . .

Such are a few of the shortcomings which are too often found among Catholics in non-Catholic countries, and which prove that their holy faith is not so deep, so penetrating, and so spiritual as He would desire who, when He was taken up to heaven, sent His Divine Spirit to take possession of every heart,

and to fill us all with His heavenly fire.

Moreover, in these days, pastors can not help feeling that it is they themselves who, in a certain sense, are responsible for this want of spirituality in their flocks. There is so imperative a need for external and material work that a priest has not the full time to attend to his people's souls. The priest has his church, his school, his presbytery, with all the begging, collecting, organizing, and administration connected with them. Add to these that share in ordinary public life which our leading priests can not decline, and you have more than enough to keep the pastor of a flock busy and preoccupied. It is true, he catechises and he preaches; but it is simply not in his power to devote himself, either in the pulpit, or in the confessional, to that solicitous, intimate and consecutive spiritual instruction which is required in order to lift up gross human nature to divine inspiration, or to set cold worldliness on fire with the interior love of Jesus Christ.

Considerations like these ought to urge us all, at a season like this apostolic fast of Lent, to use every means to save our lives from the loss of God's Holy Spirit. For the danger lies here. Two spirits contend without ceasing for our destinies—the Spirit of God, who would sanctify and save us; and the spirit of the world, the flesh, and the devil, which would wreck us everlastingly. Even the holy name of Christ will not save us, unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection. Every man has faculties and desires, and the power of attention, and ability to resolve and to act; if he uses these gifts on the world alone, and not in the interests of spiritual union with Christ, he is living a dangerous and precarious life, on the very edge of mortal sin, perhaps of apostasy. These days of Lent are days of soberness, of recollection, of change

of heart. If you followed the Church's liturgy at this time, you would find yourselves joining in wailing *Misereres*, listening to the Psalmist and the Prophets as they proclaim life's brief span, and warn unthinking mortals of the passing of irrevocable time; offering up fasting and almsdeeds in the spirit of the Cross, and praying with tears for pardon of the past and a new heart for the future. This is the spirit which saves men from the world, and makes their religion a living thing.

In order that we may all make a practical attempt to become more spiritual, there is one easy means that presents itself. Indeed, spiritual religion is in itself easy; if it were difficult, it would not be part of every man's duty. What makes it difficult is the attractiveness of other things, which appeal to our lower self; what the Holy Spirit, in the Book of Wisdom, calls "the fascination of worldly trifles." It is easy enough, when we think of it, to turn the thought to God and to lift the heart to Him. And it is not too much to say that most men's lives would become spiritualized if they gave an intelligent attention to the duty of daily prayer.

Among the fruits of prayer, as explained in a beautiful passage of the great Catechism of the Council of Trent, are mentioned the deepening of faith, the intensifying of divine love, and the strengthening of our grasp of God's being.* Faith, which may here be taken to mean all the soul's consciousness of the divine and the eternal,—faith glows in prayer like the beacon of the mountain on a winter's night, when the keen frosty air breathes strongly. Our Heavenly Father knows what we stand in need of before we bend the knee or lift the heart; but He wishes us to pray; He has made us so that it is our duty to pray, because it is more essential that our being should be kept in touch with Him and His kingdom

than that we should obtain what we seem to want. If our morning or our night prayer fails thus to warm and illuminate our hearts with the sense of the divine and the eternal, it is a poor prayer; it is hardly a prayer at all. Could we not turn our attention to this?

Again, prayer should be always an exercise of divine love. Love of God with the whole heart is the great commandment. As followers of Jesus Christ, we have bound this holy law upon our brows. But what is prayer? It is to enter the presence, it is to speak face to face with the Father that we love. Must it not be a mean prayer, a contemptible prayer, when we pray without the kindling of that holy love which is the answer of human piety to the friendship and the fatherhood of God? Would it be difficult to give our attention to a point like this? Would it be impossible, when we repeat the "Our Father," when we run through an act of contrition, when we read the prayers of Mass, to rise to this ideal, and make our prayer a true colloquy with our Creator,—face to face, heart to heart, speaking and listening, in the spirit of that gracious friendship which the Eternal has deigned to permit and to command?

And, still further, prayer, when it comes really from the heart, has a most wonderful purifying influence upon our nature. It is not too much to say that devout prayer actually transforms us, not so much by obtaining what we ask for, as by our very contact with God. This is the teaching of the Tridentine Catechism. "When we pray," it says, "God allows Himself to be taken hold of by our interior powers; in our earnest striving for His holy favors, there comes upon us the spirit of goodness, and a cleansing process takes place, in which the evil within us is washed away."** For we can not, in good faith and sincerity, enter into com-

* Part IV., cap. 2, par. 6.

** Ibid., No. 10.

munion with the Almighty Author of nature and grace without emerging from it more pure, more strong, and more spiritual,—in one mind, more like unto Himself. This is true whether, in our prayer, we place ourselves in the presence of God in His divine nature and attributes, or whether we adopt an easier method, and place before our thought the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. In either case "virtue goes out from Him," and we are healed.

But it is the sacred humanity which best helps the most of us. We must remember that our loving God became man precisely that we might find it easier to come into communion with Him. Other reasons also He had, but He most certainly had this. When, therefore, we pray to Jesus Christ, our prayer should never lose sight of the power, the influence, the transforming energy, which lives in that Redeemer of our souls, ready to diffuse itself, ready to envelop our poor nature as in a fiery cloud. Who could pray coldly if he thought of this? Who could be slothful and indifferent if he felt that the Infant of Bethlehem, Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus on the Cross, was not a mere personage of past history, but the living God, ever ready, as of old, with the showers of His beneficence and the shining of His heavenly glory? This thought should not be beyond our power. By a little exertion in keeping this idea before our eyes, our prayers would be very different. The prayers at Mass and at Benediction, and the Rosary, would cease to be mere formulas, mere words uttered by the lips, neglected by the mind. Our prayer would become real prayer. It would spiritualize us by its own spiritual power; and whilst it thus thrilled and lifted up our souls, it would spiritualize the whole of our life. We should come to feel that the only purpose of life was God and God's love. We should come to understand how great a thing in this world is the great and

never-failing Church of Jesus Christ. We should learn to use spiritual weights and measures in estimating the world and its works. We should learn to put our religion into everything, and realize that a life which is not directed, shaped and balanced by perpetual reference to Him who made us, is not a reasonable life but a folly and a calamity, which in the end we must bitterly expiate.

Every kind of spiritual prayer is good, whether it be love, adoration, praise, thanksgiving, or petition for the pardon of sin. But the prayer that *intercedes* is a prayer that at once benefits the spirit and promotes the Kingdom of God. What is here meant is not the mere petition for grace and assistance in our own temptations and troubles. It is rather that generous prayer which has its source in a keen supernatural feeling of the needs of the Kingdom of God on earth. There is no period of history when those words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," should not be day by day on the lips of all who strive to serve God. In that divine petition we pray that God may reign in every heart; that the power of the Evil One may be broken and may come to naught; that Jesus Christ may everywhere conquer and triumph; that His law, His commandments, and His Church may rule the whole world; that there may be neither rebel nor traitor nor deserter, but that all may live under His rule and in His grace until they have to leave the earthly kingdom for that which is prepared in heaven.

All this is what we are bound to pray for. It is no matter that it will never be fully realized or granted: the final triumph of Christ will come only at the Day of Judgment. But, for all that, He triumphs in every generation; and it is to the intercession of His servants, He Himself always leading in that intercession, that He wishes His triumphs to be owing. He allows us to be dis-

appointed; He permits the prayers of His greatest saints to fail in their immediate effect; He hides from us the success, the glorious results, which the intercessions of His servants invariably bring about, sooner or later; but the true Catholic spirit is to keep on praying for the Church and for the Kingdom of God, in light and in darkness, in peace and in conflict, in sunshine and in storm. It is this prayer of intercession that makes a Catholic feel how intimately he is bound to his God, on the one hand, and to his fellow-servants of God, on the other. He comes to understand that his religion is not a mere name or a badge, but a constraining impulse of the heart toward God; that it is not a mere personal security, or a physic for one's own ills, but a wide inheritance which we divide with our brethren; a great realm, with its splendor, its pomp, its order, and its historic memories, that we share with all the multitude of the redeemed.

A Catholic, therefore, will be better in every way if he constantly prays for the Holy Father, for his diocese, for the Church in every land. It will enlarge his sympathies and widen his views, if he makes it a practice to pray for the Foreign Missions, for the temporal independence of the Pope, and-so forth. It was prayer that delivered Israel from his foes in ancient times. It was prayer, with martyrdom, that wrought the conversion of the pagan Empire of Rome. It was prayer that extinguished devastating heresies, and kept the Church in her unity. Prayer saved Christian Europe from the Turk. Prayer has wrought innumerable conversions of great and distinguished men, whose influence has upheld the Kingdom of God. Prayer has stopped the career of persecutors and changed the counsels of kings and ministers. Prayer has repeatedly saved the Papacy from what seemed irretrievable misfortune. Therefore let us pray, and weary not.

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

VIII.



LEAVING Mr. Perkins in the charge of the under-sheriff, Sir Francis proceeded to place guards at every exit from the house and at the foot of every staircase. Then, taking half a dozen men, he passed rapidly through the rooms of the lower floor, and, finding no one, proceeded upstairs. On the first floor, he found Mrs. Perkins and several other ladies, with Mesea, the house-steward, Mistress Martha, and another serving-woman. These he addressed in civil language, but forbade them to leave the apartment in which they were gathered; and, as a precaution, posted one of his retainers at the entrance.

The second floor he traversed for some time without meeting with any one, for the simple reason that its arrangements were such that it was easy for persons so minded to play at hide and seek among the many small chambers, all of which intercommunicated.

One door he found closed and bolted, and this suspicious circumstance made him demand admission. He was answered by an hysteric shriek, which could have emanated only from the lungs of a woman. Nothing daunted, he burst open the door, to discover Mistress Elizabeth, not exactly in undress, but in that decent state of *déshabillé* which a woman considers unfitted for the eyes of the sterner sex. Completely dressed, with the exception of her outer garment, she wore over her curl-papers a somewhat grotesque nightcap, the strings of which, in her anxiety, she had pulled into a knot, thus frustrating her efforts to appear presentable.

Sir Francis, to his credit be it said, after a hasty glance round, left the lady

to complete her toilet (the dishevelment of which was merely a ruse on the part of Elizabeth to distract and delay Sir Francis), and proceeded to the top story. To this part of the house he paid particular attention. Not a cupboard or corner escaped his search. He tapped the walls to detect a hollow sound; he carefully trod and sounded the floorboards; looked out of the windows, and compared the outward casements to those within; made his men search the chimneys, and even light fires in them on the chance of some crook or corner concealing the object of his search,—but all to no purpose. So well were the secret entrances disguised that not a crack or a sound gave token of their existence. Although Sir Francis knew full well that the house abounded in hiding-places, he was forced to admit himself beaten.

He was returning towards the stairs to make his descent, with the object of making a more thorough search on the lower stories, when one of his men called his attention to a tiny fragment of linen projecting from a portion of the panelling of the corridor. A careful inspection revealed the fact that it was wedged under a moulding, thus indicating the existence of something movable. No hollowness could be detected around it, however, nor could any possible means of entrance be discerned. Sir Francis called for tools; and, these being brought, he proceeded to tear down the oaken lining.

His efforts were crowned with success, for in a few minutes he had obtained an opening sufficient to reveal a chamber beyond. On enlarging the aperture, there was exposed to view a collection of vestments and church furniture of various kinds.

Directing his men to remove the—as he termed it—“Popish rubbish,” he was struck for a moment aghast, but the next instant with delight, at seeing the

heap move of its own accord, and the figure of a man dressed in a blue coat appear. With a shout the men seized on their prisoner, and, acting under the orders of their chief, conveyed him in close custody out of the house.

Leaving the prisoner to the care of his subordinates, Sir Francis proceeded to relieve the other inmates of the house from the surveillance he had placed over them.

Mr. Perkins, who had been hitherto unaware of what had taken place, could hardly believe his ears when Sir Francis, with evident satisfaction, related the account of his capture, and added a few choicely-turned but strange remarks on the Squire’s veracity. The harboring of a priest was a penal offence, and the harbinger was liable to imprisonment and even death; but as Mr. Perkins was a man, in the sheriff’s opinion, not likely under such circumstances to attempt to escape, Sir Francis took his bond for £500 to appear before the magistrates at Reading, on Saturday, September 16. Having done this, he departed.

While the sheriff was engaged with Mr. Perkins, his deputy, with the larger body of his men, had removed the prisoner beyond the precincts of the park, where they awaited the arrival of their chief. They amused themselves, as may be imagined, at the expense of the prisoner, who, in spite of his evident anxiety, appeared to be well satisfied with his position, and repeatedly declared that the game was not so near the end as they supposed.

When Sir Francis arrived on the scene, the prisoner, hitherto on foot, was placed on a horse in front of one of the attendants; two were told off to guard him on either side, and in front and behind. In this form the cavalcade set out on their return to Reading.

They had proceeded a matter of two miles, when our friend Plumpton, the

tailor, met them. Bowing to Sir Francis, who was riding some distance in advance of his men, he walked by his side and congratulated him upon the success of his undertaking, remarking with satisfaction that he should not be long in claiming his share of the reward as informant.

In the course of the conversation, Sir Francis expressed his surprise at certain differences in the description given by the informer of the priest Lingam and the identity of his prisoner.

The better to illustrate his meaning, the sheriff drew up, and, pointing to the prisoner, said:

"Your information says a man of forty, with dark hair. Look you: the prisoner is under thirty and fair."

Plumpton pressed forward between the attendants, and, glancing at the prisoner, turned pale; then, recovering himself and taking in the situation, burst into a hearty laugh, exclaiming:

"You've made a fine fool of yourself, Sir Francis. No offence, but that prisoner of yours is no more George Lingam than I am. That's Andrew Gaylor."

Gaylor, on leaving Mr. Perkins, hurried to seek the priest. He found him in the act of making his meditation before Mass. He lost no time in acquainting him with the danger which threatened, and in advising him how best to avoid it. A few hasty preparations for a journey were hardly complete when the sheriff's rattle was heard at the front door. Knowing that all ordinary means of exit would be at once closed and guarded, Gaylor decided to conduct the priest by the secret passage to the cellar and the garden, which has been described. This he did, first exchanging coats with the priest for better disguise.

So close were they driven that Sir Francis Knolleys was actually posting his guards on the terrace above as Gay-

lor and Father Lingam traversed the passage below, and slipped through the shrubbery into the woods beyond. Here they found the servant with horses; and, giving the priest into this man's charge, Gaylor returned to the mansion by the same way he had come, having taken the precaution to leave the lower trap unfastened to admit of his entrance.

The object of his return was partially to see that all the doors of the secret exit were carefully closed; for in their haste they had little time to regard this. But his main object was to conceal the proximity of a priest which the books and vestments and other preparations for Mass would indicate.

Two of the servants had stripped the altar, and taken it to pieces; for it was so made that its real use could be disguised. They were folding and gathering the various articles in readiness for secretion, when Sir Francis and his men were heard on the stairs. The nearest hiding-place was one under the eaves opening from the side wall of the corridor. Into these the things were hastily bundled; and as Gaylor, half in and half out of the hole, was inserting the last armful, the leader of the search-party put foot on the top stair.

It was fortunate that the position of the landing induced him for the first moment to turn to the left instead of to the right; for it gave the servants who were assisting Gaylor the opportunity of covering for an instant with their persons the sight of the open flap, which Gaylor at once pulled to, fastening himself in with the furniture.

IX.

Sir Francis Knolleys was, as may be readily imagined, taken by surprise at Plumpton's revelation. In his anger he roundly abused the men who had been so careless of her Majesty's (and, incidentally, his own) interests. He ordered the prisoner's bonds to be re-

leased, in order that he might submit him to 'a sound thrashing, which he thoroughly deserved.' Gaylor, on hearing this, raised his voice and declared to Sir Francis that he was prisoner by no fault of his own: that his captors gagged and bound him, without giving him a chance to explain matters. He even offered to return to the Court with Sir Francis, to show him the hiding-place where he was taken, and explain the manner in which the mistake had occurred.

At this point Plumpton, who had had time to consider how far, under the altered circumstances, his own interests would be concerned in regard to the reward, interfered and backed up Gaylor's suggestion, stating that he had no desire to lose his fee through any carelessness on the part of the search gang, and after the trouble and difficulty to which he had been put in order to bring matters to a successful issue. Sir Francis and Plumpton were arguing the point with much heat,—the former declaring that the latter had earned no reward, as no priest had been found; and Plumpton, on his part, vaguely hinting that Sir Francis was to blame for leaving the matter too much in the hands of his subordinates. As a final thrust, Plumpton threatened to report to the Privy Council this carelessness and disloyalty. He then hastily took his departure.

Sir Francis, in his own mind, thought little or nothing of the tailor's threat, although in the end he had reason to regret not having made some sort of a pact with the man; for Plumpton, it is supposed, really did report the matter, and with such embellishments of his own as to cause an inquiry, with the result that Sir Francis received some very annoying communications in which he was accused of "badly serving her Majesty."

Sir Francis resolved to return with Gaylor to Ufton Court; but, on turning

to give his orders, discovered that his prisoner, taking advantage of the confusion, had fled. On second thought, he came to the conclusion that so much time had been wasted that, supposing a dozen priests had been hidden at the Court, they were by this time miles away. He, therefore, ordered his band to return home, resolving in his own mind to come back and make a further search in a week or ten days, by which time the inmates might think themselves secure and have retrieved his quarry.

It seemed a strange proceeding on Gaylor's part that, instead of putting as great a distance as possible between himself and his late captors, he actually returned to Ufton Court, and, seeking Mr. Perkins, gave him a full account of what had happened, and begged and implored him to believe that for the future he might be depended upon as a faithful ally, and a practical instead of a nominal Catholic. Mr. Perkins, willing to overlook the past, in consideration of his youth, believed him; and ever after had the great consolation of knowing that his confidence had not been misplaced.

Gaylor, at the request of Mr. Perkins, stayed for several days at the Court to assist the household in repairing the serious damages done by the searching party. But, try as he would, he never could succeed in obtaining private speech with Mistress Elizabeth; who treated him in an off-hand, contemptuous manner, very galling to the youth, though some say not an unknown sign of Cupid's dart.

The servant who had accompanied Father Lingam in his flight returned, with the horses, and brought word of the priest's safe arrival at Woolhampton house, whence Mr. Wollascot conducted him to Stoke, a residence of one of the Hildesley family, situated on the Oxfordshire bank of the Thames. As

this house was comparatively small, and never harbored a resident priest and seldom a travelling one, it was thought to be more or less free from suspicion, and therefore a fitting place of sojourn until the good Father had time to receive instructions from his superiors, or otherwise plan his mode of procedure.

Father Lingam, under the name of Wilson, arrived safe at Stoke, and remained there for over three weeks; he then proceeded to one of the Oxfordshire missions, and later returned to Weston Underwood. He appears to have changed his name at each new residence, and in consequence of this all efforts to trace his movements further have failed; though there is some slight evidence that he finally went to the Continent and there died.*

As regards Ufton Court, nothing further had transpired concerning the party; and the inmates were now occupied in repairing the damage done by the searchers, and in more carefully concealing all articles of a nature to arouse suspicion. These included not only vestments and altar furniture, but rosaries, statues, and pictures of our Blessed Lady and of the saints, prayer-books, Catholic Bibles dated both before and after the Reformation. Indeed, a great many things were then proscribed as Popish that might be found at the present day in the home of the strictest English Evangelical.

(To be continued.)

* The name George Lingam, or Lingham, although strictly in accord with the public documents whence this story has been compiled, is difficult to identify. No record elsewhere of a priest of the name, or under the name as an alias, can be found at the date named. Nine years later an Edward Lingen is recorded by Jessop to have landed at Bridlington Bay; but this does not fit in with the date of the search warrant for George Lingam at Ufton. (See "One Generation of a Norfolk House," by Augustin Jessop, p. 208.)

An Irish Patriot and Saint.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

(CONCLUSION.)

HENRY II., now landing in Ireland, and desiring, no doubt, to give proof of his zeal to the Sovereign Pontiff, convened Councils at Cashel and Lismore, at which St. Lawrence was present. He also co-operated with Strongbow in improvements and additions to the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity and other churches. When this powerful enemy was stricken with cancer in the leg, it was the Archbishop who tended him with paternal care.

In 1179, Lawrence found the liberties of the Irish Church menaced. When he and the other prelates prepared to attend the Third Lateran Council in Rome, they were constrained by Henry to give promises that they should say nothing derogatory about his actions. Regarding the monarch himself, Lawrence gave the required promise, but reserved the duty of laying boldly before the Pope the state of the Irish Church and obtaining for it many rights and privileges. This was highly displeasing to Henry, awakening his jealous distrust of the too influential prelate, and leading him to various acts of hostility. The Holy Father, however, was so impressed by the prelate's holy demeanor that he made him Legate of all Ireland.

On his return home his whole attention was given to the relief of the sufferers from a dreadful famine which had broken out and which strained his resources to the utmost. He gave assistance every day to fifty strangers, as well as to three hundred and fifty of his own people,—providing food, clothing, and other necessities. Moreover, at his door were left about two hundred children, whose charge, including education, he accepted. When these poor waifs were growing up and the

episcopal revenues were exhausted, Lawrence adopted the device of sending them round the country laden with a small wooden cross. Such a spectacle drew forth a magnificent response from the warm-hearted people of an island ever conspicuous for its enthusiastic charity. The saint had, indeed, the quality not only of being charitable himself, but of inspiring that virtue in others. St. Lawrence was for the entire country a light amid the terrible darkness of the time.

Henry began presently to show his enmity towards the man of God, the fame of whose exalted sanctity had spread afar. Being sent to confer with the English monarch on the terms of the Treaty, and to place in his hands the young son of Roderick, who had been demanded as a hostage, Lawrence was kept waiting for three weeks at the Abbey of Abingdon in England, only to learn that Henry had departed. Thither the Legate followed, to discover that he was in reality an exile from his own land: orders had been given at every port of embarkation that no vessel was to convey him to Ireland. Those orders, however, proved nugatory, since the aged prelate was nearing the true fatherland. He had intended to present himself before the despotic King and plead the cause of his beloved flock; but, fever-stricken, he was forced to take refuge in the Norman Abbey of Eu, where he received a joyful welcome. Passing within its portals, he exclaimed prophetically: "This is my resting-place forever! Here will I dwell because I have chosen it." The good religious of Eu blessed God for having sent them such a treasure.

And, in fact, the term of his pilgrimage was at hand. Reduced to a state of utter exhaustion by fever, he roused himself to render a last service to his country. He sent the tutor of his royal companion to Henry, to expose the miseries of his Irish subjects and to

make for them a stirring appeal. Some historians declare that the King, struck by remorse on hearing of the prelate's condition, granted all that he asked. Yet it did not prevent him, at the death of Lawrence, from sending messengers to sequester the episcopal revenues and prevent for a year the nomination of his successor. Is it surprising that Henry lived to see princes in revolt, his kingdom a prey to civil strife, and his son John become to all time a by-word and a reproach?

Lawrence received the last Sacraments with extraordinary fervor, crying out: "Have mercy on me,—have mercy on me, since my soul hath trusted in Thee!" When asked about his testamentary dispositions, he answered with a smile: "Of what do you speak? Thank God, I have not a penny left in the world to dispose of!" Indeed, whatever he possessed always became immediately the treasure of the poor. Becoming delirious, he was heard to murmur in the Irish tongue, referring to the poor who had been his lifelong care: "Who now will relieve your miseries? Who now will heal you?"

He died on the 14th of November, on which date his festival is celebrated in the Archdiocese of Dublin, of which he is the patron. It was in the year 1180, on Friday, "at the close of the midnight hour." A wonderful brightness was observed to surround the Abbey of Eu, so that it was at first believed that the monastery and houses adjacent were in flames. A citizen of Dublin, named Innocent, having been "overtaken by sleep" in the cathedral of Dublin, beheld in a vision the high altar suddenly crumble and disappear, by which he understood that the Archbishop was no more; and messengers presently arriving proved that his death occurred at the very hour.

The obsequies were celebrated with great pomp. The Scottish Legate Alexis officiated, in presence of a vast

concourse of prelates, princes, Norman barons, and the people. Extraordinary honors were paid to that illustrious son of Erin in the ancient Norman town where his noble life and almost phenomenal labors ended. The miracles which he had performed in life were succeeded by such a stream of marvelous cures that the Abbot of Eu set forth to obtain the canonization of one who was universally regarded as a saint. The decree was published in the church of Our Lady at Reate, amid audible murmurs of joy from the vast concourse of the faithful. From that time forth miracles were ever on the increase; and so great was the multitude of pilgrims to his shrine that the parish church, named for him St. Laurent, had to be enlarged. In times of public calamity, or when pestilence stalked abroad, the relics of the Irish Confessor were borne processionally through the streets, always with the happiest results. The remains were placed in a superb silver shrine by the Archbishop of Rouen, and during all the havoc wrought by the Huguenots or the Revolution, still excited the veneration of the French people.

It is interesting to note that the Jesuits, Fathers Emond and Biard, who first set foot on the soil of Canada, bore with them a relic of the Irish saint. To his tomb, it is recorded, Louis Philippe led Queen Victoria. Together they gazed in silence on the resting-place of one who, having loved justice and hated iniquity, had died in exile. An eloquent French priest,* terminates his account of the architectural remains in that portion of France with an apostrophe to Sir Lawrence, which is so beautiful that it may be reproduced here:

"Great St. Lawrence, who hast come from the ends of the earth to mingle thy apostolic dust with the ashes of the

chivalric Counts of Eu, amongst us thy tomb has always been held in veneration. In thine own country, in Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, that suffers for the faith, thou hast not been greeted with more homage than in this Christian Normandy, the land of churches and of abbeys. Thy coffin bears no inscription, but the people retain one graven on their hearts. From the depths of their graves the Norman princes demand of the humble Catholic the charity of his prayers: thou, on the contrary, in the repose of the tomb receivest the homage of kings and the prayers of the people. The tombs that surround thine enclose but the dead alone: thy sepulchre contains life. Thus for many centuries thousands of pilgrims have not ceased to visit thy relics, which have spoken as oracles and have operated miracles. Revolutions have cast to the winds the ashes of kings and have dispersed their dust forever; but the faith of the people have exalted thine, and the earth which contains them witnesses those virtues which flower and germinate.

"Thou art the protector of this city, which rests all its hopes on thee. Continue to defend it against the plagues which threaten its frail existence. Dwell for a long time in the midst of those tombs of princes and warriors who form thy silent court. Sleep at peace in this holy dormitory, until the trumpet of the Angel awakens from their profound sleep these crowned heads. Then they shall arise, veiled in the winding sheet and covered with a funeral shroud; but thy countenance, glorious and transfigured, shall grow brilliant as the resplendent sun in the midst of thy companions of the tomb, and the whiteness of the snow itself shall be rivalled by the purity and brightness of thy pontifical garments."

Strange to say, in the country which he had so passionately loved, his cultus, at least as to its exterior manifesta-

* The Abbé Cochet, "Les Eglises de l'Arrondissement de Dieppe, Eu," etc.

tion, grew far more slowly. It is true that in his metropolitan cathedral, hallowed by his presence, a chapel has been dedicated to his memory; but for long years no suitable memorial was erected. This, of course, arose from the opposition of the dominant party to the patriot who had striven to maintain the independence of his native island. Even Catholic feeling was not strong enough to make his opponents forget that this canonized saint and the glory of the See of Dublin had loved his country first and best, and had striven to protect his people against the harsh rule of the invader.

The name of Lawrence O'Toole was inscribed in the Irish martyrologies as in the Roman Calendar, and written deep in the hearts of the Irish. Only in the nineteenth century, however, was a noble Gothic church erected to his memory in the parish of Castledermot, County Kildare, where the pastor, Father Lennon, was largely indebted to the generosity of a single individual. The consecration by Archbishop Murray was a wonderful occasion, taking place, according to the inscription on the corner-stone, "in the sixteenth year of the religious freedom of the Irish people, achieved by Daniel O'Connell." From that time devotion to this saint of the soil became more solemn and impressive. Relics were brought over from Normandy; in America and at the Antipodes churches were erected in his honor; and it would be impossible to tell of all the miracles that followed his career. The blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk; lepers were cleansed; every form of human misery was relieved. Pope Honorius III., in the decree of canonization, mentions seven dead persons who were restored to life through his intervention. Well may Lawrence be called the "great thaumaturgus." And that "wonder-worker" was the last canonized saint in the long bead-roll of

Ireland's hagiology, until the proclamation last year of the saintship of another archbishop, patriot, and martyr, the noble Oliver Plunket.

If the relics of the Hibernian saint carried through the Norman streets were so efficacious in mitigating public calamities, might they not prove efficacious in delivering the soil of holy Ireland from the grievous ills under which she labors? May not the prayers and high influence of holy Lawrence in the heavenly courts, if publicly invoked, be more powerful in averting further disasters than any arm of flesh and blood? For the saint of the twelfth century shall surely rise in his might to befriend the Green Island, which he loved more than life itself.

Benedicite.

BY MAUREEN M'ARDLE.

MAY every creature hymn Thy praise,
O merciful and loving God,
From brilliant sun that lights our days
To humble-hearted goldenrod.

The stars that jewel heaven's vault,
The torrents rushing through the land,
The seas in calm and storm, exalt
The greatness of Thy kingly hand.

The pale moon silvering our nights,
The north lights flashing through the sky,
The mornings laden with delights,
The gorgeous rainbow arched on high;

Dumb beasts that on the land abide,
And happy birds that cleave the air,
The fish that through the waters glide,
Thy wisdom and Thy power declare.

Let priests anointed praise Thy name,
And cloistered nuns rejoice in Thee;
Just souls on earth Thy might proclaim,
Who livest from eternity.

May earth become a temple vast,
And all Thy works their homage give;
But call Thy children Home at last,
Great God, in whom we move and live!

The Blacksmith of Antwerp.*

ON a winter evening, more than four hundred years ago, in a narrow, obscure, but picturesque street of the old town of Antwerp, a blacksmith's forge was throwing out bright little flashes of light, which cast at intervals a ruddy glow on the faces of the workmen, whose strong arms were steadily smiting the anvil with sturdy blows. Attracted by the light within, some idlers had assembled at the entrance, under the shelter of its projecting roof, and, as far as the noise would permit, carried on a desultory conversation with the men who were at work.

Amongst the group was a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, accompanied by her maid; her face and sunny hair just visible under the black hood and mantilla, worn Spanish fashion, prevalent at that period in the Low Countries. She stood at the door, hesitating to advance and reluctant to withdraw. As the sparks flew from the anvil like rockets, and a bright flickering light illuminated for an instant the whole interior of the forge, she cast a hasty glance into its inmost recess. Then, putting down her veil, she made a sign to her companion and was moving away.

At that instant an old man, one of the most inveterate gossip-mongers of the town, happened to be entering. She turned back, and asked of him:

"Has Quentin Matsys been here to-day?"

"Quentin Matsys, maiden? Yes, indeed; he was here this morning. I happened to be passing this way as the town clock was striking eleven, and heard that he had been taken ill and fainted, after long hours at work at the anvil."

* A true incident in the life of the Flemish painter, Quentin Matsys, born in Antwerp in 1450.

"Again!" ejaculated the maiden, wringing her hands. "It is but two days ago that he was taken home in a dead swoon."

"Of course it was, and how should it be otherwise? The stripling is too weak for this sort of work. He will kill himself; there can be no doubt of it. Dr. Armen has said so ever since last Michaelmas, when he sickened with the ague. But the lad is obstinate: it is always the same story. He must needs support his mother. Much good it will do her to have him lying in the churchyard. He is making his way there as fast as he can; for he is like the steward in the Gospel: he can not work, and to beg he is ashamed. But whither are you hurrying, Mistress Genevieve Claes? Let me hold an umbrella over your head and escort you home. Is it true that your father has invited to Antwerp Master von Daxis, of Harlem, and that he is to exhibit in the townhall his great picture of the 'Raising of Lazarus'? Oh, you are not going straight home! You have a call to make on your way? It is a wet evening to be out visiting."

Genevieve had glided out of sight whilst her companion was still speaking. With hurried steps she passed down a narrow little street at the back of the forge. Gretchen, her maid, had great trouble to keep up with her. The rain was beating against their faces, but there were tears as well as rain on the young girl's cheeks. The words of the old man had deeply affected her. The mother of Quentin Matsys, the young blacksmith, had been her nurse; and the little low house behind the forge, the home of her childhood. Her father, Hans Claes, a painter of some reputation, who had risen by means of his talent from an obscure station in life, was noted in his native town of Antwerp as well for his eccentricities as for his passionate devotion to his art. He had lost his wife soon after the

birth of his little girl, and had consigned her to the care of Madame Matsys, the blacksmith's wife, whilst, through great hardships and poverty, he had succeeded in pursuing a course of studies at Rome.

Quentin Matsys was the foster-brother of Genevieve Claes. They had been playmates in infancy and companions in childhood. The forge had been a kind of fairy world to the two children; and Genevieve, who since her father's return from Italy had dwelt under his roof, often timidly made her way to the favorite haunt of her earlier days. She still thought the sparks very beautiful as they flew upward in fiery spangles; and the sound of the hammer as it fell on the anvil pleasant music to the ears; and the face of Quentin Matsys, her old playfellow, with his fair hair and ruddy complexion besooted and begrimed by the labors of the forge, the handsomest she had ever seen.

She had for some time suspected that those she loved so dearly were in poverty. Old Matsys, Quentin's father, had been dead about a year, and since then his son had had to work far harder than ever before. Indeed, he worked hard for the first time in all his life; for he had always been of a delicate constitution, and his strong and loving father was wont to take the hammer out of his hand on hot summer days, and to send him to walk in the green fields on the margin of the Scheldt, where he often met Genevieve and her maid Gretchen.

He had never known what it was to toil with aching limbs, to labor with sinking strength, until that tender, fatherly heart had ceased to beat. But if Quentin was weak, he was not faint-hearted. Patiently and manfully he strove to make up by energy of will for the physical strength which he lacked. Day after day he worked at the anvil in that forge where he had been so happy as a child, till the light seemed

to glow lurid in his eyes, and the sound of the hammer's strokes echoed in his brain with a maddening force.

At last his shrunk, wasted arm sought in vain to wield the heavy sledge; the hectic spot on his cheeks assumed a deeper hue, and he fainted away at his work, as the old man had told Genevieve. Now, with his eyes mournfully closed, he was lying on a low trestle bed in his mother's little room, and a feeling of despair was creeping into his heart. Poverty was staring him in the face. No, not poverty—that he had always known and never dreaded,—but want and starvation in their sternest form.

Genevieve had suspected the truth, and pondered deeply on the means of relieving without wounding those to whom she was so devoutly attached. Her father was a parsimonious man; and, though he furnished her with whatever was necessary for her support and proper appearance amongst those in her own rank of life, she seldom had much money at her disposal. However, she had managed to save a small sum out of her own expenditures, and had been watching for an opportunity of giving it to Quentin for his mother's use. She now resolved to satisfy herself, by a visit at their house, that he and his mother were not actually in want, and if possible to press upon one of them, for the sake of the other, the small purse which she held tightly grasped in her hand.

When she had knocked at the door, and Madame Matsys had opened it and exclaimed, "Here is Genevieve!" her son started up, and held out his hand to her with an attempt at a smile.

"You are ill," she said, placing her cold hand, moist with the rain, in his burning one. "What ails you, Quentin?"

"I believe the work is too hard for me just at present," he answered; "but in a short time I dare say I shall be stronger."

"The truth is he—" began Madame Matsys.

"Don't talk nonsense, mother dear!" interrupted her son.

"The fact is, Genevieve—"

"No, it is not the fact, mother."

"He is breaking his heart, Genevieve, because he has not strength to go on working at the forge, and he foresees I shall have to go to the almshouse."

"No such thing, dear mother! Just open the window, please, and let in the fresh air. There now! I breathe better. I thought you meant never to come to see us again, Genevieve. My mother has been fretting sadly at your staying away."

"But, Quentin, you know you said—"

"Yes, I know what you are going to say. The day you told me of your father's writing in his Missal that he would never give you in marriage to any one but a painter, I was so vexed, so angry, that I was fool enough to declare that if it was true, we had better not meet again. Well, I have found out since that there is something still more difficult to bear: never to see you at all; not for days to hear the sound of your voice. I am afraid it makes me hate your father when I think of this cruel fancy of his."

"Oh, that is dreadful, Quentin! I shall not love you any more if you hate my father."

"But it was very wrong of him to write such words as those in a book, and a holy book too. People have no business to make such resolutions."

"Well, I don't think they should. It is very hard upon a girl who does not care at all for pictures to be obliged to marry a painter. But still, Quentin, you must not hate my father, for all that."

"Genevieve, as long as I thought I might have married you if it had not been for his mania about paintings and painters, I could hardly keep down the bitter, angry thoughts that were ever

rising in my mind. But perhaps, just because of those thoughts, Almighty God has humbled me by taking away my strength and making us poor. I used to talk of supporting a wife by my labor, and now I am become a burden to my mother in her old age. Oh, it is a great and bitter trial!"

He covered his face with his hands and tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Quentin, suppose it were God's will that we should never marry?" said Genevieve, earnestly, as if her very soul were looking out of her calm, blue eyes.

"Well, and if it were so would it mend the matter?" he answered sorrowfully and half reproachfully.

"Why, you know we could not be angry with God."

The young man reverently looked up to heaven, and in a low voice said:

"No."

"God is good and He loves us all," continued Genevieve, leaning her head against the back of the chair on which he was sitting.

"I know it," Quentin answered in a subdued manner; "I know He is good. Did He not make you, Genevieve? He must be very good Himself to have made any one so good as you. I have always felt that." After a pause he added: "Now, Genevieve, I will tell you a thought that has come into my mind whilst we have been talking. I think it must have been my Good Angel that inspired it. To-morrow, you know, is the festival of Our Lady of Antwerp. Numbers of sick people come to pray at her altar, and many of them are cured. I will go with the rest, and get the Archbishop's blessing, and the picture which he gives to all the members of the confraternity. You have always been a great hand at praying. I am sure your prayers will be heard. And then, as the priest told us last Sunday when he was preaching about the confraternity, when two or

three are agreed to ask something of God, He gives it to them."

"But, dear Quentin, if God should think it better for you not to get strong again at present, you will be patient, won't you?"

A cloud passed over the young man's face.

"It is not for my own sake," he said somewhat bitterly, "that I want my strength. It is easy enough to speak of patience."

"O Quentin," exclaimed Genevieve, her eyes filling with tears, "do you think I do not feel for you?"

"I know you do, dear one! Forgive my hasty words. Don't weep so! I think Our Lady will do something for me to-morrow!"

Genevieve wiped her eyes, kissed Madame Matsys, forced into her hand the little green purse which she had held concealed in her own during her whole visit, silenced her with another kiss when she tried to remonstrate, and glided out of the house, followed by the son's loving glance and the mother's murmured blessing.

(Conclusion next week.)

NOT to follow Our Lord's example in prayer is to make all our steps wandering, our paths perilous, our plans illusions, our works useless, our pleasures miseries, our prosperity chastisement, our adversity and afflictions despair, our existence a hell wherein we shall know only bitter tears and sighs. On the contrary, to follow this example, is to place ourselves in perpetual rest and security, to oblige the wisdom of God to govern us, His power to defend us, His goodness to console us, His grace to sanctify us, His mercy to encompass us, His sanctity to purify us, His happiness to defend us from evil and to sustain us in good; in fine, to make all succeed and go well with us, according to our wishes, for time and eternity.

—Rev. M. Muller, C. SS. R.

The Seven Angels and their Emblems.

BY YMAL OSWIN.

I.

IN some eloquent pages* Father Faber describes "the seven mighty chosen angels that stand ever before the throne of God"; and, although little is known of these glorious angels, Catholic tradition jealously preserves any indications of them that still exist, like rays of sunlight, dimming their outlines by their radiance. First in rank, then, come St. Michael, St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael, whose glowing outlines are seen in many a Mediæval stained-glass window.

St. Michael is always represented in a coat of mail, treading Lucifer under foot. In his left hand, his emblem is a lamp; and in his right, a lance, adorned with a white pennon stained with a crimson cross; and with its point he transfixes the writhing serpent at his feet. To this Archangel is confided the guardianship of the Church, and "perhaps also of the Sacred Humanity on earth, and of the reigning Sovereign Pontiffs." His traditional war-cry is *Quis ut Deus?* ("Who is like unto God?") We all know how beloved he is in Ireland. But even more is he the chosen patron of Catholic France. His chief shrine there is the celebrated monastery of Mont St. Michel (now a fortress), off the coast of Brittany, and surrounded by sea waves, except for a short interval at low tide. This is the seat of the confraternity dedicated to St. Michael, which has an ever-increasing list of members. In its little "Bulletin" many things are told of the Saint's wonderful protection and response to prayer in the recent war.

On the coast of Cornwall, almost opposite to this shrine, is the English Mount St. Michael, entirely surrounded by the sea,—an ancient monastery, with

* "The Most Blessed Sacrament," p. 427.

a small church, now used by Anglicans. The tower is the oldest portion; and on its roof, in the embattlement, is a large stone hollow called "St. Michael's Seat"; for, according to a pretty legend, after leaving his Breton shrine, the Saint would next alight there a while.

On a height above Torquay (Devon), there is also a little stone chapel, with very thick walls, and the trace of an altar under the arch. This was formerly a shrine of St. Michael, and a place of pilgrimage up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is related that Italian or Spanish sailors coming up the Channel would lower their topsail on passing it, long after it was forgotten in its own country, lost to the Faith.

II.

St. Gabriel is best known as the Angel of the Annunciation and the Incarnation, the guardian of mercy, a lover of sacrifice and prayer, and God's messenger. Inspirations of the love of God are attributed to him, and he is mentioned in Scripture as appearing to the Prophet Daniel. His emblems are a torch enclosed in a lantern, held in his right hand; and a mirror of green jasper, sprinkled with many colors, held in the left hand. These emblems may be seen in the churches of Antwerp, and at Barri (Italy), in stained-glass windows.

III.

St. Raphael is "the most human-like of angels, compassionately interesting himself in our mortal vicissitudes, as if he had a heart of flesh."* Tradition holds him to be the guide of travellers, the light of the blind, and the medicine of the sick,—representing the triple mercies of the Three Divine Persons, and shedding abundant joy over his clients.

St. Raphael is depicted with a miraculous fish issuing from his mouth, and

* Father Faber.

holding in his left hand a box,—in allusion to the story of Tobias, whom he aided by bidding him catch a wonderful fish, whose gall contained a healing medicine. The Saint is represented as very tall, holding the youthful Tobias by the hand; and is invoked as the patron of physicians.

IV.

The four other angels are known to tradition by their names and emblems; although in a Council held in Rome under Pope Zacharias, according to a note by St. Boniface, they were not publicly acknowledged by the Church. The author has endeavored to embody the characteristics of each of these angels in a few lines of verse. The names are as follows:

Uriel is called the Strong Companion, and is mentioned in the third and fourth Books of Esdras. He is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand; while his left hangs by his side, enveloped in flames.

TO URIEL.

Angel mysterious, thou Companion Strong!
Thee Esdras hymned;
Across thy breast, thy right hand draws along
A sharpened sword.
But why that flaming background on thy left,
As from thy burning heart Love's heat were
reft
To light the stars?
Companion Strong of all the brave,
In combat ages long,
Uriel defend us!

V.

Saltiel, the fifth, is a Spirit of Prayer, said to be the one that appeared to Agar. He is represented as a suppliant, with eyes cast down.

TO SALTIEL.

O Saltiel, ask of Agar sorrowful,
In Eastern desert,
What aid thou bringest? What thy comforting
To one forgot by every human thing
In that sad hour?
With downcast eyes didst humbly stand,
Clasping thy hands as if in prayer;
Forgetting, in sweet silence, all those grand
Beginnings of thy being,—Saltiel fair,
Thou spirit bright and wondrous!

VI.

Jehudiel, the Remunerator, is the sixth, and is supposed to be the angel whom God sent before the Children of Israel. He holds a golden crown in his right hand, and a scourge of three black cords in his left.

TO JEHUDIEL.

Behold one holding in his right a golden crown,
And in his left a triple scourge,

Jehudiel, great Remunerator!

Didst lead the Israelites to high renown,
Through deserts drear by night and day,
and urge

Them ever onward,

Until the Promised Land upon them smiled.
And all the time those Jewish hearts, so wild,
Jehudiel,

Thou broughtest to their home on vine-clad
soil,

Valiant Jehudiel!

VII.

Barachiel, called the Helper, is said to be the angel who spoke to Abraham and rebuked Sara. He is depicted with roses concealed in his mantle.

TO BARACHIEL.

I see a beauteous Angel stepping forth,

And, lo! the roses white

Within his traveller's cloak of gorgeous hue
Not hidden quite.

Ye roses, tell in what bright hour,
And by whose hand were plucked in mystic
bower

Of joyous Paradise?

Did Sara note them when her ill-timed mirth
You quelled with serious smile, what time the
birth

Of that fair son to her you prophesied?

I know not: but the perfume of those
flowers

Doth waft the fragrance of heart-piercing
hours,

And hopes of happy days of long ago,—

O Barachiel!

The great Cornelius à Lapide gives an interesting account of the rise and progress of the cult of the Seven Angels; of the vision of Antonio Duca in regard to them, and the revelations of the Blessed Amadeus.

THE happiest days in one's life are those in which one has tried to make others happy.—*Anon.*

A Sick Call and a Sequel.

BY THE REV. C. MENNIS, D. D.

TWO days ago I received a hurried sick call. A man had fallen from his wagon out on the prairie, twenty miles away. He was dying. I set out with all possible speed, and after a quick drive and a long search found the poor fellow. He was lying where he had fallen, conscious but stamped with the ghastly seal of death. His spine was broken; he could not live more than a few hours. The doctor was there. He had examined and perceived the nature of the injury; his work was finished. Friends and neighbors were around the victim, ready to do all that was possible to alleviate the man's suffering.

But the doctor and the crowd were helpless. When the priest knelt beside him on the grass, his pale face was lighted up with a beam of hope, and he said with touching pathos: "Father, I was waiting for you!" I motioned the crowd away, heard his confession, administered the Viaticum, and anointed him. When I had finished, I got this story from his dying lips:

"When I was thrown from the wagon I couldn't budge. The mules pulled away, and stopped to feed at the nearest haystack. I knew that if I were left alone I should be dead in a little while,—dead without the last Sacraments. I could not call; and if my voice had been strong, there was no one to hear me.

"I was here, a couple of miles from my brother's, the nearest house, and there wasn't a soul in sight on the prairie. Paralyzed with pain and fear, I turned to God and prayed: 'Dear Lord, I don't want to die here alone and without the priest! If you refuse to help me, I am lost. Please send the mules to my brother's house. When he sees them he will understand.' No sooner had I finished my prayer than the mules left the haystack and pulled away, never

stopping till they got into my brother's yard."

Two incidents in this story are distinctly supernatural. The beasts, tired and hungry, left the haystack where they were enjoying their feed; and, instead of returning to their own stable, five miles distant, they went another way, nearer, but strange to them.

A crowd of witnesses bear testimony to these facts. It is all so simple, so sublime. When St. Peter was sinking in the waters of Lake Genesareth, he cried: "Lord, save me!" And immediately Jesus, stretching forth His hand, took hold of him and said: "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?" This miracle has less of wonderment in it. Our Lord was visibly there, and somehow one expects Him to do what He did.

We may turn to other texts: commentaries without end have been written on them; but they leave one, even if enlightened, unmoved. God is the great, competent commentator of His own words. At sundry times and in divers ways He speaks to us. His word, however spoken, in whatever time or place, is living and effectual, more piercing than a two-edged sword, and reaching to the division of the soul and the spirit. His word is a work.

The moving of a mountain is an Orientalism for the setting aside of an apparently immovable obstacle. But faith makes possible the impossible. Nothing is hard to God. It is the hitching of man's feebleness to God's omnipotence that, while moving obstacles, moves us even to the division of the soul and the spirit. Command the mountains to cast themselves into the sea and they will rise up and obey—when you are God's yokefellow. With infinite condescension He modernizes and localizes a text that has been a stone of stumbling for many critics. "When I am weak, then I am strong. When I see and confess my impotence,

then all things are possible to me. . . ."

Here lay a poor man on the lonely prairie, with his back broken and his heart breaking. He was leaving a young widow and two little orphans in isolated poverty. All his earthly hopes and plans were as dead as the withered grass on which he lay,—a plain, simple soul, unlettered, and unknown outside his own narrow rustic circle. Him God chose as His pen or His torch to shed a new light on a dark passage of Scripture that has puzzled the brains of learned theologians. "Oh, the depths of the riches, of the wisdom, of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!"

A Parable for Lent.

THE learned non-Catholic translator (from the Syriac) of "The Paradise of the Holy Fathers" (A. D. 250–400), from which the following beautiful parable is selected, informs us that the word "paradise" means "garden"; "and there is no doubt," he says, "that Palladius [the author] intended to suggest to his readers that his work resembled a spiritual garden, the flowers of which were the histories of the famous monks which he had collected therein."

* * *

On one occasion a certain excellent man, who feared God in his life and works, and who was living in the world, went to Abba Poemen; and some of the brethren, who were also with the old man, were asking him questions [wishing] to hear a word from him. Then Abba Poemen said to the man who was in the world: "Speak a word to the brethren." But he entreated him, saying: "Excuse me, Father! For I came to learn." And the old man pressed him [to speak]; and, as the force of the urging increased, he said: "I am a man living in the world, and I sell vege-

tables; and because I do not know how to speak from a book, listen ye to a parable. There was a certain man who had three friends, and he said to the first: 'Since I desire to see the Emperor, come with me.' And the friend said unto him: 'I will come with thee half the way.' And the man said to the second friend: 'Come, go with me to the Emperor's presence.' And the friend said unto him: 'I will come with thee as far as his palace, but I can not go with thee inside.' And the man said the same unto his third friend, who answered and said: 'I will come with thee, and I will go inside the palace with thee, and I will even stand up before the Emperor and speak on thy behalf.' " Then the brethren questioned him, wishing to learn from him the strength of the riddle (*or* dark saying), and he answered and said unto them: "The first friend is abstinence, which leadeth as far as one half of the way; and the second is purity and holiness, which lead to heaven; and the third is loving-kindness, which stablisheth a man before God, and speaketh on his behalf with great boldness."

This story goes to show how well the early ascetics of the Church understood Christian perfection. Not he who could fast the most rigorously, rest and sleep the least, pray the largest number of prayers, keep the longest vigils, work the hardest, endure best the blazing heat of the day and the bitter cold of the night, and who could reduce his body to the most complete state of impassibility, was considered the greatest among them; but he who was the most humble and charitable. It is related of a monk "who performed many ascetic labors" that he once visited an ancient Father "who was full of loving-kindness to all the children of men," and asked him what more he should do to attain unto salvation,—should he go farther into the desert, eat only once in every two days, increase all his aus-

terities; and the old man said unto him: "Eat a little each day, and always bear in mind those words of the Publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

St. Pachomius, though the kindest and gentlest of men, was nevertheless most severe in his dealings with the vainglorious and uncharitable. In illustration, a story is told of one who for two months neglected his duly appointed work of cooking vegetables for the brethren, and devoted his time to plaiting mats,—a work which he performed vaingloriously. The saint having ordered all the mats which the cook had made to be brought to him, he threw them into the fire; in order that the brethren might be warned against what we should call advertising themselves and neglecting the duties of brotherly love, "in which consists the highest spiritual excellence."

The Legend of the Heart's-Ease.

A HEARTBROKEN mother knelt by the still form of her only son and poured out her soul in sorrow.

"No one has ever suffered so before," she cried,—*"no one!"*

Startled by a sound as of a whirring of wings, she looked up into myriads of faces: faces of mothers,—mothers who had lost their only son. In their anguished eyes and sorrow-strained lips she read a grief such as her own. Her heart was filled with pity, and she prayed for strength to bear, and faith to look beyond.

The faces crowded together, closer and closer, until they merged into one,—the face of Mary of Judea.

"Cruel Death has robbed thee, too, of thy only son," whispered the lips of the Mother of God; "but the Resurrection will restore him to thee."

From Mary's tender eyes a tear fell on the mother's hands. She was alone. She looked at the teardrop, and while she looked it became a heart's-ease.

A Clarion Call.

EVEN in these days, when we are getting used to energetic declarations by members of the hierarchy, the address delivered to the Holy Name Society of Chicago by Archbishop Dowling, of St. Paul, is most striking and vigorous in character. His Grace, speaking of the Faith in America, pointed out that its strength in the past was largely derived from Europe; the millions of Catholics from every alien land brought with them the inherited strength of Christian tradition, and it served them very well. But now, that the children of these immigrants are widely separated from the older moorings, they must seek their proper places in the spiritual background of American democracy. The efficient organization of yesterday, the parish, is by no means adequate for the nation-wide influence which the Church must wield to-day. Said the Archbishop:

The literary expression of Catholic thought being outside the range even of the best regulated parish, is desultory, uneven, inadequate. Nobody who examines the publications which appear on the tables of the public libraries of Chicago or any other large American city in whose vicinities millions of Catholics live, would judge that the Catholic body was anything but a timid, touchy, and a surely negligible group of citizens who were not yet acclimated. . . .

Yet without an adequate literary expression, how can we be sure that our present caste of mind will be that of the next generation? The childlike faith of the first generation of the immigrants' children is not a heritage that will pass without contest to succeeding generations, who have no race consciousness save that of the country of their birth. Now the dominant thought of the land is not Catholic, but materialistic. . . .

It is never wise to prophesy, yet one does not need to be a prophet nor the son of a prophet to forecast a time, and that not far distant, when we shall need all the resources of an effective organization to safeguard our Faith from the attacks, perhaps even of the State. . . .

The America that is hostile to the Church has never learned anything about it excepting the facile lies spread by ignorant enemies. There is so much that we can do for our country,—so much that must be done if we wish to preserve our heritage intact. Something is suggested by the Archbishop in his closing appeal,—an appeal which is connected with a tribute that, we believe, is very justly deserved:

Christian men, can there be a more inspiring apostolate than that of bringing this salutary evangel to the land we love and live in? Lift up your eyes and behold the whitening fields. Dare we let the harvest rot which ripens only once? Where better than in a city like Chicago, where the Catholic ideal is so strong, where thousands of men like you rally so readily, with such courage and high resolution, to the standard on which is inscribed the Holy Name of Jesus; where the episcopal chair is held by one whose character, whose foresight, whose marvellous energy have already made him, useful leader as he is, a man of mark in the hierarchy of this country,—where better, I ask, than in this great metropolis—say rather cosmopolis—of the New World, may this new movement of the Church be inaugurated and carried to a successful conclusion? If we, as representatives of the Christian tradition, are to hold our own in this country, we must reverse our policy of timidity, of caution, of perpetual apologetic. It is a policy for the young and the strong and the intelligent to enter into the vital thought of the day, to shape, to control public opinion through the exposition of our teaching and the wholesome debatement of our arguments; so that, living in a country where Church and State are to be forever separate, we may so work that the State may never be set up as a false god over against the God of our fathers.

Stirring words are these, forceful, wise, and well weighed. They should be echoed throughout the land, taken to heart, and acted upon. We shall hope to see the address from which we quote them reprinted as a pamphlet for general distribution, placed in all our bookracks and on the reading tables of every Catholic library in the country. This would be an inestimably important service to the cause of religion.

Notes and Remarks.

There are good reasons for believing that the action of grace on all earnest souls in Germany is resulting in a new attitude towards the Church. The Catholics of the Rhineland have kept the Faith secure during the desperate centuries that followed the Reformation; now eyes are being opened everywhere, even in the most thoroughly Protestant sections of the country. As a concrete instance of this, we note the recent conversion of the Rev. Dr. Albani, a prominent Saxon minister, who, as a leader in the "Evangelische Bund," long championed aggressively the cause of German Protestantism. In recent years he became, however, an active worker in the "High Church Union," a movement very much like the famous awakening at Oxford. Dr. Albani followed in the steps of Newman by insisting upon Apostolic Succession, and discovering that there is no living tradition outside of Rome.

Let us hope that there will take place at last in modern Germany that counter-Reformation for which so many saintly people have prayed. Europe, to be saved from chaos, must somehow be centralized, not externally but spiritually: men must come to believe in one another by the light of a common cause. We are confident that the old traditions of civilization as wrought by the Church are bound to be respected again; and that, as "Europe is the Faith," the Lord of Rome will push back those desperate forces of spiritual anarchy, more perilous than the barbarians and more deadly than Mahound.

It seems that Judge Gary has at last found justification for the attitude of the United States Steel Corporation towards Labor. It will be remembered that the ill-starred Interchurch Movement presented the country with certain criticisms of the Corporation's

actions during the great steel strike. Now the Rev. E. Victor Bigelow, of Andover, Mass., has coated Judge Gary and his associates with the comeliest of literary whitewash, copies of which are being mailed to every clergyman likely to be interested. This highly unctuous treatment of a bad problem suggests that all the conditions of labor be left to the discretion of the employer; if the workers are ill-treated, they may complain; and their masters, eager to save money, will very courteously remedy anything that might lower the efficiency of the plants!

That such rubbish can be uttered by a minister of the Gospel, after a century and a half of crushing industrialism, is a phenomenon explicable only on the theory that Prohibition laws are not rigidly enforced in Andover. But this is not all: The Rev. Mr. Bigelow asserts on the authority of the Bible that men ought to work twelve hours a day, and perhaps also on Sunday! Only one conclusion is possible from so extraordinary a statement,—the conclusion that if the devil needs any help in citing Scripture for his purpose, he will employ preachers.

That the farmers of the Middle West are ready to give millions of bushels of corn for the salvation of starving Central Europe is another indication that America has come to realize vividly the plight of these unfortunate victims of war. When Mr. John Howard, president of the American Farm Bureau Association, asked for an expression of opinion from Illinois farmers, the response of those men, who have been suspected of intense parsimony, was most generous and reassuring. This action is an important indication that the ice of illiberality, which has congealed over this country since the declaration of war, is slowly breaking up. There is still a great deal of intolerance to discard, but we have

discovered what, a year ago, it was almost hopeless to expect that we should discover: the necessity of saving Austria. Well, do we wish to support that derelict country permanently with alms? Scarcely. If not, then it is high time to insist upon some other political solution of her difficulties, and to abandon resolutely the turmoil to which she was subjected by the folly of the Fourteen Points.

It is good, of course, to see our farmers take up the cause of Austria; it would be infinitely better, however, to give Austrian farmers the chance to take it up themselves. This is an American question; for if we must be the saviors of Central Europe in fact, let us be the same in principle.

Famous writers in England are discussing the questions, "Is Humanity Advancing or Retrograding? Is it a Better or a Worse World?" These are large questions, and the answers to them are in accord with the temperament of the writers. They are useless questions anyway, because it is impossible for any one to give a satisfactory answer to them. Humanity may be advancing in some respects while retrograding in others. Whether the world is better or worse depends upon what is truly beneficial to it and what is really injurious. If the two questions were combined and put in this way, Is Christianity Making Progress or Losing Ground? we should refer to the rapid review of the history of the nineteenth century made by the late Fr. Coppens, S. J., in a book of spiritual instructions for religious. To quote:

In its opening year, his Holiness Pope Pius the Sixth lay dead in a city of a foreign land. The Cardinals were scattered through various countries, scarcely able to assemble for the election of a new Sovereign Pontiff. Non-Catholics thought and said that the Papacy was at an end. Scarcely had the new Pope been elected when he, too, was carried off by Napoleon as a captive into France. True, the Emperor opened the

churches and gave a sort of peace to his land; but it was the peace of submission to a conqueror; he strove to make the Church a mere department of an autocratic State. Even his fall did not restore her independence, but merely brought her a change of masters. From 1815 till 1830, Liberalism reigned supreme; from then till 1870, the anti-Christian revolution swept like a tidal wave over all Catholic lands in Europe and South and Central America. Since 1870 secret societies have been laboring incessantly to destroy the Church's power. And yet during that same century and up to the present day her influence has steadily grown; and, under various aspects, her efficiency for the sanctification of souls is greater now than perhaps at any period of her history.

First, as to numbers, Catholics about the beginning of the last century were usually computed at 156,000,000; within the last few years they have been put down in round numbers, by a renowned Protestant professor of history in a German university, at 260,000,000, an immense increase, greater probably than in any former entire century. In 1848 there were 870 bishops; in 1900 the number had risen to over 1200. What is equally consoling is the increase of union within the Church itself,—perfect union between the head and all the members of the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Every utterance of the Supreme Pontiff is immediately received by the entire Church as settling any question that may be submitted to him. It was not always so. When in 1791 the Constituent Assembly in France required the priests to take the oath of submission to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, out of the 60,000 priests then in the country, 10,000 were weak enough to do so, and thereby to side with an infidel government against the Pope of Rome. Not a hundred priests refused absolute submission to Pius the Tenth, even at the sacrifice of all their temporal possessions. . . .

No act of heroism recorded during the late war could excel that of a man named Vioganni, one of the engineers of the steamship "Nettuno" from Port Arthur, Texas, for Brindisi, Italy, which was towed into Jacksonville, Fla., one day last week, after being afire at sea. A feed-pipe in the engine room, an oil burner, burst, and fire spread through the hold, endangering the lives of two firemen who were trapped in it,

and threatening the entire ship with destruction. Vioganni volunteered to go down into the engine room and cut off the flow of oil from the pipe and rescue the firemen. Fighting his way through the flames, he reached the pipe and managed to stop the flow of oil, and then assisted the burning firemen to the deck. When he finally reached it his clothing had been almost entirely burned from his body and his flesh was raw from burns. Peace produces heroes as great as those of war,—heroism of a higher type.

It would seem as if the English Government had no intention of changing its "policy of frightfulness" in Ireland. The latest reports from there go to show this,—as also to show how determined the Irish are to continue resistance at any cost. Perhaps only neutrals who are in Ireland can fully understand the spirit that reigns there, or thoroughly realize present conditions. "I have been in shell-racked Belgium," writes a correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*, "in towns in France that had been wholly obliterated; I have lived for weeks at a time under shell fire; I have been in countries where foreign troops occupied enemy territory, yet I have never seen anything like the present front in Ireland."

It is hard to get facts there. The people are shy, reticent, and in constant dread of spies, of whom there are said to be thousands, all eager to report anything that excites their suspicion. But the clergy, though cautious and calm as a rule, are apt to be frank with visitors who are trying to learn the truth and can be trusted to report it. Writing of a tragedy that occurred at a typical town not far from Dublin, the correspondent already quoted describes the parish priest as "a tall, scholarly-looking old man, with all the sorrows of the world in his face, . . . who talked in a weary voice, as of one who does not

understand, but leaves things to God." "It was a spy that went about," he said, "giving the names of those supposed to be Sinn Fein, and getting their houses burned over their heads. There were two poor fellows the Crown forces got,—Leeson and Gibbons. They were in their beds. They were told that they would not be hurt: that they must come to the barracks and be examined. Leeson's son tried to help his father, and they fired on him. Leeson was covered with blood by the time they got to the barracks. I believe they were shot first, and finished afterward with bayonets. I saw their poor mutilated bodies. I didn't want to, but their people begged it. Their faces were full of bayonet stabs, and had the most agonized expression. One of them had great gashes on the inside of his legs. God help this weary world!"

Is it any wonder that reports of brutality like this should bring shame and disgrace upon the name of England? The people of her sister Island are largely innocent, yet they are regarded as outlaws and punished like the worst of criminals.

The Holy See, it is reported, has given its approval to the decision by the League of Nations to form a special commission for studying and regulating all questions and claims relating to the ownership of the Holy Places in Palestine. But until the Turkish peace treaty has been ratified by the parliament of Turkey and the allied parliaments, this commission can not be instituted. The insinuation that General Lord Allenby has been favoring the claims of the Mahometans as against those of the Christians is combated by Fr. Godfrey Hunt, O. F. M., in a letter to the London *Universe*. He writes: "It is a matter of historical record that the notable and memorable campaign, carried on exclusively by British troops, has left unsullied and untouched by shot

or shell every shrine and sanctuary. The Holy Land is in full possession of those rich treasures which stand for the principles set up by the Saviour of mankind, and which, if adhered to, will make a better and a happier world. Moreover, it is not generally known that the spare moments of the day and night which were allowed this warrior-general in his arduous campaign were given over to the reading of the Biblical narratives describing the places he was endeavoring to take or had taken. And what was more edifying than the entry of this officer into the Holy City! Here, indeed, one finds a parallel with Godfrey of Bouillon and so many other great Christians."

Although the British Government has decided to permit German and Austrian missionaries to return to Palestine, from which they were expelled after the armistice, there are many practical difficulties in the way of an immediate resumption of their devoted labors. No definite settlement of the status of missionaries to other countries has as yet been arrived at, although some hope is held out for the near future. What these terrible years have meant to the sowers of the Word in distant lands is graphically suggested by the following narrative, which we reprint from the *Franciscan Annals*:

A deadly blow has been dealt to the Capuchin missions in the Caroline and Marian Islands, recently assigned to Japan. The new Government has expelled all Catholic missionaries who happened to be Germans from the Capuchin Province of Westphalia. This measure it has taken under the pretext of executing the Paris Peace Treaty, whereas it is in reality a violation of the revised text, which stipulated that nothing be done to endanger the existence of the missions: German missionaries should be left undisturbed to carry on the work, till such time as they can be substituted by others. In the present case, no others have taken the place of the expelled religious; and the Catholics of the Islands, deprived of all religious ministrations, are in

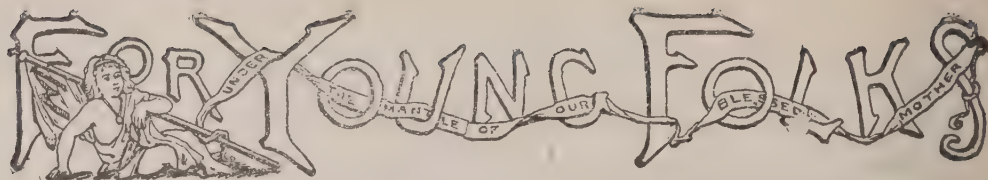
danger of relapsing into paganism. The German Protestant ministers were, it is true, sent away at the same time; but they were immediately succeeded by Protestant ministers of Japanese nationality.

Now that a Delegate Apostolic has gone to Japan, let us hope some provision will be made for the spiritual needs of the Catholic Islanders. *Before leaving, the Capuchins were expressly assured by the Government that it had no complaint to make against them,—nay, that they had given complete satisfaction, and were worthy of all praise.* Their movable goods they were allowed to sell, but all their real property was confiscated. Under Japanese rule, things were not very pleasant. One of the first steps was the closing of the Catholic schools. All the children are compelled, under threat of punishment, to attend the public schools, and to practise the religion of their new masters. In the mission were sixteen priests and twelve lay-brothers, who were governed by a Vicar Apostolic. Most of them have now returned to Westphalia.

"To Counsel the Doubtful" is not always a safe and sane policy: this is what Miss Repplier shows very thoroughly in the February *Atlantic*. The ancient revivalistic spirit is not yet dead in America; we have been doling out sound moral advice not only to our neighbors but to the whole world. As a consequence, it is now tapping its forehead significantly. Miss Repplier had analyzed the situation carefully, not without the aid of that decidedly pungent acid for which her pen is noted. Nobody will agree that she is always right, but everybody can chime in heartily at the close:

The fourth "Spiritual Work of Mercy" is "To comfort the sorrowful." How gentle and persuasive it sounds after its somewhat contentious predecessors! How sure its appeal! How gracious and reanimating its principle! The sorrowful are, after all, far in excess of the doubtful; they do not have to be assailed: their sad faces are turned toward us; their sad hearts beat responsively to ours. The eddying drifts of counsel are loud with disputation; but the great tides of human emotion ebb and flow in obedience to forces that work in silence.

The innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the laboring surges of the world.



My Mother.

BY J. S. V.

I HAVE a Mother best of all,
Who reigns as Queen above,
And given to me by God Himself,
Whose dearest name is Love.

"Behold thy Mother!" once He said
(Though she's *His* Mother too),
"She will protect you, ever guide,
And always pray for you."

I call on her when wild winds blow;
She is my saving star;
And when the tempter spreads his snares,
She warns me from afar.

I feel at peace the whole day long;
And when I go to bed,
She'll keep her mantle over me,
And hear the prayers I've said.

O Mother, from thy throne above
Look down with love on me,
And cease not to protect thy child
Till he can come to thee!

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

VII.—THE NEW HOME.



T is like heaven," repeated little Ffine, breathing a sigh of delight as she gazed at all the wonders around her.

"You talk funny," said her god-mother, who had stepped out of her rolling chair into a nest of cushions among her dolls. "Heaven is only sky and clouds. My playroom is much better."

"O *marraine*, no! not better. That could not be," replied Ffine.

"*Much* better," repeated Marjorie, decidedly. "For when it gets dark and rainy or stormy, Miss Marshall closes

the windows and draws the curtains, and lights my pink lamps; and it is all rosy and pretty in here, no matter how black the sky is."

"But," Ffine's little arched brows were knit in perplexity,—*"the sky is not—not what I mean, nor the clouds nor the storm. It is that I do not speak English well, perhaps, but I mean heaven, the good God's home that is always beautiful and bright, marraine. It is where the Blessed Mother lives and the saints and the angels. If we are good, we go there when we die."*

"No, we don't," was the quick answer. "I know better than that. We go into a deep hole in the ground and the worms eat us. Ugh!" Marjorie drew a long, shuddering breath. "Do not let us talk about it, Ffine. Miss Marshall says I must not think of it. It makes me cold and sick. It is a terrible thing to die."

"Not always," said Ffine. "Angèle did not find it terrible, *marraine*. She was so good, Mother Mathilde told us, she was glad to go."

"Into the black ground!" exclaimed Marjorie.

"Ah, *marraine*, not into the black ground, but into the good God's heaven, where all is bright and beautiful and happy, and where there is no sickness or pain or hurt, no soldiers to kill and cut and harm; where the hunger and cold are no more. Poor Angèle had been hungry and cold so long that even Sister Clotilde's tisane could not cure her. It was too late when they brought her in the soldiers' ambulance to Saint Celeste, so the angels came and took her away."

"And—and they didn't put her in the ground?" asked Marjorie, breathlessly.

"Ah, yes, *marraine*; but only the little

body, so sick and thin, like the clothes, Mother Mathilde says, we put off when they are ragged and worn. Angèle was no longer there. Sister Clotilde said, when we stood crying around her, Angèle was well and happy with the good God."

"I don't believe it," replied Marjorie. "They were telling you stories, Fifine. When you're dead, you're dead. Who was Angèle, anyhow? Your sister?"

"No, *marraine*: I have no sister, no brother; no one, now that my Tante Louise is dead, only"—the little face brightened—"only you. Ah, how good it was I found you, *marraine*! Mother Mathilde said, 'You must go see your American godmother; you must thank her for her goodness to you. You must make your little courtesy to her, this kind lady who has sent you so many beautiful things, and kiss her hand with respect.' Ah, Mother Mathilde did not know." A gleeful light broke over the speaker's face, and her pretty white teeth showed in a roguish smile. "The good Mother Mathilde she did not guess what I would find: a little *marraine* like myself; a little *marraine* with whom I can talk and play; a little *marraine* whom I can love as I loved Angèle and Elise—oh, how beautiful a doll!" cried Fifine, distracted from her memories by the sight of a golden-haired beauty queening it in a velvet chair above all her mates. May I hold her for a moment, *marraine*?"

"Yes," said Marjorie, a dancing gleam flashing into her great eyes. "Hold her like this, Fifine," and she took the waxen beauty by her waist and handed her to her goddaughter.

"Mamma, mamma," came from the half-parted lips.

"*Ciel!*" gasped Fifine, "she speaks! Never before did I hear a doll speak."

And, roused into new interest by Fifine's breathless admiration, Marjorie proceeded to display other half-forgotten and long-neglected treasures:

dolls that walked and danced and sang by hidden mechanism; trunks full of dainty clothes that seemed made by fairy fingers; and china tea sets of rarest pattern for dolly's use.

"But I'm tired of dolls now," said Fifine's godmother, wearily. "Once they all had names and birthday parties, and I used to play with them all the time, and take them to bed with me when I was lonesome at night. Laura-belle there" (Marjorie nodded to a yellow-haired lady consigned to a dark corner) "was my sister for a year."

"Your sister!" Fifine echoed in bewilderment.

"Yes," Marjorie answered. "I used to make believe all sorts of things about her, and talk to her when I couldn't sleep. But one night, when I was crying and frightened, and she wouldn't do anything, I got mad and pushed her out of bed and broke her head. I was awful sorry, and got her another head, but she never seemed the same. I don't care much for dolls now. They stare at you so stupidly and haven't any sense; and even dogs and cats can't talk. But a goddaughter,—a goddaughter like you, Fifine, is just what I want. And I am going to keep you, as my letter said, forever and forever; and no one shall take you away from me, Fifine."

So things seemed settled most peacefully and happily in this new heaven to which the little exile had found her way. Fifine shared Marjorie's dainty supper, which was served for two on the pretty table in the playroom by a wondering but well-trained maid. The little white bed that Marjorie had discarded for greater splendor was made ready for her goddaughter in a small adjoining room.

Robed in the dainty, lace-trimmed night wear of her protectress, little Fifine, after whispering her trusting prayers to the good God, her Father, slept in peace; while downstairs the storm, that had abated for a while after

the scene with Miss Marshall, raged again in family fury,—Bryce this time being the victim of his mother's wrath.

"To bring a strange little beggar into the house! I don't wonder your uncle is in a rage. I thought he would go off in apoplexy. You'll try him once too often, Bryce."

"Oh, drop it, mother!" said Bryce, a little roughly. "What harm is done? I heard Marjorie talking and laughing this morning like a natural child. You all talk about her being queer and freakish and abnormal, and you don't give her a chance with her own kind."

"Her own kind! Do you call a little castaway just off an emigrant ship her kind? There's no telling what sort of disease she may bring in with her."

"She had just passed the doctors,—she assured me of that," said Bryce; "and she did not come in an emigrant ship, but on the 'Sylvania,' which docked to-day. I learned a thing or two before I brought her in to give Marjorie a breath of life. When I saw her poor little peaked face in her barred window—thunderation!" broke in the boy indignantly, "what are those bars up for anyhow, mother?"

"For her safety," was the curt answer. "Your uncle knows his business and its responsibilities; and, until you can look out for yourself, you had better not meddle with either. And, since you took it upon yourself to bring this strange child into the house, I shall expect you to remove her as soon as possible. She must leave here the first thing in the morning, and you must take her."

"Where?" asked Bryce coolly.

"Back where you found her," was the sharp reply.

"That happens to be on our doorstep," Bryce answered. "She came there inquiring for her godmother—"

"Godmother!" interrupted the lady. "Godmother! I never heard such idiocy. How could Marjorie possibly

be a godmother for a child that she had never seen?"

"Well, it is a little odd, I must say," grinned Bryce. "But it seems to be a sort of war fashion. Sue Devlin tells me she is godmother to two orphans and a half. Her money (she made it herself selling fudge) gave out before she got the third one paid for, so she went halves with another girl. And they get funny little French letters, which they have to take to the nuns at Sue's school to translate, none of the godmothers being equal to it. So Marjorie isn't the only idiot in that line. There are some thousands of 'godmothers' in with her. They pay so much every year to feed and perhaps clothe an orphan, and send her things when they can get them over. At any rate, Marjorie's orphan is here with documents to prove who and what she is, and Marjorie Vincent Morse's invitation signed and sealed in her small hand-bag. What are we going to do about it?"

"Send her packing somewhere, the first thing to-morrow morning," was the angry reply. "If you won't take her, I'll see that some one else does."

"And throw Marjorie into a fit," said Bryce. "Whew! you should have seen her this afternoon. Better go slow, mother. She'll tire of the poor little kid in a day or two, as she does of everything."

"I know,—I know! I never saw a child with such wild fancies. Last week she was a fairy queen, with poor Miss Marshall making paper wings for her, and her rolling chair all wreathed with flowers. And a while ago she was an enchanted princess, with her cat dressed up in a red hat and petticoat for a witch. Oh, she isn't right! She can't be. I always felt she wasn't. And now comes this godmother craze, which is the worst of all."

"I'd like to try my hand on her," said Bryce, thoughtfully.

"You!" queried his mother,—“you! What could you do, you silly boy?”

“Break those window bars and tear down those pink curtains, and turn her out, as I did my sick pony, to roll and kick and graze,—well, not exactly that perhaps,” laughed Bryce; “but I’d let her loose somewhere, among the birds and butterflies and trees and flowers and real things. The poor kid has to make believe, because she doesn’t get at anything real living and true.”

“Upon my word!” scoffed his mother, “you really talk as if you knew something, like all young fools do. With three of the best doctors in town consulting about the child, and a trained nurse like Miss Marshall watching over her night and day! I tell you she isn’t right, and they know it. The bars are up to keep her from pitching herself out of the window in one of her furies, as she has more than once threatened to do. And I warn you, my young man, unless you yourself want to be turned out to ‘graze,’ as you say, you’d better not meddle with your uncle’s ward.”

And Mrs. Carter-King swept out of the room, leaving her son to turn away from the storm centre of his home to pleasanter if more perilous paths, where Marjorie and her goddaughter were forgotten. For the boy’s kind heart was not governed by a wise head, and he had not been taught to obey other ruling. He was soon the centre of an hilarious group at the Bully Boys’ Club, whose members were of a rough-and-ready type that would have made his elegant mother faint with horror. But, with Uncle Miles’ grip upon the purse-strings, mother and Elise always to fuss and fume, a sixteen-year-old boy must find fun somewhere.

Ah, it was a queer “heaven” of a home into which little Fifine had drifted,—a home in which the light and love that had guided her sad young life were all unknown! But the good angels that had watched over the little French

orphan were still on guard. They brought sweet dreams to her to-night. She was back again in the shattered walls of Saint Celeste, where the stars looked down through the shell-torn roof, and the poor *blessés* lay in their rude pallets waiting the good Sisters’ care,—the kind Sisters who were so busy that even little Fifine was sometimes called upon to play nurse: to bathe Henri’s or Leon’s burning brow with soothing touch; to pass from cot to cot with the cooling drinks craved by fevered lips; perhaps only to murmur her *chapelet* by one whose ears were fast closing to all sounds of earth.

It had been a strange experience for a little girl, these long, long months passed in the “Valley of the Shadow”; and it had taught our little Fifine strange lessons. She had grown used to sorrow and suffering, to loss and pain. They were things to be borne, not struggled against, in the dim, dark ways, where Death was ever near. But above and over all, as Mother Mathilde and Sister Camille had taught her, the good God ruled, guiding, guarding, governing all,—the Father in heaven, whose holy will must be done in life and in death.

There was not only the midnight flight from La Roque, of which Fifine had but dim, bewildered remembrance; but more than once the bombs of the enemy had crashed down through the roof of Saint Celeste, while the little ones crouched in its cellars, mute with horror, and only Mother Mathilde had voice to say aloud Acts of Contrition and Love that the peril of death seemed to demand.

And yet even in this darkness there was a light that never failed. It shone through the gates of heaven, that at Saint Celeste were open day and night,—open so wide that the little ones seemed, as good Père Marchand said, able to “peep through.” And in that light little Fifine had learned to look

upon all the ups and downs of life with the unquestioning trust of a child who stumbles along unknown paths holding tight to a father's hand.

However strange the way, she could never be lost, she knew. The "way" in which she found herself to-night seemed wonderfully smooth and soft after the dark, rough paths over which she had travelled so long; after the deathly sickness of the ocean voyage; after the hoarse pant of the great sea monster that had haunted her troubled dreams as it bore her afar from all that she knew and loved.

But the good God had guided her to *marraine*, as Mother Mathilde had told her He always guided the little ones who loved and trusted Him,—this dear *marraine*, who, though only a little girl like herself, had all things at her command; at whose word she had been wrapped in soft, dainty garments and put in this snowy bed, with its coverings of silk and down, fit for a queen. Ah, if Elise and Amelie and the other little ones left at Saint Celeste,—if Mother Mathilde and Sister Camille, shaking up the straw pallets for their helpless charges, could see where their "Josephine Marie" was now!

With such thoughts mingling with her tender memories of the past, our little Fifine was resting in a blissful dreamland of comfort and peace, when a wild, sharp cry made her start suddenly from her downy pillow in all the terror of the old alarms that had roused her at Saint Celeste.

The Germans! Were the Germans back again? Must she fly for shelter from the bombs? Was some one already hurt? But it was no cry in her own French that reached her ear:

"No, no, *no!* I don't want you! I won't take your old medicine. You shan't rub me or bathe my head. I want my goddaughter! I want Fifine,—I want my own Fifine!"

(To be continued.)

Lamps and Candles.

LAMPS were employed long before candles were invented. As far back as recorded history goes we hear of their use. In some languages indeed there was but one word for both.

The first light was simply a torch. Then men improved upon that, and devised the scheme of obtaining light from porous fibre soaked in some animal or vegetable oil. Lamps of brass, bronze, and stone have been found in the Pyramids, as well as in old East Indian temples; and common terracotta ones were in general use for domestic purposes in Greece as early as the fourth century B. C. The earliest candles of which we have any record were those used by the ancient Romans, and were made of rushes coated with fat or wax. The first Christians made constant use of candles, and in course of time the Church adopted them for all religious services. No other light may be used on the altar for the celebration of Holy Mass.

We who obtain a brilliant light by turning a little thumbscrew find it hard to realize the difficulties under which our forefathers labored. Many of the masterpieces of great authors of antiquity were written with no other light than that from the fireplace or the uncertain flicker of a tallow candle, or even the flame of a dried rush.

Bon Chrétien.

The origin of the Bon Chrétien pear, so much prized in France, is traced to St. Francis de Paul, who, being summoned to the court of Louis XI. from his monastery in Calabria, brought with him some pear seeds, from which was raised a variety that eventually received the name of Bon Chrétien, which was applied at the French court to St. Francis himself.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A translation of St. Bernard's famous treatise on grace and free will has been added to the S. P. C. K.'s series of Christian Literature, which includes various works of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, and other Latin Christian writers.

—Father Michael Earls, S. J., announces that a collection of letters by the late Miss Guiney will soon be undertaken. Although she wrote no fewer than 3836 letters in a year, many of them are gifted with that elusive charm which brilliant women everywhere have possessed ever since the days of Mme. de Sévigné.

—"Une Gloire de l'Eglise du Canada" is the title of a brochure devoted to a consideration of the edifying life of Mother Catherine Aurélie, foundress of the Sisters of the Precious Blood. Her story is an inspiring record of spiritual struggle and victory of an exalted mystical sort. The pamphlet is published at the Monastery of Saint Hyacinthe, Canada.

—It is interesting to note that the Rev. Dr. Newport White, the learned author of a recently published volume containing English translations of the oldest biography of St. Patrick, as well as all that remains of his writings, has no hesitation in pronouncing for the genuineness of the document known as St. Patrick's "Confession," "The Breastplate" (Lorica), and other lesser writings.

—The most appreciative review that has come under our notice of "The Most Holy Mother of God in the Songs of the Eastern Church," translated from the Greek by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M. A., was published in the London *Tablet* ("A Marian Anthology from the Greek Hymnodists"). After praising Mr. Woodward's mastery of the difficult and delicate art of metrical translation, in particular his fine rendering of the "Canon Paracletikos to the Most Holy Mother of God, on Expectation of War," the writer enlarges on the distinct theological value of the translator's work, which may well be regarded as a pleasing proof of the growth of devotion to the Blessed Virgin among Anglicans. "For it is easy to see that Mr. Woodward is not merely giving us the true meaning of the original hymns, but is himself inspired by the same spirit as his authors, and appropriates their lively faith and their devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. And, in this con-

nection, it is significant that the book has a practical purpose. For these hymns are obviously meant to be sung, and in each case a reference is given to tunes that may be found in the author's 'Songs of Syon,' or his 'Cowley Carol Book.'" Another short passage referring to Mr. Woodward's volume, in the same number of the *Tablet* (Literary Notes, by W. H. K.), may also be quoted: "This rich Marian hymnody of the East has found an echo in modern English poetry; for, as we learn from the Life of the poet, Francis Thompson borrowed some of the figures in his fine hymn on the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin from a hymn by St. Nerses, translated from the Armenian by the present writer, and printed in THE AVE MARIA, and in Orby Shipley's 'Carmina Mariana.'"

—The Paris papers stated on January 13 that M. Paul Claudel had been appointed to the embassy at Tokio, Japan. This important diplomatic post is not the first to be filled by the eminent poet, as his writings from India and Brazil will show. Modern Catholic verse in any language has nothing finer or more original to offer than "Corona Benignitatis" or "Le Pain Dur." Excellent translations of M. Claudel's works have been issued by the Yale University Press.

—"John Clare: Poems," is the title of a collection of rarely charming verse by a contemporary (and brother) of Keats. Nature, strong and yet calm and sad, is sung by Clare with a reality of understanding that reminds the modern reader at once of the "Shropshire Lad," although the pessimism of the latter book is happily absent. Clare is not, perhaps, a great poet, but coming into this age of cast-iron verse he brings something of the stalwart breath of the past. Richard Cobden-Sanderson, publisher, London.

—The idea of publishing a new series of volumes, not too formally erudite, and moderate in size, on "Catholic Thought and Thinkers" is a most commendable one. These have predecessors in the French series, "La Pensée Chrétienne," and in the somewhat more general collection which Joseph Kösel publishes in Germany. The "Introductory," which has just appeared, is from the pen of Father Martindale. It presents a well-coördinated account of Catholic thought from the earliest ages to the present day. The impression given is that of a mental force always active, always adjusting itself to conditions, no matter

how unfavorable these may be. Father Martindale has understood how to stimulate attention; and while some of his inferences are purely personal, and therefore vulnerable, they are never commonplace or astringent. The book is not a new "Essay on Development," though it has learned a great many things from Newman.

We predict success for the series if it can maintain itself on the plane of its prologue; nevertheless, proof-reading is absolutely essential in a book of such serious import. We were surprised to note misprints like "Huysmann." Again, there is something tantalizing in the Martindale style with its Pater-esque convolutions and somewhat grotesque inversions. Follow a sentence like this,—the author is speaking of the thirteenth century "Renaissance": "In other words, much that had seemed slain or withered blossomed out anew; and yet—just as however much of its parents may survive in the child, so that they in it appear re-born, yet is the child an independent life and stands at the head of its posterity—so uniquely fertile, liberative, and creative is the period spoken of in this chapter that it appears far better than any renewal—imitation it never was—of the old, and a true fountain of the new." There is thought here, but also the ghostly tread of Marius Epicurean. And Marius is not everybody's friend. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$1.85.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new ones.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.40.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"An-Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

"The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.

"A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

"Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.

"The Foundation of True Morality." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.40.

"Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

"Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England." Rev. F. B. Steck, O. F. M. \$2.

"The Seventeenth Century." Jacques Boulanger. ("The National History of France." Vol. III.) (Putnams.) \$3.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Pfyl, of the diocese of Toledo; Rev. Edward Dullea, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Thomas Preston, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Otho Jansen, O. F. M.

Mr. H. J. Roling, Mr. John J. Probst, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mrs. Maurice F. Egan, Mr. James English, Mrs. M. A. Thorpe, Mrs. John Murray, Mr. J. J. Bernheim, Mrs. M. C. Kehoe, James and Margaret Robinson, Mrs. Stella Untersee, Mr. Bernard O'Connell, Miss Catherine Cushing, Lieut. Joseph McGeean, Mrs. Ann Smith, Mrs. Mary V. Cullen, Mr. Charles Feeks, Mrs. Mary Feeks, Mr. Daniel O'Brien, Mrs. Johanna Boland, Miss H. M. Jost, Mr. Peter Mullen, Mr. James Mullen, Mr. John Bauer, Mr. James Derwin, Mrs. Annie Cullen, and Mr. Charles Neiner.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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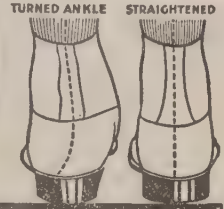
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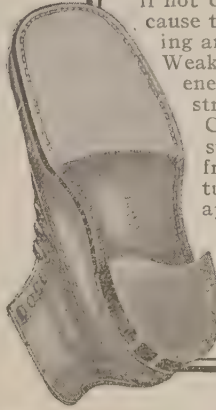
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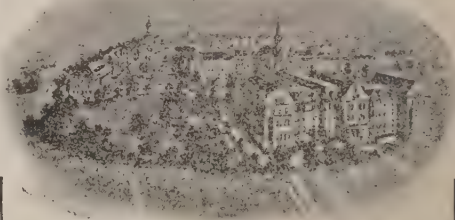
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 26,—St. Margaret of Cortona, Penitent.	TUESDAY, 1.—St. David, B. C. St. Albinus, B. C.
SUNDAY, 27.—Third of Lent. St. Leander, B.	WEDNESDAY, 2.—St. Simplicius, P. C. St. Chad, B. C.
MONDAY, 28.—St. Romanus, Ab. St. Oswald, B. C.	THURSDAY, 3.—St. Cunegundes, V. St. Ælfred, Ab.
March.	FRIDAY, 4.—St. Casimir, C. St. Lucius, P. M.
	SATURDAY, 5.—St. Frederick, C. St. Kyran, B.

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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 26, 1921.

NO. 9

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Madonna.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

IN gloom she gave her Baby birth,
Madonna,
Who was the Light of heaven and earth,
Madonna;
No richly-clad attendants sped
To lay her in a silken bed:
Her chamber was a cattle shed,
Madonna.

The inn with guests was all astir,
Madonna;
They found not any place for her,
Madonna,—
No place to bear the Babe designed
Within His Sacred Heart to find
A place, a haven for mankind,
Madonna.
Oh, may we always find a place,
Madonna,
For you and Him and heavenly grace,
Madonna!
Whatever be the world's array,
Oh, may we ne'er our souls betray
By turning you and God away,
Madonna!

The Fate of Sacrilege.

BY SHANE LESLIE.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN'S "History and Fate of Sacrilege" is a moral classic which has never passed out of date. It was written as long ago as 1632; but, owing to the offence it was bound to give to most of the landed gentry of England then in possession of Church lands, it was not published till after two revolu-

tions had shaken up country estates through the land. In 1698 it appeared "for the terror of evil-doers"! It was not a popular book and became rare. Two Anglicans reprinted it in the heyday of the Oxford Movement, but thought it wise to remain anonymous, especially as they undertook to bring it up to date and to add further instances of crime; childlessness, poverty, and sudden death marking the history of great families previously tainted by sacrilege. They certainly showed that the curse awarded to the sacrilege of Jehoiakim, "Write this man childless," had again and again come true.

In their introductory essay, which is a fine piece of Catholic historical writing, and little read to-day, though it has certainly influenced Cardinal Gasquet's book on "Henry VIII. and the Monasteries," they laid down that "the heathenish state of Birmingham and Manchester lies in great measure at the door of Henry VIII."; and again, in establishing cause and effect, remarked that "the traveller along the western road will wonder at the destitute condition of Hammersmith till he remembers what Sion House was." They traced the curse of sacrilege down the centuries from the Somerset rhyme by recalling the division of Glastonbury, Portman and Horner, Wyndham and Thynne, When the Abbot went out, they went in.

They instanced the famous murder of Thomas Thynne, which is commemorated by a singular irony in the desecrated Abbey of Westminster.

The drowning of the last descendant of the first grantee of Battle Abbey, the death of the Canadian Governor, the Duke of Richmond, from the bite of a mad fox, are to be traced to the sacrilege of their ancestors.

Spelman recorded only instances in his own day, but they were amazing to the historian and disconcerting to the gentry. His editors instanced Polesworth Nunnery, which fell to the Gooderes. Two centuries later Sir Samuel Goodere was hanged for murdering Sir John Goodere, and his son Sir Edward died a lunatic. Sir Walter Scott removed to Abbotsford, and his luck instantly forsook him, ending in his commercial ruin and the cutting off of his two sons. Newstead Abbey came to the Byrons. Admiral Byron was wrecked off Chili, and the grand-uncle of the poet was tried for murder. The poet used the skull of a monk as a drinking cup, and came to an early death, without leaving lawful male posterity.

Sion House seems to have avenged its dissolution very handsomely upon its owners. Here the body of Henry VIII. lay in state; and, the coffin bursting, the dogs licked his blood, as Father Peto had foretold. Two ducal owners of Sion were executed. It was used as a prison for the children of King Charles, upon whom the curse of sacrilege seems to have worked its full effect. It passed to the House of Percy, who soon failed in the male line and are to-day represented by the Smithsons, Dukes of Northumberland, to one of whom the Smithsonian Institution is due. Their difficulties of succession may be imagined from the fact that the heiress, Lady Elizabeth Percy, was twice a widow before she was sixteen.

And so the tale of tragedy is told. Wherever there was sacrilege there was disaster. "The execution of Lord Stourton for murder; that of Lord Heytesbury; that of Ludovick Grevill;

the horrible history of the Darcies of Dambury; the tragedy of Arderne of Faversham, Brown of Lawson, and Sir Walter Smyth of Stretton Baskerville, all murdered by their wives; the death of a son by the hand of his father at Anglesea Abbey," are items in the terrible roll.

Of the forty-one great nobles who plundered the abbeys, only eight survived the centuries in blood male. As Spelman wrote with wonderful foresight of the present Peerage of England, "as the nobility spoiled God of His honor, so God hath taken the ancient honors of the nobility and communicated them to the meanest of the people,—to shopkeepers, taverners, brewers, graziers." Spelman himself had had trouble with religious lands, which had drawn his attention to the matter. He then counted around him twenty-seven gentlemen's parks, which had not changed families during eighty years, whereas there were twenty-five abbey sites which had all changed families thrice at least. It was a striking experiment and has never been disproved. It has become a superstition, not only amongst the folk but with practical land agents, that Church land never sticks.

Even in such families as survived and held the consecrated ground, the curse never ceased. The Russells, later Dukes of Bedford, took possession of Woburn, where the oak on which the last Abbot had been hanged stood long into the nineteenth century. But in eight generations the eldest son succeeded only three times, and he was pursued by such minor fatalities as Lord Russell's decapitation and Lord William's murder as recently as 1840. The Seymours succeeded in surviving the execution of the Church-spoiling Duke, but in seven generations only two fathers were succeeded by their sons, and by 1750 the dukedom passed to a branch of the family untainted by sacrilege.

Childlessness was not the only curse; fire swept away houses which had been built over consecrated land, and water figured constantly in the sudden deaths of the family. To take a few instances from Spelman: Castle Acre Abbey fell to Sir Thomas Cecil, whose son Christopher was drowned in Germany; Walsingham Priory went to Mr. Jenner, and his son Francis was drowned; Hampton Abbey fell to the Farmers, and we find Nicholas Farmer escaping from the sergeants and being drowned in the Thames.

Sir Miles Partridge played dice against Henry VIII. for the Jesus Bells of St. Paul's and won them, but he lost his head in the next reign. Sir Conyers Clifford sacked the Cathedral at Cadiz, and never prospered again. He was finally slain in Ireland, and left no posterity. Such stories crowd all local and county history in England. In an interesting letter of 1662, Sir Simon Degge wrote of Staffordshire that in sixty years one-half of the lands in the county had changed owners. Significant of the ruin attending families installed in the old priories was his comment, "'Tis no wonder to see the eagle's nest on fire that steals flesh from the altar for her young ones."

It was observed in later years that the South Sea Bubble ruined William Aislabee while in possession of Waverley Abbey, and Sir T. Jansen in possession of Hambleton Manor. Broughton was bought by the infamous Judge Jefferies, who died in the Tower. Six families attempted to possess it in less than two centuries. The Courtenays held Powderham, but at the cost of a number of casualties. Five were drowned, one burned, one slain in battle. Admiral Kempenfelt, who sank in harbor on the "Royal George," held Church land at Hurley in Berks. Sir G. Carew received abbey lands in Lippit, and sank in the "Mary Rose" at Portsmouth. The eldest son of Sir W.

Davies shot himself in Cressing Priory. Battle Abbey came to the Websters, of whom the fourth Baronet committed suicide, while his wife eloped with Lord Holland in 1800.

So reads a bookful of instances adduced by Spelman and his pious editors on one of the most ingenious and moral themes ever advanced. Though much had been written in its disapproval, it remains neither proved nor disproved. But a number of startling events seem to show that in a great many cases it has been unlucky to try to hold the old Church lands of England, even to the third and fourth generations. We still hear of haunted priories, and lands with a curse attached, all over England. Though the beliefs and folklore of Catholicism have died out, this one superstition, or truth, has been devoutly held by the majority of Protestants.

A curious instance has occurred recently. An English Duke, having espoused American millions, pulled down a chapel in London to build himself a colossal town palace. To-day he can not live in it, and is divorced from his wife. How eagerly old Spelman would have recorded this in his time! And no wonder his old folio is unpopular in the homes of the nobility.

MIDDLE-AGE, if rightfully accepted, is the happiest time of life. Youth expects so much of life, and is, as a rule, so absolutely wrapped up in its own pursuits, is so completely selfish in its ideals of happiness, that its disappointments and disenchantments are correspondingly bitter and sweet. With middle-age some inkling must come to us of how the soul should grow, of the beauty of self-sacrifice, of the healing balm of patience; of deeper, truer pleasures of thought and religion that calm and beautify the spirit, making the path pleasant and easy to a serene, old age.—*Dora Owen.*

The Secret of Ufton Court.

BY A. A. HARRISON.

XI.

ARE ye going to Al'maston mop to-morrow, Lizbeth?" inquired Humfrey Meredith, the head gardener, who, with a fellow-servant, Jane Arslett, was taking an evening stroll in the gardens.

"Likes enough, Humfrey, if I can get good company to take me," replied Elizabeth.

"So as you'll have me I'll take ee," returned Meredith.

"What!" exclaimed Elizabeth,—“and you tokened to Jane here! Gadzooks, Jane, d'ye hear your man?"

"L'ah Lizbeth, don't take on. There's forty such zanies as him to be had for the flick of your finger. I can't go to fair,—at least not till late; and he'd be safer in your company than with some of the maids he flanders with. I don't jealous you take him."

"Jane's no jealous sort," put in Humfrey; "leastways she knows I be to be trusted; don't ee, gal?"

"About as much as most men as ain't got no looks to speak of," returned Jane. "You'd best take Lizbeth, or maybe ye won't get 'nother maid till I comes."

"But what about Andrew Gaylor, Elizabeth? Haven't you made it up with him yet? You'll sure to meet him at fair."

"Haven't spoke to him and don't want to," said Elizabeth.

"Stuff and nonsense, Lizbeth! The chap's all right at bottom; a bit tizzicay at times, as they all be; but no real bad in him. I'm told he's made it up with Mr. Perkins, broke with Plumpton, been to his duties at Wollascot's, payed off his score at Goodey Arslett's, and sticks to his work like a brick. You take my advice: let Humfrey 'scort you to fair; and when you find Andrew,

make it up, and chuck my chap. He'll do himself all right until I find him; then we can walk back pairs of evening."

"I don't know for certain that I care much to make it up," replied Elizabeth, with some hesitation.

"Nonsense, girl! Do as I tells ye. It's such as you as can be the making of a lad like Andrew. Don't ee go back on what's past. Just take him as if nothing had fallen, and see how it works. I gage ye won't regret it."

"I'll see when we gets to the mop," answered Elizabeth. "Perhaps he's found another maid by this."

"Not he," returned Jane,—“or least not in earnest; maybe he have to rile ye, as I need do to Humfrey some days when he don't behave. Take my word, Andrew's really fond of you; and the sooner ye makes it up the better for both of ye. See the wrinkles and crow's feet it would save ye, Lizbeth."

After arranging with Humfrey the time for starting on the morrow, the two girls returned to the house.

The next day, shortly after noon, saw Elizabeth, with several other female servants, all garbed in their best bibs and tuckers, awaiting the arrival of Humfrey Meredith, and the other men who were to gallant them to the fair. Jane and several more were following later. They set off, as merry and light-hearted a crew as ever turned out for a holiday. The distance to Aldermaston was not great, being less than two miles; but two miles of the most charming scenery of which Berkshire can boast. First they passed down the winding lane, whose high banks were bounded on one side by flowers and ferns; and on the other by the seven fishponds, that trickled one into the other as they descended the hillside and afforded harbor for the Fridays and Lenten dinners. Just beyond, on the right, they would pass the little Norman church of Padworth, whose walls con-

tain bricks from the adjacent Roman city of Silchester, which may or may not have formed part of the early Christian church there.

Then they entered another leafy lane, skirted by the ancient park of Aldermaston on the south, and the more modern one of Padworth on the north; both rich with beech and gnarled oaks of great age and size. Presently the road widened; and, on the broad plateau in front of the main entrance lodges, was descried the gaily-decked Maypole rising some hundred or more feet, and round which men and maidens were disporting themselves with all the gaiety and abandon of healthy, rustic enjoyment.

On either side down the broad main street were booths, some loaded with articles for sale, others prepared for mild games of chance, and others again blazoned with pictures of the wonders supposed to be on view within, but which, however, generally failed to materialize. At the bottom of the street, in a field facing the Hind's Head Inn—the only hostel in the place,—were a series of long booths, each bearing an inn sign. These belonged to certain inns of adjacent villages which, either by right or by courtesy, were allowed to lend their aid in refreshing the hungry and thirsty visitors to the fair. At the rear of the refreshment part of each was a space set aside for dancing; in one instance this space was occupied by a bowling alley.

Among the crowd were men on stilts, dancing bears, tumblers, hawkers of all sorts; and in the side shows were to be seen mermaids, African kings and princes, wild boars, conjurors, jugglers,—in fact, all the fun of the fair. One could buy at the various stalls anything from a flatiron to a dainty piece of lace or a smart ribbon,—sticky sweets, gilded gingerbreads, drinks of every color and of many flavors, hot sausages, baked potatoes, slabs of cake,

and slices of cold pudding rich in raisins and lumps of suet.

At one emporium, hobby-horses were to be had on hire. These consisted of a cardboard body in the shape of a horse, with a wooden head, through the back of which the body was passed. Encased in this, the youth pranced and capered to give the effect of reality to the scene. Each rider was armed with a blown-out bladder attached by a short string to a stick, with which he buffeted his fellow-riders and as many of the general public as his impudence and daring would permit.

It was in a get-up of this kind that Andrew was first descried by Elizabeth. Her remarks were not very complimentary; but, as all her hearers knew that she meant just the reverse, it did not matter. Gaylor, by circling round and keeping himself well in evidence, hoped to draw some sign or words of recognition from Elizabeth. That lady, however, had no intention of making the first advance. She still clung to Humfrey's arm, and tried to make it appear that she was having a pleasant time. Not so, however; for she was as eager as Andrew for a reconciliation; and, although she still affected offence and distance, was secretly delighted when Andrew, tired of the waiting game, gave her a light stroke on the back.

"What's about now, Andrew Gaylor?" cried Elizabeth, with well-assumed anger. "Can't ye let quiet folk alone stead of flopping around with yer zauny staff?"

Here Humfrey, who had been amusedly watching the course of events, dropped Elizabeth's arm, and, rushing to a bladder merchant, quickly effected a deal; and, handing the implement to his former partner, soon lost himself in the crowd. What could any distressed woman do when attacked but pay her tormentor back in his own coin? There was no need for chase, for

Andrew soon fell into tapping distance; and the pair were quickly assailing each other with such zest and energy as to promise the bladders but a short term of existence. Soon tiring of their game, however, Andrew returned the steed to its owner.

Presently they fell in with Jane Arslett and the second contingent from Ufton. These joined the first; and, although they all paired off, they managed to form a not inconsiderable set of their own. First, as the song says, the "lassies and lads took leave of their dads" and hied to the Maypole, where they spent a lively and fatiguing time, winding in and out the intricate figures, and getting entangled in each other's streamers, and making much fuss over the disentanglement.

Fatigue often creates thirst and appetite, so the party next adjourned to the refreshment booths, and selected one distinguished by a huge crown, beneath which was an inscription in large lettering, stating that 'here were dispensed the far-famed Theale* crown cakes, well thought of and patronized by the highest in the land, and reported to have been accepted and tasted with satisfaction by her Most Gracious Majesty when on her latest visit to Sir Francis Walsingham at Englefield.' Other comestibles, both solid and liquid, were announced, but in smaller type, as though they feared to trespass on the grandeur of the celebrated pastries god-mothered by royalty and impressed with the royal Crown.

Rested and refreshed, the party presently retired to that end of the booth set apart for dancing. Here they were soon engaged in the peacock-like bowing and stately strutting of the paven,† or the more lively measures of the rondo and contre. Elizabeth and Andrew, Jane

and Humfrey with two other couples entertained the company for some time with a local dance called the revel.

Even wakes and revels and fairs must have an end, however; so in the fast gathering twilight our little party assembled and sorted themselves "to walk back pairs," as Jane had forecasted. So well was the party mated that there was neither odd man nor woman, and no one was called upon to "walk gooseberry."

Though sorted in couples, the party was too large and the lanes too narrow for any great exchange of confidences without interruption; it, therefore, came about that Elizabeth and Andrew reached the Court without reference to the past misunderstanding or the present reconciliation; but it was clear that both had something on their mind that called for relief. Andrew settled the matter by announcing his intention of coming over on the ensuing Sunday and having a good talk over matters in general. Elizabeth intimated a welcome, and with light hearts they bade each other good-night.

The following day Andrew was at work in the shop with his master, when Squire Forster rode up, and, looking in, desired a private talk with Gaylor. The reason and the purport of this interview was much as follows. Andrew's father and his forbears for many generations had worked and rented on the Forster estates. His mother, before her marriage, had been nurse to the Squire,—and now, in her widowhood, enjoyed a small pension and lived rent free at the Squire's expense. The Squire took much interest in Andrew; although, except that he had apprenticed him to his trade and always treated him to a friendly nod, he never gave any particular signs of special favor.

He was annoyed at the part Gaylor had played which resulted in the search at Ufton Court, and more especially at

* Spelt at this period "Le Thel," and down to the end of the eighteenth century celebrated for a particular make of cake.

† The predecessor of the minuet.

the part which Forster as a magistrate had been obliged to take in the inquiry which preceded it. Forster himself was not a Catholic; although, like many more of the non-Catholic country squires at this period, he regretted the severity of the Penal Laws, and had all the will in the world to live on friendly terms and in quiet with his neighbors who held fast to the old religion.

Forster upbraided Andrew with the part he had taken, though he was willing to believe that he was more or less drawn into many of his statements or half statements by Plumpton. He warned him against the latter and other idle company, and expressed a certain amount of satisfaction at noticing that Gaylor seemed to have turned over a new leaf. He even went so far as to say that if he stuck to the Court company, with whom he had seen him on the previous day at the fair, he would derive much benefit and no evil.

"This," said Forster, "brings me to the point about which I really wanted to speak. A young man like yourself wants to be settled; he needs an object to work for. Now, I could not help noticing, and I may say I have heard of it before, that you are particularly attentive to Mrs. Perkins' maid. I forget her name, though I know her mistress thinks very highly of her. Now to encourage you to become a steady, hard-working Englishman, as was your father, I will promise that if you honestly woo and wed this lass—or, for the matter of that, any other of equally good character,—I will assist you to set up a house and business of your own in a small way."

Gaylor was so astonished that he could hardly mumble his thanks before the Squire, waving his hand, called out, "Think it well over," and rode away.

Here was an astonishing turn of events. Gaylor almost felt that he was married to Elizabeth before they had formally made up their quarrel, and

certainly before the man had formally asked the maid; for their friendship, although it distinctly pointed to matrimony in the distant future, had hitherto partaken more of that understanding which leads to another understanding, and then—

It was quite clear to Andrew, however, that he could not hold out until Sunday, but must ask off an hour or so earlier this very day, and seek Elizabeth with his news. But, then, where was he? Perhaps she would be a bit hoity-toity and would not see or listen to him. Perhaps all her freedom of yesterday and seeming forgetfulness of the past was but a mere "peak" or a determination to have a good time. Perhaps, after all, her behavior from the time of their first meeting seven or eight years ago was merely that of a light-hearted maid flirting with a rather good-looking, light-hearted, mischievous boy.

All these thoughts cropped up, and many more of a like nature; but they were constantly outweighed by the stern fact that he really had something tangible to offer. He felt himself already quite a man of substance, and very little further imaging would have converted him to the belief that he was almost, if not quite, a country squire himself.

Arrived at the side entrance to the Court, Gaylor was on the point of entering when Elizabeth's well known voice echoed from an upper casement:

"L'ah Andrew! That you or your ghost? What a turn you give one, turning up so unexpected! Anything special the matter?"

Andrew intimated that he wanted a long talk on matters of some consequence that would not bear delay. The other, somewhat mystified, consented to give him a hearing, and presently appeared at the door, whence they adjourned to a stone garden-house situated below the terrace.

Now that he was face to face with Elizabeth, and apparently bursting with a long and important tale, poor Andrew could not find words to begin, and sat for some minutes as one dumb.

"Well, Andrew, I didn't come here to admire your long face or smart waist-coat. You said you had some important news. What's it?"

Andrew gave a start and then entered into a rambling statement of the wrong he had done Perkins, how Plumpton had snapped at anything he said, and that he was very sorry and never meant to do—

"Look here, Andrew," broke in Elizabeth. "I'm not a priest, and if you want to go to confession I'll let you know the next chance there is. But I ain't a-going to listen to no more. It ain't right and I can't give you absolution. There! I wouldn't if I could! If that's all you've got to say, I'm off."

"It's not all," eagerly responded Andrew,—“not all by no means. I shall get it out directly. I'm a bit muddled, you're so 'pert and fast—quick, I mean, on a fellow."

"Pert and fast, eh? You're over-polite, sir. Go on!"

"You know what I meant. It's taking a fellow up as you do makes him forget what he would say."

"Well, I'll be mum for the next. Out with it! What is it you want?"

"You to forgive me the past and—and marry me!" spluttered Andrew.

The half-scream and half-laugh which Elizabeth gave at hearing this must have been heard at some distance. As soon as she recovered herself, she said, half laughing, half crying:

"You silly boy! Marry you! Lawks, look what it is! You come to me to confession, you ask pardon, all quite straightforward and right; then you give *me* the penance by wanting me to marry you. L'ah Andrew, 'twas not for this you came to see me. Your brain's fuzzled. Take a rest and think back.

Never mind about what's gone in the past: let's begin from yesterday."

This very sensible speech on Elizabeth's part reassured Andrew, and he was soon engrossed in a repetition, more or less correct, of what Squire Forster had said and promised, and of his own hopes and intentions; and he wound up with a formal offer of marriage to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth would not commit herself to a definite "Yes" or "No," but promised to give Andrew her answer on Sunday. Still she rather betrayed herself by reminding Andrew that the business of Wimbolts at Theale had not yet found a buyer, and advised him to see about it; adding as an after-thought: "It's a nice premises, and we might be very comfortable."

Gaylor noticed the "we" but said nothing, and went away well content, and building more castles in the air than ever.

Elizabeth had practically made up her mind to accept Andrew. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether any idea to the contrary had ever entered her head; but she was of that class of persons who will never make themselves too cheap, and who like to dangle a prize out of reach, so that the difficulty of attaining it shall enhance its value in the eyes of the gainer.

It is true she consulted Mrs. Perkins, who in her turn spoke to her husband, and both were in favor of the match. When Perkins heard of Squire Forster's conversation and promise to Gaylor, he was much moved, and announced to his wife his intention of riding across to thank him for his kind expression and intention towards himself. Not to be behindhand, he told his wife to be liberal in the way of linen and household goods to Elizabeth; and, in fact, to provide for their comfort in every way.

It was necessary to train one of the younger maids to take the post which

Elizabeth would vacate, so it was decided that the wedding should not take place until the following spring. In the meantime Gaylor, who was negotiating for and had nearly completed the purchase of Wimbolts' business, was to begin operations as soon as he obtained possession, 'prepare the house, and generally get ready for the reception of the bride. The actual date could not be readily fixed, for the Church required a real marriage before a Catholic priest; and priests were somewhat uncertain in their visits to the Berkshire houses at this time, owing to the activity of the informers. A priest, however, had been living for several years unsuspected on the Berkshire downs, where he performed the ostensible duties of a flock master. Mr. Perkins got into communication with him, and arranged for the contracting parties and their witnesses to visit him at his hut, where the ceremony would be performed.

The distance was not great,—about ten miles by cross country lanes, and perhaps two more by the main roads. With a sheep, two lambs, for appearance' sake, and a large hamper of provisions and wine supplied by Mr. Perkins, the wedding party started early one perfect morning in May. They were ostensibly bound for Wallingford market, although they never reached that ancient town. All was ready at the hut, the vows were plighted, a certificate written, and Andrew Gaylor and Elizabeth were man and wife in the eyes of the Church. There followed a little feast, in which the Father and his assistant shepherd (sacristan) took part. The party then set out on their return to the Court, and later repaired to their new home at Theale.

(The End.)

DUTY is the body of which love is the soul.—*W. G. Jordan.*

Nothingness.

BY L. JOAN CHUBB.

LORD, I am naught, and yet I pray Thee
take

That nothingness, and from it meetly make
That which Thou wilt. My only care shall be
Not to undo the work Thou dost in me.

Thou out of nothing, in the days of old,
Didst make the world,—its beauties manifold,
The creatures of the earth and sea and sky;
The sun, the moon, and all the stars on high.

So canst Thou fashion from my nothingness,
A heart to love Thee, and a voice to bless;
Hands that can serve, lips to bespeak Thy praise;
A life that lives for Thee through all life's days.

Old and New in a Norman Town.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

ONE of the beneficent effects of the late war, in the country which has suffered most heavily from it, has been the change of attitude of its Government towards religion and the Church of God. Even more truly than did his grandfather in 1870, might the Second Wilhelm have likened himself to Attila, the Scourge of God. Great had been the wickedness of rulers and people during those years of active persecution of the Church in its most tenderly cherished and dearest members, the religious Orders. Europe had looked on amazed at those sorrowful processions of men and women escorted by military and police, making for the boundaries of France, despoiled of their possessions, followed by the lamentations of the children they had taught, the sick in their hospitals, the penitents in their refuges, the poor and the destitute they had served: all were displeasing to the Freemasonry which had lodged itself in the seats of Government, and all had to go.

From the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse, whose factories and vast

agricultural enterprises maintained the surrounding population, down through every form of contemplative and active Orders, not one of them without its beneficent influence on its fellow-creatures, coincident with the sanctification of its individual members, to the white cornettes of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, whose name is emblematic, all the world over, of a divine love and service of the poor, none were spared, none were exempt from the operation of the policy inaugurated by the famous "Décrets" of M. Jules Ferry. At the same time that the religious were exiled it was but natural that the Cross, the symbol of all they stood for, should also be banished from its place over the cemetery gates and over the seat of the judge in the courts of justice, from the walls of every place subject to official interference; the ill work including, as was inevitable, the rupture with the Holy See.

Every country towards which the banished men and women turned their steps received them (to its honor be it said) with respect and toleration; Protestant England was not the last in admitting them to its shores, as it had welcomed, a century earlier, that other exodus of French refugees flying before the first Republican persecution. And as those first exiles had been instrumental in breaking down the stiff barriers of ignorance and of prejudice against their Faith which then prevailed in England, so did these victims of proscription, at the close of the nineteenth century, carry the Faith into remote corners of the land where the "blessed mutter of the Mass" had been silent for three hundred years. The tide of conversion which had been gently stealing from year to year through the conscience and intelligence of the people, received a new impetus from the zeal and the virtues of the monks and nuns who brought to England's shores the services and blessings

they could no longer give to their own nation.

Great had been this nation's transgressions, great was the chastisement. More than a million of the youth of France, the flower of its manhood, made up the holocaust of expiation. As truly as in the terrible verse of Rudyard Kipling, might the ghosts of the slain of France repeat the words he puts on the lips of the English dead: "We died because our fathers lied." If in England the fathers had lied to their sons by declaring that all was well, that there was no cause for preparation or alarm, shutting their eyes in vain complacency to everything which could disturb their well-being, the success and increase of their speculations and their industries, the dead youth of France might, in all justice, rise and bid their fathers recognize and acknowledge how greatly they had sinned.

During the fifteen years of aberration that preceded the war, the voices of warning, of denunciation and entreaty were not wholly silent. The right-minded sons and followers of the men who, after 1870, had raised upon the heights of Montmartre the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, erected by "penitent France"—*Gallia pénitens* (those two impressive, pregnant words are cut deeply in its stone frontal),—these men had never ceased to protest against the evil-doers. But the great mass of the people can not honestly plead, as they are now apt to do, that they were in no way responsible for the discreditable acts of their Government,—acts which they were ready to stigmatize in the privacy of conversation while giving their votes, time after time, to the Deputies, who, as regularly, passed one nefarious piece of legislation after another. The great mass of the peasant population in this country of universal franchise has the vaguest notions of its responsibilities, and appears to ignore that there is any correlation between

the bulletins its members drop into the electoral urn and the votes given in the Chamber of Deputies by their representative, the loquacious young politician whose promises opened golden vistas of utopian welfare during his electoral campaign, and so won their suffrages.

But the lessons of the war have not been in vain. With a sigh of relief, the country has witnessed and applauded change upon change in the attitude of the authorities and legislature. For the first time in many years representatives of the civil and military authorities have openly attended the thanksgiving services and Requiems after the war, and have recognized and rewarded the heroism and devotion of the religious of both sexes. When such of the exiled Carthusians as were of military age, leaving their retreat in Spain, returned to share their country's perils, they were received, on landing at Marseilles, with delirious joy by that Southern population which had never ceased to bewail their loss.

The happy change has been manifested particularly during the universal commemoration, in every town and village in France, of the second anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11. It was our good fortune to witness the "Souvenir," as it is called, in a beautiful old town in Normandy—Louviers-le-Franc. The procession of notables wound its way through the irregular streets, to the music of the town "Harmonie" and the band of the "Sapeurs-Pompiers," until it reached the bronze group in the open green Place d'Armes, commemorating the citizens of the town who had fallen in the war of 1870-71. Under the still small rain that seemed a fitting accompaniment, groups of flags waved gently from the red standards that marked off the place of the proceedings; and before a silent and reverent audience the mayor read out the roll-call

of the soldiers slain in this last war.

As the names of more than three hundred and fifty young men who had laid down their lives for their country fell gravely and reverently from the reader's lips, they seemed to bring with them a fresh and more vivid realization of the loss suffered. A glance at the surrounding groups of black-garbed, tearful women brought poignantly to mind, not only the thought of the three hundred young lives cut off in the flower of their manhood, but that in every town, in every village throughout the length and breadth of France, similar groups of heart-broken parents, of young widows and children, were going through a similar ordeal.

After speeches by the prefect and the mayor, delivered with that happy ease and unhesitating flow of language distinctive of French oratory, the Men's Choral Society sang a patriotic air, the music floating gently upwards in the stillness. Reverence and silence seemed the two dominant moods, keeping their subduing effect even upon the bare-headed urchins on the fringe of the crowd. Then the standard-bearers raised aloft their velvet, gold-embroidered banners; the procession moved on to the town-hall, and from there to the Solemn High-Mass of thanksgiving and commemoration in the beautiful old church, one of the lesser jewels of Norman architecture, which dates from the time of the Crusades.

As the civil and military authorities were met at the church door by the archpriest and his clergy, many a heart beat high with joy and thankfulness at the thought that, for the first time in fifteen years, a similar spectacle might be seen throughout the country. At the moment of the Elevation, the bugles rang out, the drums beat, arms were presented, sending a thrill through the packed crowds that filled every corner of the grand old five-aisled Gothic building.

At the close of this historic event, the procession formed again; and, with tactful sympathy, deviated from the direct route up to the cemetery, in order to pass through the street called the Rue du Quai, which had paid the heaviest toll of loss; the bands playing a funeral march. At the cemetery, situated on a gently sloping hill above the town, wreaths and crosses were laid on the tombs of the dead. The rain, which had been falling like a thin veil upon the scene, ceased; and the soft November light bathed the picturesque irregularities of the black and white houses, with high-pitched, brown-tiled roofs, of the little town, lying snugly ensconced, protected and surrounded by the gentle slopes of the wooded hills.

At a moment when Englishmen and Americans have been paying with their best blood and treasure for the redemption of the soil of France, it is curious to recall how bitter and how prolonged an enmity formerly existed between their British ancestors and the ancestors of the Frenchmen by whose side they were fighting yesterday. Nowhere, perhaps, could the contrast appear more striking and poignant than in this hardy Norman town, with its stirring history.

Within the memory of man, wolves have been found in the forest near Louviers; and in the time of the Roman Conquest they probably abounded more numerous; for the name is generally supposed to be derived from *lupus*. The ruins of a Roman fort and aqueduct, and of a Roman villa, unearthed some years ago, give color to the supposition. Its name is first found in a charter of Richard Cœur de Lion, dated January, 1195, confirming the gift by Richard I., Duke of Normandy, in A. D. 965, of the churches of Elbeuf and Louviers to the Abbey of St. Taurin at Evreux. Cœur de Lion no doubt found his English possessions, surrounded by the sea, safer than his Nor-

man Duchy, open to the inroads of the kings of France. Philip Augustus and he had met at Louviers in January, 1196, to sign the treaty of Issoudun; but Richard, believing that stone walls were more reliable than the vellum of a treaty, proceeded to lay the foundations of the strong fortress of the Chateau Gaillard on the hill of Les Andelys, a few miles from the town, the picturesque ruins of which are one of the beauties of the country.

This act brought the King into fierce antagonism with the powerful and redoubtable Gualtier, Archbishop of Rouen, as being contrary to the above-mentioned treaty, which stipulated that Louviers was to remain an open town and unfortified, as an ecclesiastical fief of the archbishopric. After vainly protesting to the King, Gualtier laid the whole of Normandy under an interdict, which caused such misery and lamentation that neither Richard's obstinacy nor power could withstand the outcry of his subjects, and he appealed to Rome, sending his chancellor, William, Bishop of Ely, and the Bishops of Durham and Lisieux to lay his cause before the saintly Pope Celestine III. The Archbishop of Rouen went himself, and was nonsuited by the Pope, who found that the King had a manifest right to fortify any part of his dominions open to attack. He raised the interdict, at the same time advising Gualtier to accept the indemnity offered by the King.

(Conclusion next week.)

At the battle of Wagram, Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He stopped and gazed for a moment upon the sadly mutilated body stretched upon the gory field, and said impressively: "I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgiven everything."

Suseen Lomasney.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

"THAT you mightn't come back to me!" exclaimed Mr. Scanlan under his breath, as the visitor took his departure. He snapped the door on Rody Lee's heels, turning the key with a vicious rattle; and, still frowning and rumpling up his sparse gray hair, he made his way back to the fireplace.

Above on the narrow mantel-shelf he kept his "tubaccy bag," and this he now sought to fill his empty pipe. A succession of friendly visitors had so distracted his mind that he had forgotten the solace of his smoke, which now held out a glimmer of comfort. But the tobacco bag was nowhere to be seen! He stared at the neat shelf whereon was wont to repose a satisfying collection of familiar articles, holding now only a very clean and shining lamp; and, after staring at it helplessly a moment, he turned an equally helpless look around the room.

"Where did that limb put me tubaccy?" he cried.

It was some exasperating moments before he found the missing bag in the little cupboard at the side of the mantel; and the fact of its unsuspected proximity only served further to enrage him. A woman's eye would have seized the cupboard at once as the most natural place in the world to look for a missing article. But a man, who fails to realize a cluttered condition, and who shuts nothing in cupboards save those things for which he has no immediate use, a closed door in the wall is merely a closed door and nothing else. Michael Scanlan liked to see his things out and around him, especially that most cherished of all possessions, his tobacco bag. It he now snatched from its concealment, and began nervously to fill the bowl of his pipe.

"Yourself and your ould crimped

papers!" he addressed it contemptuously, applying a bit of lighted paper to the pipe. The shelves of the narrow little cupboard were covered with paper, which depended at the edges into scallops of intricate and wonderful design; and the articles therein were ranged circumspectly on these immaculate shelves, as though defying the hand of man to move them one iota from their mathematical correctness. In fact, the whole cupboard had taken on a smug, self-satisfied air, extremely rasping to the soul of Michael Scanlan.

"Indeed, then, I don't want you no more nor you want me!" he muttered. But the statement held no conviction, and his eyes sought the fire rather hopelessly. For was it not a symbol of what was closing in on him every day, the change in his quiet, easy, comfortable, snug existence,—that orderly array that mocked him with its absence of everything that he liked? What good was it for him to leave things where he wanted them, when that "quare lump of a Suseen Lomasney," as he called her, coming in every day, "redded up" the place so expertly that he could never lay hands on them again?

"What black wind ever blew her to the Hill, I dunno—God forgim me!" sighed Michael Scanlan more than once.

For Suseen Lomasney was a bit of "spindrift" from other seas. She did not belong to the Hill, nor was she related to any of the Hill people. If she had been a Hill girl, even remotely, as one might say, Mr. Scanlan would long ago have sent her packing. But she was a stranger, and they all felt they had to "do" for her. Hence what more natural than that she should stay with the Bateses—for with their houseful one more would not make any great difference,—and be assigned to clean and cook for Mr. Scanlan? Not that he wanted anybody to clean or cook for him. But in a case like this, when the

Hill women decided anything, it was useless to make appeal. And Michael Scanlan, who had kept to himself to the extent that he always remained "Mr. Scanlan" to the Hill people, felt a diffidence about making any appeal.

They had always been kind to him on the Hill, from the moment that he came to them long years before, a young widower with a sore and irrevocably lonely heart. He had left behind him forever the few years of his perfect happiness, and sought new scenes, the better to assuage the pangs of memory. Here with this kindly people he built himself a house,—a curious structure of his own designing, but one which satisfied him completely; and here he lived his quiet, rather isolated, but on the whole perfectly contented life. In his early days he had lived in a lumber camp in Canada, and there he had learned to cook a bit and fend for himself. He would make out, he told his new friends in the beginning; and they, respecting his desire to be alone for a time—they thought it would not last long,—left him to himself, as he seemed to wish. The women took turns in sending him a loaf of bread, and not a week passed but one or the other "put his name in the pie dough," kindnesses which he strove to return in many ways.

Sometimes of an evening a couple of the old men would drop in; and again he would join them at Rody Lee's shoeshop, where, between ardent games of Forty-five, the fate of nations was decided. But whether in game or discussion, Mr. Scanlan's part was always a minor one,—the listener rather than the participant. After a while he would say his courteous good-night and slip away to his own snug nest, there to dream before the smouldering logs until the fire died out; or on a summer evening to sit on his doorstep and watch benignly, if absently, the slight tide of life that flowed by. He was, and he

knew it, only a looker-on at life, and he was strangely content.

Then came the upsetting advent of Suseen Lomasney. His nerves still quivered when he recalled how she cleaned the house from top to bottom, reducing everything to such a state of amazing cleanliness as to call down upon her devoted efforts the unanimous commendation of the Hill women, who, more amazing still to Mr. Scanlan, felt called upon to superintend Suseen's work.

"Sure 'twas time he had some one to look after him," they said to each other commiseratingly, as they went away. "The crayther! And, glory be to God, the dirt Suseen says she swept out! Wisha, wouldn't you think a proud man like him would be neat and clean?"

But gone forever with the dust and grime of years were Mr. Scanlan's privacy and quietude. Suseen, who came early in the morning and departed in the evening any time from seven to nine o'clock, was a cheerful soul, with a persistent fondness for the sound of her own voice. She talked to and at the silent Mr. Scanlan; she held gay converse with whatever neighbor was kind enough to drop in; she sang; she made loud clatter with the dishes; and the way she dropped the wood in the wood-box sent violent tremors down her employer's spine. Added to all this was his inability to find his belongings, and the appearance of strange and disquieting furnishings,—like bits of carpet set down with no apparent reason in odd places, tripping up his unaccustomed feet; and table covers that called aloud for respectful treatment. Such a one now, of plaid elegance, and fringes that had an irritating habit of catching on buttons, spoiled for him the broad expanse of the big walnut table before the fireplace. His few books were there; and there, too, he used to write his infrequent letters, laboriously and with

pains, sometimes in the process overturning the ink bottle. But now! The red and white squares in the cover disputed his possession at the same time that they seemed to regard him blandly,—and he couldn't find the ink at all!

"Where did you put the ink, Suseen?" (or whatever it happened to be) became his despairing question; and her eager reply, full of staccato emphasis, was always the same.

"Oh, *here* it is, Mr. Scanlan! In the *cupboard*! Right here under your hand! Isn't this the nicest place to keep things? I just *love* to keep things redded up, don't you?"

"Don't bother, Suseen, putting things away so much," poor Mr. Scanlan would begin. But Suseen would break in:

"Oh, it's no *bother*, Mr. Scanlan! No, indeed! You just tell me—anything you want me to *do*—just look at them ashes, after the way I cleaned that hearth this morning!"

Hopeless bitterness of spirit would seize Mr. Scanlan as Suseen flew at the ashes. 'Ah, it's how she'd be flirting him out o' the house next with her turkey wing!' On rare occasions he answered her sharply, or in a surly tone bade her to leave him alone; but he was so sorry afterward, remembering her homeless condition, that his kindness more than atoned for whatever hurt she had experienced.

It happened that on one of these occasions Sam Gleason was present, and the restrained bitterness in Mr. Scanlan's tone crystallized a belief that Sam had long entertained that the old man was not happy under these changed conditions. For there were other changes besides that of Suseen's presence and the orderly process of her eternal cleanliness; and, whereas before Mr. Scanlan had had but few visitors, now never a day or an evening passed but some of the neighbors dropped in,—women as

well as men; the women, because their interest in Suseen's work still kept up, and because they had a haunting suspicion, seeing what her capable hands had accomplished, that they had been neglecting him all these years. There, was their half-formulated thought, they had left him all alone in that messy, dirty, cluttered cottage, when they might have been showing him a bit of neighborly kindness! Wherefore they tried to make up for lost time, to the increasing frenzy of poor Mr. Scanlan. As a matter of course, the men followed their example; even Rody Lee himself leaving his bench to smoke a meditative pipe before the Scanlan fireplace, while the hermit soul of the old man ached for its solitude.

It would be hard to say how much the pleasant figure of Suseen and her bright flow of language had to do with these visits. Of a certainty her delighted welcome to one and all sent a warm glow to their hearts.

"Well, if it isn't Mrs. Beatty!" she would cry joyously. "Come in, dear,—*do*! Mr. Scanlan is lonesome,—I *know* he is; and me so busy all the time that I never get a *chance* to say a word to him, the poor, dear man! Come in, Mrs. Beatty!"

Sam Gleason, who had slipped quietly in by the front door a little while before, gave a whimsical glance at Scanlan, whose brows had begun to lower. He grimaced at Sam despairingly.

"Would you listen to that?" he muttered angrily. "Would you listen to her? Me lonely—"

"Oh, is that you, Sam?" Mrs. Beatty said, entering. "Good-evening, Mr. Scanlan! I brought a bit of cake for your tea" (it was Sunday afternoon); "and I won't stay, now that you have company."

Mr. Scanlan thanked her with courteous reserve, and the two men listened to the agreeable exchange of trivialities as she went out again

through the kitchen. They gathered that Suseen was giving her the recipe for a tea cake of most unexampled excellence.

"Mr. Scanlan *likes* it!"

"God help me!" murmured Mr. Scanlan, despondently.

In the conversation that ensued, Sam's broad, good-natured mouth twitched more than once; but, nevertheless, he understood perfectly; and he felt infinitely sorry for the old man, driven so unexpectedly out of his comfortable groove. Ever since the death of Sam's wife there had been a strong bond between him and Mr. Scanlan; and he of all the Hill men could lay claim to a more intimate knowledge of the latter's character, his likes and dislikes. The old man had been happy and content in his quiet little home, doing for himself. He was used to it, and that was what he liked. "Why on earth didn't they leave him alone?" Sam wondered now. As for Suseen, she meant well, of course; but—aha, Suseen! There was another problem. Sam saw that at once. The women had placed her satisfactorily, for herself, for Mr. Scanlan. It would occasion quite a hullabaloo if Mr. Scanlan—

With horror Mr. Scanlan repelled the idea of any action on his part, when such was delicately suggested by Sam.

"Is it me to tell her to go?" he gasped. "Me? The Lord give you sinse, man, if you think she'd notice annything *I* say!" Sure it's worn out I am axing her to lave me this or that, the way I might have it when I want it. Eh, no, Sam. I'm an old man,—it won't be long."

Sam went away depressed. It was a shame that the poor old man had to be driven like that. He would speak to Mrs. Tighe about it.

Mrs. Tighe was untroubled by Sam's bungling hints.

"Not satisfied with Suseen?" she scoffed. "Man dear, what are you talk-

ing about? Sure Mr. Scanlan has never been so comfortable in his life."

"I suppose he's comfortable enough," granted Sam.

"Well, then, what more does he want?"

"He was comfortable before," Sam began to argue desperately.

"Sam Gleason! In all that dirt!"—indignantly.

"It never looked dirty to me, Mrs. Tighe; honest, it didn't. His kitchen was as clean as anything," Sam maintained eagerly. "Maybe the rest of the house was cluttered up a little—"

"I believe you!" was Mrs. Tighe's sententious retort. "The corners of that big front room of his hadn't felt the touch of a broom in years, Suseen said,—not in years!"—triumphantly.

Slow Sam had a moment of sharp exasperation. Good heavens, corners of rooms, and a man's comfort! It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "Well, if he'd rather have peace and a little dust," but he restrained himself. It was not, he felt hopelessly, an argument that would commend itself to Mrs. Tighe nor to any of the other women. No: that avenue was closed. He could not do anything. But the old man's tragic figure haunted him, cut off from all that had made his life peaceful and quite unable to adjust himself to the changed order. So Sam talked it over with Roger Beatty, who shook his handsome old head doubtfully. The women were the stumbling-block, both admitted sadly.

"For they have it all *fixed*, do you mind?" said Roger. "And herself,—she thinks there's ne'er a one at all like Suseen."

"Suseen's all right," admitted Sam. "It isn't her fault. You can't change a man's habits in a day; and, besides, when he doesn't want to—"

"Why wouldn't you speak to Suseen yourself?"

Sam was aghast. He could not do it.

That was out of the question altogether; but Roger Beatty could not see anything else to do; and, as both were convinced that something ought to be done, it ended in Sam agreeing, unwillingly enough, to speak to Suseen. But his heart felt heavy as lead as he made his way homeward through the winter dusk. Through the lighted kitchen window, as he passed Mr. Scanlan's little house, he caught a glimpse of Suseen with the teapot in her hand, and he could almost hear her brisk, cheerful tones. And he—*he*—was intent on driving her out! For the first time Suseen's personal relation to the matter struck Sam with the force of a blow. Still, she was young and active. There was plenty of work in the world. And why should Mr. Scanlan be imposed on? He stiffened his unhappy resolution.

It was some time, however, before the opportunity presented itself. Meanwhile Sam dropped in with more and more frequency. He began to entertain a guilty hope that he might never find a suitable opportunity, when one evening the fatal moment arrived most unexpectedly. Mr. Scanlan had, it appeared, just stepped over to Johnny Rowan's for some tobacco. Sam's heart sank, but heroically he spurred himself to the task in hand.

"You busy, Suseen?" he asked huskily.

"Just finishing up. Sit *down*, Mr. Gleason. This was my cleaning day, and I baked too. Would *you* have a piece of pie?"—turning bright eyes on him eagerly. "Mr. Scanlan likes my pies—"

"Do you think he does, Suseen?"

Suseen stopped in her task of polishing a plate, caught by something in Sam's tone; she could not have told what.

"I mean," Sam went on haltingly, as she stared at him, "do you think he likes all this—this—well, cleaning up, and everything, you know?" The per-

spiration started on his forehead. "I—I don't believe he does. I really wonder if he wouldn't like his old ways better." It was out at last, with a gasp, and a frightened, awkward, deprecating look at Suseen. He mopped his brow fiercely.

Suseen laid down the plate slowly, and the ruddy color drained itself entirely out of her round wholesome cheeks. Like a flash the truth had been borne in upon her, stressed by Sam's nervous awkwardness.

"I see!" she said softly. "Did he tell you to tell me?"

"He—he—I—we talked about it," admitted Sam, unhappily. Her pallor, her stillness, shook him with painful remorse. "Of course, Suseen," he went on, as she said nothing, "it isn't as if you weren't young and active. A fine girl like you can get work anywhere."

"Aye!" Suseen drew a deep breath that was half a sob, and, seating herself absently, leaned a dejected arm on the table. "Aye, I can get work, no fear,—I can get plenty of work. But" (she looked over at Sam in sudden passion) "you don't know what it is, Sam Gleason,—none of ye here know how hard it is for a woman to face the world on her lone. It's me that could tell you, though; for I have been through it all these twenty-five years. It's work here and work there; and no matter how you slave your fingers to the bone, and no matter how kind and good they are—and there's plenty that's kind and good, too,—it's only a servant you are in the end, in your cold little room. And if, like me, you have no kith or kin of your own, or sorra a one to turn to, it's a lonely outside life,—that's what it is!"

Sam Gleason stared at her, miserable, abased, inarticulate.

"And that's what brought me here," Suseen went on more quietly. "I thought I might get work among my own kind, the way I wouldn't be always

feeling a stranger in a strange house. It's a queer feeling, and lonesome like"—her eyes dropping absently to the stove door, through whose open grate the fire looked out at her and winked cheerily—"never to have them that want *you* as well as the work of your hands." She lifted the two capable members, and then dropped them in her lap. "And I thought God sent it to me, this little house, the poor old man to do for; and sure I was hoping that by being good to him he would come to like me a wee bit, maybe—"

She straightened up suddenly and put a furtive finger to her eye, ashamed that he should see her tears,—this stranger, this cold-hearted man, who, despite his apparent friendliness, was so ready to drive her away.

"Eh, well," she said, with a pitiful attempt at her old brightness, "thanks be to God that I had this happy little while here among good friends! It's often I'll be thinking of them all and I far away—"

Here Sam found his voice.

"No, no, Suseen!" he burst out. "No: you'll never go away again! I need you, Suseen,—I need you!"

Michael Scanlan, taking a wary peek in the kitchen window to see if Suseen had gone for the night, caught one glimpse of her irradiated countenance before Sam Gleason folded her in his arms. He stood there for a tranced moment, his eyes fixed on the starry heavens; and what he saw was a beloved, radiant face out of the long, long ago.

Quietly he stole around the house, a portion of the old secure peace going magically with him; and ever so quietly he opened the front door and stole in. Fragments of agreeable thoughts were drifting through his mind as he lit his pipe. Everything was coming out all right. He would have his house to himself now,—ever and always. Let any

one try! Well, God was good. She would be just the one to look after Sam and his children,—a good girl, Suseen; though overly fond of the broom. Glancing up, his eye caught a glint of something white through the half-open door of the little cupboard by the mantel. In an instant, with determination in his mien, he stalked over and began to remove from the shelves the ornately scalloped papers, which he thrust swiftly between the burning logs. He watched them flame up, the faintest shadow of a grim smile on his thin old lips. Then, as the black wisps shrivelled away from the fire and floated downward to the hearth, the watcher settled back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"That you mightn't come back to me!" he murmured contentedly.

Mr. Scanlan had come into his own again.

One against Four.

SOME years ago there passed out of this life, in a small town in France, an old man of eighty-six, named François Agache. He was a penitent beadle, who, through ignorance and false zeal had been excommunicated in his youth for dueling. There were extenuating circumstances, however, as the reader will see.

On one occasion, a vicar of Notre Dame was conducting a burial service at the cemetery, with Agache as his beadle. The pall-bearers—free-thinkers, doubtless—took it upon themselves to speak disrespectfully of the service.

On leaving the cemetery, the beadle reproached them with their conduct. They replied abusively. Agache retorted. One of the men then said:

"If you were anything but a cowardly church rat, you'd challenge me."

"The 'church rat' could make just one mouthful of you," said Agache deri-

sively, his pride deeply wounded. "He challenges not only *you*, but all four of you, each in his turn!"

The hour of meeting was forthwith set for the following morning. All were prompt at the rendezvous. The four promised themselves an easy victory over the beadle, whose appearance was not in the least formidable.

"Ready! One, two, three—" and the beadle disarmed the first. The second fared the same, while the third received a sharp thrust in the forearm. The fourth prudently took to flight.

The next morning the vicar sent for the beadle and reprimanded him.

"God and the Church forbid dueling," he said gravely.

"But it was precisely for God and the Church that I fought!" explained the worthy beadle. "At each blow I gave the miscreants I was careful to say: 'For our holy mother the Church—one! For our Holy Father the Pope—two!' As the third had spoken against the Blessed Virgin, I pricked him in the arm, saying: 'For Our Lady of Perpetual Succor—three.'"

The priest could not repress a smile at the man's zeal. He enlightened him, however, and freed him from blame, after securing his promise never again to fight a duel, even "for God and the Church."

WE often think that, if we had that man's means or that man's ability or that man's opportunity, we could do something worth while; but that, as we are, there is no possibility of our doing any great thing. Yet God does not want us to fill any other man's place or to do any other man's work. He wants us to improve our own opportunities, with the means and the powers that He has given us. It is a very great thing for us always to do the best we can do, just where and as we are. God asks no one of us to do more than this, nor has any one an excuse for doing less.

Timely and Practical Instruction.

SOME thoughts on penance expressed by the unknown author of that excellent book, "The Interior Life Simplified and Reduced to its Fundamental Principle," edited by the Very Rev. Joseph Tissot, of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales, deserve to be quoted here,—first, on account of their appropriateness and timeliness; secondly, as a further recommendation of the whole work, which is incomparably superior to spiritual treatises far better known though destitute of theology, depth or unction. In fact, as the Bishop of Rodez points out, the volume for which the Catholic public is indebted to Père Tissot, filled as it is with Scriptural quotations admirably commented upon, and passages from the Fathers and St. Thomas, "combats an evil which disfigures piety in a great many souls,—i. e., vague and sentimental religiosity, encumbered with petty practices."

Our gleanings shall be from the first book of Part III., which treats of the means to be employed in order to attain salvation. Penance is one of these. It is a general necessity. Every sin demands a penalty; and every penalty is, first of all, vindictory, for such are the requirements of justice; and then it is remedial, for such at least are the intentions of mercy. Penance is a remedy, to be given in doses and measured according to the state of the evil to be cured, and according to the capacity of the soul to which it is applied. There must be discretion in the use of it. It is a delusion to think that one can or ought to imitate all the penances of the saints. Fasting, prayer, almsdeeds—the penance imposed by the Church according to conditions and circumstances, with penances occasioned by duty or demanded by providential events, are all that is necessary.

Concerning penances of duty, our author remarks that God's law prohibits all self-indulgence that is corrupting or enervating, all that is harmful either to ourselves or others. The serious performance of the duties of our state, he says further, rarely takes place without some amount of compulsion and weariness. One has often to tax one's convenience or one's sleep; often to go counter to one's tastes and to abandon one's quiet; and sometimes to risk one's health or one's life. Such are the severities of duty; and they have to be taken just as they come.

Among "providential penances" the unknown author includes extremes of weather, sickness, accidents, contrarities, etc. We must quote entire, and may conclude with what he has to say on the acceptance of death, which, according to St. Alphonsus, outweighs all other penance:

"Of all the trials of Providence, the most dreadful is the final one, that of death. This passing of my being through dissolution is so repugnant to my natural desire to live! Although the Faith teaches me that it is only a passing, and that by the merits of the death and resurrection of the Saviour I shall come with Him to the final triumph of an immortal life in my glorified body and soul, nevertheless death keeps its awfulness; it remains a penalty, and the great penalty of sin. And since this penalty must be undergone, is it not a good and necessary thing to accept it? If I can rise to the level of a calm, confident, and blind acceptance, fully embracing all God's decrees with regard to myself, I practise one of the most wholesome and meritorious of penances. What a good thing it is to familiarize oneself with the idea of death! If I could only succeed in attaining the joy which made the saints desire to pay this last debt to justice, so that they might be thereupon united with God!"

Notes and Remarks.

The Holy Father's indictment of the Y. M. C. A. has already resulted in the formation of several Catholic societies to supply young men with the recreational advantages so requisite for city life. Under the direction of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Philadelphia, a Catholic Young Men's Union has been formed in that city, which proposes the erection of an adequate building and the co-ordination of existing sodalities and societies. Success is assured, although, of course, many details remain to be worked out. That the Union is needed may easily be inferred from facts gathered by the *Standard and Times*: besides the eleven hundred young men enrolled in the Y. who have stated their Catholicity, more than four hundred have disguised it to avoid being discriminated against. The danger of such a situation is apparent.

Something similar to this has been done in Chicago, where, with the approval of Archbishop Mundelein, the Marquette League has begun to look after the interests of men, particularly those who are strangers in the city. This effort will be extended as soon as conditions allow, and the task of affiliating other societies has been completed. Nothing could be more praiseworthy and—aid-worthy. These projects are evidences of vital Catholicism and also among its real custodians. We can only hope that the idea will take root in every community wherein it is at all practicable.

Col. Repington, whose war diary we quoted last week, is accused of "a courage in indiscretion which amounts to recklessness." His critics do not charge him with prevarication, even with exaggeration: only of indiscretion in telling the truth at this time, and of recklessness in telling it so boldly and telling so much of it. The great

majority of people are not prepared for such facts about the war as the Colonel is in a position to disclose; and plain statements such as "the Vatican case is never fairly presented to the world," are obnoxious to them. Those who are thoroughly informed on certain burning questions, especially if they are apt to disregard persons and circumstances, should cultivate reticence. Small doses of truth, considerably diluted, are now the demand. If veracity continues to grow uncommon and unpopular, we shall hear men like Col. Repington referred to as disagreeable persons addicted to truth-telling, and of their being shunned as eccentric.

Gratifying evidence of Catholic growth in England, Scotland, and Wales is afforded by the English "Catholic Directory" (one of the best of reference books). Especially notable is the increase in the number of conversions to the Faith and of Catholic marriages. The Church is the only religious body, in fact, that can show an increase of marriages. During the past half century there has been a steady decline in the resort to church for the marriage ceremony in England. Whereas in 1870 only 98 per thousand of the total marriages celebrated were civil marriages, the proportion had in 1919 risen to 231. Those figures, to our mind, are decidedly significant. The unchristian teaching of so many Anglican parsons is bearing its bitter fruit on all sides.

A Catholic polemic makes the point that those who condemn the Church as an enemy of public instruction, instancing the neglect of it in certain Catholic countries, lose sight of the fact that such countries have frequently been in control of rulers who would not be led by the Church's counsels. For reasons needing no explanation, they wished to keep the masses in ignorance,—the

more dense, the better. It was never the Church, but selfish, autocratic kings and princes who at times looked with disfavor upon instruction for the members of the lower classes. Historians have discovered that public instruction deteriorated in France during the eighteenth century,—that is, during the reign of such monarchs as Louis XIV. and Louis XV. And it is also a fact that the capitalistic bourgeois in both France and England were none too anxious to establish public education when they had succeeded to power, and that for the very reasons which still influence many representatives of civilized nations in countries like Africa. "It is injurious to our interests here and no benefit to the natives to teach them much more than they already know." Thus spoke one of the worthies referred to.

During the coming month much attention will be given to the Catholic press, which is striving amid numerous difficulties to promote the cause of religion. It is well that all should consider the necessity of Catholic literature as an antidote to darkness of thought, and as a stimulant for that inner life towards which the modern climate is rude indeed. May it not be appropriate also to say a word to editors and writers engaged in the apostolate of journalism, reminding them of the accolade which they received when entering upon their crusade? Such a word, it seems to us, was spoken by Francis Beslay, a great French publicist and editor of the nineteenth century, in his testament:

"By this declaration I renounce all right to the success which the conduct of my paper may achieve. Therefore, I pledge myself to labor on it without any ideal of personal riches or glory; and joyfully to accept in advance all deceptions, all reverses, and even the ruin of my work. I beg of God to receive

everything that I do for the betterment of society as having been done for His honor only; and to grant as my sole reward the grace to come safely to heaven, despite my numerous great sins, and to bring up my children as good Christians."

Mr. Frank Harris, the well-known English journalist, who may be described as a free-lance—he is sometimes described otherwise in his own country and in France,—is reported to have said in a recent address to an audience of New Yorkers: "You have no art, no literature, and little science. Reading was once more general in the United States than it is to-day. There was once more interest in art. But now you read no books, you buy no pictures. You go somewhere in the 'flivver.' Henry Ford has done you more harm by his great production of machines than any writer will ever do you good. This country appears wholly abandoned to the pursuit of the production of wealth."

There is said to have been no protesting murmur against this tirade. It has some truth in it, we admit; but it is sweepingly insolent. An American lecturer who assailed Paris during a recent tour in France is said to have barely escaped violence at the hands of his exasperated auditors. Are Americans the only people on earth who permit foreigners to insult them on their own soil? Some Gothamite should have had the "gumption" to rise and tell Mr. Frank Harris that he might return to England, unwelcome as he would be there.

In a charmingly written account of the Chinese missions which M. Henry Bordeaux contributes to *Les Missions Catholiques*, there is an appreciation of the pleasure to be derived from reading the accounts of missionary trials and successes. "No story indeed," he says,

"could make us feel prouder of our Catholic heritage; for these varied adventurers, whose dangers, risks, exploits, and, quite frequently, deaths are related so modestly and so simply, are our brothers." Now that the death-roll of the Foreign Missions for 1919 has been published, one has occasion again to marvel at the sublime humility of these soldiers of the Cross, who have gone quietly to their rest in places where no breath of their earlier lives had penetrated. French, German, Belgian, Italian, English, Spanish, Irish—no matter what their origin,—sleep peacefully under the same glorious standard. Perhaps they will obtain for us, who are their brothers, the grace to do the same.

The systematic murder of the Armenian people, which has lately taken on new aspects of terror, emphasizes the amazing fatuity of the present League of Nations and the helplessness of contemporary European policy. In some districts the population has been reduced to ten per cent of what it was in 1915. The scene of constant massacre, of Turkish cruelty and Bolshevik intrigue, Armenia is a country of despair. Nevertheless, the workers of the Near East Relief have managed to preserve an heroic optimism and to dedicate themselves anew to the rescue of what remains. A message from Col. Coombs, in Constantinople, says: "All our workers are in good health and spirits. Neither they nor I have any fear for their personal safety. I think that we shall be able to continue our work uninterruptedly." Courage such as this deserves the further hearty co-operation of Americans: we must manage somehow to keep the good work in motion. No one can give any idea of the harrowing tragedy which is being enacted in Armenia; but any one can see that, in addition to extending charity, we must find some way for the

doing of justice,—for reaching and enforcing some settlement of the Eastern question, which will make Turkey's programme of murder and pillage and lust a matter of the past.

Discussing the value of the famous Monckton Papers—letters addressed to and written by General Monckton, an interesting figure in the colonial history of North America,—a writer in the *London Times* cites the "Instructions" from Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, to Monckton, August 11, 1755, about the transportation of the French inhabitants of the districts of Chignecto, etc., out of the Province of Nova Scotia, and their dispersal amongst the British Colonies of Pennsylvania, Georgia, and the Carolinas. "The charge against the Acadians (as the people of Nova Scotia were once called) by the British Government was that they had assisted the French, from whom they were descended, at the siege of Beau Séjour, in the war between the French and the English in Canada. The charge, we believe, has never been proved conclusively; but the British Government issued orders, which were immediately carried out with a harshness and a disregard for all humanitarian conditions which must for all time remain a sad page in the story of our colonial Empire."

Some readers of these lines among Englishmen themselves will question if a far sadder page of the history of England is not now being written within the Empire itself.

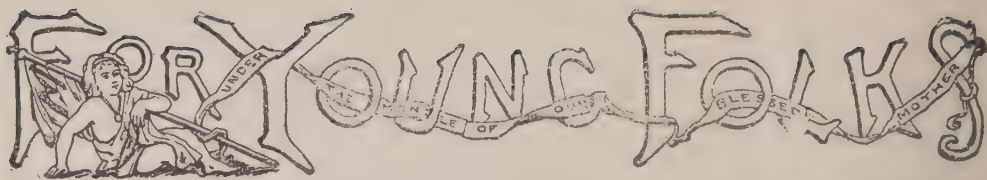
Whatever may be the propriety of objecting to certain details of economic doctrine sponsored by the Bishops' "Reconstruction Program," certainly no sincere Christian can fail to sympathize with their protest against the lack of conscience displayed by certain employers of labor. Industrial history for the past century speaks constantly of

outraged justice, of dearth of elementary charity, and of heartless greed. That the minds of present-day financiers are not yet filled with better sentiments is shown by the following editorial, which appeared recently in the *Wall Street Journal*:

When the real adjustment comes, the unskilled worker finishes where he belongs—at the bottom of the list. He will be able to live on \$2 a day when he is lucky enough to get that amount regularly. . . . The cost of living will adjust itself. The Labor Bureau will give up publishing nonsense about \$2600 a year minimum for a fancied "family of five." The unskilled worker will thank goodness that he has no family of five, or indeed anybody but himself, to support; nor will any employer pay him on the basis of such fatherhood, as the bankrupt and discredited Interchurch World Movement absurdly proposed in its gratuitous inquiry into the steel strike. . . . This country can run best on a basis of plentiful domestic services at \$20 a month, with respectful and competent maids receiving \$25 a month, and glad to get it.

It is against such callousness as this that Labor rises. Labor is right, too; for in this case it is certainly true that *vox populi, vox Dei*.

It may be confidently asserted that the American people, regardless of political affiliation, would approve of a decision by the committee investigating our Peace Conference expenses in Paris, not to demand from President Wilson an accounting of his personal expenses, though they did amount to \$17,534. But taxpayers may be excused for their curiosity in wanting to know how so much damage to Hôtel de Crillon, the headquarters of the American delegation, was caused. The bill rendered by the proprietors demands \$125,870. "Pretty steep that, just for glass," one Congressman remarked. The person who insinuated that the chandeliers itemized may have been mistaken by members of the party for Germans, and that they were probably smashed at an early hour in the morning, deserves to be severely censured.



The Hunters.

BY SISTER M. JOSEPHINE.

FOUR inverted glasses in a row;

We got them after supper stealthily
And put them on the side veranda steps,
So mother wouldn't see.

And when across the dusk, a fitful gleam
Announced the fireflies, the chase was on;
And four bold hunters rushed upon their prey
Up and down the lawn.

The goblets sparkled with the quivering lights;
We counted them with pride, and solemnly
Proclaimed her victor who had captured most,
And then—we set them free....

For mother called us. Now on summer nights
I hear her calling children in the skies;
The while I know her heart is here with us
Who hunted fireflies.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE.

WHEN the door closed upon Bryce,
the man and woman he had left
paused upon the stairs.

"Pierre!"—the wife's tone was sharp
with alarm. "It is as I told you.
Already we are discovered!"

"Pouf!—no, no!" was the reply.
"The young fool knew nothing,—nothing.
I could see it in his face."

"But the child,—the child whom the
old woman called from France to her
care; the child who would rightly, per-
haps, have her fortune! What of the
child, Pierre?"

"I tell you I know nothing of her,—
nothing, nothing!" was the fiercely im-
patient answer. "It was the truth that
I told the boy: that never have I heard
the name before. La Roque,—was it
not La Roque?"

"There was an old chateau of that
name in the mountains beyond my
home. They were great people, of the
old *noblesse*,"—the woman's voice was
low and troubled. "The Madame was
an angel of mercy to all the poor people
around. Once, when my little sister lay
dead, she came to our house to comfort,
to console. So blessed were her words
that my mother, who was dry-eyed in
her sorrow, found tears and hope. The
chateau was burned, the good people
driven away. This may be the good
Madame's child, Pierre."

"And what if it is?" he asked
harshly. "What is the child to you or
me? You drive me mad with your
fears and fancies. Have I not told you
that I am playing a game that needs a
bold heart and a cool head,—that if we
pause to fear and tremble or even
think, we are lost? I am Armand
Lorraine, and you are my wife. We are
here to claim the fortune of my grand-
mother, for whose heirs the American
lawyers have been looking for six
months. We have the papers which I
took from the dead soldier to prove my
claim. Who is there to question it?"

"There is the child," was the trem-
bling answer,—“the child of whom the
boy has just told us; the child of whom
you will not hear; the child who is now
friendless and alone. O Pierre, let us
take the child, as the dead old woman
would have done! Let us care for her,
befriend her. Evil-doers that we are,
let us do right to the helpless child."

"And betray ourselves at once!" he
returned fiercely. "Fool that you are,
can you not see we must keep apart,
alone, where there are none to question,
to suspect us? We dare not remain in
this city, where the dead woman was
known; we must put all things in the

agent's hands, and pay him to serve us. For ourselves, we must leave, as I told him to-day, for the far West at once. Such is my word, such is my will, Babette. It is not for you to question, to dispute it. You understand that?"

There was a threat in his tone, in the cold gleam of his black eyes, in the sudden, fierce clutch of his hand on her arm,—a threat that Babette indeed understood. He was her master, and she knew it; but as yet her woman's love held her in chains she would not break.

"As you please, Pierre," she began.

"Armand!" he interrupted her angrily. "Have I not told you that hereafter I must be Armand to you? Remember, always and everywhere I am Armand Lorraine."

"I will remember," she said slowly. "But I can not forget that it was Pierre Bourget that I loved and married; it was for Pierre Bourget that I gave up my friends, my home, my country, my Church,—aye, even my God. What more Armand Lorraine will ask of me I dare not think."

"Pouf!" said her husband, changing his tone gaily. "The gloom of this old house is chilling you, *ma petite!* We will hurry out of it and back to our charming hotel. And you shall have a drive in the great Park while I finish my business arrangements. And, all things being settled, to-morrow we will be off to the West of this wonderful country, where, like Italy, it is always sunshine and beauty and gladness, and we can forget all the darkness that is past. Come, *ma chérie*, smile again and let us be off!"

And in a moment she was laughing up in his face as he led her away.

Meanwhile, in happy unconsciousness of the dire uncertainty of her future, Fifine was enjoying all the delights of *marraine's* "heaven" and rousing a new interest in her godmother's life. Though Marjorie had tired of her treasures,

Fifine's breathless admiration gave them a revived value.

Both young lives had been orphaned, shadowed, denied, but in a far different manner. Marjorie had all that wealth could buy, but no gleam of light from God's beautiful heaven had ever fallen upon her loveless path; she knew nothing of the brighter, better world whose radiance had shone upon little Fifine's darkened way, piercing the gloom of pain and sorrow and suffering, as the sunbeams struggle through the storm-clouds and arch the earth with rainbow light.

The good Sisters of Saint Celeste did their tender best for their charges, old and young; but they had little beyond the barest needs of life to give. Fifine had been cold and hungry, and often (before Marjorie's boxes came) ragged. No childish joys or pleasures had come into her young life until the arrival of "Toinette," a marvel of waxen loveliness, from the generous godmother across the sea.

But there were other things of which American godmothers did not know. There was the altar light always burning in the half-ruined chapel; and, as Mother Mathilde told the little ones, the good God was with them night and day. There was the white shrine of La Sainte Vierge in the convent garden, that no enemy's shell had ever been able to harm; there were the brave *poilus* to be helped and nursed, or only waited on tenderly while they passed on through heaven's gate. And through all, even through the moans and cries of the suffering, sounded the sweet music of faith and hope and love.

"Poor Henri! Pray for him, my children, that the good God may ease his pain. Ah, our dear Capitaine went to heaven happily last night. Thank the merciful Saviour, my little ones, that our brave old Colonel turned back to Him at the end. Ah, the good Saint Joseph will not forget us! Pray to

him, my children, that he may send us food to-day."

And from this sweet teaching, from these bare ways of poverty and pain, little Fifine had come into the wonderful paradise of *marraine's* home, to flit like a bewildered butterfly through a garden of childish delight.

"Ah, *marraine*, how many dolls? Eight, nine, ten! And all as beautiful as Toinette. And see the little chests, the little trunks full of clothes! Who made all these wonderful little clothes, with the buttons, the collars, the ribbons, all complete? And the little tables and the dishes! If Elise and Colette could see these beautiful things,—they who play only with broken china and bits of glass! Some day I will write a letter and tell them about the wonders in my *marraine's* home. But no, no! It might make them sad and jealous, and that would be sin. I will only write that my *marraine's* home is more beautiful than you can think or dream."

And Fifine passed from one treasure to another in delight and admiration that Marjorie found most satisfying. Never had any of the playmates admitted to her rooms been so unselfishly charming. They had been either envious of her possessions, or bored by her invalidism. Fifine was an altogether new pattern; and in her childish rapture at the wonders around there was not a jealous pang: she could enjoy all *marraine's* belongings as happily as if they were her own.

"And you had no dolls or toys at Saint Celeste? You could not play at all?" Marjorie asked.

"Oh, yes, yes, we played,—we played out in the courtyard and in the garden. We built houses with the broken stones. Elise made a lovely shrine, with a wooden cross and a little road of sand all around it, that was beautiful to see. And we sailed little boats made of sticks in the convent fountain. And there was the old *brouette*, what you

call wheelbarrow, that made a *voiture* that was the best game of all. Ah, *ciel!* what joy and terror we had in the old *brouette!* Sometimes it was I who pushed, sometimes Elise, sometimes Colette. Angèle, who died, was not strong enough, and always rode as the mamma. And we made children out of our aprons for her to hold fast in her arms, while her chateau was burning and she had to fly in the night."

And the little speaker proceeded to descant on the exciting joys of Saint Celeste, rousing *marraine* completely out of her morning "lassitude" that all the prescriptions of the three specialists had not been able to cure.

Miss Marshall, coming in with the ten-o'clock tonic, found a new game in hilarious progress. With her ten dolls crowded about her, Marjorie was seated in her rolling chair, transformed for the time into a French *voiture*, and was flying before the Germans represented by a grim array of wooden soldiers that Bryce had brought over from his own childish relics, to brighten some of Marjorie's weary lonely days.

Marshalled in a corner now, they presented a threatening front to the *voiture* that, propelled by Fifine, was speeding around the room.

"Stop, stop!" called Marjorie. "Laurabelle is falling out. There are too many for me to hold."

"No, no, no!" was the excited answer. "Put your arms about them. Hold them fast. We can not stop. So did we fly in the night,—six, eight, ten of us, crowding in close. You are the mamma, and must not let them fall. The soldiers are coming. Don't you hear the guns? Hold your children fast. They will be killed,—your beautiful children will be killed."

"Good heavens!" gasped the horrified Miss Marshall, as she paused on the threshold, tonic in hand, to stare at her patient.

Marjorie's red hair was streaming from its loosened ribbon, her grey eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed.

"Oh, don't stop us, Miss Marshall! Don't, please! It is such fun."

"Fun!" echoed the good lady, in professional dismay. "Fun! What would Dr. Newton say to this, child,—to your having fun—"

"That it does not seem altogether a bad thing," said a voice from behind; and a tall gentleman looked over Miss Marshall's shoulder.

"Why, Doctor!" she cried in confusion, as she made way for him to enter. "I hope you will not consider me responsible for this—this outbreak."

"Not at all,—not at all!" was the answer. "I know you too well, my dear Miss Marshall." And then, as the *voiture* paused, he stepped up to shake hands with his small patient. "You're looking well this morning," he said, holding the little hand for a moment and casting a keen glance at the flushed face. "When did this new treatment begin, Miss Marshall?"

"I never would have permitted such excitement, as you know, Doctor," declared the perturbed lady. "It was this child here, I suppose. She shall be sent off at once."

"She shan't!" broke out the mistress of the *voiture*, letting her "children" scatter in all directions as she caught Fifine's hand in a passionate grasp. "Dr. Newton, this is my goddaughter,—my own dear little goddaughter, that has come all the way from France; and I want her to stay with me, to live with me and sleep with me and play with me. We were having such fun when Miss Marshall stopped us,—such fun, Dr. Newton! And it wasn't hurting me at all. You can feel my pulse and take my temperature, and *see*."

And Dr. Newton, who was still new in the specialist business, felt Marjorie's pulse, and took her temperature; and he saw, through the spectacles that

shaded very clear, kind young eyes, more than it was wise perhaps for a budding specialist who had his way to make among old practitioners with millionaire patients, to know or tell.

He was only an "assistant" as yet, and had to follow the lead of bigger and older men who had Marjorie's case in hand. But he made a long visit to the playroom this morning, and heard all about the little French goddaughter, with whom he could talk in her tongue; for he himself had been "over there," and knew of the ruined homes and desolate little orphans the cruel war had left. *Marraine's* goddaughter, with her quaint little ways, appealed to Dr. Newton immensely.

When he went downstairs at last it was to find Uncle Miles, with his bushy brows knit in an anxious frown, awaiting him in the hall. The Doctor's unusual stay had somewhat alarmed him. If anything should happen to Marjorie now, it would mean ruin to her guardian. She must be watched, cared for, saved at any cost.

"You find her worse to-day?" he asked brusquely.

"Not at all,—not at all!" answered the Doctor, cheerily. "On the contrary, she seems better, brighter, more normal in every way. Her little companion, I think, is doing it."

"Her companion!" repeated Uncle Miles in surprise.

"Yes: the little French goddaughter, as she calls her, seems to be about the best tonic we have yet tried. She has roused, stimulated, interested our patient wonderfully. I would advise you, if possible, to continue the treatment, at any cost."

"Continue the treatment!" said Uncle Miles, his frown deepening:

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "This little stranger is friendless, homeless, so I understand,—one of the thousand orphaned waifs cast adrift by the war."

"I don't propose to have any of them

cast on me or mine," broke in Marjorie's guardian, fiercely. "This house is no orphan asylum, sir."

"Of course not,—of course not," answered the Doctor, good-humoredly. "I was only giving you the professional opinion for which you asked: that the diversion, the distraction, the little girl affords is doing your ward a great deal of good. With all due respect for my older and wiser confrères, I think that healthy and happy companionship, such as she has always been denied, is what our young invalid needs most. And she seems to have taken a remarkable fancy to this little stranger, with her foreign naïveté and charm. If it were possible to retain her for a while, I think I would strongly recommend a continued course of Josephine Marie."

(To be continued)

The Sergeant's Dog.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

LOUIS and Gyp were fast friends. The former was a small boy, and the latter was an old dog. Louis had yellow curly hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks; and a wide white collar set off his pretty dress of black velvet. Gyp also had straggling yellow hair, a half-toothless mouth, hollow flanks, and one leg cut off above the knee,—a drawback that made his walking or running a queer performance, both grotesque and touching. In a word, the boy was handsome, and the dog the reverse; but when you saw them together, you noticed that each had a frank, candid expression, and that they evidently understood each other.

Louis' father lived in a large country-house surrounded by great woods; Gyp's master dwelt in a lodge near the house, and acted as gamekeeper. He was a man of about sixty years, with sharp, piercing eyes beneath heavy eyebrows, and a prominent nose above a

rough grey mustache. He had been a soldier for many years, and then a sub-officer before he resigned from the army and accepted his present position, which recalled his old profession, since he still wore a uniform and carried a gun. He was always called "Sergeant"; and he himself, by dint of hearing the title so often, seemed to have forgotten that he had any other name. He would often tell Louis stories of his battles, giving reins to his imagination,—making great journeys, jumping from Tonquin to Algeria and from Trinidad to Madagascar.

One day a comrade of Louis, a boy several years older than he, took dinner with him, and then the two proceeded to take a stroll in the park. As soon as Gyp, at some distance away, noticed his friend, he began barking joyously, and came running towards him as fast as his three legs permitted.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Gaston, Louis' friend. "What an ugly-looking cur!"

"Oh, no!" protested Louis, indignantly. "He's not ugly."

"Well, you can't be very particular in your likings."

Louis, with tears in his eyes, refrained from continuing Gyp's defence; for he was too polite to offend one who for a few hours was the guest of his parents and himself. So he contented himself with saying mildly: "Go and lie down, Gyp,—lie down, old fellow!"

"Give him a good kick," laughed Gaston, "and he'll go far more quickly."

Just then, however, a coarse voice was heard behind them.

"A good kick," said the voice,—"a kick? I'd like to see that."

The boys turned round and saw the Sergeant, his mustache bristling and his eyes flashing with anger.

"So you find his stump of a leg repulsive, do you? Well, I'm going to tell you the story of that stump, and you will see what I owe to that 'ugly-looking cur,' as you call him."

"Oh, do, Sergeant,—do tell us Gyp's story! I've wanted to know it this long while," said Louis.

"I suppose that at the least he saved your life," said Gaston, with a half-sneer.

"He did more," replied the game-keeper gravely: "he saved my honor."

Then, as the three seated themselves on the greensward, he explained, dropping his voice a little:

"Yes, there was in my life as a soldier a terrible and unforgettable moment, when I felt myself becoming a coward; when fear, hideous fear, filled my whole being, froze my blood and disturbed my brain. It was then that Gyp prevented me from doing a vile thing. But, to make you understand, I'll have to begin at the beginning."

The Sergeant uttered a long sigh, filled and lit his pipe, and, with one hand resting on the head of Gyp, who was curled up at his feet, continued:

"It took place in China, a country in which I hope you will never have to take part in a war. There's a society there that is called the Boxers, and the members are what may be termed land pirates. When these Boxers take you prisoner, they don't board you at their expense for long months in a dungeon or a fortress: they kill you out of hand. And if they killed you with a bullet, it wouldn't be so bad: 'twould be a soldier's death,—a fine death without much suffering. That, however, isn't their style. They afflict you with all sorts of refined cruelty and subject you to protracted and atrocious tortures before they finish you.

"Well, at the time I was one of a small detachment of a hundred men, commanded by a lieutenant, our business being to chastise a company of Boxers who had assassinated a number of our countrymen in the manner I have just described. I was a corporal, and I assure you I had no dislike for our

mission. Gyp was then little more than a puppy. He belonged to the lieutenant, who was killed later on, and who left the dog to me in memory of—but I am anticipating.

"One evening, when there was a storm in the air and Boxers in the neighborhood, the lieutenant said to me: 'Take eight men and follow me.' And he left the camp, with Gyp trotting at his heels. We walked for a good quarter of an hour, and then the officer stopped. 'Here,' he said; 'you see those bushes? They are infested with Boxers. We must lead them to believe that our whole detachment is ambushed here, while I surround them with our main body and fall upon them from the rear.' He was interrupted by the dog, who began to bark gaily and to run towards the bushes. 'Here, Gyp!' called the lieutenant; and then, to make sure of keeping the dog still, he took off his cloak, threw it on the ground, and, pointing to it, said: 'Watch it.' Gyp planted himself on the cloak and didn't move. His master, reassured, continued to give us his orders, emphasizing his words: 'You understand, then? You must stay here until I get to the rear of those devils. It will take half an hour perhaps, or it may be an hour, or longer; but *you must hold fast*. There's a possibility of your being killed, even, to the last man; but, remember, there's to be no retreating: *you must hold fast!*'

"He was interrupted by a volley from the enemy. We had been discovered, and the attack began. He hurried away to the camp,—turning, however, occasionally to shout to us: 'Hold fast!—hold fast!' His dog, which in his haste the officer had forgotten, stood up to see him going, and then resumed his seat on the cloak. I can hardly relate in detail what followed, for I now remember only a nightmare. I had no consciousness of the length of time our skirmish lasted,—whether it was a

minute or an hour. My eight companions had fallen at my side, though not before they had slain a far larger number of the enemy. The latter, however, were approaching nearer and nearer: I would soon be surrounded by a circle of fire and iron. The story of those who had been tortured by these ruthless bandits came to my mind, and my soul became conscious of a sentiment I had never before experienced. A shudder ran through me,—I was afraid. And, without thought of the consequences of my act, without reflecting that I was going to let the Boxers know of the trick being played on them, I threw down my gun and fled.

"Hardly had I taken half a dozen steps, when I was arrested by the barking of a dog. I looked back and saw a sight that I shall never forget. Gyp, the faithful animal, had had one of his forefeet shattered by a ball; but, standing up on the other three, he was barking defiance at the enemy, without abandoning the cloak he had been bidden to watch over. Then a salutary revolution took place within me. What! While this poor brute, wounded, but still able to move, continued to face death in obedience to the order he had received from his master and to guard the cloak, I, a man, a soldier, was deserting my flag and betraying my country! I turned back, picked up my gun and resumed my firing.

"Suddenly I heard a trumpet sounding the charge. The Boxers, disconcerted by this noise in their rear, ceased firing for a few moments; and the lieutenant, with his men, was upon them. The affair lasted scarcely five minutes; the Boxers were routed with great loss, and I was saved.

"Gyp remained seated on the cloak, showing his teeth to those who, out of pity, wished to remove him; and left his post only at the word of his master. His leg was amputated by the regimental surgeon with all due skill, and

he accustomed himself to moving about on his three legs. And even now, twenty years afterwards, I can not look at him without remembering that for a few seconds I was a coward; and that, without his example, I should have been a traitor. So I have reason for saying that Gyp saved my honor."

The gamekeeper ceased as a tear dropped from his piercing eye upon his scraggy mustache. Louis felt his throat so dry that he had nothing to say; but Gaston, getting up and looking a little pale, declared:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Sergeant, for saying that Gyp was ugly-looking! Now that I know his story, I think him, on the contrary, very beautiful,—all the more because of his missing leg."

And, dropping down by the dog's side, he petted him for a long time.

Weeping Animals.

MAN is said to be the only animal that laughs. True, we have heard of the so-called laughing hyena; but the name is given, not because the hyena actually laughs, but because its peculiar cry somewhat resembles the guffaw of human beings. On the other hand, certain animals can assuredly cry or weep. Monkeys, especially, shed abundant tears when they are sad.

Livingstone, the African explorer, told of a monkey that he had seen crying like a child, because its mother would not take it up in her arms. It sobbed pitifully and its face was covered with tears. Dr. Boerlage, hunting one day in Java, accidentally shot an ape that held its little one in its arms. Without quitting hold of its baby, the ape fell to the ground and shed plentiful tears as it died. Gordon Cumming tells of having seen an elephant crying at the moment of death; and many other naturalists relate similar instances of animals weeping.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—With the passing of James Gibbons Huneker, American criticism suffers a great loss. He was a remarkably responsive and well-informed, if somewhat unsteady, man. Though of a Catholic family, his funeral was without religious service, and his body was cremated.

—The second volume of "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri," containing the text of the "Purgatorio," with an English translation in blank verse and an "interpretative analysis" of the several cantos, by Courtney Langdon, is announced. As in the companion edition of the "Inferno," the original text is printed on the opposite page to the translation.

—The tragic death of Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous English singer who identified himself with the great part of "Gerontius" in Elgar's masterly setting of Cardinal Newman's famous poem, removes from Catholic England an artist who was not greater in his craft than in his life. A singularly spiritual man, his career was marked with that splendid courtesy and piety which art, in these days, seems to fight shy of.

—The death, while still in his prime, of Fr. Charles Plater, S. J., is a loss which will be generally deplored. He was a recognized authority on sociology; and by his books and other writings, lectures advocating the principles of the Catholic Social Guild, of which he was one of the founders, his activity in organizing study clubs for working men, etc., accomplished untold good. Fr. Plater's life work was unique and important, and he carried it on with untiring devotedness to the very end. *R. I. P.*

—Under the general direction of M. Gabriel Hanatoux, a new history of the French nation is being published by Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. The project includes fifteen volumes, each to treat an important phase of the national life. Two volumes have already appeared, and both by accuracy and originality of text and by beauty of illustration mark the beginning of a new era in the writing of history. Catholics can view the work with entire confidence, for the volume on religion has been entrusted to the very able M. Georges Goyau. Other famous Catholic scholars engaged are Louis Gillet, Imbart de la Tour, and Fortunat Strowski. The work will be sold on subscription; the publishers will gladly furnish details.

—Some readers will be attracted to Andrew Carnegie's "Autobiography" by its dedication—"To my favourite Heroine, My Mother." Born at Dunfermline, the home of St. Margaret,

one is not surprised to learn that, with all his Scotch radicalism, he held tenaciously all through life to one or two Catholic principles—the sanctity of the family as the unit of society, and the regarding wealth a sacred trust to be used for the benefit of his neighbor. That Carnegie was something more than a man of iron and steel is shown by his unwillingness to destroy the beauty of a flower by plucking it. Stern as he was with men, he could be gentle and forbearing towards women. He hated tobacco, but forbore to manifest the least repugnance to it when, at a dinner in his honor, the lady sitting nearest to him (a Catholic, by the way) indulged in a cigarette.

—One of the most important questions to be answered during the coming Catholic Journalism Month is this: Has our press an opportunity and can that opportunity be seized to the fullest advantage? There is no doubt whatever that a vigorous, literary, intelligent Catholic newspaper would have a great future. As the organization of our strength is completed, the influence we wield over public opinion grows steadily. People within the Church want, more than ever, to know the Catholic attitude towards matters of moment; people outside are beginning to take a deeper and at the same time more sympathetic interest in what we have to say. We must learn, however, to say things successfully; we must have a press that can do more than mere presswork. The examples which we might emulate are legion. Recently we have discovered that such papers as the *Christian Science Monitor*, *Labor*, and the *Daily Standard* can acquire popularity and editorial standing that rival what the greatest commercial dailies boast. Readers are now looking for honesty and individuality in journalism: if we can satisfy them, we shall have a Catholic press that is both respected and respectable.

—Vol. VI. of Fr. Charles Augustine's "Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law" (Administrative Law) deals with "Sacred Places and Times," "Divine Worship," "The Teaching Office of the Church," "Benefices and Other Non-Corporate Ecclesiastical Institutions," and "The Temporal Possessions of the Church." Like the previous volumes, the present one is full of interesting information, admirably set forth. The author's commentary is invariably wise and as clear as complete. He never leaves his readers in doubt as to either the meaning of the canons under consideration or his interpretation of them. As showing how carefully his work is done in order to render it as useful as possible,

we may mention that the contents of this volume occupy nine and a half pages. Nothing seems to have escaped either Fr. Augustine's plan or painstaking.

—The excellence of the Ratisbon missals is so great, their superiority over other editions so notable, that we had thought them well-nigh incapable of further improvement. The paper, type and presswork, binding, ornamentation, and arrangement of contents, seemed almost perfect. There were only a few changes that we could think of to render these missals more convenient and attractive. In the small folio edition, just issued by the Frederick Pustet Co., we find all these changes and numerous others, even more important. They will be noted and appreciated by everyone who makes use of this beautiful book. To mention a few of these improvements—several additional pages, with marginal marks like those of the Canon, have been inserted for the greater convenience of the celebrant; there are repetitions, to obviate the turning of pages; the last Gospel of the Third Mass of Christmas is given *in extenso* where it is naturally looked for; two forms, with and without parenthesis, are given of the *Secreta* of the Mass for the dedication of a church. These additions and changes show to what perfection the arrangement of the Ratisbon missals has been carried. Externals—paper, print, binding, corded silk markers, etc., could not be excelled. Our cordial congratulations to the enterprising publishers and their skilful workmen; our heartfelt gratitude to the reverently painstaking editor, Mgr. Franz Brehm, and the pious artist, Brother Schmalzl, C. SS. R., whose combined labor of love has produced a book so worthy of its sacred use.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new ones.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.
 "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.
 "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

- "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.
 "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.
 "An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
 "Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.
 "The Foundation of True Morality." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.40.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xliii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John P. Farrelly, bishop of Cleveland; Rev. L. B. Norton, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Charles Plater, S. J.; and Rev. Charles Powers, C. S. P.

Sister M. Euphrasia, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Margaret Miriam, Sisters of the Humility of Mary; Sister M. Clement, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Alpheus and Sister M. Anna, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. John Genotte, Mr. Francis Burton, Mr. Patrick Merna, Mr. James McCarthy, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mr. Louis Laubat, Mr. Thomas Conneally, Mrs. Joseph Murley, Mr. George Scoles, Mrs. A. Celestine, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, Mr. Stephen Douglas, Mrs. Sara Hagerty, Mrs. B. Schott, Miss Odilia St. Pierre, Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, Mrs. Catherine Pickett, Mrs. Margaret Ashard, Mr. Maurice Lucas, Mrs. Ellen Lucas, Mr. Thomas Nugent, Mr. Thomas Nugent, Jr., Miss Mary Brown, Mr. John Herzing, Mrs. Amelia Callahan, Mr. Paul Lang, Mrs. Ellen McNary, and Mr. John Tenny.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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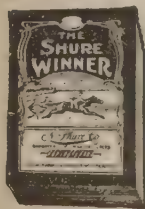
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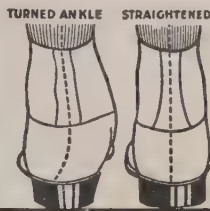
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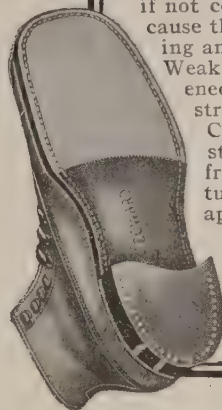
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 5.—St. Frederick, C. St. Kyran, B.
 SUNDAY, 6.—Fourth of Lent. Laetare Sunday. SS.
 Perpetua and Felicitas. MM.
 MONDAY, 7.—St. Thomas Aquinas, C. D.
 TUESDAY, 8.—St. John of God, C. St. Felix, B. C.

WEDNESDAY, 9.—St. Frances of Rome, W.
 THURSDAY, 10.—The Holy Forty Martyrs.
 FRIDAY, 11.—St. Firmin, Ab. St. Constantine, M.
 SATURDAY, 12.—St. Gregory the Great, P. C. D.

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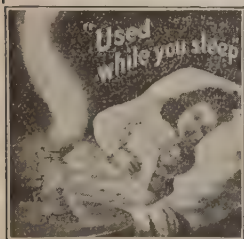
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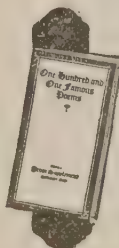
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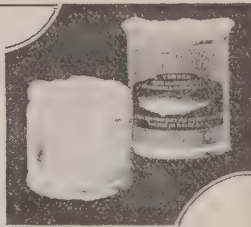
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At the Foot of the Cross.

BY ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

OUR LADY as she stood beneath the Cross
in anguish keen,

Ah, who so cold but what that picture stirs!
Through all the previous centuries no mother
e'er had seen

A son so die—and such a Son as hers.
No wonder earth protested and the sun with-
drew its light,

No wonder wailing breezes moaned her loss;
They never since creation's dawn had viewed
so sad a sight,—

Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross.

Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross
evokes our tears,

Our sympathy goes out to her amain;
Ah! yes; but in our daily life what evidence
appears

That we shall nevermore renew her pain?
The sins by us committed helped her Son
Divine to slay.

Oh, when temptation's waves around us toss,
God grant our thoughts revert to her, all
martyrs' Queen for aye,—

Our Lady as she stood beneath the Cross!

WE do not say that Mary did not
owe her salvation to the death of her
Son; we say that she, of all the children
of Adam, is in the truest sense the fruit
and the purchase of His Passion. God
has done for her more than for any one
else. To others He gives grace and
regeneration at a *point* in their earthly
existence; to her from the *beginning*.

—Newman.

A Northumbrian Cathedral and Its Treasures.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



WHEN St. Ethelburga went from
Kent to the Court of her be-
trothed husband, Edwin, the
heathen King of Northumbria,
she was accompanied by one of the
twelve Roman missionaries sent with St.
Augustine to England. This was none
other than Paulinus, who had been con-
secrated Bishop of York, and whose
"tall, stooping form, slender aquiline
nose, and black hair falling round a
worn, thin face," were long remembered
in the North.

Edwin had promised that his Queen
and her attendants should have perfect
liberty with regard to their Faith,
which they were allowed to practise
unmolested. It is not surprising, there-
fore, that Ethelburga's prayers—com-
bined with the unflagging zeal, energy,
and holiness of the missionary Bishop—
should have made a deep impression
upon the King. But the burning words
of Paulinus touched not only the heart
and soul of Edwin: they shed light into
the darkened minds of many of his
nobles, together with the wise men of
Northumbria, who had gathered to
listen to the new doctrines, with the
result that the King and a number of
his subjects were baptized on the very
spot where York Minster now stands.

According to a very old tradition, the
convert King had caused a little wooden

church to be erected on the site of what had formerly been a heathen temple. This little timber building he "devoutly dedicated to the honor of God and St. Peter"; and some authorities assert that in it "he was baptized on Easter Sunday, 627,"—a not improbable theory, seeing that he might well have erected the little Christian church even before his conversion.

It must not be forgotten that Edwin was then supreme over Britain, as no king of English blood had been before. "Northward," says Mr. Green in his "Short History of the English People," "the frontier reached the Forth, and was guarded by a city which bore his name, Edinburgh—Edwinsburgh,—the city of Edwin." Westward, he was master of Chester, and his fleet had subdued the isles of Anglesey and Man. South of the Humber, "he was owned as overlord by the whole English race, save Kent"; whilst within his own dominions he showed a genius for civil government which proves "how completely the mere age of conquest had passed away." Peaceful communication, we are told, "revived along the deserted highways; the springs by the roadside were marked with stakes, and a cup of brass set beside each for the traveller's refreshment."

In the meantime St. Paulinus continued his journeys up and down the kingdom, preaching to the multitudes, and baptizing thousands in the beautiful rivers of Yorkshire; so that less than thirty years after the arrival of St. Augustine at Canterbury, Northumbria had exchanged idolatry for the Christian and Catholic Faith.

York, like many another cathedral, suffered numerous vicissitudes. The original small timber structure was replaced by one of stone, in the reign of St. Oswald, the successor of Edwin. It was beautified by St. Wilfrid, only to be destroyed by fire some two decades later. Rebuilt by St. Egbert, it was

utterly demolished once more by the barbarous Danes. Another disastrous but entirely accidental fire occurred in A. D. 1137, when the cathedral (which had been rebuilt by Thomas, the first Norman archbishop), and also St. Mary's Abbey, together with thirty-nine parish churches, were all burned to the ground.

It is interesting to find that the materials for the present imposing nave were provided by Robert de Vavasour, who granted the free use of his quarries near Tadcaster, not only for that purpose, but for future reparations; whilst Robert Percy gave "his wood at Bolton to be employed in the timber work of the roof."

The ground-plan of the minster is in the customary form of a cross, and of its exterior beauty and grandeur it is impossible to give any adequate idea. The western front, with its three magnificent entrances and two lovely towers—twin gems of design, though built at different periods,—still preserves, with unrivalled completeness, its entire and perfect harmony; indeed it has been compared with the celebrated Rhèims.

The windows in York are, for the most part, filled with the original painted glass. The work of glazing the wonderful east window, nearly the height and breadth of the choir, was begun in 1405, when the Dean and Chapter contracted with John Thornton, of Coventry, to execute it; and the indenture, which is preserved in the archives of the cathedral, states that he was to finish the whole in less than three years, receiving four shillings per week for his labor, and one hundred shillings for each of the three years. Moreover, if he did his work "truly and perfectly," he was to receive ten pounds more for his care and zeal. By another and earlier indenture, dated 1338, and made for glazing some of the windows at the western end of the church, it is

stipulated that the workman was to have sixpence a foot for plain, and twelpence for colored glass.

In the north aisle of the choir is an interesting monument erected to the memory of that little son of Edward III., called William of Hatfield from the place near Doncaster where he was born. Queen Philippa, his pious mother, on this occasion made an offering, we are told, of five marks per annum to the neighboring Abbey of Roche, and five nobles to the monks there. These sums, when the prince died at the early age of eight, were transferred to the cathedral church of York, in which he was buried, and are to this day paid to the Dean and Chapter.

In what were probably the sacristies in Mediæval times, there is still preserved a big triangular chest, bound with iron scroll-work, in which vestments were possibly kept; also a large press containing many curious old registers and relics, the quaintest and most ancient of the latter being the ivory horn belonging to Ulphus. A Latin inscription upon this horn tells us that Ulphus, prince of the western parts of Deira, gave it to the church of St. Peter, with all his lands and revenues. It was entirely lost or stolen for a time; for we read that "Henry, Lord Fairfax, at last restored it to the cathedral." It is mentioned by Camden, who quotes the record of a far-past age in regard to it. The cathedral, by this horn, holds several estates of great value lying east of the city, and it is interesting to note that even to this day they still bear the name "*Terræ Ulphi*." The endowment was made about the year 1036.

In the press are also three silver chalices, taken from the tombs of three of the archbishops; as well as rings found in the burial places of Archbishops Sewal, Greenfield, Bowitt, Neville, and Lee. The rings of the first

two are rubies set in gold; Archbishop Neville's is a sapphire set in gold; Bowitt's, gold, with a motto, "Honor and Joy"; Lee's, glass, set in copper gilt. Another venerable relic is a pastoral staff of silver, given by Katherine of Braganza, queen-dowager, to her confessor (Smith), when chosen by King James II. to be one of his bishops. Here, too, is an ancient chair in which several English kings are said to have been crowned.

Old chronicles tell us that Richard III., shortly after his accession to the throne, made a royal progress to York, where he was received with "great pomp and triumph by the citizens"; and on the same day—September 8, the feast of the Nativity of God's Most Holy Mother, 1483—"the clergy of the church, in richest copes, went about the streets in procession, followed by the King, with his crown and sceptre, accompanied by a great number of the nobility of the realm. There followed Queen Anne, crowned likewise, leading by her left hand Prince Edward, her son, having on his head a demy crown. In this manner, they went to the cathedral, where Archbishop Rotherham set the crown on Richard's head in the chapter house. The lords spiritual and temporal of the realm were present on this solemn occasion; and indeed it was a day of great state, there being then in York three persons wearing crowns: the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales."

It may be remarked here that the present arms of the See of York were adopted in the time of Cardinal Wolsey. The crossed keys, the emblem of the Prince of the Apostles, are thus described in an old couplet:

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain:
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain.

In York, as in some other cathedrals, the Lady Chapel was at the extreme eastern end beyond the choir; and, like the latter, was made as beautiful as love

and fervent faith, combined with ungrudging liberality, could devise. In truth, both these portions of the minster must have been incomparably lovely; and it should not be forgotten that, according to an ancient custom, the Canon of the week, who sang the daily High Mass, carried every morning, as he went from the sacristy to the high altar, an image of Our Lady of silver gilt, which he then placed upon the altar. This image represented the Virgin Mother with her Divine Son in her arms. The Holy Child held a sapphire in His hand.

There was also a celebrated statue of Our Lady at St. Stephen's altar in the north aisle. It was erected in the year 1419, the sum of twenty-three shillings and fourpence being paid for the purchase of the image, the making of its tabernacle, or canopied niche, and the painting of the same. These tabernacles, of which such frequent mention is made in Mediæval records, were sometimes on a magnificent scale; they, as well as the images they contained, being "right well painted, and fair arrayed with gold and divers other colors."

It was before this image in the north aisle that Sir John Gisburgh and other pious persons desired to be buried. Sir John also expressed a wish that the "Mary Mass" should be sung at this altar. And about eight years later, in 1487, John Carr, of York, distinctly states in his will that he bequeathes his "gold ring with the diamond, to hang about the neck of the image of Oure Lady where they sing Oure Lady Masse." He also gives another ring "with a ruby and one turquoise, to hang about Our Lord's neck that is in the arms of the same image of Our Lady."

There was evidently another image of God's Holy Mother "behind the high altar of the cathedral church of St. Peter's, York"; for Thomas Karr, a sheriff of the city of York, left "one

hundred shillings to buy two chains of gold,"—one to be placed around the neck of this image; and the other "round the neck of her Son, who is in her arms."

Again, there was "Our Lady in the south side of the minster"; "Our Lady at the door of the north aisle of the choir"; and "Our Lady over the Red Ark" (being the name of the chest in which the faithful deposited their offerings and donations towards the fabric of the cathedral). There was, too, "an image of Our Lady, of alabaster, at the altar of the Most Holy Trinity over the Treasury," bequeathed, "with other objects," by Sir Thomas Sampson, a Canon of the cathedral. Again, there was an image and altar of Our Lady in the crypt, where the Mary Mass was daily sung.

Enough, however, has been written to show the intense devotion to the Queen of Angels in this, one of the fairest churches in the kingdom; enough also, when we remember the ruthless and sacrilegious destruction of such images, and the confiscation of the treasures belonging to them, to warrant the following words recently uttered by a non-Catholic preacher: "One result of scientific study has been to burst the bubble of the Reformation. Examination of the actual records has made it plain that the Reformation, so far from being glorious, was in reality one of the most disastrous catastrophes that ever befell a nation and a country."

BELIEVE me, the world is a mirror,—it reflects back to you the face you present to it, and you get out of the world just what you put into it. If you make no effort to let it know what you have done, it makes no effort to find out what you have done. Is not this the just working of law? If you make no action, there will be no reaction. If you do not sing out, can you get an echo? We get only by giving.—*Anon.*

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

I.



IN the year 1734 Claude Hallé, "that good man," as he was called, acknowledged to sixty-four years of an age as hearty and vigorous as that of many much younger people, giving the lie to the occasional assertions of brother artists that his eye had lost its fire and precision, and his hand its art.

He had never been a courtier: the work he had accomplished during a long life of industry, the success he had attained, had all been unspotted by intrigue or lobbying of any kind. His daughters were happily married; and his son, a sculptor as well as a painter, who had received the "Prix de Rome," had never given him any uneasiness. He was passing the evening of his career with his wife Michelle, surrounded by faithful old friends. As grandfather of half a dozen healthy, amiable children—two of whom, Claudine and Guyonne Restout, were twins, and gave promise of unusual beauty,—he enjoyed a most enviable distinction among all his friends and acquaintances.

Thus Claude Hallé was one of the happiest men in the world,—sincerely good and pious, indulgent to the faults of others, peace-loving, and always so engrossed in his work that he had no time to discuss the affairs of his neighbors. Jealousy was a stranger to his generous heart; all he asked of God was his daily bread, with health of body and soul. He had these in abundance.

One morning while he was busy in his studio, employed in draping a figure which he intended to use as a model for a picture he was about to begin, he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the painter, without turning around.

"Good-morning!" responded the visitor, as he entered; and Hallé, recognizing the voice, laid down his work to greet the elegant Lancret, who had succeeded his dead master, Watteau, in the good graces of Court and King.

Hallé stepped forward, drawing a beautifully carved chair to the fire.

"Be seated, Monsieur," he said. "It is a little cool outside this morning, I fancy; though I am so busy that I have not noticed it here."

Lancret accepted the chair with a bow, and the painter took one on the opposite side of the hearth.

"The fire is pleasant," remarked Lancret, gazing reflectively into the red coals. "I have come, Hallé, to ask you to do me a favor. I beg that you will not refuse to accede to a project which will benefit several persons, among whom, I trust, is yourself."

"Well?" answered Hallé, smilingly. "I am listening, Lancret."

"I have taken the liberty," the visitor went on, "to assure a certain person that you would be willing to act as an expert in the matter of a painting, without really knowing that you would consent."

Hallé looked surprised.

"Explain yourself, Monsieur," he replied. "I may be able to oblige you. What is expected of me?"

"To estimate the workmanship and value of a picture that will be brought here to your studio to-morrow—or even to-day, if you wish."

"Is it an old picture?"

"Alas! no: it has just been completed."

"Why do you say 'Alas'?"

"Do not ask me: you will see for yourself."

"It is not very good?"

"Not *very* good, Monsieur; but it is a picture which has been ordered by a financier, who will pay a large sum for it if an expert will pronounce upon it

favorably, and at the same time not fix a lower price upon it than that which was originally settled."

"But, Monsieur Lancret, this is, it seems to me, an impossible commission which you have asked me to perform. If the painter is a young man, it is not likely the proposed purchaser would expect him to do the work of a master."

"True, but these rich bourgeois very often do not know any better. They think money can do all things. This one said to my friend, Hamelin, 'I want a masterpiece. I will give you a thousand francs.' A thousand francs is a large sum to a poor devil who is glad to paint portraits at six francs a piece. Hamelin has rented a studio; he has to pay his models, and has worked like a slave to finish his 'Jason Stealing the Golden Fleece,' a subject chosen by the purchaser. Well, you shall see it very soon, if you accept. For myself, I do not think the young fellow has any more skill than I should show dancing the tight-rope; and I *do* think he would be better employed selling tarts and *brioche*s for his father, the baker, than wasting paint and canvas. I have refused to judge the picture, as I am intimately acquainted with both parties. The good people of my neighborhood might even go so far as to say that I wish to marry Hamelin's beautiful sister."

"He has a beautiful sister, then?"

"So they tell me," answered Lancret, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I myself have never seen her. But what everybody says must be true. Come, Hallé: you know I am only indulging in a little irony, so far as that part of the affair is concerned. Will you do what I ask, my friend?"

"Yes, I will," rejoined Hallé, "but only on one condition,—that you do not hurry me to a conclusion. I must have at least three days to make my decision; and the picture must be brought here to my studio, as you have sug-

gested. I never jump at conclusions. I warn you that my verdict will be entirely sincere. And I would like you to send the picture immediately."

Lancret thanked him and began to stroll about the studio, examining the various paintings and objects of art which Hallé had acquired during his long life of labor. The pictures were on more serious subjects than those affected by Lancret himself. Then he thanked the painter effusively once more, and stepped briskly into the corridor, murmuring to himself as he descended the stairs, "I have done a good day's work in half an hour."

Lancret had hardly left the house before Madame Hallé, followed by a servant carrying a basket of fagots, entered the room.

"It's quite chilly, *mon ami*," she said. "I wonder that you were so interested in talking to that trifler, Nicholas Lancret, as to allow your fire to go almost out. Here, Catau, start it up again; and you, Claude, button your vest. It grows colder every moment. Don't you see the frost beginning to form on the window panes?"

"Yes, so it is," replied Hallé, following her glance. "It is really winter again."

"There are only eight days left before Christmas."

"I can hardly believe it."

"Well, if you don't believe it, look at your almanac."

"I have none."

"What! No almanac?"

"I do not need one. Besides, they are not always reliable."

"They at least tell you the correct change of season."

"True, but the seasons are all the same to one who is always busy."

"And always content?"

"Thank God, yes—always content!"

"But what about that hairbrained fellow Lancret? I am sure he has tired you to death, Claude."

"Oh, no, not at all, Michelle! Lancret is a very talented man, and also very affable. He did not fatigue me in the least. By the way, I am expecting a picture at any moment. Kindly tell the *concierge* to let them bring it up without any difficulty. And there will also be a young man who—"

"Will doubtless talk you to death, or worry you with questions which you will feel bound to answer, instead of holding your tongue as the doctor told you to. 'Keep silence, Hallé,—keep silence, or your throat will be very slow getting well'; I heard him when he said it, Père Hallé."

"Yes, yes, I know; but my throat has been quite right for more than a week now, Michelle."

"What do you know about it,—you, who never take any care of yourself? He told me it would be fully three weeks before you could safely say the malady was cured, and here it is only a fortnight since he walked out of that door."

"The doctor made a mistake,—everybody does that sometimes—"

"I hear some one at the door, Catau," said Madame Hallé. "Open it."

The newcomer proved to be a porter carrying a picture about six feet by five in dimension, without a frame, and wrapped in a large gray woollen blanket. Catau hastened to assist in placing it on an easel, and Hallé then asked his wife to give the man a glass of wine.

"Have you been paid?" he inquired, as the porter drank the wine in one gulp. "Do I owe you something?"

"Nothing, Monsieur," was the reply. "And I thank you and your wife for your kindness."

After he had gone, Hallé turned to the picture.

"What is the meaning of this composition?" asked Madame Hallé. "I do not understand it."

Hallé briefly told her the story.

"*Eh bien!*" she exclaimed. "This Medea was a real villain and a frightful fraud; her Jason, nothing but a thief. The painter, whoever he may be, has shown great good sense in giving them both such ugly faces."

"He did not mean to do it, I fear. They result, I fancy, from a lack of talent in the artist. No one who knew the story would have portrayed them so,—unless, indeed, his brush would not, or could not, respond to his imagination. Jason has a crooked nose, and Medea squints dreadfully. Still, there are some good points in the picture, although it is the work of a mere tyro. It certainly is not worth a thousand francs."

"What! A thousand francs for this caricature?" exclaimed Madame Hallé. "Who will pay that for it? No one, I can assure you. Think of it, Claude! Asking a thousand francs for this, and they are giving you only two hundred for that beautiful Madonna you have been working at these three months past for the Church of St. Sulpice!"

"That has nothing to do with it, Michelle," calmly rejoined Hallé. "Everyone to his taste and according to his purse. You know very well, *ma chère*, that the Curé of St. Sulpice, in these hard times, can ill afford to pay even my price for the picture I am painting. Gladly would I have done it for nothing, but we must live, my dear,—we must live. The subject of this picture before us is not an everyday one, but quite a complicated thing. If it were better done, it would be well worth the price. I think—but there is some one knocking at the door. Come in!"

The door swung open, and a tall, slender young man, with an attractive but somewhat feminine countenance, appeared on the threshold. He seemed rather embarrassed as he saluted the painter and his wife with a deep and formal bow.

"Monsieur Hamelin, I believe?" said Hallé. "Be seated, Monsieur. Madame, this young gentleman and I have some business together. Will you see that we are not interrupted?"

Somewhat reluctantly Madame Hallé turned to go, but a sudden thought occurred to her. She did not intend that her beloved, if foolish, husband should suffer any deprivation or inconvenience from this mediocre painter of a disagreeable subject.

Turning to Hallé, she said: "Do not forget that this is the time for your hot milk. Shall I bring it here or will you take it in the dining-room?"

"Pardon me, Monsieur!" observed the painter. "I have to obey the doctor's orders, and my wife's. I will return in five minutes."

Madame Hallé, a little disappointed, led the way. Although usually quite indifferent to the conversation or business of her husband's visitors, she had conceived an aversion to the painting and its author, and had hoped, while waiting for her husband to sip his milk in the studio, to catch the drift of the proceedings under way on this occasion. Always jealous of his reputation, and thinking that his work seldom received the reward which it merited, she imagined that now, as often before, some "thief" was about to attempt to take an unfair advantage of him.

Feeling herself shut out, Madame Hallé finally stifled both curiosity and apprehension, and passed amiably enough into the next room.

When they had gone, Hamelin stepped forward and began carefully to examine the picture by the excellent light of the studio. But, alas! as he glanced about him, and saw it surrounded by works of the genuine art of French, Spanish, and Flemish schools, the contrast between them and his own performance was so great that whatever illusions regarding its merits had hitherto filled his soul were entirely dis-

pelled. The moment Hallé re-entered he turned to him and said in a tone of great despondency:

"Monsieur, until I came here I had hoped that my picture would present some favorable points to your experienced and excellent judgment. But as I look at it now, and then at these others hanging and standing all about, I see that it is bad,—very bad. I wonder that any one could have had the temerity to offer it to you for criticism,—unless it were some enemy desirous of altogether destroying me."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the good Hallé, with a smile of encouragement, as he laid his hand upon Hamelin's arm. "It has great defects,—that we must acknowledge. Yes, it is imperfect,—very imperfect; but that amounts to nothing. You are young, and have not had as yet a great deal of experience; and the subject would be a little difficult for one much older and wiser than yourself. However, you can retouch and change it. Let us examine it together. First, I shall show you the best points, then the worst; what to correct, to eliminate, to do over. Listen to me attentively while I give you my opinion."

Hamelin listened without a single interruption while the old painter, pointing here and there, made clear to him the many imperfections of the work before them. When Hallé had finished, the young man said:

"O Monsieur, you are so good, so patient, and so just in your criticism! You have spared nothing, but you have showed such wonderful kindness!"

"Then you have decided to go to work upon it as I have recommended?"

"Monsieur, I can not."

"You can not? And why?"

"Because I am incapable of doing it. I have already worked more than three months on this unfortunate composition. I have altered it again and again. I am almost dead of fatigue and dis-

appointment. I have worked night and day,—you see with what deplorable results!”

“Do not despair,” answered Hallé in a cheerful voice, laying his arm across the young man’s shoulder as he spoke. “You shall do it here, and from time to time I will advise you. It will be a few days’ work, but at the end of that time it will be quite presentable, and you will have earned your thousand francs.”

“But, Monsieur, my patron, M. Deshorties, is leaving Paris in five days for a long voyage. He particularly wishes to settle up this affair before going; in fact, it is that or nothing.”

“In that case you will have to work furiously, night and day. I have a beautiful lamp which I use here in the studio when I am very busy. You shall have it. It turns night into day. Do you understand?”

“O Monsieur, I can not! I have no courage. I am physically exhausted. My hand trembles so that I can not hold a brush. You must have noticed it, I am sure.”

Hallé regarded the burning cheeks, brilliant eyes, parched lips, and shaking hands of the young painter. Then he said:

“You have a fever,—the effect, no doubt, of long work and anxiety. But it will be nothing if you do what I tell you. Go home. You have a mother?”

“She is dead, Monsieur.”

“An aunt, perhaps?”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“Ask her to make you a strong tea, such as they use for colds, to produce perspiration. Drink plentifully of it while it is hot; go to bed, cover yourself with blankets, and to-morrow morning you will be another man. Come to me at ten o’clock. I shall expect you. Do not disappoint me.”

So saying he left the room somewhat abruptly, as he did not wish to hear any further objections from his visitor.

The light was failing. It was the

hour when Hallé’s grandchildren, who lived next door, came to visit their grandparents, and play the harpsichord for them. The instrument stood in the studio, which served also as a drawing room, where the families assembled when the day was over.

When Hallé heard the steps of Hamelin on the stairs he returned, covered the picture so that it might not arouse the ridicule of the girls and their little brothers, and passed to his own chamber for a slight change of toilet. A few moments later, accompanied by his grandchildren, he re-entered the studio, and spent the evening pleasantly in the bosom of his family, without once alluding, even to his wife, to the picture or the despondent young man who had painted it.

(To be continued)

My Prayer.

BY FRED ST. DENIS RICKEY.

AT night, or morn, ere yet the sun
In golden splendor hath begun
His daily trip, and in the sky
The far-off stars seem whitely nigh,
Then dost Thou seem, dear Lord, so near,
I feel Thy holy presence here.

Or when at break of day I stand
Amidst the wonder of the land,
And see the greatness of Thy power:
Thy kindliness in every flower,
Thy outspread arms in every tree,
I long to kneel and worship Thee.

But when amid the crowd I go,
Within the city’s ebb and flow,
Or to the busy market-place,
Dear Lord, I do not see Thy face;
I do not pause to think of Thee,
Thou seemest worlds away from me.

Dear God, my Father, Thee I pray:
In marts abide with me all day;
In street car or in clanging mill,
Give me the grace to know Thy will.
Burn in my soul so constantly,
Thy presence I shall always see.

Old and New in a Norman Town.

BY MARTIN HAILE.

(CONCLUSION.)

FOR the next century and a half Louviers seems to have been happy in having little or no history; and its commerce and industries thrived exceedingly in consequence. The swift-flowing Eure turned the wheels of its numerous water-mills; and its fabrication of linen, and especially of cloth, had become famous. The surrounding hills yielded, as they do still, abundant quantities of fuller's earth for the latter industry, which still holds its pre-eminence among the cloth-producing towns of Normandy.

Then came evil days, when, in 1346, Edward III., having landed at Honfleur and pillaged that town as well as Caen and other places, marched on to Louviers. The town would seem to have been comparatively larger in those days than it is now; for Froissart tells us that Edward and his troops "rode on to another large town, called Louviers, . . . where was made the greatest *planté** of cloth, and was rich and very mercantile. The English conquered it at little cost, for it was not fortified. It was robbed and pillaged without delay, and the English got great booty." From the massive grey church tower, with its slated belfry rising like a hewn rock in the middle of the town, a watchman might look down upon a scene of bloodshed and pillage, which was to be repeated again and again in the following century; for Louviers had entered upon the dramatic chapter of its history.

Only ten years passed before Charles of Navarre, surnamed "the Bad," being at war with France in 1356, called the English to his aid. Such an invitation was never refused by England in those days, and Louviers was again pillaged by the troops of Edward, the

Black Prince, and held by them for four years, until the Peace of Bretigny in 1360, which that conquering and gallant Prince ratified at Louviers on the 16th of May. When his captive, unlucky King John of France, had died an honored prisoner in the Tower of London, hostilities broke out anew, in 1364, between the King of Navarre and Charles V., of France. The harassed burgesses of Louviers, apprehending fresh disasters, petitioned their sovereign for leave to fortify their town; and the first stone of the ramparts was laid in October, 1366. But the victories of Du Guesclin and the death of the King of Navarre appearing to hold out a promise of safety, the energy of the citizens relaxed, and the works were stopped, until they received a fresh impetus when the quarrels between the houses of Burgundy and Orleans divided France into opposing camps. Then the citizens took up the interrupted work, completed the ramparts, and built a citadel.

By fortifying their town, the men of Louviers may have conferred a doubtful blessing upon themselves. Possibly, the knowledge of its defences deterred weak parties of enemies from attacking it; but, as an open town, its surrender had always come promptly at the first summons. The victors of Crécy and Poitiers had come and seen and conquered; but now a different course of events was approaching. Edmund III. and his illustrious son had laid a heavy hand upon the soil of Normandy; Henry V., their successor in daring and adventure, who placed the name "Agin-court" on the banners of his country, was to do no less. In concert with the Burgundians, and the unworthy queen-mother of Charles VII., Isabeau of Bavaria, he landed at Tongres; and, after taking Caen, Bayeux, Evreux, and other towns on his way, appeared before Louviers in the spring of 1418.

An ancient manuscript tells us that

* The Norman-French origin of our word "plenty."

he came with a force of 10,000 men, and summoned the burgesses to recognize him as King and yield up the town, under pain of rebellion and treason. They refused, and there followed a siege, which lasted twenty-six days,—“the worst siege they had ever suffered,” says the chronicle. When all means of defence were exhausted, and the new walls broken down in various places, the town surrendered; and Henry V. made it pay dearly for its obstinacy. A hundred and twenty of the chief burgesses were put to death; and the rest, under the threat of being decimated, “paid the enormous ransom of 15,000 crowns.”

The English occupation lasted twelve years; and many of the citizens, unable to endure a foreign domination, secretly left the town and took up arms under one or other of the captives of the Free Companies that ranged through the country in those troublous times, holding their swords at the service of their employers. The burgesses of Louviers, after the fortification of the town, had already called some of them to their aid; and one of the most famous and intrepid of these free-lances, the Sire de Lalonde, was a native of the town. He, with a still better known and more redoubtable warrior, Stephen de Vignoles, surnamed Lahire, with the aid of the inhabitants, entered Louviers on the 8th of December, 1430, and, “after a great butchery of the English,” says the old chronicle, “made themselves masters of the town.”

The Free Companies, as might be expected, proved troublesome allies. Dissensions soon arose between them and the citizens: quarrels which were “patched up” when some expedition was afoot against the English,—expeditions undertaken again and again, until they almost succeeded in reaching Rouen, where St. Joan of Arc lay a prisoner awaiting trial.

The history of that memorable year

is not, and may never be, clearly known. Charles VII. is often charged with supineness and ingratitude for having made so little effort to save her who had rescued his throne, and led him to be crowned at Rheims. His difficulties were no doubt great, with Paris still in the hands of his enemies, and the Duke of Bedford “Regent of France” for the infant King Henry VI., of England. But it appears plain that Charles was in constant communication with Lahire, and sent him large subsidies during his repeated gallant efforts to reach Rouen; and this year is the most glorious in the annals of Louviers. Its citizens still cling to the tradition that St. Joan was once within its walls, and even point out the house in which she is supposed to have lodged. But there is no evidence of any such visit during her miraculous campaign; and the entry of Charles VII. into the town, which may have given origin to the legend, did not take place until 1449, eighteen years after her death.

Louviers was the soul of the enterprise; and when Lahire, at the beginning of 1431, left the town for the assault and capture of Chateau Gaillard, he was only seven leagues from Rouen, and success seemed within his grasp. At Chateau Gaillard he liberated the Sire de Barbazan, who was held captive there by the English, and sent him to Charles VII., who “rejoiced greatly at his deliverance.” As was natural, the Duke of Bedford, was exceedingly wroth: he declared the citizens of Louviers rebels and traitors, and only waited for the termination of Joan’s trial to attack them. As soon as that iniquitous crime had been consummated, the Duke felt at liberty to take vengeance upon Louviers; and so important did its capture appear in the eyes of the English that the Council in London made it a condition for granting Bedford the further subsidies he had applied for.

Early in May, the Duke, with a force of 12,000, invested the town. For six months the garrison and burgesses held out, suffering every kind of calamity with stolid endurance, until Lahire had been taken prisoner and they were obliged to capitulate. The conditions were honorable. The Free Companies were allowed to leave the town with their horses, harness, and money; and the townspeople were assured of the King's protection. Nevertheless, the English ordered the razing of the citadel and ramparts, and the destruction of the Cloth Hall and the Linen Hall (among the finest in Normandy), as well as of several churches.

The town was almost depopulated, so many of its able-bodied citizens having preferred exile to servitude. "The poor, the aged and the children, the sick and wounded alone remained," says an old chronicle. "The valid went as vagabonds about the country, or took service under the Free Captains." For eight years did they carry on a guerilla warfare against the English, harassing them in various parts of the country. Tired at last of these itinerant exploits, and with that recuperative power which often surprises us in the study of the period, they determined to recapture their town and rebuild its fortifications. They succeeded, and in 1440 drove out the English garrison "with great butchering,"—the Rue du Massacre, where the chief slaughter took place, bearing witness to the fact to the present day.

The next year Louviers was again at war, and helped to deliver Evreux from the English. Charles VII. then recorded the gallantry and faithful service of his lieges by bestowing great privileges upon their town, and decreeing that it should henceforth bear the title of *le Franc* ("the Free"); and Louviers-le-Franc has been its full and proud name since then. And when its garrison had wrought the further ex-

ploits of retaking from the enemy the towns of Pont-de-l'Arche, Verneuil, and Harcourt, the King came in person to Louviers in 1449, where he was grandly received and entertained. He had with him the King of Sicily and an escort of many barons, knights, and squires, besides the archers and the troops of the Duke of Brittany.

A much-needed period of tranquillity ensued, lasting for fourteen years, when Louviers was once again embroiled in war. Louis XI. caused it to be besieged, when that astute and wily monarch was engaged in wresting back the territories in Normandy he had been forced to cede to his brother, the Duke of Berry. The siege was brief, the town surrendering on the second day; and the incident would be hardly worthy of mention in connection with those troubled days, were it not for the light it throws upon the methods of that crafty and remorseless monarch for subduing and terrorizing the opponents of his policy and will. At the moment of surrender, one of the chief partisans of the Duke of Berry fled from the town in the disguise of a Franciscan monk. He was recognized in a neighboring village, was brought back to Louviers, and, by the express order of the King, drowned in the River Eure, that flowed through its walls. In the chapel to the right of the choir, his monument—the only monument, strange to say, in the whole church, and a perfect specimen of fifteenth-century art—preserves his memory and that of the manner of his death: the fine recumbent figure under the beautiful Gothic canopy wearing the friar's habit which had failed to save him.

Louviers had fought desperately to save Joan of Arc, and was always on the side of the King during the disastrous fratricidal struggle between Catholics and Huguenots a century later, when Rouen had espoused the cause of the latter. That much-

maligned Queen, Catherine de' Medici, was ruling France in the name of her son, Francis II.; and when the tension was at its height, and she had exhausted every peaceful means of persuasion on the burgesses of Rouen, she transferred the parliament of Normandy from the latter town to Louviers. Rouen had replied to Catherine's exhortations by making forays into the surrounding country, pillaging the churches, destroying the altars and statues, and seizing the goods of the inhabitants. After according them twenty-one days' grace, the parliament, in session at Louviers, declared the burgesses of Rouen rebels and traitors, deprived them of their property and goods, and, in the case of noblemen, of their titles and privileges; ordering their ministers of religion, by the same occasion, to leave the province.

The burgesses of Rouen protested against these edicts as contrary to their privileges, and sent a trumpeter to Louviers to intimate that they appealed to the King against the parliament. The reply was the sending back of the trumpeter with a herald bearing a fresh copy of the decree. All heretical suspects were turned out of the town, upon which Rouen retaliated by exiling all the mendicant Orders.

The religious nature of the struggle lent it embitterment; and when the Huguenot, Henry of Navarre, after the death of Catherine de' Medici's third son, Henry III., laid claim to the throne of France, he found Louviers faithful to the League, and his troops besieged it in vain in 1589,—the Duke of Aumale and other chiefs of the League being in the town. Two years later, as the result of the treachery of some of the inhabitants who had been bribed, Marshal de Biron forced his way into the town, after hard fighting, in which the *curé* of the church, who was defending a barricade, was wounded in the head by Biron himself and died eight

days later. The Bishop of Evreux, who after the taking of his town had fled to Louviers, was made prisoner, tried, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Henry of Navarre, after his submission to the Pope, and acknowledgment as undisputed King of France, entered Louviers in 1592.

So ended the last siege of the often beleaguered city; and its chequered history flowed henceforward in undisturbed tranquillity, despite a brief season of madness in 1793, when the Goddess of Reason was set up for two weeks in the church, and a "tree of liberty" planted in the market-place. The useless ramparts and the citadel were replaced by stately boulevards, where the lime trees closed overhead like green cathedral aisles; and the only foe to be dreaded was the plague which, time after time, visited the town, and probably carried off more of its inhabitants than were sacrificed in any of its numerous wars.

The freedom so passionately loved and so jealously guarded was only once more to be impugned by a foreign foe. In 1870 the Prussians seized the town without opposition, and, as was their habit in that war, did no personal damage or offence to peaceable non-combatants. The German troops did not come near Louviers in 1914; the sturdy phalanxes of the descendants of the archers of Crécy barred the way, and stemmed the flood that threatened Normandy. And so long as the folds of the Union Jack float amicably, intertwined with those of the Tricolor, on the feast of the "Souvenir," so long will it be impossible for alien hosts to imperil the freedom of Louviers-le-Franc.

THERE is time enough given to us to do all God means us to do each day, and to do it well. How do we know but that the interruption we grumble at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days?—A. R. Brown.

Through an Old Coat.

BY MARY CROSS.

EVA RAEURN'S income and leisure were strictly limited, but every year she contrived to spare from them sufficient to give a day at the seaside to a number of poor children known to her through her charitable work in the Glasgow's slums.

Last year she had selected Saltcoats for the scene of the annual picnic. At the appointed place of meeting the others were waiting, with faces that had at least been dusted for the occasion, and in one or two instances washed.

"Where is Teddy?" asked Miss Raeburn, missing that one of her pets whom she was most anxious should have a few hours of fresh air and sunshine afar from the dismal den he called home.

But, even as she spoke he appeared, and at sight of him she stood aghast.

"Teddy! What in the world—who has allowed you to appear like this?"

Teddy, the youngest and smallest of the party, shook a tangle of flaxen curls out of his great brown eyes, lifted one bare foot and set it across the other, and replied with the sublime indifference to appearances peculiar to his sex at that early age:

"My ma said I'd do fine."

"Your 'ma' is—"

Miss Raeburn snapped off her sentence abruptly. There was nothing to be gained by expressing to the child her opinion of Mrs. Edward Graham. Teddy's condition only too plainly indicated what had been her own when she sent him forth.

A week ago she had presented herself to Miss Raeburn, bringing with her the usual environment of whiskey, and demanding information as to whether her boy was "to get going the trip as well as Mrs. Paterson's Willie." Eva

had delicately alluded to the deficiencies of Teddy's wardrobe, and confessed to her own lack both of funds and of wearing apparel suitable for him. It appeared that Mrs. Graham was in precisely similar case.

"It's not my fault if he hasn't good clothes," she asserted, rather untruthfully. "If his father had done what was right, we'd never have needed to ask anything from anybody; but, the way I'm placed now, I haven't a half-penny, nor a rag to put on the poor wee thing. And that's the truth I'm telling you, Miss Raeburn, so it is."

Eva reflected. Her clothespress was almost empty, but in it there still hung an old frock-coat made for a man of ample proportions; and she produced it, though rather doubtfully.

"There is enough material here to make Teddy quite a nice suit," she said. "I can lend you a pattern, if you think you can cut it out and make it—"

"Oh, I'm not just useless, Miss!" Mrs. Graham protested, clutching the garment eagerly.

"You won't pawn it, will you?" Eva asked appealingly.

"What would I pawn it for?" demanded the other lady, in righteous wrath. "The taste of drink never darkened my mouth, if that's what you mean. Besides," she added, after inspecting the garment more closely, with a disappointed air, "I don't believe they'd lend anything on these kind of coats."

So Eva had permitted herself to hope that Mrs. Graham's tailoring operations would keep her out of harm's way for a time, and even enable her to regain a shred of long-lost self-respect in the effort to clothe the child decently.

And here he was, his thin legs thrust into the sleeves of the coat, its tails drawn over his shoulders, crossed on his chest, and fastened behind with a huge hairpin! Passers-by looked curiously from the grotesque little figure to the

tall fair girl in her modest grey garb, sweet and fresh as a flower.

"We'll miss the train!" hazarded Willie Paterson at last. Clothing especially that of other people, was not a matter of importance to him.

"You can't go with us to-day, Teddy?" Eva pronounced sentence with some difficulty. "I can't possibly take you as you are. But you shall go another day, and soon,—I'll manage it somehow. There's a penny for you; and now run home, like a good boy!—Come, children! We've no time to spare."

Reluctantly the girl turned, painfully aware of what she was sending him back to, painfully conscious that he was standing still, staring after her, stunned by the unexpected blow, which even the presentation of a penny had failed to soften. Poor little Tedd! "Oh, to be able to take him away forever from his wretched surroundings!" she thought, as the train sped on between stretches of green with sandy dunes and red-roofed golf houses.

The first glimpse of the shimmering radiance of the Firth brought shouts of delight from the children, whose acquaintance with the Clyde was limited to the dark waters flowing under Glasgow Bridge. And so, in a glow of rapturous expectancy, Saltcoats was reached.

As she emerged from the station, Eva discerned that her retinue attracted a great deal of attention, which at last found audible expression. When such phrases as "That's a shame!"—"I never saw the like!" smote her ears a dire suspicion seized her; and, wheeling round, she beheld Teddy, more grimy and dusty than ever, and still in the striking costume which had failed to win her approval.

"How did you get here?" she asked faintly.

He explained that he had followed at a distance to the train, got into a com-

partment unseen, and hidden himself under a seat until he had heard some one say, "This is Saltcoats." His plan of campaign had been beautifully simple.

The best must be made of the worst now; and Eva shook her brains together, wondering if for three shillings (all she had of spare cash) decent apparel could be purchased for Teddy,—a question that was speedily settled by the recollection that his fare must be paid. She was sinking into the dead calm of despair when the sight of two small boys playing in a garden surrounding a large, old-fashioned house, with the device "Jebb's Boarding Establishment," suggested a possible way out of the difficulty. She led the children to a seat on the esplanade, with a view of the sea and passing ships.

"All of you must wait here until I come back," she told them; and, screwing her courage to the sticking-point, she returned to the house with Teddy.

Teddy raised anxious, appealing eyes, not knowing what was going to be done with him. His plea, "I was very mis'ble," would have softened a harder heart than Eva's. The "splendid isolation" of his attire began by force of contrast to trouble him, and he kept in the background whilst Eva advanced to meet the inquiring gaze of an elderly lady who was reading on the porch.

"I am sorry to intrude," she began nervously; "but I wonder if you happen to have an old suit of boy's clothes—"

"Mrs. Jebb never sells things at the door," the lady interrupted; and again Miss Raeburn trembled on the verge of hysteria.

"I fear I am not in a position to buy," she said; and presented Teddy, then details, during the recital of which the severe lines of the lady's face relaxed into a compassionate smile.

"It was hard for the poor little fellow to be left behind," she commented. "Come in. Mrs. Jebb has several boys,

and I am sure she will help you if she can."

Mrs. Jebb, four square yards of good-nature crowned with a velvet bow, rose to the occasion with admirable promptitude; so that, after an interlude of soap and water, Teddy was speedily clothed in the garb of respectability.

Mrs. Scott held Eva's hand closely in her own for a minute or two.

"You are a dear girl to take so much trouble about these poor waifs!" she said kindly.

Her glance followed the two departing figures until they were quite out of sight.

"What will be Teddy's next exploit, I wonder? Children are always in mischief," she mused; and thoughts chased each other through her mind until, like waves, they struck on the rock of bitter memories, and the shadow of past sorrows darkened her proud old face.

Several years had gone by since her only child Agnes had run away with the handsome scapegrace against whom everyone had warned her; against whom her mother's doors had been closed; and though, in the course of time, Mrs. Scott had relented and been prepared to grant forgiveness, Agnes had never tried to obtain it. She had left Glasgow with her worthless husband; and out of the whirlpool of London into which they had plunged not a word had come, and all traces of them were lost.

Mrs. Scott leaned back in her chair with closed eyes, marvelling why the old wound throbbed anew to-day, and why the voice so long unheard should seem to be ringing in her ears, until two young persons entered, sufficiently like each other to be known as brother and sister, though at present one was wearing a smile and the other a frown. As the latter laid down her golf clubs rather noisily, Eric raised a warning finger.

"Sh-sh! Aunt Helen is asleep."

"Wish I were, never to waken!" said

Clare, before Aunt Helen could repel the charge of slumber.

"If you were my child, you should be sent to bed with a heavy supper—crabs and cheese and lobsters and pork pies for choice," he said. "Then you'd be glad to have your dreams disturbed."

"It's easy for you to laugh!" she retorted crossly. "But I am tired of having to go without things that every other girl has. And you have no sympathy."

"What'll we do about this, Mrs. Scott?" It was the voice of Mrs. Jebb, who had just entered with something in her outstretched hand. "That little boy left his old coat behind him in his hurry, and I was just giving it a shake when this fell out of it. Perhaps it belongs to the young lady. You'll see there is a name on it."

"It" was a much-tarnished locket, which Mrs. Scott took mechanically, and examined with the aid of her eyeglasses. Next moment a sound that was half a sob, half a cry, brought them all beside her in alarm.

"Eric—Clare—look here!" She spoke in gasps. "It is a locket I gave to Agnes. She was wearing it when she went away. Her name is on it. See! My own portrait used to be inside."

Her trembling fingers could not open it; but Eric did that for her, revealing a miniature of herself, painted when her hair was not so white, and care had not traced so deep an autograph on her brow,—but unmistakably a likeness.

"Surely that young lady will be able to tell us something. We must find her at once," said Mrs. Scott, every nerve quivering. "She was going to the shore with some children, and they will be there still. We must find her, Eric!"

"As you know her, that will be easy," he said cheerfully. "I'm certain we are on our way to hear good news, Aunt. Never mind how long you've had to wait for it!"

It was the season when Saltcoats

becomes a suburb of Glasgow, and the shore was crowded with people from that city. Children digged and dived in the sands, or waded into the sparkling water; whilst their mothers exchanged confidences and opinions. To and fro, from group to group, Mrs. Scott led her niece and nephew until she recognized Eva, and indicated her by a gesture, finding herself unable to speak.

The picnic had reached its most interesting stage—the distribution of the eatables. Eva was handing round sandwiches; and the eager uplifting of small sallow faces, the impetuous extending of bony fingers to grasp the food, the instantaneous devouring of it, told a tale that brought a glow to Clare's smooth cheeks.

"Eric, to think I was trying to quarrel with you to-day because you wouldn't give me a sapphire bracelet!" she murmured in a rush of wholesome self-reproach. She had thought herself aggrieved because an unnecessary ornament was not forthcoming: here were children who knew what it was to starve!

"Just stay here and take care of Aunt Helen," he whispered, seeing that Mrs. Scott was perilously near breaking down with excitement; and he went forward alone.

How strange it was! To Eric Scott it seemed that all the days of his life had been leading on to this moment, when he saw in the clear depths of a maiden's eyes possibilities and revelations of happiness as yet unknown. Her rising color recalled him to the necessity of explanation.

"May I ask if this locket is yours or the little boy's?" he began. "One of you must have left it with the old coat at Mrs. Jebb's."

It was not Eva's; so she called Teddy, who responded, clinging fast to a large bun. He claimed the trinket without hesitation. It was his very own, and he carried it about with him everywhere,

because he did not want it to be "put in the pawn." He did not know that he had lost it.

"And where did you get it, dear?" Eva asked.

"It was my mother's," he answered.

She noticed how, as he said that, the intonation and accent of the slums seemed to fall away, as if something of the influences of better times associated with "mother" asserted itself.

"Not Mrs. Graham, Ted?"

"She isn't my mother: she's my ma," he replied; the distinction seemed subtle, but Eva understood it perfectly.

"Do you know anything definite about him?" Eric asked her.

"Yes, a little. He is an orphan. His father's name was Edward Graham. You know it, I perceive."

"Only too well!" said Eric. "Please go on!"

"I surmise that Teddy's mother was a lady. She died suddenly in London, and his father came back to Glasgow and married again,—this time a woman who dragged him lower and lower, until he also died, almost in destitution. The boy has been looked after in a way by his stepmother, but I have been hoping to get him adopted by some one rather more capable."

Eric put one more question, this time to Teddy himself:

"That is not mother's picture in your locket, Ted?"

"No: some one said it was granny's," he replied indifferently. Obviously the name had no meaning for him.

Eva could not understand the emotion in Eric's handsome face, nor the tenderness with which he put his arm round the boy, and so led him to Mrs. Scott.

"Aunt Helen," he said huskily, "whose brown eyes are these if not Agnes'? I well remember her!"

It was late September now, and Miss Raeburn was the guest of the Scotts at

Saltcoats. Mrs. Scott occupied her customary chair on the porch, and at her feet her small grandson listened with a face of rapture to "Aunt Clare's" recital of the gallant deeds of Bruce and Wallace,—a picture which Eva contemplated with immense satisfaction from the shelter of the drooping ash tree to which Eric had conducted her.

"Isn't it strange that just through an old coat Mrs. Scott and her grandson should have been brought together?" she mused.

"It is responsible, too, for my introduction to the dearest girl in the world. You are that to me, Eva, and more. I wonder—I wonder if you will give me the sacred right to take care of you, to protect you, and make you happy 'till death do us part'?"

That the answer was satisfactory may be gathered from a later remark of Mrs. Scott:

"Eric is a dear, good boy, and always has been; but he will be better still with such a jewel of a wife as Eva."

Age=Old Stories.

DOES anybody nowadays read Wendell Phillips' lecture on "The Lost Arts"? It proved in its time an excellent corrective of the modern pretension that our prowess in the mechanical arts and crafts is immeasurably greater than that of any previous age or forgotten civilization. In a digression from his main topic, the lecturer declared that even our newspaper jokes are enjoying a very respectable old age. For example, the tale which Maria Edgeworth or her father thought one of the best he had ever heard, said Phillips, is that famous story of a man writing a letter as follows:

"My dear Friend:—I would write you more in detail, more minutely, if there was not an impudent fellow looking over my shoulder and reading every word I write."

"No, I've not read a single word you've written."

This has been called a "new Irish bull"; and yet, as Phillips remarked, it is a very old one,—some two hundred and fifty years older than the New Testament. So with that other "Irish bull" of the man who said, "I would have been a very handsome man but they changed me in the cradle." This one comes from Don Quixote, and is Spanish; and Cervantes borrowed it from the Greek in the fourth century, and the Greeks stole it from the Egyptians hundreds of years before.

"All these Irish bulls," continued the lecturer, "are Greek,—every one of them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell. Take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked in the glass to see how he would look when he was dead. Take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live two hundred years, and he meant to prove it. Take the Irishman that met a friend who said to him: 'Why, sir, I heard you were dead.'—'Well,' said the man, 'I suppose you see I'm not.'—'Oh, no!'" said he. 'I'd believe the man who told me a great deal quicker than I would believe you.' Well, all these are Greek. A score more of them, of a parallel character, came from ancient Athens."

ST. JOAN OF ARC was possessed with the idea that God had sent her to deliver France. The city of Orleans was invested by English troops, and the question was, "Could the siege be raised?" Joan said, "Give me some men-at-arms, and I will raise the siege."—"Ah," said a bystander, "if it is God's will that you shall raise the siege, what do you want men-at-arms for? God can do it without them."—"That is not God's way," replied Joan. "I want men-at-arms to fight the battle, and God will give us the victory."

A Voice from Spain.

PALACIO VALDES was received into the Spanish Academy at the close of last year, and all lovers of Castilian literature rejoiced. Since it is true that Americans know very little about either the Academy or Valdés, it may be best to state at once that the purity and splendor of the Spanish tongue are confided to thirty-six distinguished authors; and that Palacio Valdés, elected to the Academy fourteen years ago, is one of the foremost novelists of his country. William Dean Howells considered him among the best of contemporary writers, and indeed such books as "*Marta y Maria*" and "*José*" are examples of the highest kind of artistic fiction. Although intimately realistic in his treatment of life, Valdés is idealistic by nature, and the result is that fine classical poise which is Spanish literature's heritage from Cervantes.

Since Spain is a Catholic country, and Valdés both a good Spaniard and a true Catholic, it is interesting to note what he had to say about literature in his address to the Academy. Everybody knows that European art lost its head during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and, casting aside all traditional restraint, produced a body of writing as insane as it was vile. The fruits of that revolt are still with us; and the opinion of Palacio Valdés may have some influence in counterbalancing the determined effort that is being made to-day to divorce literature from reason and religion.

He began by showing that the older novelists had preserved an humble and intelligent attitude towards life, studying it with an amiable simplicity instead of an egoistic disdain. "It is," he said, "not enough that there should be a vision: one must also have eyes to see. And poetic insight into reality does not exist unless the observer is to some ex-

tent a poet. He needs only scrape the surface of his native country to enrich himself and his nation. Cervantes, the prince of our literature, did nothing to separate himself from the conditions of human life. A valiant soldier at Lepanto, an heroic captive in Algiers, a faithful observer of men wherever he went, the author of '*Don Quixote*' was a contented lover of truth and beauty as well as an unprejudiced spectator of the human comedy. The aging Goethe, understanding at last the nothingness of his pride, cried out by the voice of '*Faust*': 'O nature, was I in your eyes only a man,—a man and nothing more?' But the aging Cervantes, at the close of his life, could say: 'O nature, I went before you as a man,—a man and nothing more!' The same contentment with the common lot marked all the literary masters of the Christian past, from Dante to Shakespeare."

Modern literature, on the other hand, has debased humanity in order to elevate the artist; and the result is that the latter has lost his balance. "Blinded by his passion for notoriety," says Sgr. Valdés, "the man of letters really seeks originality rather than beauty. To be original—this is his most ardent ambition, the motive of his labor, the goal of his aspirations. As for myself, I believe that there is nothing more original on earth than to possess talent. But this is not enough for the modern writer. It is not nearly sufficient to have talent: it is necessary in addition that one's talent be distinct from that of others. From this come the medley of gesticulations, the contortions, and even the grotesque somersaults which we observe in so many recent works, all of them written to attract the attention of the plain man who opens their pages, and to render him stupefied and benumbed."

If art is to survive, it must demand that the artist condescend once more to occupy his rightful place among the

citizens of his country; that he content himself humbly with the life of the community in which he lives, and whose social burdens he is in duty bound to share. For there is such a thing as duty; and Valdés, speaking from his own old age, makes this profession of faith: "When the poet, after having assisted at the struggle of human passions, and having sung of the great and little battles of life, lets the pen fall and closes the eyes of his body, long weary of the scene, then the eyes of the soul are opened. He sees with perfect clearness that all has been a dream,—that the world is the symbol of a higher reality; and that it is this reality which, working amid appearances, creates beauty. The poet then comes to despise the appearances, and to aspire to attain, at all costs, to the reality." And so, to live for glory is to live vainly. The poet, he of ancient Greece as well as the others, is so genuinely, in his own way which is not that of the preacher, the servitor of eternal morality that he can not even be understood by those who do not respect that morality.

In this clear and courageous statement of his personal convictions, Palacio Valdés has lent his homage to the strong and beautiful traditions of Christian art. It is a profession of faith just as applicable in our own country as in Spain. Surely we are satiated *ad nauseam* with meretriciousness which masks under the sacred name of art, of blasphemies which are publicly lauded, of arrant nonsense which is the supposed product of some supposedly new system of thought. It is good that Spain has spoken a word in testimony to the lessons of the past. It was the Saviour of men who subjected Himself to the common lot, who dignified the institutions of society by making them channels of grace, and who shed over the trivialities of life the light of divine sympathy.

The Merit of Suffering.

IF the Lord should give you power to raise the dead," says St. John Chrysostom, "He would give much less than He does when He bestows suffering." This declaration sounds to ordinary Christians somewhat extravagant; but it becomes quite intelligible when one reads the Saint's further statement, "By miracles you would make yourself debtor to Him, while by suffering He may become debtor to you." In much the same spirit Blessed Angela di Foligno, when asked how she was able to receive and endure sufferings with so much cheerfulness, replied: "Believe me, the grandeur and value of sufferings are not known to us; for if we knew the worth of our trials, they would become for us objects of plunder, and we should go about trying to snatch from one another opportunities to suffer."

Few ordinary Christians are likely to become so enamored of sufferings as to desire them, but common-sense Catholics should at least utilize the trials which come to them as occasions for meriting God's favor and blessing. Sickness, loss of fortune, failure in a cherished project, and the like troubles, are blessings or the reverse according to the manner in which they are received and borne. If taken with resignation to God's holy will and without repining, they become veritable treasures; if rebelled against, they inflict serious wounds on the soul. As St. Augustine well says: "There is no better test to distinguish the chaff from the grain in the Church of God than the manner in which sufferings, contradiction, and contempt are borne. Whoever remains unmoved under these is grain. Whoever rises against them is chaff; and the lighter and more worthless he is, the higher he rises,—that is, the more he is agitated, and the more proudly he protests."

Notes and Remarks.

Worry over the prevalence in this country of the disease described as "sleeping sickness" is to no purpose—except to spread it. Medical scientists declare that little or nothing is known about this mysterious malady, which is now claiming victims on all sides. Nearly every city in a certain Western State is reported to have one or more cases of "sleeping sickness." It may prove a new scourge to the world, like the Russian influenza. That also baffled medical experts. The assertion may be ventured, however, that the present illness is most apt to fasten on people whose vitality has become lowered. This is cold comfort for many persons; but, as some one has well said, it should at least remind us that in the field of health, as in that of economics, the restoration of the countries that have suffered most in the war is a measure of self-protection.

Of all the countries referred to, Austria is in the worst condition. In a recent letter addressed to Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, calling attention to the misery and suffering existing in that once prosperous empire, the Holy Father wrote: "Commerce has ceased, industry is paralyzed, money is enormously depreciated; and it is impossible to see how Austria can find in itself the means to exist as a State and give its people bread and work. The results of such a condition of things are being felt grievously by all classes, especially the poor, the sick, and the young, on whose behalf we have appealed repeatedly to the charity of all good people. It is true that various Governments have been moved to pity by the realization of this terrible state of things, and have promised help and subsidies to this afflicted country; but even if this help were given immediately it could not be thoroughly effective, inasmuch as, as we have said,

Austria lacks the elements necessary for its own proper existence. . . . It is not for us to propose a practical solution of the question,—the solution of which, as it is of an eminently political character, is the business of the Governments, especially those who signed the Treaty of Peace. We are . . . asking you to call the attention of the diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See to this very serious matter, especially those in a position to act with most effect, that they may bring our wish before their Governments, and that, inspired by the principles of humanity and justice, they may take the necessary practical steps."

The indifference of Capital to the Church's stand for industrial reform is a sign of the times; the widespread interest of Labor in her declarations is another. It is not merely that the workers have been favored—other systems offer them Utopia, in theory at least,—but they realize instinctively that the Church speaks with authority on matters of right and wrong. The present controversy over the "open-shop" policy of the great employers has been enlivened by the outspoken opinions of the Catholic Welfare Council and of the Protestant Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Commenting upon these, Mr. Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, is able to say with evident satisfaction:

"The theory of big business is rejected by the Church. The representatives of the Church, regardless of creed, denounce the so-called 'open shop' and declare it is an attempt to crush organized labor. The commission on Church and social service of the Council of Churches of Christ in America, representing thirty-one Protestant denominations, has taken this position; and the National Catholic Welfare Council, composed of representative bishops of

that Church, declares that the 'open shop' is a mask for non-unionism, and is not only a menace to wage-earners, but threatens the whole structure of industrial peace. These churchmen have probed the 'open shop.' They have treated this subject from the standpoint of principle rather than terms. They find that the 'open shop' is non-union, both in practice and intent."

Some gentlemen with capitalistic inclinations and expensive church pews will bitterly resent this meddling. But they must realize sooner or later that it is no longer possible to say, "After us the deluge."

President Wilson is on record as saying—among other things no less extraordinary—that "the obscure causes from which the war sprang and its results do not interest us." Numerous others, most others perhaps, are of an entirely different opinion. In a recent address at Columbia University, Bishop Nicholai, of the Greek Church, declared that European civilization, having abandoned the Christian ideals upon which it was based and turned to material ideals, was on the point of collapse; that no material aid could prevent this; and that the collapse of European civilization would mean the collapse of Christian civilization in America as elsewhere. Who can not see that as Bolshevism now menaces Europe, Europe, in turn, will soon be menacing all America?

The results of the war, President Wilson "to the contrary notwithstanding," ought to be of deep concern to our country as well as to all the other countries that took part in that gigantic struggle. The causes which actuated it are of academic interest only. Louder than any voice in the air, clearer than any vision on the horizon, is the message on behalf of 25,000,000 workers, dispatched on Washington's birthday, to Premier Lloyd George by the Bureau of

the International Federation of Trades Unions, warning the delegates to the London conference not to ignore the effects their decisions will inevitably have on the working classes, and protesting against the indemnity demands made upon the Germans, which it is claimed, would reduce the workers of Central Europe to slavery for a lifetime, prevent the reconstruction of Europe, intensify national hatreds, and destroy civilization.

Much interest has naturally been manifested by American Catholics in the elevation of Archbishop Dougherty, of Philadelphia, to the cardinalial dignity. Quite as natural is their disappointment that other prominent archbishops—their own in particular, of course—were not similarly honored. It should be remembered, however, in connection with this event, that the ways of Rome are not our ways,—it being the only place in the world where the world is thought of as a whole. The Holy Father's intention in honoring Philadelphia was to honor the Church in the United States. His reasons for choosing Archbishop Dougherty instead of any other, or several other prelates, no less deserving and eminent, are best known to himself.

Let us rejoice with the faithful of the archdiocese of Philadelphia that one so well qualified as their metropolitan has been elevated to so high a dignity. Before being appointed to rule over them, he had been found worthy to administer three dioceses as far apart as the Philippines and the State of New York. Philadelphia is one of the oldest dioceses in the country; and, though not among the most populous, there are more Catholics of Italian birth or parentage in the episcopal city than in Genoa. A century ago the City of Brotherly Love could boast of only four churches: now its churches and chapels number over four hundred.

Originally the diocese embraced two States: at present there are five other dioceses in Pennsylvania alone.

To the disappointed we would say, possess your souls in peace. Eventually every archbishop in the United States will be a cardinal. We shall have all the red hats we are entitled to. Meantime it is better that it should be asked periodically, by Catholics and non-Catholics, why any American prelate was not included among the cardinals than why he was.

Modern life has surrounded woman with many new interests, and has imposed upon her social privileges quite foreign to the gentle creature of former times. To-day the danger is not that she will be demure, but that she will be defiant; that in addition to nerves she may develop what the popular phrase calls "nerve." In short, she who was once compared to a clinging vine, now displays some traits of the poison ivy. In a recent address the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan called attention to certain distinctly detestable elements in modern feminism: the teaching that woman to be "free" must act like a travelling salesman; that ardent femininity is all the ballot needs in order to become a political panacea; and that the laws of family life may and must be broken to develop womanly "individuality." One could smile if this were merely cheap sentimentalism; but in reality it is an aspect of the neo-pagan theory of moral Bohemianism.

Our truculent contemporary, Lord Douglas, calls attention in *Plain English* to a hectic lady who is out against conservatism. "I am inclined to think," says this brilliant person, "that there is too much morality about women; too much accepting all the fictions of the day as to how women ought to behave." She asserts more, and Lord Douglas retorts vehemently; a ducking-

stool is wanted, he avows. It is sufficient to point out that all the journalistic clamor for "woman's rights" is not so innocent as the Irish declaration of independence, and that the Catholic woman will have to take care not to jeopardize her sacred duties while following out the paths of her new responsibilities.

The chief practical effect of the Marian Congress recently held in Madras, India, seems to have been the awakening among Catholics of a sense of corporate power. Hitherto scattered and feebly conscious of the worth of their principles, they have been led to see what the energy of their brethren has been able to achieve in other lands. In the appeal of the executive committee of the Congress we note these stirring words:

Unless we wish to be helots in the land, we should rouse ourselves and see that we take our due share in the political, social, industrial and educational changes which are rapidly transforming India into a modern nation. An annual conference of the Catholics which is now proposed will introduce the electric current of enlightenment, which will hasten the union of Catholics and make us strong enough to bear the strain which may be placed on the community during this period of transition in India. It will rouse the interest of Catholics everywhere, keep it steady, and give articulate expression to it.

We hope in time to organize provincial and district conferences of Catholics, which will deal with all local grievances; while the All-India Conference will deal with the general progress made by the Catholics, the aspirations unfulfilled, the needs unsatisfied, plan future action, and also be the authoritative record of the matured opinions of the Catholics on the burning questions of the day.

According to the British mandate for Palestine, which is now made public, there is to be complete freedom of conscience and the free exercise of all forms of religious worship. This freedom is also to be extended to education: each denomination will be at

liberty to maintain its own schools, without interference on the part of the governmental authorities. These, however, will demand a certain standard of scholarship. Article 16 of the mandate refers to the activities of missionaries in Palestine, and ordains that, subject to the requirements of the maintenance of public order and good government, no missionaries may be excluded on the ground of religion or nationality, nor may they be obstructed or discriminated against on either of these two points. It is in accordance with this Article that orders have been given permitting the deported German and Austrian missionaries to return to their former posts in Palestine. The question of the ownership and guardianship of property is dealt with in Article 14 of the mandate. A commission to decide these questions is ordered to be formed, and the Holy Places that are regarded with special veneration by the adherents of a particular religion are to be placed under the permanent control of representatives of that religion. The effect of this Article will be to confirm the Franciscans in their guardianship of certain of the Holy Places, of which they have been the faithful custodians for many centuries.

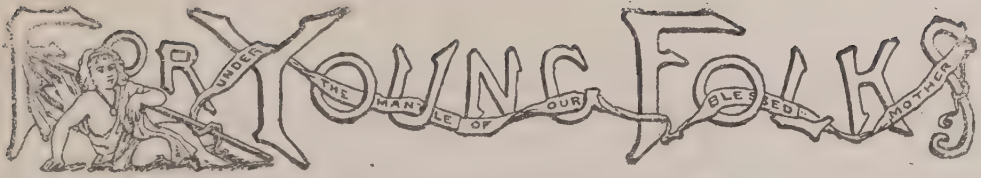
Sir Philip Gibbs is distinguished by nothing more than by a sane coolness of judgment. The intense partisanship and flabby thinking of so many newspaper men are utterly foreign to his character. It is accordingly very pleasant to hear him descant upon the beneficial social influence which is being exercised by the Church in so many countries of Europe. On a recent occasion he said:

There can be no doubting the fact that there is a very marked movement in Europe, on the part of the people particularly, and in many instances among leaders of the people as well, toward a recognition of the necessity of religion. Catholic leadership in the winning of the war was a most remarkable phe-

nomenon; for not only Marshal Foch, but many of his generals were Catholics. Undoubtedly the wonderful example given by the French priests exerted a powerful influence upon the French people at large, and particularly upon the men in the trenches. Catholic influence in France is now one of the predominant factors. While part of this influence is looked upon askance, nevertheless it is recognized that Catholic influence in Europe is, on the whole, a most helpful one not only in combating the spread of revolutionary extremism on the one hand, but also in exerting a strong and perhaps final and decisive influence in bringing about the reasonable reform of social conditions which bear too heavily upon the working classes.

Great Catholic leaders like Cardinal Bourne and Bishop Amigo, in England, aided by such able men as Hilaire Belloc, Dom Bede Jarrett, Father Vincent McNabb, and such influential organizations as the Catholic Social Guild, together with Cardinal Mercier and other leaders of the Belgian clergy, are standing firmly for justice toward Labor, while at the same time they very rigorously oppose Bolshevism and anarchy.

Striking statistics of the World War's toll are presented in a discussion of "International Public Health Problems," contributed to the current *North American Review* by Dr. Richard P. Strong. According to these statistics, about forty-three million lives have been lost to the world either directly from the war or from causes induced by it. These losses are made up of, first, approximately thirteen million deaths which occurred in the military service; secondly, a surplus mortality above that which occurred in normal times in the civilian populations amounting to approximately ten million, due to epidemic and other diseases, privation, hardship, physical exhaustion, and similar causes; and, thirdly, a potential loss of twenty million lives due to the decreased birth frequency below that which occurred before the war. The adult male population in a number of the European countries has been reduced by from fourteen to twenty per cent.



A Sick Boy to a Snowflake.

BY VINCENT BLAKE.

TELL me, said I to a snowflake,
Where your home may be?
Tell me why you came so softly
Down to visit me?

I have watched you all the morning
Peeping through the pane;
And you seem to say, "Be cheerful
Till you're well again."

Maybe you're a little angel
Watching over me;
Telling me when pains are sharpest,
"Bear them patiently."

Do not leave me; and this evening
When my prayers are made,
I will call the nurse and tell her
Not to draw the shade.

Josephine Marie.*

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

X.—TELLING STORIES.

"A COURSE of Josephine Marie!" Dr. Newton took a smiling leave with the words; but they were meant seriously, as Uncle Miles knew. The shrewd eyes that gleamed so piercingly beneath the bushy brows had always seen that this young specialist was ahead of the rest. And if Marjorie needed companionship, she must have it, as she must have everything that would keep her and her fortune in her guardian's hands.

And so when Bryce came home with the story of his interview with Mr.

Armand Lorraine, and that gentleman's flat refusal to recognize Josephine Marie La Roque or admit any claim she made upon him, there was a stormy family conclave, in which Uncle Miles decided, against his protesting sister, that Fifine should remain with Marjorie for the present at least.

"She will tire of her, as she does of everything, in a week," said Uncle Miles, grimly. "But until then the child must stay. We can have no more such wild-cat scenes as we had yesterday. The child must stay!"

"It is perfect madness," stormed Mrs. Carter-King, when her brother was safely out of hearing. "A little wretch of whom we know nothing; a child who is a fraud and a liar, as Bryce has proved—"

"I beg your pardon, mamma!" interposed the boy quickly. "I have proved nothing of the sort."

"Didn't you just say that the relative she claimed had never even heard her name?" asked the lady, excitedly. "Don't tell me there isn't something wrong and rascally in the whole business."

"And I rather guess there is," said Bryce; "but the rascality is somewhere else, not with poor little Fifine. I didn't like that Frenchman's looks, or his words either. He is giving the poor little kid a dirty shake in some way, I know. And, whatever the rest of you do, I'm standing by her, and believe every word she says."

And so it was with strong feelings for and against her that Fifine's life in her

* SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:—Little Josephine Marie La Roque—or, 'as she was affectionately called in France, "Fifine,"—left orphaned and homeless by the Great War, had been sheltered for a year in the convent

hospital of Saint Celeste, where her dying mother had left her in the Sisters' care; begging them, with the money they could obtain from the sale of her family jewels, to send Josephine Marie to the great-aunt in

new home began,—a life whose comfort and happiness she was too simple to question. The “good God” had sent her to *marraine*, as He had sent her to Mother Mathilde and Saint Celeste. He had guided her, as He guided the little birds that fly over land and sea to find safety and rest. Always He watched and guarded the ways of His little ones, sending His angels to take them to heaven, or dear friends like *marraine* to give them homes on earth. And truly, truly, as Fifine thought almost a hundred times a day, no one could find a more beautiful home than this.

So she wrote, a few days after her arrival, to Mother Mathilde. Seated at *marraine's* rosewood desk, with all its dainty appliances, Fifine poured out her grateful little soul on sheets of silver monogrammed paper to the dear ones she had left across the sea:

“DEAR REV. MOTHER MATHILDE:—I am in haste to write this letter, as I promised you when leaving you, with tears and sorrow, so long ago. The journey across the great ocean was terrible indeed. So sick was I all the time that very often I thought never to reach the shore, and I said my Act of

America, Madame Louise Lorraine, who had offered to give her home and care.

The difficulties that beset them on all sides prevented the nuns from complying with this request until the opening of our story, when Josephine Marie arrives in New York under the care of Mademoiselle Vancours, the buyer for a fashionable establishment, who has reluctantly consented to take charge of her.

As the boat nears the shore, little “Fifine,” waiting on a sheltered corner for Mademoiselle, overhears a conversation in French between two of the passengers, a man and wife, who are evidently discussing some reckless undertaking, from which the woman is endeavoring to dissuade her husband. He tells her that she must yield to his will, or return to France; that for the future they are Mr. and Mrs. Armand Lorraine. The little listener finds that the name recalls a pleasant memory of her childish past, when a handsome soldier cousin, called Armand Lorraine, had visited her father's chateau, and let her ride on his

Contrition as you told me and prayed the good God to take me over the dark waters to heaven.

“We reached this land safe at last; but it was only to find that my dear Tante Louise had been for long months dead, and the house all closed and no one to open the door. So Mademoiselle Vancours brought me here to my dear godmother's, who is a little girl like myself, and sick so that she can not walk, but is good and kind and dearer to your Josephine Marie more than I can tell. Her house is the grandest and most beautiful I have ever seen, though she has no father or mother, only a guardian and an Aunt Marcia and cousin, who have much elegance; and also a big boy named Bryce,—all who have been kind, and have kept me in this beautiful house, safe from all harm as you prayed when I left you.

“O *ma Mère*, if I could write you of all the wonderful things which by the good God's will have come to your Josephine Marie! I sleep in a soft little white bed with pillows lace-trimmed, and coverlids of silk. I eat—ah, when I think of the hard bread and poor pottage at Saint Celeste, it seems sin to

grey horse. Otherwise the conversation does not impress her. Mademoiselle Vancours hurries Josephine Marie ashore and to the house of her great-aunt, only to find the fine old mansion closed, and to learn that Madame Lorraine has been dead for a year.

Angry at having the child thus left on her hands, Mademoiselle eagerly grasps at Josephine Marie's suggestion that she should go to the American “godmother” who, according to the kindly fad of the time, had “adopted this especial French orphan,” and had been writing her letters, sending her generous gifts of money, clothes, and toys. Josephine Marie shows Mademoiselle the letters signed “Marjorie Vincent Morse,” promising her continued help and friendship. And the lady, taking her to the address given by her godmother, leaves her there to look out for herself.

Josephine Marie presents herself at the door of the Carter-Kings' elegant house, to be promptly turned away as a little freak by Bryce, the son of the widowed Mrs. Carter-

have so much waste here: cakes and creams, ragouts and souffles, fruits more than would feed your poor *poilus* many days. Often I do ask *marraine* to have less of all this feasting; but she tells me no, no; it is the American ways.

"Ah, if Elise and Colette could see the room in which all day long *marraine* and your Josephine Marie play! The dolls, the games, all the wonderful toys. . . ."

So the letter ran on in a strain of gladness and gratitude that made the old nun it reached smile happily and thank the good God, who had guided her little far-away exile to safety and home.

And while Fifine wrote, Uncle Miles was questioning his sister impatiently: "Well, we have the goddaughter yet, it seems. Is Marjorie tiring of her?"

"No, she isn't," answered the lady, sharply. "She has neither eyes nor ears for anybody else. And when Des Champs sent up her boxes to-day for Marjorie to choose some new gowns and things that she needed, she insisted that the little beggar should be outfitted from head to foot. This is

King, who presides over her brother's establishment, and "mothers" his wealthy invalid ward, Marjorie Vincent Morse. But Bryce, being a very good-natured though careless boy, follows the little stranger, who, dismayed at finding herself abandoned by her late protectress, tells the kindly boy her story and produces her "godmother's" letters. When he realizes the situation, Bryce goes off in a gale of merriment; and, since the elders of the family are out of the way, agrees to introduce Fifine to her "godmother," a spoiled, peevish cripple who has been indulged in every whim.

Fifine is bewildered to find the supposed "lady" a little girl, sick, wilful and wayward, but who takes a fancy to her at once, and insists, against the objection of her guardian and his family, in keeping her goddaughter as a friend and playmate in her beautiful apartment, where she lives like a fairy princess, surrounded by all that money can buy.

Bryce's mother and sister are indignant at the little stranger's intrusion; but Miles

the maddest freak she has taken yet."

Her brother's brows blackened.

"Take care what you say, Marcia. 'Mad' is an ugly word. As for the child, she is doing no one any harm; and Newton seems to think she is amusing Marjorie, quieting her nerves. We'll have to stand it for a while. Marjorie will tire of her new toy before very long, and then—then you can kick the little beggar out as soon as you please. Until then we must put up with her." And there was a note in the speaker's voice that silenced all further opposition.

So little Fifine was "put up with" by the Carter-King family from day to day, and still Marjorie's fancy for her goddaughter showed no sign of lessening. The games in the big playroom grew even gayer and brighter as Fifine's natural vivacity, dulled by the sorrow and darkness through which she had passed, sparkled into new life under these gladder influences. Her pale cheeks filled out into rosy bloom; her eyes danced and flashed merrily; she chattered and laughed and sang Marjorie's weary hours away.

There were times, indeed, when

Carter, Marjorie's guardian, tells his sister that his ward can not be crossed or excited, as it might endanger her health and life; and just now she was absolutely necessary to his fortune, as he was speculating with her money which had been left in his hands. Bryce, severely blamed by his family for bringing Marjorie's goddaughter into the house, tries to find other shelter for the child. He goes to her aunt's late home to make inquiries there, and finds the old mansion claimed by the couple whom Josephine Marie had heard conversing on the boat.

The man tells him rudely that he is Armand Lorraine, the dead woman's grandson, and that he had never heard of Josephine Marie La Roque. The Carter-King family become still more indignant at this information. But Marjorie's delight in her godchild's company remains unchanged; the doctor finds she is improving in health and spirits in Fifine's cheery companionship, and recommends "a continued course of Josephine Marie."

marraine grew tired and cross and peevish; but *Fifine's* sweet humor never failed. Poor *marraine* was sick and could not walk or run. In the dim corridors of Saint Celeste her god-daughter had learned lessons of pity and patience with suffering she could not forget. So when in the midst of a lovely birthday for *Laurabelle*—with the small tea table in the playroom set with its finest china, and three candles burning on the tiny cake *Fifine* had saved from her dessert—*marraine* was seized with a sudden "tantrum" and swept the table with an angry hand, and toppled *Laurabelle* over in a lacy heap, *Josephine Marie* only uttered a mournful little cry:

"O *marraine*,—my poor *marraine*! What is it? What hurts you, *marraine*?"

"I'm tired," was the fierce answer,— "tired of your silly games! Dolls can't eat; they can't talk. Why do we have parties for them? And I hate *Laurabelle*!"

"O *marraine*!" *Fifine* picked up that despised beauty and smoothed out her lacy frills. "I thought it was such a lovely tea party. But we won't play tea party any more, if you don't like it. You see, I've never had such beautiful things to play with before, and it seems so fine."

"*Elinor Grimes* laughed at me for playing with dolls the other day," continued *Marjorie*. "She said I was too old. No girls as big as we are play with dolls now."

"Oh, don't they?" asked *Fifine*, sorrowfully.

"So I stopped until you came. You thought they were so grand and went on so silly about them," said *Marjorie*, working herself up into indignation, "I just played with them again to please you."

"Oh, don't let us do it any more, then!" said *Fifine*, softly. "Let us play something else. Dominoes! You like them, *marraine*. I will bring out the

box and put the little table by your chair. Or the funny game of the Fox and Geese."

"No, no!" said *Marjorie*, crossly. "I am tired of them all,—all!"

"Let us look at pictures, then," said *Fifine*, eagerly. "You have so many beautiful picture-books."

"They hurt my eyes," moaned *Marjorie*. "And I've seen them all a thousand times. I had a nurse once that could make up stories. She told me a new one every night; and I loved them, they sounded so much truer than stories in books. She told me about giants and dwarfs that lived in the mountains, and fairies that came out and danced in fairy rings at night. Make up a story for me, *Fifine*, like Nurse *Nora* did."

"Oh, I couldn't!" said *Fifine*, in dismay. "I wouldn't know how. I never saw a giant or dwarf, or any of those things, *marraine*."

"*Nora* had never seen them either, but she could tell stories about them all the same; and about fairies or angels or something that sang in the skies on Christmas Eve, and a little Babe that was born in a stable with a star shining over it, that the kings saw hundreds of miles away, and came riding on camels—"

"O *marraine*," *Fifine* broke in excitedly upon this rather mixed narration, "but that's true!"

"True?" echoed *Marjorie*, staring.

"Yes, yes,—about the angels and kings, and little Jesus in the stable. Don't you know that is all real true?"

"No, I don't; and you don't either," was the sharp answer.

"Oh, I do,—I do!" went on *Fifine*. "I've known about the dear little Jesus and His Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph ever—ever since I was born. O *marraine*, what a strange country this must be, where children don't know about our Blessed Lord! Did you never hear anything about Him, *marraine*?"

And there was a sorrowful amazement in the question, that piqued Marjorie's interest.

"No," she answered; "only stories like Nora used to tell me. And Guardy sent her away because she put holy water on me and made crosses on my forehead when I couldn't sleep."

"O *marraine*, yes, so did Sister Clotilde to the poor poilus at Saint Celeste! And the blessed sign brought them peace and rest. Ah, *marraine*, in this strange country you do not know what is holy and true! If I could tell you all the beautiful things they teach the children in France,—all that I remember learning in my own home at La Roque, when my mother would come to me at night and hold me close in her arms, and tell me all about the good Jesus who came a little Babe on earth, as Nora told you; and the angels sang in the skies the glad hymns that we sing in my country. Even in Saint Celeste, where there were so many poilus sick and sorrowful, they sang the angels' hymn on Christmas night. And in the corner of the big ward Sister Camille built a little stable of stones and sticks, and put the little wax Babe there; and even those who were sick to die turned their eyes to it, and remembered the good Jesus who was born on Christmas night."

"Only that! You had no Christmas tree or gifts?" asked Marjorie. "I have a tree that reaches the ceiling. The florist puts it up for me. It has flowers of colored light, and there is a gift for everybody in the house. Cousin Marcia buys them for me. Elise had a lovely set of furs last year, and Bryce a watch, and Cousin Marcia a lace scarf. Guardy wouldn't have anything; he doesn't like Christmas."

"Oh, doesn't he?" asked Fifine. "I thought everybody liked Christmas. Even the soldiers, they stopped shooting Christmas night and sang the angels' hymn, too."

"How did they know it?" asked Marjorie, distracted from her ill humor by this novel conversation.

"Because—because—they had heard it all their lives; for some of the Germans were good, very good, as Mother Mathilde said, when they brought them dying to Saint Celeste. She and Sister Clarisse took care of them just as if they were their own. And Père François blessed them and prayed with them and gave them the last Sacraments, so they could go to the good God. For, as Mother Mathilde said, heaven's gates are open to all who believe and love, and it is not for flag or country we should bar the way."

"You talk queer," said Marjorie, a little peevishly. "I suppose it is because you are French that you say so many things I do not understand."

"Perhaps," answered Fifine. "I do not speak English well, I know."

"It isn't your English," declared her godmother. "I understand that all right. It's what you say—about angels and heaven and going to God. I never heard a girl talk like that before."

"No?" asked Fifine, in soft surprise.

"Never," repeated Marjorie. "But it's like Nora's stories. You make it sound real and true."

Fifine's sweet little face grew troubled.

"*Marraine* does not think I would tell the lies!" she murmured.

"No," answered Marjorie. "And I like real true stories. Now go on, Fifine. Tell me some more."

And so Fifine's story-telling to her godmother began,—sweet, true story-telling; for the little pupil of Saint Celeste knew no other kind. Of giants and fairies and enchanted princesses she had never heard, even in those early days at the old chateau, when her gentle mother had told her little girl only the simple stories of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Galilee, that ended so sadly on Calvary's Mount, to reopen with

the glory of the Resurrection morn.

And Saint Celeste, with the light of heaven breaking through its sorrowful shadows, with the angels of life and death flitting through its corridors, with sweet chants of prayer and praise rising amid the clouds of terror and suffering, and piercing their gloom,—all this faith and hope and love had stamped in Fifine's childish heart and mind lessons that could never be forgotten or effaced.

And as she told her "stories," in the soft, broken English that made them even more captivating, Marjorie listened with an interest no fairy had ever awakened, nor all the costly picture-books on her library shelves aroused.

(To be continued.)

The Archbishop's Shoes.

ONE stormy day in winter, a poor student entered the shop of a shoemaker in Madrid, and said to him:

"Please see if you can mend these shoes. I am too poor to buy a new pair."

"They are not worth mending," replied the shoemaker; "your feet are almost as much exposed as if they had no covering at all. Let me offer you a new pair, and you may pay," he added pleasantly, "when you are the archbishop. It is a pretty long time to wait, but it is not by giving money only that one can exercise charity. Take them: I make you a present of them."

The student heartily thanked the good shoemaker, and promised never to forget his kindness.

Years fled by. The shoemaker had grown too old to work as in days of yore, and had but scanty means of subsistence. One fine morning a canon of the cathedral called at his house, and said to him:

"I have been sent by our new Archbishop to conduct you to the palace. He wishes to see you."

The poor man wondered what the summons could mean; for he had never spoken to an archbishop in all his life. The priest spoke to him encouragingly, however; and they set out for the cathedral residence.

When the shoemaker was ushered into the Archbishop's presence, his Grace said to him, kindly:

"My friend, I want to pay you a debt contracted long ago."

The poor shoemaker, greatly confused, could scarcely believe his ears when the Archbishop continued, with a smile:

"I once got a pair of shoes of you, for which it was agreed I should pay when I became Archbishop of Madrid. And, since you were so kind as to trust me, I wish now to recompense your generosity. I am the poor student whom you once befriended."

The prelate then took a purse which lay before him and handed it to the old man, saying:

"Here is the price of the shoes. Now ask of me any favor you wish; and, if it be in my power to grant it, you shall have it."

The shoemaker suddenly burst into tears, and said:

"The sum which your Grace has presented to me is more than the price of a hundred pairs of shoes. My only desire is that my two daughters, who are still young, may be cared for after my death."

"Your wish shall be realized."

"May God bless your Grace!" was all the poor man could reply.

The Archbishop immediately carried his promise into execution by founding a home for noble maidens, of which the first two inmates were the shoemaker's daughters, to whom he delivered letters of nobility. He also cared for their father as long as he lived. The old man always took great delight in speaking of the Archbishop's charity, and died blessing his benefactor.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The decision of the French Government to accept as an official institution the Dominican school for Biblical study in Jerusalem, assures the continuation of this undertaking.

—We welcome a new edition (the third) of Fr. Cuthbert's admirable "Life of St. Francis of Assisi," perhaps the best that has yet been published. Some corrections, demanded by more intimate knowledge of the Saint, have been carefully made.

—The death of the Rev. Dr. Thomas E. Shields, of the Catholic University of America, psychologist, educationist, author, and editor, is a severe loss to the Church in this country. He was a tireless worker and did much to promote many good causes.

—The Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Metuchen, N. J., have rendered an important service by publishing a "Catechism of Christian and Religious Perfection," a neatly printed 16mo of one hundred and thirty-two pages, divided into five parts, explaining in what the religious life consists, its obligations, virtues, and advantages. Part V., "The Ideal Religious," is full of sound instruction.

—People in search of a quiet, not too emotionally complex novel will be pleased with "Anne," by Olga Hartley. The heroine is an impetuous young lady who falls in love and then falls out again, but is persuaded back by an attractive gentleman who habitually writes, and talks, philosophy. The author has invention, but lacks as yet that quality which makes style glow and sparkle. J. B. Lippincott Co., publishers. Price, \$1.90.

—The romantic literature of modern Ireland has given a place to Synge, whose gloomy realism was due to Montmartre rather than to the Irish country he wrote about; it seems also on the verge of providing a strong welcome for Amy Murray, whose patient art combines the idealism of the real Celts with the facts in their lives. Her latest book, "Father Allen's Island," is a fine study of a priest's life on one of those misty, primitive islands which fringe the Scottish coast. He is a genuine priest, whose heart is in his work as much as it stirs in the songs he sings. The country looks at one from the pages of the book: a land shadowed by strange reflections from the sea, covered with ancient houses that are black with peat smoke, though ruddy with leaping fires, and inhabited by people whose strong lives take one's breath away with the sheer loveliness of them. There are pages that recall the best

of Stevenson—"Merry Men" and "Kidnapped." Of course one must reckon with the style. To the reader who does not relish homespun diction, with the tang of Gaelic in the English, and some real Gaelic beside, the book will perhaps be somewhat of a bore. For those, however, who can sing themselves into its rhythm, it will be a real delight. Padraic Colum has supplied the proper foreword. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, publishers. Price, \$2.25.

—The many friends and admirers of the Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D. D., Bishop of Victoria, B. C., will be interested in his "Bit of Autobiography," a pamphlet giving glimpses of his childhood, college days, life in Rome, and career as a missionary priest and bishop. General readers will welcome "The Bee and Evolution," another pamphlet by the same author, the purpose of which is to set forth certain scientific facts, and to discuss their bearing on the Origin of Species. Both of these welcome booklets are issued by the Willows Press, 2050 Haultain St., Victoria, B. C.

—In a sonnet published some time ago, Mr. Robert Bridges implied that ill-treatment of prisoners was a part of the Prussian war policy. Having read meantime "Comrades in Captivity" and other narratives by prisoners of war in Germany, Mr. Bridges has become convinced that cases of brutal treatment were exceptional and due to the character of particular prison-camp commandants. He, therefore, retracts his words and expresses sorrow at having written them. A good example, which should be followed by many others, ministers of the Gospel, not a few, among them.

—When Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch gives himself to the writing of a book, he does his work so superlatively well that he leaves his readers thoughtfully silent over the keenness of their mental (and often spiritual) satisfaction in his thought rather than voluble over his brilliance in its expression. Of his recent book, "On the Art of Reading" (Putnam's Sons), one of his admirers writes: "I could scarce leave the Introduction with all its close-knit logic, on 'What Does—What Knows—What Is,' to go on to the first chapter on 'Apprehension vs. Comprehension.' Here again I would have been glad to stop, satisfied if the book contained only this one lecture to be thought on." There are suggestive chapters on "Children's Reading" that "give us pause" with such facts as these, that "the child is 'a child of God,'" and that "the Kingdom of God is within him"; chapters

on "Reading the Bible" which prescribe with neatness and brevity: "My first piece of advice on reading the Bible is that you do it." On "The Use of Masterpieces" he remarks that "they teach us to lift our own souls." If this be the test of a masterpiece, then this book of the distinguished teacher and critic is one, for it exalts from beginning to end. Price, \$3.

—Declaring that the memory of such a man as Dr. Lingard, the historian, should never lapse from grateful remembrance, the *London Tablet*, apropos of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, which occurred on the 5th ult., says: "Catholicism in this country was then at its darkest hour before the dawn of the revival, the results of which now lie thick upon the land and are still multiplying. How great a part Lingard had in that revival, by his wise counsel to bishops and laity and by his 'History of England,' which modern research has but corroborated, will never be known. The fierce attacks made upon it at its publication did but send readers to its pages; and Hallam praised its merits, its fairness, its serenity and its style. It was these qualities that justified Lord Holland's recommendation of Lingard to Mawman the publisher; it was these qualities which rendered edition after edition necessary to supply the growing demand for the work. Lingard trusted to the force of facts clearly ascertained and exactly narrated. He thus struck a new note both in the writing of history and in Catholic apologetics."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new ones.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.
 "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.
 "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.
 "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

- "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
 "Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.
 "The Foundation of True Morality." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.40.
 "Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.
 "Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England." Rev. F. B. Steck, O. F. M. \$2.
 "Medieval Medicine." Dr. James J. Walsh. (Messrs. Black.) 7s. 9d.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. William A. Jones, bishop of Porto Rico; Rev. James Parker, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Thomas Shields, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Patrick Lynch, diocese of Grand Island; and Rev. Gerhard Jansen, diocese of Belleville.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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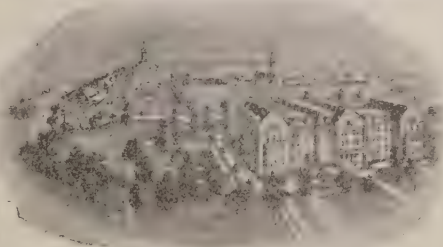
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THE AVE MARIA is the only periodical of its kind in the language. Its primary object is to honor the Blessed Virgin and to make her better known and better loved; and it thus commends itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and who wish to see devotion to her widely extended. The Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as subscribers or in any other way, contribute to the support of this Magazine. THE AVE MARIA has readers in every part of Christendom, and is encouraged by prelates and priests all over the world.


It embraces the two great essentials of a popular periodical—viz., Rational Amusement and Sound Instruction. In its successive issues will be found articles on Questions and Events of the Day, on the Recurring Festivals; Essays and Short Papers, Serials and Short Stories, Sketches and Poems; besides Editorial Paragraphs, Reviews of Books, Literary Notes, etc. There is also a department for Younger Readers.

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OF THE
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Gregory the Great, P. C. D.
 SUNDAY, 13.—**Passion Sunday.**
 MONDAY, 14.—St. Matilda.
 TUESDAY, 15.—St. Clement, C. St. Zachary, P. C.
 WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Agapitus, B. C. St. Herbert, C.

THURSDAY, 17.—St. Patrick, B. C.
 FRIDAY, 18.—**The Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin.**
 SATURDAY, 19.—St. Joseph.

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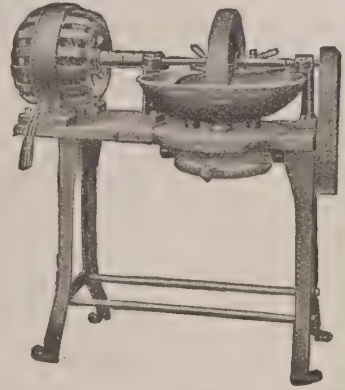
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And from the lofty Sweetness of St. Mary's—

"'Way Down East' is a most wonderful picture. It carries a forceful lesson which, God grant, the men and women of today may heed. By it, may they be induced to live up to the higher and nobler promptings of an exalted nature."—(Signed) SISTER M. CLAUDIA, Saint Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sermons on "Way Down East"

Rev. Lincoln H. Caswell, pastor of the Crawford Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, has preached two sermons on "Way Down East."

Rev. Henry R. Rose, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Newark, (N. J.) recently lectured on D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East," exhibiting more than one hundred and twelve colored scenes from the production.

From Coast to Coast

D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" now is being shown from Coast to Coast—in First Class Theatres Only—and is playing special engagements at the Forty fourth Street Theatre, New York City (Seventh Month); Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. (Seventh Month); Woods Theatre, Chicago, (Sixth Month); Sam S. Shubert's Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, Ohio; Lyric Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio; Poli's Theatre, Washington, D. C., and is being greeted in every city as the greatest achievement of all time in the annals of the theatre.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 12, 1921.

NO. 11

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Contemplation.

BY PAUL CROWLEY.

LORD, Thou dost spurn me when Thy
championing

Picks dauntless arms to bend the battle string;
What can I do when life is thunder-grey
And mount to mountain rolls the dense affray?
Ah, lightnings chafe in this quick sword of
Thine,

And darkness steals the love-look that was
mine!

Yet I bide trustful near the shackled gate
Like some mute flower, frail and desolate:
I will sit here, with fingers in the grass,
Till Thou comest riding meekly on an ass.

A Type of the Queen of Martyrs.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.



EVERYONE has heard of the mother of the Machabees; everyone is familiar with the story of her woes. There are but few, however, who seek to realize the extent of her suffering, to fathom the depths of the ocean of sorrow into which she was plunged. Unless this be done, it is impossible to form anything like a true estimate of the Heaven-inspired courage, the more than heroic fortitude and the intense faith she displayed. Only in the Mother of Sorrows herself, of whom the mother of the Machabees was a type, has this constancy been surpassed, and this virtue excelled.

Scripture history tells us that after the taking of Jerusalem by the King of Persia, the Jewish ceremonial law was abolished by royal command, and the Hebrews were compelled to follow the practices of the Gentiles, under pain of penalties cruel and barbarous in the extreme. A considerable number refused stoutly to comply with a command which involved direct transgression of the holy and venerable ordinances of the law given by God to their forefathers, preferring to suffer torture and death rather than do the least thing that was forbidden.

Amongst the victims of this religious persecution were seven brethren of the family of the Machabees; stalwart youths, who had all grown to man's estate; valiant, pious, dutiful; sons of whom any parent would have reason to be proud. These young men, together with their mother, were apprehended and brought before the King. They were commanded to eat swine's flesh, an article of food prohibited by the Mosaic Law; and as they refused to do so, they were severely scourged. Then the oldest spoke up in the name of all, declaring their readiness to die rather than to transgress the laws of God. He was, therefore, subjected to terrible and protracted torture.

But in vain did the semi-savage monarch who ordered these atrocities seek thus to overcome the constancy of these heroes. One by one they suffered, the rest looking on at the heart-rending spectacle, exhorting one another to die

manfully, until the turn of the youngest came. Perhaps the sight of this winning youth, standing on the threshold of manhood, in his freshness, vigor and innocence, struck the foreign tyrant with admiration and pity. He paused and appeared to relent, promising to give him wealth, position, his own royal favor, all that makes life attractive, if he would only do as he was ordered. But, finding that he could not prevail, the King appealed to the mother,—appealed to her love for her youngest, now her only son, and bade her exert her influence to induce him to save his life. This courageous matron had stood unmoved in the terrible scenes enacted before her. As one by one her gallant sons were tortured and slain, her heart was indeed rent with anguish indescribable, but still her spirit did not falter. “She bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom; joining a man’s heart to a woman’s thought.”*

The act demanded of the young men appeared to a superficial observer a small thing—merely to swallow a morsel of the flesh of an animal habitually used as food by neighboring and not less civilized nations. Was it for this they were to be butchered and slain? But those who looked beyond the husk of the commandment to the kernel it contained, knew that this apparently trivial act was proposed as a test; that a great principle was really at stake,—no less a one than that of obedience and fidelity to the law of God. This knowledge supported the mother as well as the sons. She did not allow maternal tenderness or feminine weakness to cloud her faith or shake her confidence. The sacred historian can not refrain from expressing his respect for such a woman. “Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men; who beheld her seven sons slain in the

space of one day, and bore it with a good courage, for the hope she had in God.” Far from acceding to the King’s wish, she encouraged her youngest son to show himself a worthy partner with his brethren. She would not lose one of the seven bright stars which were to be her eternal crown of glory; she would not have one deserter from the white-robed band of noble martyrs to whom she had given birth. She stood by when the last of these saintly heroes “also died undefiled, wholly trusting in the Lord; and last of all,” we are told, “after the sons, the mother also was consumed.”

Worthy indeed of our admiration is this heroic Jewish mother. She is worthy to be the handmaid, as she was the type, of the Queen of Martyrs herself, the Mother of the Seven Dolors, of whom the prophet says: “To what shall I compare thee, or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as the sea is thy destruction.” Mary at the foot of the Cross stands silent and still. There is something inconceivable, incomprehensible in her anguish. After the sufferings of Jesus, there are no sufferings like hers. She of all others drinks next and deepest of the chalice of His passion. Her Son was her God. A God was agonizing, expiring upon the Cross, and it was His Mother who stood by! What an overwhelming horror it must have been for her to witness His passion and crucifixion! What must have been the sorrows of her who was worthy to be the Mother of such a Son,—the sorrows of the Mother of God! Yet the keenness of her anguish did not overcome or enervate her. It is expressly said of her that she *stood* by the Cross. She did not grovel in the dust, nor did she need any one to support her; she stood calm, collected, motionless, solitary, to receive the blows which the long passion of her

* II. Mach., vii, 21.

Son inflicted on her at every moment. Like the mother of the Machabees, she shrank not from the sacrifice of all that was dearest to her; but during those hours of agony, with her heart filled with the burning charity which made Jesus upon the Cross thirst for the salvation of souls, she offered her Son again and again to His Eternal Father.

"Would you know" (we quote the words of a pious writer) "how Mary proves the love she has for us? Contemplate her on Calvary at the foot of the Cross; see what it is she offers for our salvation; see what is the sacrifice she makes for us. 'Your salvation, O men!' she says to us, 'cost me not earthly riches, but the most painful sacrifice that a mother can make—the loss of the most beloved of sons. The sacrifice that my Son made of Himself on the altar of the Cross, I also have made on the altar of my heart.' Mary has given us the strongest proof of her love, because she gave a life infinitely dearer than her own. How great, how intrepid, how strong must have been the heart of Mary, in that she did not fail in courage at the sight of the sufferings and sorrows that the divine maternity brought with it! Well versed as she was in the Scripture, she could not be ignorant that the Redeemer of the world had been called by the prophets the Man of Sorrows; nor could she believe that the life of the Virgin destined to be His Mother could be very dissimilar from His own. Holy Simeon had announced to her, at the time of her Son's presentation in the Temple, that a sword of anguish would pierce her soul. She understood the whole series of sufferings and humiliations that her Divine Son would endure from His first appearance on the earth until they culminated in the death upon the Cross. She knew that God required this great sacrifice at her hands; and, in spite of her human feelings she generously offered it to Him. Oh, the

greatness, the invincible courage of the heart of Mary!"

The Blessed Mother of Jesus was not called upon, like the mother of the Machabees, to shed her blood for the love of God. Her martyrdom was a moral martyrdom; one far worse than the most cruel death; one that it would have been impossible for her to endure had not a special supernatural aid given her the power to bear it to the end, without having all life crushed out of her by its unspeakable agony. "Not in the body, but in the soul she suffered," says Cardinal Newman. "True, in His agony she was agonized; in His passion she suffered a fellow-passion; when He was mocked, bruised, scourged, nailed to the cross, she felt as keenly as if every indignity and torture inflicted on Him were struck at herself. She was crucified with Him; the spear that pierced His heart pierced through her spirit. She could have cried out in agony at every pang of His." Yet there were no visible signs of this intimate, interior martyrdom when she stood beneath the Cross of Calvary, and shared, as far as mortal could possibly share, the dereliction that forced from the lips of the Saviour the cry of anguish: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

There is one more point of resemblance to be mentioned between Our Lady of Dolors and the mother of the Machabees. That admirable Jewish matron amid her deep distress continually encouraged her sons who suffered tortures and "were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held."* She exhorted them to persevere,—to undergo a short pain for the sake of eternal life. In like manner, Mary consoles, encourages, animates her children,—the spiritual children given to her at the moment when her heart was "filled with bitterness and great grief." Jesus became the

* Apoc., vi, 9.

Man of Sorrows, acquainted with infirmity, that He might bear our infirmities and carry our sorrows. So did the sword pierce His Blessed Mother's soul, that the afflicted in soul might find in her a compassionate and tender Mother. We know how special a mother's consolation is to those who are in pain or distress; and who can comfort like her who is the Mother of Sorrows! Wonderful, indeed, is what she can, what she will do for afflicted and desolate souls. By her most powerful assistance they receive strength to suffer bravely, fortitude to endure patiently. Those who stand with her beneath the Cross, who are associated in her griefs, she will take upon herself to console and comfort in their tribulation. We know that those are able to comfort others who in their own case have been much tried,—who have felt the need of consolation, and have received it. This is the secret of true consolation; and this, too, is why the Blessed Virgin is the Comforter of the Afflicted. She can especially console us, because she has suffered more than all other mothers that the world has seen.

Let those, then, who are in sorrow have recourse with confidence to the Mother of Dolors, whose heart was pierced with the sword of sorrow in the hour of her Son's passion; and entreat her to intercede for them with His clemency, that thus they may obtain succor in their need.


—♦—

THY very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical; breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! lead us still as thou hast led! In the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus,—guide us home.—*Newman.*

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

II.

LL his life, Claude Hallé had been an early riser. He would get up quietly, go into his studio, and often work by lamplight both morning and evening, when the days were short. At least twice a week he attended Mass at the neighboring church of St. Sulpice.

The morning after his interview with Hamelin he arose at five o'clock. For more than a fortnight he had not gone to Mass, as his careful wife, obeying the doctor's orders, would not allow him to face the sharp wintry air. But she was sleeping soundly when Claude stole into his dressing-room, and, opening the window, thrust his grey head into the darkness. The wind had changed in the night: the air was almost as soft and balmy as the breath of Spring.

"That is good!" murmured the painter to himself. "How the weather changes! I think I shall go out this morning. It can not hurt me, and Michelle may not waken until after I have returned."

Clothing himself warmly, and wrapping a woollen scarf around his throat by way of extra precaution, he quietly descended the stairway. Arrived at the lower corridor, he unbarred and opened the door, and in five minutes had reached the vestibule of the church, where the first Mass was said at half-past five. The moon broke from behind the clouds: in its soft effulgence Hallé saw a young man approaching the side door, and recognized Hamelin.

Within, the church was but dimly lighted. Hallé knelt not far from the door, at the entrance to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, whose splendid cupola had been recently completed by his friend and colleague at the Academy, Lemoine. The Mass began.

Presently two women entered and knelt behind him, a little to his left. They were followed by the young painter, who also placed himself behind Hallé, but at his right. The women carried candles, which they fastened to their prie-dieux by dropping small particles of burning wax on the top,—a convenient but not very dainty arrangement. One of the candles, not being securely fastened, rolled off the prie-dieu and fell at Hallé's feet. He picked it up and returned it to her; as he did so he observed that she had a very pretty face and that there were tears in her eyes. The good man felt disturbed by this revelation; it was the cause of severe distraction to him during Mass.

When Mass was finished, Hallé walked behind the trio to the door. He had thought them companions, and was sure of it when he saw the elder woman present holy water to the young painter, which he received respectfully. He made the Sign of the Cross on his forehead, while she said in a low voice:

"Have courage, Hamelin! I have made a vow to Our Lady of Chartres. She will take care of everything."

The old man passed on, observing that the painter and the two women remained to talk in the vestibule. He hurried home, anxious to arrive before his wife should awake; and was grateful to see that she had not yet made her appearance in the studio, where Catau was making the fire as quietly as possible. He quickly changed his boots for slippers, in order that Madame should not know that he had been out; and, preparing his palette, set to work in the pale light of the December morning.

At eight o'clock Madame Hallé brought in his breakfast, consisting of a soft white roll and half a glass of old red wine. She was followed by Catau carrying a tray with her own breakfast of *tartines de beurre* and *café au lait*. She often took breakfast in the studio

with her husband, to be sure that he did not forget to eat. When they had finished he said:

"Michelle, I would like you to direct Catau not to admit any one to the studio this morning, except a young man who will arrive about ten o'clock."

"Is it a model?"

"No: the same one who came yesterday,—young Hamelin, the painter."

"He is the son of the famous pastry cook in the Rue Tournon," replied Madame Hallé. "He is not worth much, who is not content to follow his father's trade, especially if he has such a fine business awaiting him as this fellow has. I was talking to Madame Dubieg yesterday (she lives next door to the Hamelins), and she told me there is not a better baker in Paris than the old man. And he is very much disturbed because this vagabond of a son refuses to follow in his footsteps. Can you wonder at it? Madame Dubieg says that his cream puffs are bought by the very best people; indeed, they will have no others. I must get a couple sometime, so that we may taste them."

"Michelle, Claude Lorraine was a baker also," remarked Hallé, quietly. "That did not prevent him from becoming a great painter. Think what would have been lost to the world if he had remained a baker!"

"Was his father a baker?"

"No: his parents were poor peasants."

"Ah, that makes a difference! Probably he would have been nothing but an obscure workman if he had continued to follow his trade. But when one happens to be the son of a famous pastry cook—an art which, they tell me, is a most difficult one,—it behooves a son to do as his father has done. Who knows but that, with the taste of it in his blood and the knack of it in his hands, this ne'er-do-well might have become even more famous than his father? But now—"

"Well, what?" inquired Claude, smilingly, as she paused for breath.

"Why, now he has not even the talent of a common sign-painter, with his crooked noses and squinting eyes."

"Run, run to feed your birds, Michelle! They are chirping, they are hungry. And as to that picture, just wait a few days,—that is all."

He turned to his palette, and Madame Hallé went to her birds.

As the clock of St. Sulpice was striking ten Hamelin appeared. Hallé greeted him blithely:

"To work,—to work now! We must get on."

But when the young man cast his eyes on the picture he cried:

"Ah, Monsieur, what kindness, what generosity! You have done over the head of Medea, and how beautiful you have made her! You have given me courage to live."

"What is that?" queried the painter. "What do I hear? A young man like you thinking of dying? Now, set yourself to work and alter the head of Jason. Calmly and intelligently, without so much emotion,—do you hear?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I will do my best. And it is not of myself alone that I am thinking. There are reasons,—family reasons."

"Yes, yes," responded Hallé, with a hearty laugh. "I saw them this morning at Mass, did I not? They had dark blue eyes and a gown of the same color,—those family reasons. Tell me about them, friend Hamelin."

The young man did not reply, but stood gazing at the floor with an embarrassed air.

"Here I will just touch up Jason's nose," the old man went on. "It is rather a delicate job. I am afraid you could not manage it very well. There is nothing I like better than hearing a story while I work. Begin,—begin!"

"I do not know how, Monsieur," replied Hamelin.

"This way. Once upon a time there was—"

"Well, Monsieur, I will try. Once upon a time, as you have said, some little girls were playing with a balloon in the Gardens of the Luxembourg. I stood and watched them, they were so sweet, so pretty and so happy. After a while the most attractive of them all allowed the balloon to go too high and it lodged in the branch of a tree. The little girls were distressed; their mammas scolded; no one knew what to do. Then I climbed the tree, got the balloon and gave it to the one who had lost it—Mademoiselle Victorine."

"Who thanked you, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course. But in getting down from the tree my foot slipped, and I fell so heavily that I cut my head. They were all very sorry; the mother of Mademoiselle Victorine lifted me up; she herself dipped her embroidered handkerchief in the fountain to staunch the blood, and they both accompanied me to my home in the Rue Tournon. My mother thanked them again and again; my father pressed upon them some of his finest cakes; and this was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted until now. But some time later Victorine was sent to school at the Convent of Lavigny, where her aunt was a religious. I saw her only three times in more than seven years. They always went to Touraine during vacation; while I, as you will surmise, never stirred from the Rue Tournon or my father's shop.

"The time came when, in spite of my parents' remonstrances, I resolved to be a painter, and I began my studies under Monsieur Lancret. When Victorine left school I saw her now and then, and no longer concealed from myself that I loved her, Monsieur, from the moment I first saw her in the Luxembourg Gardens. I believe now it was the underlying reason for my persistence in becoming an artist. As a baker, how-

ever proficient or prosperous in my trade, I could never hope to aspire to the hand of Mademoiselle Victorine Dumont; while as a painter I might have some hope. After I had been at work for some time, Monsieur, I asked permission to paint the portrait of Mademoiselle Victorine. You may be surprised to hear it, seeing the botch I have made of Jason and Medea, but it was at least well done, and a good likeness." —

"No doubt Love inspired your heart and fingers," said Hallé. "I have heard of such things."

"Perhaps so. M. Dumont was highly pleased with the picture, and I took courage. I reasoned thus. Although it was early in my career to ask for the hand of his daughter, I knew that Victorine had already been sought in marriage, and in that case she might be betrothed any day, if her father saw the proper person—or one whom he would consider the right husband for his daughter. So I approached my own father on the subject, told him frankly of my feelings and hopes, and begged him to seek an interview with M. Dumont, asking him to give me the hand of his daughter."

"You have more assurance than I have given you credit for," said Hallé. "By the way, who is this M. Dumont? What is his business?"

"He has a jewelry shop on the Quai des Morfondus. He is very well known and highly respected in the quarter, and has considerable means."

"Oh!" rejoined Hallé, delicately touching with his brush the nose of Jason, above which it had been poised for more than a minute. "I am relieved," he continued. "I thought he was, perhaps, a retired banker or rich financier, in which case you would not have had the ghost of a *chance, mon ami*."

"In that case I should never have dared to aspire to the hand of Made-

moiselle Victorine," said Hamelin. "As it is, I am well aware that the Dumont family is not on the same plane as ours. They are higher, I grant; but at the same time my father stands at the head of his trade, and has, I really believe, more money than the Dumonts can claim to possess."

"So you went to your father? And what did he say?"

"First I prayed fervently to Our Lady of Chartres for three days. Then I went to my father."

"And what did you say to him?"

"'Father,' I said, 'I shall now tell you why I wanted to be a painter instead of a baker. I have loved Mademoiselle Victorine since I first knew her, and feel certain that her parents would never consent to have a baker for a son-in-law. I have painted her portrait. M. Dumont is pleased with it. And while the iron is hot, as it were, I beg you to go to him and ask for her hand.'"

"Was he surprised?"

"Surprised, Monsieur! For a moment he could not speak. Then he burst out laughing and said: 'Charlot, I still have hopes that you will succeed me. M. Dumont would no more consent to his daughter's marriage with you than I should if you intended to marry little Roselle who mends the church vestments. When you have realized this, I believe you will abandon painting, for which you have very little talent, and become a master-baker like myself. I will go to him at once, as I am anxious to get you back into the shop; the sooner, the better. He can hardly do any more than put me out of the house. I do not believe he will strike me. If he does, I shall certainly strike back.'"

"I was about to thank him for his compliance with my request, although I thought he hardly did either me or himself justice in the opinion he had formed; but he suddenly got up from

his chair, struck his fist on the table and cried:

"No, I will do nothing of the kind! I, a master-baker, whose pastries and tarts are known all over Paris, who have been offered a fabulous sum to give up my shop and go as pastry cook to the Court of Versailles! I will not submit myself to the humiliation of being ordered out of the house of a petty peddler of jewelry, whom I could buy and sell five times over. Get out of my sight, vagabond, and don't let me hear a word from you till you have come to your senses!"

"So he turned you out of the house?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur! He would never do that. I know him too well. We meet at table just as usual, and pass the time of day. But that is all."

"Alas!" said M. Hallé, "these fathers are all alike. I talked to my son fifteen years ago in much the same way."

"And what did he do, Monsieur?"

"I may tell you another time. For the present your business holds the floor. Look here: what do you think of Jason's profile now?"

"It is excellent! How can I ever thank you, Monsieur?"

"No thanks: I am interested. Continue your story."

But at this moment Madame Hallé appeared at the door. After saluting the painter, she said to her husband:

"My dear Claude, I am afraid I must interrupt your friendly séance with M. Hamelin. Catau has brought a message to say that the Curé of St. Sulpice met him just now in the Rue Tournon and told him he would be here in an hour with a friend, to look at your picture. This room will have to be dusted up a little, as Catau has had no opportunity of doing it this morning. I am sure M. Hamelin will excuse you."

"Certainly," said the young man, rising and taking his hat. "When shall I return, Monsieur?" he asked.

"To-morrow at ten, or a little earlier.

I am very much interested in your story. We shall continue it when we meet again."

Hamelin took his leave, and Catau entered immediately with broom and brush.

"Come into the dining room, Claude, while Catau does his work," said Madame Hallé. "And, if I were you, I would lose no time in placing Jason and Medea where they belong, in the background. It would be far better to *seem*, at least, to be engaged on the Madonna painting, or at least to have it in evidence when the Curé arrives."

"No, no, Michelle!" answered Hallé. "It must not be moved: the paint is not dry. But we shall put a screen in front of it, and the Madonna in front of that. You know, I should have been working on it if it had not been for Hamelin's picture."

"No doubt,—no doubt," rejoined his wife,—“unless some other worthless fellow had another daub hauled in before you could get at your work. Come, Claude: the Curé may be here any moment."

Smiling behind her back, the painter followed her into the dining room.

(To be continued.)

Some Day.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

SOME day when earth is clothed with snow,

Or when in sunshine flowers blow;

When forest leaves are brown and dun,

Or spring birds sing by rill and run,
The proud and meek, the high and low,

Shall no more joy or sorrow know.

Death shall be met as friend or foe,

In hope and trust, in doubt and fear,—

Some day to come.

Then bliss and bale and pain and woe,

At last their worth shall truly show;

Worthless shall wealth and fame appear

When time is done, and death is near,

When souls to God's just judgment go,—

Some day to come.

The Acadian Country of Louisiana.

BY MARGARET E. DOWNING.

"ON the banks of the Teche are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin," five hours from New Orleans, through the enchanted region which the genius of Longfellow has made classic, and where to-day, as when Father Felician comforted Evangeline—

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

The visitor to the old French city on the delta of the Mississippi is wise if he turns away from the weariness of noise and color which marks the Carnival, and journeys northwest to that part of the State which since 1765 has been known as the Acadian country. In "The History of Louisiana," Charles Gayarré states that "between January 1 and May 13, 1765, there arrived in New Orleans about six hundred and fifty Acadians, and from that town they were sent to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas, under the command of Andry." St. Martin's of the poem is the most ancient of French settlements in the State; and under the first name, "Poste des Attakapas," it was chief city on the trading route, and was a considerable town long before the lovely Crescent City attained municipal dignity. It is now known as St. Martinsville, county seat of the parish of St. Martin, as the term goes in this former domain of Louis lé Grand, and a most excellent place to begin a pilgrimage through the land hallowed by the memory of those "pathetic confessors of the faith, the Acadians, who are as astonishing in their virtues as in their misfortunes."

An early morning train will bear the traveller through miles of cotton, rice, and sugar-cane; through deep woods

which at this remote day might have inspired the opening canto of "Evangeline"; past stately groves of oak, garlanded with Spanish moss, through which are visible the inevitable white-pillared porches of the prosperous farm-houses. Then comes the Teche, a noble river rushing on through level green banks to join the Atchafalaya and the bayous which extend long, moist arms throughout the entire area. The bells on the picturesque shrine of the Capuchins are pealing the Angelus as the train glides into the somnolent city of St. Martin, and the traveller alights among a people unchanged in any essential from the exiles who, in the sonorous language of their poet laureate, "found sanctuary in this Eden of Louisiana."

St. Martinsville now lies off the trunk line of the Southern Pacific, and only the branch which follows the Teche comes in twice a day with mail and provisions, and an infrequent passenger. This may give the Old-World look of isolation, of detachment from the restless world beyond the encircling woods, and the air of repose as of one who has fulfilled her destiny. It is so reminiscent of the Norman and Breton coast that one would not be surprised if a *sabot* market came into view, or if the little square before the church of St. Martin of Tours dissolved into the familiar view in Dinard. A quiet, orderly little place, where much business is transacted in the leisurely way of the Creole; where, before the Eighteenth Amendment had been written in the statutes, so few taverns were in existence that the new order makes no impression at all.

Simultaneously with the Angelus, the quiet streets resound with the clang of dinner bells, rung long and persistently, until a procession of elderly men in wide-brimmed hats, swinging stout canes, begins to move towards the residential section beyond the main street.

St. Martinsville is steeped in the Evangeline legend, though unconsciously, as the visitor soon discovers. There are names which make one thrill—Lajeunesse, Bellefontaine, Letiche, and Leblanc,—until the heart yearns for the poor heroine to return to the towns on the Teche and hear that name for which she travelled the world in vain; for here are many Gabriel Lajeunesses, old, young, and in middle life.

No one is many hours within St. Martinsville without learning that the real Evangeline lies in the churchyard of the old Capuchin mission. She was an actual maiden, whose sad story came through circuitous routes to the poet of Cambridge, and her name was Emmeline Labiche. As Longfellow tells it, so was her history, but only to a certain point. It is rather disconcerting to learn that the Acadian does not regard with special enthusiasm the maiden depicted in the splendid Catholic poem. Far from conceding Evangeline the ideal presentation, the Acadians of to-day, and certainly those of the past generations, prefer Emmeline Labiche, who, separated from her kindred and *fiancé* through *le grand dérangement*, was lured by false rumors, through all the region so exquisitely described in the poem, to St. Martin's. Here she did not find the beloved; but, unlike the conception of romance, this did not lead her to seeking farther in the wilderness, rushing hither and hence, as told poignantly in the cantos. She remained on the banks of the Teche, finding comfort and respite in works of mercy; dwelling apart from all merriment, yet cheerful and hopeful, until death came to free her prisoned spirit. This is a maid which the Acadian appreciates and admires, not one who flitted about in such incomprehensible circles.

But St. Martinsville has poetry, history, and romance within its own calm enclosure; and scholars and statesmen

of distinction are counted among its children. Within the purviews of St. Martin's church, a pretty, modern edifice which has replaced the old Capuchin mission so identified with the painful polemics of the late eighteenth century, one may read a most edifying chapter of Acadian history, and realize that Brittany and Normandy have been transfused into the softer race along the Gulf coast.

High Mass on Sunday morning brings the entire countryside to the church; and after divine service, to the oak-shaded trees of the park, where a conspicuous object is the statue of Father Jan, an early pastor after the American dominion, but of Acadian ancestry, as indeed nearly all of the shepherds of St. Martin's have been. This worthy man died in his ninetieth year, after continual charge of the village for sixty-five years. His statue shows a benevolent countenance; and, as he was renowned for love of flowers and of little children, his legend is kept alive by troops of pretty girls and shy boys climbing up the pedestal to leave an offering suitable to the season—blossoms in their time, berries and shining leaves during the brief winter. The people linger in the park, and many go to the cemetery a few paces down the road. But they chat and visit with each other, and bring baskets of produce to their pastor, who nearly always swallows a mouthful of coffee after his long fast, and joins the various groups, just as Father Felician did in the happy olden days of Grand Pré.

A renowned pastor of St. Martin's was that Rev. Bené Langlois, one of the most accomplished botanists that Louisiana has given the world, and one of the most fertile writers in the celebrated group "L'Athénée." Still another scholar of Acadian blood whose fame reached far beyond the slumberous city on the Teche, was the eloquent Oratorian, Father Etienne

Viel, who after twenty years spent in directing the spiritual and temporal affairs of his people was called to Paris, where he charmed all by his eloquence, piety, and learning. He it was who translated the twenty-four books of Fénelon's "Télémaque" into glorious Latin verse, and of whom the critic Barthélemy wrote:

Viel, qui de Fénelon virgilia la prose.

One excellent result of Acadian pastors in the districts which are largely populated by the descendants of the exiles is a continuity in records and historical documents, which is unhappily so rare in pre-Revolutionary times. Few, indeed, are the American churches which can show orderly vital statistics until the third decade after the signing of the Declaration. Not so are the annals of St. Martin's, especially where they relate to exiles. To the zeal of Father Langlois is due the splendid preservation of the brass-bound vellum book of the Capuchin missionaries on the Teche, into whose jurisdiction Andry brought the Acadians. Those who follow the footsteps of these wanderers from the Canadian coast to their haven in the French settlements on the Gulf of Mexico, may see the very first entry which relates to them—namely, the baptism of Anne, daughter born of the legitimate marriage of Olivier Thibaudaut and Marguerite Broussard, Acadian exiles, dated May 1, 1765, with the additional information that the parents had newly come to the country of the Attakapas, with others of their kindred. The curé signs himself simply "Jean François, of the Capuchins," with two Indians as witnesses and sponsors,—Antoine Anoyu, and Masse.

Richard, in his "Forgotten Chapter of History," makes frequent mention of the lord of Chipody, Meunier Thibaudaut, who was foremost among those who prepared to defend their homes against the British, and who was con-

spicuous in the long strife under Poutrincourt. His grandson was among the six hundred who fled from the sword of the oppressor; later on he found home and the one thing dearer on the banks of the Teche. The name of Thibaudaut is among the most honored in the annals of the State. It has been bestowed on a thriving town in St. Mary's, another typical Acadian parish; and Thibaudaut College, founded nearly a century ago by a public-spirited member of the family, plays a worthy part in educational history. Statesmen and scholars have appeared in every generation; Paul Thibaudaut having served in the Legislature during crucial days in the first half of the nineteenth century, and having been a strong and forceful governor during the 1830's.

Broussard, the name of the mother of the first Acadian child born in Louisiana, is likewise one which has been honored in the new home as it was in Brittany, and before then at the Basin of Minas and Annapolis. There is a town of Broussard near Bayou La Fourche, and few annals of the State are without the name. That Robert J. Broussard who figured so brilliantly in Congress as a representative from Louisiana, and who, after serving many years in the Lower House, died a member of the Senate, is the direct descendant of the exile, Raoul Broussard, who landed with the remnant of his people in New Orleans in 1765. Broussards were eminent leaders in Cape Breton, and their history in Louisiana furnishes a comforting assurance that the seed of the just man shall not want. They have been prosperous in material affairs and eminent in the intellectual and spiritual activity of their home State. Edwin F. Broussard, who will take his seat at the convening of the next Congress, is the brother of Robert. Both are graduates of Georgetown College and exalted

representatives of the Acadians of this generation.

To the names of Thibaudaut and Broussard may be added those of Leblanc, Landry, and Le Bourgeois, which will be recognized at once by those knowing anything of history in Louisiana from the era of the Purchase until the present. They typify the largest groups of direct descendants of the six hundred and fifty Acadians mentioned by Gayarré.

Prof. Fortier, of Tulane, usually so sympathetic in all comments on rural Louisiana, seems rather harsh to the Acadians of St. Martinsville and thereabout, principally, it would seem, because they were never friendly to the public educational system. While they possessed the power, they excluded it from their districts and clung to the way of their fathers, which was to confide so important a matter as teaching their children to religious Orders. For this, Prof. Fortier sees them as simple and ignorant as their fathers who landed in 1765. There is a tremendous passage in Ezechiel (xi, 16): "Thus saith the Lord God: Because I have removed them far off among the Gentiles, . . . I will be to them a little sanctuary in the countries whither they are come." In an age of religious indifference, the Faith burns ardently among these one-time dwellers of the Breton and Canadian coasts. In a land where lack of reverence for anything in heaven, on earth, or under the earth is a national characteristic, the Acadians cling to the tender old devotions of the Ages of Faith,—devotions which legends say go back to the Apostolic days. It recalls Ruskin's strictures on the "pert little Protestant mind," and his way of reaching conclusions, which leads even the well-informed writer to call these modern Acadians ignorant and simple.

On excellent authority it is said that all of the present generation in the

Acadian country are bilingual, but one hears nothing except French. In the schools (those conducted by the Sisters of Mercy) both for the white children and the Negro, as well as those of the State, classes are taught in English and French; but French is the language of home and of the House of God. The better educated Acadians speak pure idiomatic French, but in familiar usage they cling to the old dialect of the Basin of Minas; and experienced linguists say it is more Celtic than Latin, and resembles the tongue of the isles of the English Channel more than the tongue of Brittany or Normandy. Prof. Fortier is just enough to temper his criticism of the Acadians in this matter of public schools by saying that everywhere they are, and have been, among the virile forces for the upbuilding of the State; and that always they are industrious, honest, and deeply religious. This last phrase might be deemed a paraphrase of the consoling words of the Saviour, that they have sought first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things have been added unto them.

This deeply religious feeling is frankly and genuinely expressed, and is of an everyday, workable variety, and not merely for Sunday and holydays. There are touching and unique devotions, such as the prayer at nightfall when the lights of the house are set aflame, always from the bright fire in the kitchen, and with a taper held by the oldest of the family; and the prayer is that exquisite supplication about the eternal light which shines upon the blessed and leads the exile on. It is a land of sudden violent storms, so that the pious dairy-woman hangs a picture of Our Lady over her milk crocks as a protection against the thunder; and, being just and businesslike, she promises a certain portion of her profits to the Queen of Heaven. When she sets her hen, at the bottom of the

nest are two iron nails placed so as to form a cross, and there is a long and fervent prayer to be recited as the operation proceeds. The child of an Acadian family is chided for wrongdoing by saying her conduct makes our Blessed Mother sad, and there seems no surer means to promote order and quiet in the nursery than these words.

St. Martin's is but one of the several large parishes of Louisiana which are distinctly Acadian country. It is, however, the most important, and a place where the traditions remain absolutely unchanged. But there are St. Mary's, St. James', and Acadia Parish proper, all possessing strong ties with the glorious land to the North. All these counties show the French thrift and industry, and the national trait of being able to save and to possess on the slenderest resources. All have a larger percentage of land under cultivation than their neighboring counties, and a larger proportion of homesteads owned and worked by those holding the title deeds. All have neat, pretty villages, with fine public buildings, and always a substantial Catholic church, parish house, schoolhouse, and a convent for the Sisters. St. Mary's parish, undeniably Acadian, is one of the flourishing parts of Louisiana, and provides each year several almost priceless crops of tobacco, called *le perique*. St. Mary's is also the most extensive sugar-producing area; and it is noted, too, for its massive homes, dating from the late eighteenth century, built of cypress timber, with low-hanging eaves, all the year garlanded in climbing roses.

A mighty son of St. Mary's is that Judge André Bienvenu Roman, educated at St. Mary's College in Baltimore, and who was the sixth and eighth governor of the State. His opponent at a famous election was Governor Edward Douglas White, father of the present Chief Justice of the United States. Judge Roman made a campaign for the

welfare of the commonwealth, while Governor White thundered the tenets of the democracy. His inaugural address contained these noble words, which seem so worthy of remembrance at the present day: "I have been elected governor of the State of Louisiana, and I propose to conduct its affairs for all the people and not as the chief of a political faction. Recognizing in every citizen the right to think and act freely in relation to the great public questions which divide us, I shall know how to respect in others that independence of opinion which I claim for myself." Judge Roman was of Acadian descent and one of the outstanding figures in the generation in which he lived,—a loyal and practical Catholic, a learned jurist, and a strong, sound executive.

Delightful retreats, tucked away from the world, seem many of these small cities in the Acadian country, where the traditions of the family are passed down reverently, and the feasts of the year are solemnly observed, first in the spiritual way, and then in the bountiful fare set forth for all to partake. But, alluring as the material side of the picture must prove, it is another aspect which makes a visit to these districts memorable. Where the race of the pious Breton and Norman predominates, to be a Catholic takes the practical form of making men and women lead the life of faith. They are not only Catholic by sacred heritage and by profession, but they proclaim their belief in the deeds of every day, and in the true sense they prove themselves wiser than the tests of scholarship or the fads of education.

UP to the age of thirty we spend our years like change; but creeping up toward the forties, as fast as the old years fill and Time steps in for payment, we seem to change a bill.

—Holmes.

The Straight Road.

BY JANET GRANT.

A COUNTRY hillside from which one looks away, across a lovely valley for twenty miles, to where a light mist at the horizon marks the course of the "noble Hudson"; a cheerful, airy, but unpretentious house, with a veranda overgrown by honeysuckle vines. Such was the home of John Watson, his young wife Alice, and their only child, John junior.

Seven-year-old Jack was a handsome little fellow, so fair in complexion that he might have posed for one of the boy Angles whom the great Pope Gregory centuries ago declared should have been called angels. His finely-chiselled face, with its delicate flush, made one think of the honeysuckle blossoms of the porch; but he was, nevertheless, a sturdy urchin, whose manly ways contrasted almost amusingly with the gentleness of his appearance.

In all the sports of the boys who lived on the hill he wanted to join. In the football season his talk was of the rushers and the backs, touchdowns, goals, and kick-offs; in winter he lent a hand in the erection and defence of the snow fort; and when spring came again, his chatter ran upon bases, pitcher, catcher, and centre-field. In summer he went fishing for minnows in the creek that flows through the hollow.

During six months of the year, the hillside and the valley are more beautiful than a poet's dream of fairyland. On the height the ground is not laid out in regular plots, but is like a wide pasture where the wild flowers give a violet or golden hue to the grass as it grows high; while the ever-green spruce and hemlock trees, and the waving boughs of the chestnuts and maples, make a grateful shade without shutting out too much of the sunshine.

Rich in verdure, luxuriant in the foliage of many groves, dotted with fertile farms and tasteful residences, the plain presents every hour new beauties of Nature in its lights and shadows.

In winter, when the fields are covered with snow, it has a new glory. Even when they are rugged and brown, the outlook upon the vast expanse of sky, the sense of freedom conveyed by being able to gaze abroad so far, renders the prospect a pleasant one.

But it was only early and late in the day that John Watson the elder had time to enjoy it. Every morning the train that winds around the base of the cliff bore him to his business in New York city. There, until evening, he battled in the maelstrom of commercial life, in order to keep up the cottage and maintain his little family. And sometimes he felt that, were it not for wife and child, he would give up the constant struggle.

Such was his mood one evening when he left the train. The March wind blew cheerless and blustering as he strode up the hill from the station; and when little Jack came running to meet him, it buffeted the boy about as if making sport of his small strength. The picture accorded with the merchant's gloomy thoughts. Yet he noted with pride how the boy persevered; and when at last his son reached his side, he caught him in his arms with a hearty exclamation:

"Bravo! It was a hard tussle; but you kept on and won for my sake, didn't you, Jack?"

"Ha, ha, yes! And for my sake you kept to the straight road, didn't you, Daddy?" cried the little lad, with a ringing laugh. "Now we can climb the hill together."

Sometimes Alice Watson found the monotony of this country life irksome; but for the most part she was happy enough in her household tasks and the interchange of visits with her

neighbors. On Sundays John always drove with his family to Mass at the church in the village.

To-night the master of the house found a good fire burning on his domestic hearth,—that is, the house was agreeably warm after his long trudge; and a savory supper and the companionship of a bright little wife awaited him. But he was used to these blessings of life, and accepted them as a matter of course.

During the meal he was moody; at its close he intrenched himself in silence behind a copy of the evening newspaper.

"Daddy, I am building a boat!" cried Jack, holding above his own curly head a piece of wood, while he attempted to clamber up on the paternal knee.

"Ah! And what are you going to name your ship when it is finished?" asked the father, lowering his newspaper for a moment, and taking into his hand the bit of pine block which, as yet, bore only a few marks of the penknife with which it was to be whittled into shape.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied the little artisan, earnestly. "But as the work is going to be so hard, don't you think I ought to have a mighty good name for it?"

John Watson absently put the child from him, and, returning the unpromising beginning of the wonderful craft which Jack's imagination already saw so splendidly completed, pursued his reading. Disappointed, the little fellow crept away. Never before had his father refused to help him.

After Jack was asleep, when Mrs. Watson sat sewing beside the sitting-room table, her husband spoke his mind.

"It is a hard thing to be honest in business when competition is so keen," he broke out. "The firms that are crowding me to the wall do not hesitate to employ methods in their dealings which look rather shady to me, but are

common enough among men richer and more prominent socially than I am. A man is only laughed at when he does not outwit the other fellow. Get rich quick, is the spur nowadays; and he who follows this motto is the most respected, until he is found out in some chicanery. Then even those who are trying to climb the ladder of success by the same means are ready enough to give him a push downward as he is toppling over. 'Watson,' a man said to me the other day, 'your sense of honor is really Quixotic.' And I believe it is the truth. The next time I have a chance to go into a good thing, I shall remember that I have a wife and child to support and must look out for the future."

Alice Watson was neither very clever nor very wise, but this ordeal found her more nearly equal to the occasion than many a woman of greater talent or ambition might have been.

"No, John: in that case you may leave your wife and child out of your calculations," she said, quietly. Then, leaning forward and laying a hand upon his arm, she added, with the winsome sweetness that had won his heart when he first met her: "John, I would rather be poor all my life than have you any less—Quixotic, as you say. And I am going to bring Jack up in the same manner."

"Oh—er—of course I was only jesting!" John hastened to explain, with some uneasiness, as he clasped the firm little hand and looked reassuringly into her pretty blue eyes. "Women do not understand business."

In the weeks that followed, John Watson was more perplexed with cares than he would have admitted. Men whom he trusted had proved false, and he found himself forced almost to begin life over again. Morose at home, he took scarcely any notice of the boy who was the pride of his heart.

If the little fellow felt this neglect,

he said nothing. Many an evening, standing before the sitting-room table, he worked at his boat, shaping hulk and bow and stern, and fitting the masts. But, though his small fingers were often blistered from the use of the knife, and his young brain grew weary from "the very hard work," his father gave him no word of encouragement or praise, nor seemed to remark his efforts at all.

The winds of March had been succeeded by the sunlit showers of April, and they in turn by the budding beauty of May. John Watson had been away on a business trip. He had not seen his wife and child for ten days; and now, as, with an acquaintance, he walked up Broadway, the great thoroughfare of the American metropolis, he was, in thought and feeling, a different man from the one they knew.

The sun shone bright; the trees of Trinity churchyard waved their new banners of green; the Spring had strewn with a few violets and dandelions the resting-place of the people who walked here two centuries ago. Everywhere else in the vicinity was the mad rush and whirl of mercantile and political life, of speculation in stocks and bonds, of the struggle for millions or for bread.

"You had better come into this deal, Watson," said the man, whom he addressed as Holden, as they pushed along through the throng. "It is a sure thing, and will return you double the money."

"But—" hesitated John Watson, debating the question. "Is it quite fair and square?"

"Oh, I have not thought of that! A few years in this vortex makes one forget such things," was the hesitating reply. "The plan will stand daylight, however, as well as most ventures; and you are a 'tenderfoot,' old boy, if you let slip so good a chance to make a few thousands."

Watson's face grew hard as steel and his eyes shone. Why, indeed, should he not enter into this transaction?

"I have urgent need of the money, sure enough," he reflected, bitterly. "Besides business obligations to be met, there is the mortgage on the cottage to be raised, living expenses to be taken into account; my wife should dress as well as her neighbors, and I must provide for the boy's future. It is too late to turn back now: my friends have arranged this opportunity; I can not desert them; it would be folly to refuse."

"What's the odds, anyhow?" urged Holden at his elbow.

The two men reached a corner, and paused on the curb to finish the conversation. There, too, stood a good-natured, ruddy-cheeked elderly woman, evidently a stranger in the city; for her dress and manner told that she would fit better into a rural picture, and she carried a large bouquet of apple blossoms.

As Watson glanced at her, the expression of his countenance softened. He had never seen her before, but the perfume of the flowers she held with so much care suddenly altered the current of his thoughts.

"Do you want to cross the street, madam?" he asked, touching his hat.

"Yes, thank you kindly, sir!" she answered, in a rich Irish brogue. "I am just waiting a bit until the crowd gets by."

"Then you are likely to wait until midnight," interposed Holden, with a laugh.

So saying he plunged amid the stream of traffic, leaving to his companion's gallantry the kindness of piloting the woman across Broadway.

When this task had been accomplished, she turned to her escort.

"If it were not that you are such a fine gentleman, sir," she said, "I would offer you some of these posies that I

am bringing to my daughter's little ones."

The smile of this unknown cavalier encouraged her. Thrusting a fragrant spray into his hand, she continued:

"Indeed, I will make bold to do it, anyhow. Perhaps you, too, will find the blooms like a sweet breath of the country air."

"Thank you! thank you!" he said, awkwardly crushing the flowers into the pocket of his coat. Then, with a bow, he hurried on after Holden, who had tarried for him on the next block.

"Well," said the latter, taking up their talk where it had been interrupted, "I just wanted to see you a moment this morning, Watson, to make sure you will stand firm, no matter how the rival parties may feel about it. Money is money, and you and I must have it. Those in danger of being worsted must look out for themselves."

But the other's view of the situation had changed. The fragrance of that spray of apple blossoms brought vividly before him his country-home, his wife, who had said she would rather be poor than have him do a questionable act; his little son. Strangely enough, however, it was the picture of Jack running to meet him on the March day which arose in his mind; and again he heard the little lad exclaim, with a happy laugh:

"Ha, ha, yes! And for my sake you kept to the straight road, didn't you, Daddy? Now we can climb the hill together."

"Holden, I am obliged to you for wanting to do me a favor," John Watson said, slowly. "But—well—you need not count me in the deal."

That night he took a late train from the city. When he reached home Jack was fast asleep, and, in fancy, sailing away in a fairy dream-shallop over a sea of silver moonbeams. As the traveller, after his week of absence, went into the child's room, the light

of the lamp he held fell full upon a toy boat, finished at last. It was a clumsy craft, roughly made, with cotton sails, and a piece of tin pipe for a smoke-stack; but it stood up bravely on the table where the boy had placed it, and from the mainmast floated a tiny white flag which bore a rude legend.

"Ha, ha!" laughed John, turning to his wife. "I wonder what the boy has named his boat?"

He looked closer. In crooked letters, formed with persevering love, were scrawled upon the pennant these words,

"The good ship, John Watson."

As he bent over the white cot and kissed the brave little artisan, now so peacefully sleeping after his childish toil, the father's eyes grew misty. The world might be false and hollow, friends might prove untrue, temptation might assail him, but wife and child had faith in him. They trusted that he would override the menacing waves of the storm.

For long afterward, whenever John Watson grew desperate, the recollection of that day on the hill kept him in the straight path; whenever he became despondent, the thought of that rudely built little boat caused him cheerfully to take up again his struggle with the world, and renew his resolution to hold fast to the stanch principles that would make his life like a good ship passing through a tempestuous sea.

WE are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it.—*John Ruskin.*

Irish Lenten Legends.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

THE two places most famous for pilgrimages connected with the extraordinary penances associated with St. Patrick are Lough Derg in the North, and the "Reek"* in the West of Ireland. But, as a matter of fact, wherever Patrick passed in Ireland he left behind him the memory of self-denial and self-discipline. Yet that he was no more born a saint than any other man, and that even he could feel the force of the inferior appetites warring against the spirit, are proved by the following quaint legend, related by Jocelyn, the twelfth-century monk of Furnes.

When St. Patrick was studying in the monastery of Marmoutier in France, founded by his relative, St. Martin of Tours, he was seized with a great longing to taste flesh-meat during Lent. Not wishing to scandalize his brethren, however, he secreted the piece of swine's flesh he had set his heart upon, intending to eat it at the first convenient moment. But scarcely had he finished hiding it when a fearful thing happened. "One stood before him," says Jocelyn, "having eyes before and eyes behind; whom when Patrick beheld having his eyes so wonderfully, even so monstrously placed, he inquired who he was. And the answer St. Patrick received was: 'I am the servant of God. With the eyes fixed in my forehead I behold the things that are open to view, and with the eyes that are fixed in the hinder part of my head I behold a monk hiding flesh-meat in a vessel, that he may satisfy his appetite privily.' This he said and immediately disappeared. But Patrick, striking his breast with many strokes, cast himself to the earth, and watered it with such

a shower of tears as if he had been guilty of all crimes." While the saint lay thus prostrate with sorrow and shame, his guardian angel appeared and said: "Arise! Let thine heart be comforted; for the Lord hath put away thine offence, and henceforward avoid backsliding."

Nor, so far as I am aware, is there any record of St. Patrick having ever in his long life "backslided" even once again, and he is said to have been at least a hundred years old when he died. But, in spite of the angel's consoling words, poor Brother Patrick found it very hard to believe that he was really forgiven, and in the excess of his humility and remorse implored of God that some sign of heavenly pardon might be vouchsafed unto him. Whereupon the angel ordered the hidden meat to be brought forth; and, this done, he told the saint to plunge it into water. Patrick obeyed with alacrity; and, once in the water, the meat "immediately became fishes." God is wonderful in His saints.

It was in the good old days when King Guairé held his Court at Durlus, and Holy Week had come. Four young chiefs, attached to the Court, keen hunters, with the hearty appetites of their years, were grumbling as they strolled through a forest near the royal palace, because it was forbidden to follow the chase during Lent, and their mouths were watering for a slice of juicy venison. Just at that moment "a noble buck" went bounding by; and, encouraged by the glances of his companions, the only one of the party who happened to have a spear launched it full at the flying animal. The spear sped true to its mark. But as the poor buck lay in its death agony its murderer was filled with remorse. In concert with his companions, he resolved to say nothing about the matter, but to put the meat in safety, and trust to luck for being able to eat it without sus-

* See "The Holiest Spot in Ireland," THE AVE MARIA, vol. v, p. 321 (1917).

picion at Easter. In due time the venison figured in the place of honor on the royal table, although there was some mystery as to how it came there.

St. Mochua, brother of King Guairé, was at that time living about five miles from Durlus. He was a hermit, and, with the exception of his clerk, who shared his retreat, lived all alone in a cell hewn out of the rock. All through Lent both the saint and his attendant had existed on scraps of barley bread and cold water, taking only barely enough to sustain life. But on Easter Sunday the clerk interrupted a pious meditation of his master to confess that he was longing to taste a bit of meat. St. Mochua, coming down from the clouds, was sorely grieved that he had not even a scrap of meat with which to satisfy the craving of his humble follower. Then suddenly he brightened up, as if he had seen a vision, rubbed his hands and fairly laughed outright; telling his companion to be of good cheer, for all would presently be well.

Meanwhile King Guairé and his Court were about to sit down to table; the four young chiefs, already mentioned, fairly devouring the dish of steaming venison with their eyes. But before any one could touch a morsel that was on the table, the dish rose slowly in the air, every other dish there doing the same; and, at a height of "about ten feet from the ground," passed out at the door in an even line, "cleaving the air noiselessly." After a moment of stupefaction, the courtiers recovered themselves sufficiently to give chase, and, headed by the King, started in pursuit of their dinner; some laughing in spite of themselves, and others swearing roundly.

Arrived at the cell of St. Mochua, the dish of venison, which was in the van, sailed right in to it, whilst all the other dishes ranged themselves in a circle on the grassplot outside. When within

five perches of the hermit's cell, the four hunters found themselves unable to advance another step, their feet feeling as if locked to the ground. Ordered by the King and his saintly brother to confess for what hidden sin they were being punished, the young man who had slain the buck admitted his guilt and took all the blame upon himself. And as they all expressed great sorrow for what had happened, as soon as the King and his company had finished eating, the saint blessed them and they immediately recovered the use of their legs. They were allowed to eat some food left in one of the dishes. But the dish of dishes—that which had held the venison—was now empty, and not one scrap of the juicy meat, for whose sake they had risked so much, did the four youths taste! The route taken by the dishes in their memorable flight is known to this day as *Bothar na Mias*, or the Road of the Dishes.

One of the most famous Holy Week pilgrimages of olden times was that made by the young people of both sexes to the Skellig Rocks. The idea was that as no marriages could be celebrated during Lent, the girls should go there to ask Heaven to send them good husbands; and the young men, to do penance for their sins. During the Middle Ages the Skellig Rocks were covered with hermit cells, the remains of which can still be seen. It was to them that the monks of a neighboring monastery used to retire for fasting and prayer during Lent.

While pilgrims to the Skellig Rocks walked in procession, tar barrels were lit to direct their steps at particularly dangerous points; for even climbers who had proved themselves expert elsewhere had to be extra cautious here. The rocks are about eleven miles distant from the mainland, and the path by which the summit is reached is both steep and narrow. The Skellig Rocks' pilgrimages, however, degenerated into

a regular Carnival as time went on, and eventually came under the ban of both Church and State.

According to a very old legend, the Skellig Rocks detach themselves from their base on the morning of every first of May, and then move out to sea to meet the rocks across the way; which, in their turn, advance to meet those of Skellig. When about halfway over, the rocks on both sides stop, and then, "like retreating ships," return whence they came, and "settle down in their proper order."

The Cross in Heraldry.

IN early pagan days, the cross was a symbol of shame and ignominy; and only those deformed or misshapen trees that could be used for no other purpose were formed into crosses. But since the Blood of Christ sanctified the Cross of Calvary, the cross has been endeared to the hearts of all Christians, and the most precious woods and metals have been formed into crosses. They were everywhere employed as symbols of life and regeneration. To the third century may be traced the custom of making the Sign of the Cross in memory of the Holy One. In the days of Constantine, Christians were accustomed to paint or engrave crosses on the entrances of their houses and workshops, as a symbol of their faith.

The history of the cross in heraldry is intimately connected with the history of civilization itself. The impetus to such a use was given by the Crusaders, who wore a red cross upon their right shoulder, as a token of the obligation they had taken upon themselves; and its form and meanings in heraldic designs are numerous. In fact, over four hundred and seven different forms have been recorded by students of biography and genealogy.

In heraldry, the cross is formed by

two perpendicular and two horizontal lines crossing in the centre of the shield. This form is modified in various ways by additions and combinations, thus expressing many meanings. It has been said that human intelligence has never devised a system so infinite in its varieties and so endless in its application as is to be found in the science of heraldry, in which figure twenty-seven basic or fundamental crosses, a few of which may be noted.

The Greek cross has all four arms of equal length, while the Latin cross has the earth end longer than the other three arms. The Calvary or Christ-Cross rests upon three steps or degrees. The Patriarch Cross is recognized by its double crossbar. The St. Andrew's Cross is an X, in token of the form of cross on which that saint suffered martyrdom by having his hands and feet bound to its four arms. The St. Anthony Cross is shaped like a T, and has its name from the cross that St. Anthony, abbot, wore upon his cloak; though the origin of this cross seems to be Egyptian.

When one remembers that every device on an escutcheon has a special meaning, being the symbol of prowess, services rendered, devotion, or other distinctive quality, one realizes how complete a historical record is furnished by heraldry, in which the Christian cross plays so conspicuous a part.

THE word "patriot" was taken from the French, where it was in use as early as the fifteenth century in the sense of "citizens," "fellow-citizens," or "compatriot." It occurs in the literature of the sixteenth century, at the end of which it was accompanied by such adjectives as "good," "true," or "worthy," which ultimately were imported into the meaning of the noun, until a "patriot" implied a good citizen.

—Joseph Chamberlain.

Religion in Country Districts.

HOW to safeguard the interests of religion in remote country districts is the subject of a very important, though somewhat desultory, paper contributed a few years ago to the Australasian *Catholic Record* by the Rev P. M. Lynch, C. SS. R. It is to be feared that the title of this article ("The Apostolate of the Back-blocks") caused it to be overlooked by many who would be deeply interested in what the writer had to say on a matter of general practicality. As in Australia, so in the United States, there are many places where churches are few and far between—where the celebration of Mass is infrequent and a sermon is even more seldom heard. As regards family devotions on Sunday or any other day, we venture to say that this practice was far more common among Catholics in remote districts fifty years ago than it is at present.

The importance of sanctifying Sunday in some other way when it is impossible to hear Mass, and the necessity of teaching children to pray, and of setting them an example of prayerfulness, can not be exaggerated. Now that we have excellent translations in full of the Missal, what plan could be better or easier than to assemble the family on Sunday, regularly at the usual hour of High Mass, for the recitation before a crucifix of the prayers at Mass and the reading of the Gospel and Epistle? As for night prayers in common, there is no good reason for omitting them any more than for dispensing with the evening meal. If the members of a family eat together three times a day, why should they not pray together at least once? Lent, by the way, would be a good time to begin this practice, so fraught with blessings. Thus well begun, it would be easy to keep it up. The following passages of Fr. Lynch's article offer some further suggestions:

The absence of frequent Mass and frequent Communion and frequent sermon and frequent public devotions proclaims the palmary importance of a strong, self-reliant, thoroughly religious spirit in the isolated Catholic home. . . . I once heard an Australian bishop tell a congregation of the success of the Rosary, when all other efforts had failed, in reuniting a disorganized family. The faith of Christ is always promoted and safeguarded by the recitation of the Rosary in the home.

Those who, on Sunday or at other times, wish additional evening prayer, have in the Litany of Loreto a favorite prayer, which should be loved by every native-born Australian. His Eminence Cardinal Moran, in an historical paper, tells us that the first church in this land was dedicated to God under the title of Our Lady of Loreto. In that church the first Mass was celebrated in 1606, when Australia was a back-block of the world. Admiral de Quiros and his Spanish companions placed the newly discovered Continent under the protection of Her whom they, too, delighted to call "Help of Christians." *Viva la fe di Cristo!* ("Long live the faith of Christ!") cried the first worshippers. The huzzas of joy have lingered in the centuries.

On a warship of the Imperial Navy a Catholic officer has organized a layman's morning service. The Catholic men assemble for their own devotion. The officer reads the beautiful prayers to be found in a Catholic Truth Society's prayer-book. The men heartily sing the well-selected hymns, and earnestly join in the responses and prayers. He reads a short instruction, taken usually from a well-known mission book. Kindness of friends enables him to circulate a large number of interesting books and pamphlets.

May we not, as stimulants of practical work, cluster around this story of the sea similar edifying stories of the land? Here is one from the Australian West: A resourceful nun gathered the children when the priest did not visit the settlement. With the aid of an English Missal, she went through the prayers of Mass. The devotions were attractive from the very start. Parents and friends came in increasing numbers with the little ones. Her simple services gradually became popular.

The moral of these examples is obvious. Where there is real, vital religion in the heart, it will inevitably find fitting expression; and the ordinary layman who is genuinely religious may on occasion approximate the effectiveness of a zealous priest.

Notes and Remarks.

Whether due to the recent visit of Mr. Chesterton, or to some other cause less apparent, there has been a great stirring of dry-bones in Toronto,—and let it be said in passing that no place on the continent is in greater need of such a commotion. As is his custom, Mr. Chesterton “said things” in a lecture delivered in Toronto,—things which, according to newspaper reports, “almost jarred his listeners out of their seats.” Perhaps it was the desire to cause the lecturer a jar—obviously a difficult thing to do—that prompted a clergyman in the audience to ask what was to be thought of the democracy of the United States. Mr. Chesterton answered that our Government, and, he was sorry to have to add, the English Government also, was not democratic, but plutocratic,—a government of the mass of the people by the wealthy and privileged few. Many other little things like this were said in the course of the same lecture,—caustic references to the cause of the World War, to the results thereof, etc.

* * *

Toronto, Ontario, Canada, used to be a hotbed of bigotry; it is still a stronghold of ultra-Protestantism. It is not likely to remain so very long, however, judging from the subjoined article which appeared in a recent issue of the *Toronto Statesman*. “No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.” Bigotry and ignorance die hard, but they die; and the final struggle leaves few to mourn the passing:

Never in the history of Christendom has there been witnessed a more degrading spectacle than that presented by the Protestant churches of this land, in the servile subjection of things spiritual to things material, when during the war they drove Christ from the pulpit and elevated Cæsar. Where shall men look for moderating and kindly influences, in days of terror and blood-

shed, if not to the temples erected for the worship of the Prince of Peace? What humanizing agency is left to mitigate the horrors of war, if the ministry of healing and reconciliation vacates the altar for the shambles? Protestantism had a special mission to fulfil when war broke out, in emphasizing the spirituality of the conflict and in lifting the eyes of humanity from the sordid and dehumanizing slaughter on the battlefields to the crowning achievement for which men fought—the defeat of War and the triumph of Peace. But Protestantism was in the grip of blind leaders, who had failed so tragically in neglecting the only preparations for war which Christian churches can make—the spiritualizing of the agencies of war as the strongest safeguard against war’s brutalizing tendencies. Empty churches, vulgar advertising, and, finally, a frank abandonment of the whole position in doctrine and morals,—these are the Dead Sea fruits that Protestantism reaped through its ungodly alliance with the State.

Speaking at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last week, former President Taft said—what is “as true as preaching”: “You can never down labor unionism, and you ought not to try to down it. The hope of the country lies in bringing together the capitalists and the wise and conservative union leaders.” In reference to the present railroad dispute, Judge Taft said further, and said well, that the employees should be allowed to negotiate through representatives of their own choosing. The time has passed when laborers could be treated like slaves. The pity is that this fact is not realized so clearly by all citizens as it is by Judge Taft. Until Capital and Labor come to some agreement, there will be constant attempts at coercion on the part of the former, and on the part of the latter greater efforts to frustrate such attempts.

Since the formation of the German Empire, the Church has engaged in battle there; her organization was splendid, her victories often surprising. Naturally the question suggests itself, What is the position of Catholics under

the new régime? Conditions are as yet too unsettled to permit of a definite answer. Legally, the Church has achieved freedom from State interference in a manner quite unknown before, but the withdrawal of financial aid will make the problem of upkeep a very serious one. The most striking fact concerning the Church in the German republic is the moral stability which she has preserved during the flood of revolution. While the framework of the national government began all at once to crumble, while the disillusioned people stood aghast, while a dozen obscure religions played to the caprice of the distraught multitude, the Church, unshaken, followed the discipline of the Captain of the Cross. Mistakes have been made, there have been danger and anguish; but the impression has been left upon Germany that if there is anything trustworthy, anything substantial in the world, it is the Bark of Peter. The spiritual hunger of the people craves food, and the offerings are very well symbolized by the declarations of two diametrically opposing champions: Ernest Haeckel, who counselled suicide as the sole remaining solace; and Bishop von Kepler, who strove above the din of modernity for "more joy."

The ease with which our enemies lend themselves to misstatements concerning Catholic organizations, and their readiness to retract these when forced to do so, has often been shown. The last resort of calumny is, of course, the pulpit; but there are ways of silencing it even there. Mr. John F. Martin, a supreme director of the Knights of Columbus, recently explained to the readers of the *Daily American Tribune* how a certain minister of the Gospel was brought to task for accusing the Order of various misdemeanors. Two letters having failed to bring any response, Mr. Martin took the matter a

little closer to the court-room. Thereupon a complete retraction was drawn up and read from the pulpit. The most interesting section of this apologetic document is the sentence which runs: "My confidence in the source of my information was further established by the fact that such documents had come to me through men who are at present occupying positions of trust and responsibility in the M. E. Church: I am now of the opinion that such evidence is not true, and was probably manufactured with some ulterior motive." This is, of course, very bland, but it does not seem to have indicated to the minister in question the unreliability of men of such "trust and responsibility" as a teaching body.

If not the passing of a saint, the death of Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, was remarkably saintlike. For many weeks he had suffered excruciating pain from a cancer in the throat; but, until deprived of the power of speech and rendered helpless, he continued to give directions for the government of the vast diocese—one of the largest in Europe—over which he had presided for twenty-six years, to write instructions, directions, circulars, and letters. At the near approach of death his days and nights were spent in prayer, his eyes fixed on the crucifix which was ever in his hand.

From many different sources, religious and secular, Catholic, sectarian, even Socialistic, have come tributes, unmistakably sincere, to Cardinal Ferrari's noble character, extensive knowledge, unwearied devotion to the cause of education, constant promotion of social activities, etc. By Catholics he is praised for apostolic zeal, tender piety, charity to the poor and the sick, solicitude for orphans, and devotion to the unfortunate and afflicted generally. Nothing in his power to do would seem

ever to have been left undone to promote the progress of the Church and the spiritual and temporal welfare of the flock committed to his care.

More enduring than any material testimony to Cardinal Ferrari's zeal and devotedness will be the memory of the saintlike patience and resignation with which he endured his long illness, and the fortitude with which he bore agonizing pain. Thousands of people of all ranks and classes flocked to his modest death-chamber to receive his last blessing and pay him a tribute of gratitude and veneration, recognizing in him a most worthy successor of St. Ambrose and St. Charles, who made the See of Milan forever illustrious.

An unusual subject for discussion in a magazine like *Harper's Monthly* is the necessity of prayer. But the editor must know what will be of interest to a good number of his readers. He is mistaken, we think, in supposing that at present there is anything like a general resort to spiritual weapons; he is unquestionably right, however, in emphasizing the need of them,—a need as urgent as it is general. Here, in part, is what he has to say:

The opinion is very generally held by so-called practical people that the affairs of this world are and must be conducted by folks who are still alive. That opinion was held more positively, perhaps, prior to 1914 than it has been since; but still it is a respected opinion, and in the main sound. The machinery of civilization must be operated by living people. They must fight its battles, make its poison gas, build and sink its ships, raise and distribute its food, put up its buildings, connect its communities, check up its diseases, and do all the other odd jobs that civilization implies. But when it comes to getting them to do them, or, as now, to cease promoting the destructive jobs and concentrate on those that support life, this exclusive reliance on the living and visible people falls down a little. Sometimes they are hard to handle, and it becomes an urgent problem now to induce them to stop destruction and concentrate on production for a while. Then there is apt to grow up a senti-

ment that there is need of outside and invisible help, and presently comes a call for it. People say: This is very serious. We are "up against it," and it seems more than we can handle. We had better pray.

The world at this writing seems to be progressing rapidly to this pious frame. It needs some outside help. The newspapers printed a New Year appeal by laymen for prayer which had forty-one signers, headed by Roger Babson and including well-known bankers, merchants, manufacturers, editors, publishers, educators, a lawyer, and a renowned surgeon, who agreed that "only spiritual remedies can cure the present ills of mankind." The newspapers also reported Mr. Harding, the President-elect, as declaring, in a letter received on January 7 by a clergyman in Bridgeport, that "prayer is a dominant factor for a successful life." . . . The laymen of the New Year appeal are right in thinking that only spiritual remedies can cure the present ills of mankind; and, it should encourage all well-wishers of the President to notice that he seems to share that opinion.

Although most people realize that the world is now "in a bad hole," as the editor-man expresses it, we very much fear that the hole will become very much deeper before the need of divine assistance in order to get out of it is realized. Nevertheless, a growing conviction that spiritual remedies alone can cure the present ills of mankind is a blessed thing.

* * *

Synchronizing with the article above quoted is a general order of the Navy Department, relating to Sunday services and the cessation from all except the absolutely necessary work on that day, both aboard ships and on shore stations. The Secretary of the Navy is evidently one of those who feel that we are "up against it," and "had better pray." To quote his words:

This order will be construed as embracing target practice and drills of every character, inspection of ship and crew, clothing inspection, issuing of small stores, and all other ship activities that violate the letter and spirit of this order. No vessel of the Navy shall begin a cruise on Sunday except in case of emergency.

In order to insure the regular performance

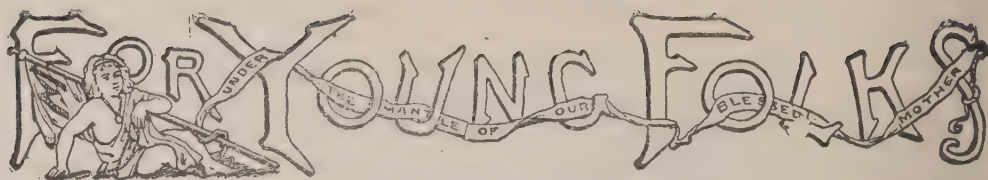
of divine services aboard the vessels of the United States Navy and at shore stations, it is further ordered that in no instance shall secular work be allowed to interfere with the holding of divine services, and that every possible assistance and encouragement be given our chaplains in the conduct of such services. A suitable compartment or room shall be designated for this purpose, and properly rigged for the occasion, and orderly quiet be maintained throughout the ship during divine services. The ship's band shall always be made available for use at divine service. When there is no chaplain attached to his ship or station, the commanding officer will arrange for, and give every possible assistance to, any naval chaplain in squadron, or adjacent, or available, who might be able to come aboard for such purpose. In case it is impossible to secure the services of a regular Navy chaplain, it is directed that commanding officers, when practicable, invite competent clergymen from ashore to come aboard and conduct religious services.

In a recent circular letter to his clergy, the Archbishop of Regina reminds them of the Holy Father's desire that, throughout the whole world, a solemn ceremony be held in honor of St. Joseph; and directs that either during the present month, as preparation for the feast of the 19th inst., or in April for the Patronage of St. Joseph, a *triduum* of prayers be observed. In a pastoral letter accompanying the circular, his Grace shows that devotion to the Patron of the Universal Church and the imitation of his virtues are means admirably suited to regenerate and save society. He writes:

"Son of the ancient kings of Juda, condemned to live the obscure life of a workman and to labor for his daily bread, St. Joseph can teach the rich to be humble; he can teach them that work dishonors no one; that it is a glorious thing here below to consecrate one's hands, one's intellect, one's power to the help of the feeble and abandoned,—of our brothers in Adam, and still more our brothers in Jesus Christ. He can teach the laborers to be content with their lot, to support

with patience the burden of the day and the heat until their entrance into that dwelling where he reigns to-day, in that place of delights where there is no hunger nor thirst nor heat nor sun. He will show to them in his person a man of the people, a workingman of their rank, seated on one of the first thrones of the Eternal Kingdom. He will teach them that God is no respecter of persons; that He loves the lowly as much as, and perhaps more than, the great; that each one will be treated according to his works; and that if he has been here below more faithful to the law of the Master of masters, the laborer will, like him, sit one day in heaven on a throne more elevated than that of princes and kings. The father of the family can see in St. Joseph the most beautiful personification of paternal vigilance and solicitude; wives, a perfect example of love, of concord, and of conjugal fidelity; virgins have in him the model, the protector of virginal purity."

A most worthy candidate for the Lætare Medal, awarded yearly at this season by the University of Notre Dame, was selected in the person of Miss Elizabeth Nourse, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She is foremost among the women artists of the United States, and has already been the recipient of high honors, having won a medal at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 for a picture now in the Musée de Luxembourg, and a certificate of admission to the Société des Beaux Arts. A large number of her works have been accepted for exhibition in the Salon of Paris; and several of them were afterwards secured for the Chicago Art Institute, the Art Museum of Cincinnati, and other American collections. Miss Nourse comes of a family of converts in Salem, Mass., and is no less distinguished at home and abroad as a Catholic than as an artist.



The Man in the Moon.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

JUST over the hill, when the winds are still
And the twilight hours are nigh,
A round, merry face comes smiling apace,
With a twinkle of fun in each eye.

He knows—oh, he knows how the children
watch
As he peeks above the hill;
He smiles as he spies their bright little eyes
As they look from the window-sill.

The wee little birds in their nest must see
As he smiles through each tall tree;
The crickets, and frogs on islands of logs,
Are all watching him peek with glee.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—GATHERING CLOUDS.

S O two, three, four, five weeks
'passed, and, to the Carter-Kings'
disappointment, Marjorie had
not tired of her new toy. That Fifine
was brightening her godmother's life,
soothing her restlessness, diverting her
from her sickly fancies, both Dr. New-
ton and Miss Marshall could see. The
games in the playroom grew more
spirited. Fifine's keen relish for the
dainty meals seemed to stimulate Mar-
jorie's fitful appetite; her soft touch
and low song at night were better than
any bromide Miss Marshall could give.

When the olden "tantrums" seemed to
threaten, Cousin Marcia was no longer
called: Marjorie's little goddaughter
crept into bed beside her, and told her
stories that dispelled the coming storm.

"An artful little minx!" Mrs. Car-
ter-King declared angrily, when Miss

Marshall reported Fifine's soothing in-
fluence. "Young as she is, she knows
how to play her cards well. She has
a soft place, and she means to keep it
as long as she can."

"I don't know," said Miss Marshall,
thoughtfully. "She seems very natural
and childish; and when I had to tighten
the braces on Marjorie's limbs the
other day (which, of course, is more or
less painful), I found Fifine on her
knees praying and crying as if her
heart would break—"

"Praying!" interrupted Mrs. Carter-
King. "Praying! I never heard of such
a thing."

"Nor I," said Miss Marshall. "But
there she was in her own room praying
that Marjorie might not be hurt very
much. The Romanists do pray about
everything, I understand."

"Romanists!" queried Mrs. Carter-
King in horror. "Do you mean that
child is a Romanist?"

"Why, yes!" was the reply. "I
thought you knew."

"A Romanist!" repeated Mrs. Carter-
King. "A Romanist! No wonder the
child is full of tricks and wiles. Her
guardian must hear of this at once. He
wouldn't allow the little wretch to stay
in the house another day. How did you
ever find her out, Miss Marshall?"

Miss Marshall smiled faintly. She
had nursed in hospitals where "Ro-
manists" held sway, and the name had
no terrors for her. But she had a good
place, especially since her increase in
salary, and did not propose to endanger
it by argument. She only answered:

"Fifine has made no secret of it. She
talks about it quite freely to Marjorie
and everyone. In fact, your own son
showed her the way to church when
Marjorie told him Fifine must go."

"My son," gasped the dismayed listener,—*"my son Bryce took the child to a Romish church!"*

"Oh, I think he only showed her the way!" said Miss Marshall. "He has friends who go there. But really," added the speaker, hesitatingly, "if you and her guardian feel so strongly in this matter, I ought to tell you that Fifine, instead of hiding her religion, is talking about it, teaching it to Marjorie day and night, showing her how to pray on beads and kiss the cross, and do all sorts of things."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "And you have allowed this to go on, Miss Marshall!"

"I had no instructions to the contrary, as you know, Madam," was the quiet reply. "I am simply Marjorie's trained nurse."

"But—but you should protect the child from such dangerous influence," continued Mrs. Carter-King, severely. "There is no telling what madness Marjorie may learn from this little wretch. We must get rid of her at once."

"It will be difficult, I fear." And Miss Marshall lifted her eyebrows expressively.

"Difficult or not, she must go," was the imperative answer. "I will speak to my brother most decidedly on the matter. As a Christian woman, I feel my responsibilities to the child, even if *you* do not, Miss Marshall."

"I am employed only to consider Marjorie's health," Miss Marshall replied; "and I must say that has been benefited by the diversion and companionship of these weeks. Her god-daughter, as she calls Fifine, has given a new interest to Marjorie; and, speaking professionally, I rather dread to have that interest removed. But of course that is not a matter for me to decide."

"It is not," Mrs. Carter-King said angrily, for she found the calm purr of Miss Marshall's tone quite madden-

ing. "The little beggar should never have been admitted into this house. I will see that she leaves it as soon as my brother returns."

For Marjorie's guardian was off on one of the business trips which he took very often now, and from which he came back, with his bushy eyebrows knit in a heavier frown, to walk the library floor half the night, chewing his black cigar. Uncle Miles was not pleasant company at these times, and his niece and nephew kept out of his way; even his sister ventured to approach him only when it was absolutely necessary.

Storm-clouds were hanging over her home, as Mrs. Carter-King knew; and she lived in a fear of which she dared not speak,—a fear that kept her peevish and irritable even to her children, so they escaped to pleasanter scenes whenever they could. Elise went off to outside friends; but Bryce found his way up to the big playroom, where all the sunbeams driven from the rest of the house seemed to have congregated under little Fifine's witching spell.

While his mother was frowning angrily downstairs at Miss Marshall's "Romish" revelations, Bryce was up in Marjorie's domain, where rugs had been pushed aside and a wide circle chalked on the parquet floor, for the game of marbles that even Marjorie's caged limbs would permit. Bryce had filled his pockets with the gayest and prettiest "alleys" he could find, and Fifine's slender little brown hands were shooting skilfully; but Bryce noticed how she contrived that Marjorie, in spite of her more awkward movement, should win.

"Look here, Josephine Marie! That's yours," he said, with a boy's blunt sense of the fair and square.

"Ah, *non, non!*" Fifine shook her head, where the loosened brown hair was beginning to curl softly under the big bow of rose-colored ribbon that

Marjorie had given her to wear. "It was because *marraine's* hand could not reach well, so I give it to her. So we played at Saint Celeste when Angèle was sick and her arm was not strong. But we had no pretty balls like these,—only the bullets."

"Bullets for marbles! Holy Moses!" laughed Bryce. "That was a grisly game."

"We found so many on the ground outside the wall," Fifine went on: "ten, twenty, thirty,—more than in English I can count."

"Gee, you must have been in the thick of things, poor little kid!" said Bryce.

"Oh, she was,—she was!" put in Marjorie, eagerly. "If you could hear all the dreadful times she had at Saint Celeste! Only black bread and beans, no butter or sugar or anything good."

"*Non, non*,—nothing good!" Fifine shook her head until the rose-colored bow fluttered. "Good things were only for the *poilus*, the sick, the dying; not for little girls,—*oh, non, non!* Ah, when I look at what is thrown away here!"

"It is better than a story-book to hear her talk," said Marjorie, regarding her goddaughter with an air of proud possession. "And it's all real and true; isn't it, Fifine?"

"Ah, yes, yes, *marraine*,—all real and true! Sadness and sorrow are always true. And it was great sadness at Saint Celeste. But, as Mother Mathilde said when we all wept over little Angèle, such is the way to heaven. In this country it is so different," and the grave little face brightened into a happy smile. "As I wrote in my letter to Mother Mathilde, here in my god-mother's land all is beauty and gladness and joy."

"Quite sure of that, are you?" asked Bryce, grimly.

"Ah, yes! Do I not see?" Fifine waved her slim little hands around her in a comprehensive gesture. "So much

to eat, to drink, to wear; so many beautiful things everywhere; so much—*ah, mon Dieu!*—to throw away. In my country we could live on what you call crumbs."

"You looked like it when I first saw you," laughed Bryce. "But you've picked up wonderfully since then," and he cast an approving look on the changed little face. "And that pretty rig you have on now suits you to a T."

"Rig!" repeated Fifine in perplexity. "Rig! What is that you mean?"

"Gown, frock, dress," explained Bryce. "You've turned out a regular swell."

"Ah!" Fifine's puzzled face brightened. "It is of my robe you speak," and she smoothed out the folds of her pretty, blue "Peter Thompson." "It was *marraine* that bought it for me; this and two others,—red with bands of silk, and one brown with a little coat trimmed all in fur; and—a—hat in the American fashion; for it is not fitting that I should wear here the little *capote* made by Sister Clarisse; and the pretty shoes" (Fifine displayed a slender, high-booted little foot), "with more buttons than I can count,—all in the American style. For I must be American now, *marraine* says, like herself." And Fifine showed her pretty white teeth in a radiant smile.

But there was no answering smile on her listener's boyish face. Bryce was thinking of the conversation he had heard downstairs; of his mother's angry threats against the "artful little minx"; of the very frail and shaky hold poor little Fifine had on this god-mother's home. He knew his mother's and sister's feeling to the young stranger,—how cold, pitiless, merciless they would be if Marjorie's fitful fancy should change; he knew his uncle to be without heart. They would cast the little intruder out of this luxurious home without a pang of remorse.

As Fifine lifted her smiling, trusting

face to his, Bryce felt as if he had trapped some bright-winged bird and was holding it caged within reach of fangs and claws. He had brought the poor little kid in. If he could only get her out to friends and safety! And his thoughts then turned to the sorrowful, scarred face of Armand Lorraine who, he felt, was in some way "shaking" Fifine, denying her rightful claim on him. There was a snaky look in those narrow black eyes, which Bryce had distrusted from their first glance.

"Queer that grandson of your Tante Louise could not remember you," he said. "Do you remember anything about a cousin, Armand Lorraine?"

"Ah, yes, yes!" said Fifine, looking up from her marbles. "He came to La Roque long ago, when I was a very little girl. So beautiful a cousin, and mamma was so fond of him. He let me ride before him on his horse. But, as Père Antoine read out in the paper at Saint Celeste, he was killed in the war."

"Killed!" exclaimed Bryce. "Then where did this other one come from?"

"That I do not know,"—Fifine shook her head. "I was so little when we left La Roque. *Bien*" (the perplexed eyes suddenly brightened), "there was one Armand Lorraine, I think, on the boat."

"On the boat?" echoed Bryce.

"*Oui, oui*,—the big boat which brought me from France. Armand Lorraine,—yes, it was so he called himself. But he was not beautiful like my cousin in France, but yellow-faced, with a scar on his cheek, and eyes that did not wink."

"That's the fellow!" said Bryce, eagerly. "You talked with him on the boat?"

"*Non, non!*" was the quick answer. "I was too frightened. Mademoiselle put me in a corner where no one could see, because I looked sick and the doctors might send me back across the ocean. *Ah, ciel!* the thought was such fear to me that I kept quiet in my little

corner where she left me, and did not move or speak. And while I was there, scarce daring to draw my breath, this man came out of the door with his wife and began talking in the French I could understand. The poor wife was in sorrow, as I could hear,—in sorrow and afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked Bryce, who, with his remembrance of the pair he had met at the Lorraine home, began to find Fifine's story very interesting.

"That I could not tell," replied the child. "But she called him by another name than Armand, and told him she was afraid, and would like to have a little house with cow and chickens, and not do the mad things for which they had come. And then he grew angry and said wicked words, and told her she might go back and leave him if she did not wish to be Madame Armand Lorraine. Many other things they said which I do not remember; but she was full of sorrow and fear, I know,—as I was myself," concluded Fifine, with a little sigh, "with this strange country coming out of the clouds before me, and not knowing what would happen to me next. Ah, what blessings and joy were waiting for me here I did not guess!"

And Fifine flung her arms about Marjorie in a rapturous hug, while her little face beamed with a delight which was more than Bryce, in his present mood, could stand; and he left the little girls to their game and escaped.

"Poor little kid!" he thought, with a queer lump rising in his throat.

Poor little kid indeed, frisking and playing, all unconscious of the ravening wolves prowling near! Poor little friendless, helpless Josephine Marie!

"There was something wrong about that snaky-eyed chap, I could swear," the boy went on. "His wife wanted to keep a cow and chickens instead of being Mrs. Armand Lorraine! Gee, I wish that poor little Josephine Marie had caught on to more of their talk. Of

course they didn't know any one that would understand them was around. The chap's wife wanted to keep a cow and chickens—ah, when a ready-made fortune was waiting for her! And was afraid,—the kid said the woman was afraid of the mad things they were going to do here. If that doesn't sound as if some shady business was ahead, I don't know what does. Now, if Uncle Miles wasn't the hard old flint he is, I'd go to him with this story; but what would be the use? He would only glare at me from under those black bushy brows and tell me to mind my own business. But, all the same, I'll have another look at the Lorraine house and see what is doing there."

And Bryce, who, wayward and careless though he was, had a warm, kind heart, started off for a reconnoissance of Tante Louise's late home,—the home that he felt should be the rightful shelter of poor little Josephine Marie.

(To be continued.)

Famous Spanish Painters.

ALONZO SANCHEZ COELLO, who died about the year 1590, was the first great portrait painter in Spain. He has left the best portrait extant of St. Ignatius Loyola, and his most famous pictures are found in the chapels of the Escorial. He was generous to the poor, and endowed a hospital at Valladolid. His pupil, Felipe de Liano, excelled in portraiture, and from the beauty of his coloring has been called the Little Titian.

Juan Fernandez Navarrete (1526-1579), called, on account of being deaf and dumb, "El Mudo," studied under Fra Vincenta, a Brother in the convent of La Estrella. While still very young he was taken to Italy; and, after visiting Rome, Naples, and Florence, he settled in Venice and studied under Titian. His principal works are in the

Escorial. In a great picture of the Nativity he has overcome a singular difficulty. Here he introduced three distinct lights into the picture,—one, the radiance that proceeds from the Holy Child; another which descends from the nimbus and permeates the whole picture; the third, from a torch held by St. Joseph. It is a singularly beautiful conception, well worthy of a Catholic artist. Navarrete is known as the Spanish Titian,—a distinction to which his talents and his industry entitle him.

Fra Juan Ricci, born at Madrid, in 1595, entered the Benedictine Order in 1626. He first went to the College of St. Vincent at Salamanca to pursue his studies; but, being too poor to pay the hundred ducats entrance fee, was refused admission. He immediately set to work with palette and brush; in twenty-four hours he completed a picture which gained him the price of admission to the College; and during his studies there he supported himself by his art. His picture, "St. Scholastica Reading," is the portrait of a little girl who afterward became a nun.

The Robin Redbreast's Ear of Wheat.

IN ages long past, a few monks came into Brittany when that country was heathen. They built a rude shed in which to dwell, and a chapel of moorstones, and then prepared to till the soil. But, alas! they had no seed. Then one of them spied a robin sitting on a cross they had set up, and from his beak dangled an ear of wheat. The bird flew away, and they secured the grain, sowed it, and next year had more; sowed again, and so by degrees were able to plant large fields, and gather abundant harvests. If you go into Brittany, and wonder at the waving fields of golden grain, the peasants will tell you all came from robin redbreast's ear of wheat.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We note with much satisfaction a third impression of "Salve Mater," Dr. Frederick Kinsman's account of his conversion to the Church. There should be many editions of so noble and helpful a book.

—A collection of Bantu folklore, illustrating the traditions and language of the peoples of Northern Rhodesia, translated by the Rev. Fr. J. Torrend, S. J., is among new publications in London. The texts of these remarkable stories, we learn, were collected with the help of the phonograph.

—A popular edition of Mr. Stephen Graham's famous book of war experiences, "A Private in the Guards," is announced; also a new volume by him entitled "The Challenge of the Dead." It was written when the author (in 1920) stood once more on the blood-drenched battlefields of Europe.

—Cardinal Gibbons' latest public service is an extended appreciation of the American Constitution. It is to be used as a text for citizenship classes in night-schools conducted by the Knights of Columbus. His Eminence stresses the safeguarding of religious liberty guaranteed by our Constitution, and incidentally pleads for a return to it.

—Although John Field, the inventor of the nocturne (1782-1837), is a composer to whom monographs have been devoted in French, German, Italian, Russian, etc., the first adequate biographical sketch of him in English has only now appeared. It is by Dr. W. H. Grattan Flood, and published by Martin Lester, Dublin, of which city, by the way, Field was a native.

—Many readers who were interested in the sketch of Victoire de Saint-Luc, a martyr of the French Revolution, contributed to THE AVE MARIA some time ago by the Countess de Courson, will welcome a fuller account of her written by Mother St. Patrick, of La Retraite du Sacré Cœur, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. Fr. Martindale contributes an inviting foreword to the book, which has a portrait of the heroine for frontispiece. Price, \$1.40.

—In an attractively printed little book, "The Message of Francis Thompson," a Sister of Notre Dame outlines the religious thought underlying the great poet's stately verse. Her essay is somewhat discursive, but manages to

convey a just appreciation of Thompson by the graceful charm of its own manner. Benziger Brothers. Price, 85 cents—a very high one for so small a book.

—The Central Society of St. Louis, Mo., has issued a timely pamphlet entitled "Infant Mortality and Nursing by the Mother," by the Rev. Albert Muntsch, S. J. The essay is a well-documented and carefully-written treatment of a most important subject.

—A dispatch from Springfield, Mo., to the New York *Herald* last week reported the discovery in a second-hand bookstore in Salt Lake City, Utah—of all places—of a copy of "A Treatise on the Nobilitie and Excellencye of Womankynde," "translated out of Latin into Englysse by David Chapman." It is dated 1584, and was printed by William Caxton, who, as everyone knows, introduced printing in England. The old book is said to be in an excellent state of preservation.

—Many general readers as well as students will welcome an authorized translation, based upon the fourth French edition, of the Rev. Dr. J. Tixeront's "Handbook of Patrology." It is a standard text-book in France. The translation is well done, and the volume is provided with a good index. The first use we made of it was to ascertain what the author might have to add to our knowledge of that "cunning clerk" of the Middle Ages, St. Isidore of Seville. There is a brief, though satisfactory, account of his voluminous writings. B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$2.50.

—When one meets a book by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., one is introduced not to a single volume but to a whole collection. In the first number of "Princes of His People" one finds oneself beginning acquaintance with "The Household of God," a series which is to include the commanding figures in God's army, on God's holy hills, and in God's secret garden. These should properly be capitalized, as they are titles of books whose contents they indicate. But what great phrases they are to stir one to heavenly patriotism over such a roll of the Communion of Saints! St. John the Evangelist, the writer chooses as the first of "The Princes of His People." The book is as little like a biography as the Gospel of St. John is like the other Gospels; yet it articulates the theme of his Gospel, and so reveals him as an evangelist in a way to make chronology de-

spair. "Life," Father Martindale says, "is the keynote of John's Gospel." He follows this theme of Life through the Gospel to its consummation in love on the Cross, and its ultimate interpretation in the Apocalypse, where Christ unseals the written scroll "and tells its meaning; for its meaning is Himself." Students of philosophy, and especially of the Alexandrian School, will find the last two chapters of the book something more than a comment on the Logos; lovers of St. John the Beloved will find themselves nearer to an understanding of that Heart on which he leaned, through Father Martindale's penetrating study of this mystic and lover and "prince of God's people." For sale in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, \$1.60.

—We are glad to see a translation into Bengali (by the Rev. A. Pailleur, C. S. C.) of Dr. Roderick MacEachen's "Simple Life of Jesus Christ," so well and favorably known in this country. Formerly the translation of such books was (sometimes of necessity) entrusted to educated natives little interested in their work. In future it will be done by the missionaries themselves. Fr. Pailleur has wisely adapted Dr. MacEachen's work instead of translating it literally. It will no doubt be eagerly welcomed by catechists and teachers throughout Bengal. Dr. MacEachen, as some of our readers may not know, is instructor in catechetics at the Catholic University of America and a member of the commission appointed a few years ago by Pope Benedict XV. to effect the standardization of catechetical works.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Mausel & Co.) 16s.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

"The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.

"A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

"Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.

"The Foundation of True Morality." Rev. Thomas Slater, S. J. \$1.40.

"Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

"Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England." Rev. F. B. Steck, O. F. M. \$2.

"Medieval Medicine." Dr. James J. Walsh. (Messrs. Black.) 7s. 9d.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. A. L. Bergeron, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Michael Aylward, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. Charles Sigl, C. SS. R.

Sister M. Praxedes, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Francis, Sisters of the Holy Names.

Mr. Charles Jordan, Mr. F. P. Fox, Miss Mary Winters, Mr. Henry Korte, Mrs. C. Ferry, Mr. Christopher Gendron, Mrs. Clara Wagner, Mr. Henry Messier, Mrs. Gertrude Clesen, and Mr. H. J. Legris.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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To help the Sisters of Charity in China: D. J. K., \$5; J. E. Dupré, \$2; M. L., \$3.

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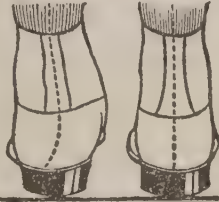
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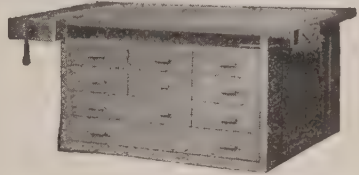
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After a very careful examination, the Committee on Text Books has approved of the adoption of the following texts and has authorized the use of these books for classes in Knights of Columbus Evening Schools:

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 19.—*St. Joseph.*
SUNDAY, 20.—*Palm Sunday.*
MONDAY, 21.—*St. Benedict, Ab.*
TUESDAY, 22.—*St. Catherine of Sweden, V.*

WEDNESDAY, 23.—*St. Victorian, M. St. Turibius, B. C.*
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FRIDAY, 25.—*Good Friday.*
SATURDAY, 26.—*Holy Saturday.*

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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 19, 1921.

NO. 12

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The Crucified.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

ABOVE the swirling sea of Hate, His face,
Immeasurably sad,
Looks out across the fields of time and space,
Sees all the good and bad;
Those eyes that wept for men grow weary
now,—

O tortured eyes, O blood-stained brow!

A pall of savage blackness hides the sky,

But not that form;

Nay, lifted like a dauntless beacon high,

Against the sleeping storm,

That figure towers for living eyes and dead,—

O nail-pierced hands, O thorn-crowned head!

His shoulders droop beneath the fearful weight

Of all the sins of men;

The earth is cracking now, the lightnings mate

With thunderclaps again;

The Temple roof is rent from east to west,—

O wounded feet, O bleeding breast!

He cries aloud, "'Tis finished!" and expires;

The silence sears like flame.

(Hate grinds the earth to dust, but Love's
hot fires

Shall heal the world's red shame.)

Above a swirling sea of Hate, He died;—

Thy mercy, Lord, Thou Crucified!

PRECIOUS indeed is the Blood of Christ; for it is the blood of an immaculate body,—the blood of the Son of God, who has redeemed us, not only from the curse of the law, but also from the perpetual death of sin.

—St. Ambrose.

The Tunic of Labor.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

RUTH, a Jewess, lived beside the eastern gate of the Holy City. Her home was humble but neat. Her husband, a gardener, had gone to work at early dawn. Their two boys, aged eight and ten, were at a school in the suburbs, kept for the children of the poor by a society of devout women, called Essenes, who lived under rule, but without vows, and were well known among the Jews. It was with them, indeed, that Ruth herself had been educated; for, early left an orphan, and her mother's sister having been a member of the community, she was taken by them. When she had come of age, she was married to their gardener, a serious and devout man who had originally migrated from distant Cyrene.

Besides preparing the meals for her husband and her children, Ruth had two special things to do that day: to prepare food for to-morrow, and to lay out the holiday garments in order, because the next day, Saturday, was the Feast of the Pasch, the greatest feast of the Law in the whole year.

The cooking for the feast of the next day and its octave was different from that of the rest of the year. It was to be unleavened bread cooked in the embers, with wild lettuce; and a lamb of one year old was to be roasted at the

fire. "You shall not eat thereof anything raw nor boiled in water."* Every devout Jew observed these ordinances to the letter.

Ruth went about her work in a religiously happy frame of mind. She had learned from the Essenes that the great Deliverer was now to be expected; for "the sceptre had departed from Juda," and their land was in the possession of Roman strangers from beyond the seas. Psalm cxiii of David, their great prophet-king, was at the time on the lips of every Hebrew. It was sung in a sweet recitative; its rhythmical expression in the Syro-Chaldaic easily lending itself to it. The Church in its Sunday Vespers has adapted this Psalm to its tenderest Gregorian tone: *In exitu Israel de Egypto*. The great poet of the Middle Ages has put it on the lips of souls leaving purgatory and departing for heaven; and Sir Walter Scott has it in English verse:

When Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the Land of Bondage came.

The day was bright and hard. A bitter wind, blowing from the mountains, drove with it from time to time hail, showers, and snow. The housewife felt the cold, but kept herself busy, now looking to the holiday garments, smoothing out creases, and cleaning them from dust and moths; and anon watching the provisions on the hearth.

Ruth's house held traditions of holiness. Before her time it was inhabited by "one Anna, of the tribe of Asser, who lived to a great age, and who departed not from the Temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Anna had been married; her husband died after seven years; and from that time till she reached the age of eighty-four, she lived alone in that house. When she was dying she left the house to the Essenes; and when Ruth was about to be married, the holy

women were insisting on giving it to her as a dowry; but her husband would not have it. He prayed them to accept the price of the house. Finally they agreed, and then Ruth and he entered into possession of it.

But a change seemed to be coming over the day. It was approaching noon. There was a mournful whistling in the wind. At one time the light had a glow as of amber or saffron; and instantly it seemed as if a huge bird with outstretched wings swooped down and shut it out altogether. Then the light returned so suddenly that it hurt the eyes; while the wind shrieked, the trumpet sounded, and the mysterious darkness seemed to oppress her with ominous foreboding and fear. Once more the Sacred Writings came to her memory: "Behold, at My rebuke I will make the sea a desert; I will turn the rivers into dry land; . . . I will clothe the heavens with darkness, and will make sackcloth their covering."*

Ruth removed the embers from under the cake she was baking, and laid it to crisp on the warm hearth. She then took spindle and distaff and began to spin the goat's hair, from which were woven some of the finest of their own wearables, as well as the most beautiful ornaments of the Temple; and in the spinning and weaving and dyeing of which the young Jewish matrons took both pride and delight. While doing so, Ruth's mind ran back to the pious traditions, of which her early teachers had spoken, regarding the holy widow Anna, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asser, who had lived in this house, and who had seen, it was said, a strange Child in the Temple, about whom she was evermore speaking "to all who were looking for the redemption of Israel." That must now be over thirty years ago.

Spindle and distaff were idle, while her mind recalled the beauty of that

* Exod., xii, 9.

* Ib., i, 2, 3.

Child, as one old Essene, a great friend of Anna's, used to repeat the description which the aged widow was continually giving of the sweet Child and His beautiful Mother. She was awakened from her reverie by two children rushing in and crying out:

"O mother, mother, will they nail our father to the cross?"

They were her two boys. Alexander, the elder, slight and dark and gentle-faced, was the very picture of his mother, and her best beloved; the younger, stout and sturdy, with red hair, resembled the father and was called Rufus. It was some time before Ruth was able to make out, from their fears and their exclamations, that as soon as they had left school they heard the soldier's trumpet; and, knowing that some one was going to be executed, they ran to see the procession.

"There were three, mother," said Alexander; "and they had their crosses; and one Man's cross was bigger than the others. O mother, he was such a weak, poor Man!"

"And, mother, He fell down all of a sudden on the road," added Rufus. "His head struck against the stones, and His cross fell on Him."

"And fancy, mother, He had on His head a crown of thorns,—thick, hard, strong thorns; a crown like a king's," said Alexander.

"And," continued Rufus, "the people kept saying, 'All hail, King of the Jews!'—mocking Him, you know, mother."

"I saw some of them coming near Him and spitting at Him," said Alexander. "And listen, mother! There was a woman close by, and I heard some one say: 'That is His Mother.' O mother, if it was you who were there, and I was under the cross!"

"Hush, Alexander dear!" replied the mother. "Don't say that, but tell me about your father—"

"And they dragged the poor Man up

from the road with the ropes they had around Him," interrupted Rufus; "and the blood fell down from His face, and spattered all about on the ground."

"And then, O mother," said Alexander, "His poor Mother came towards Him, putting out her hands; and He staggered towards her. And I was looking at her, and never saw my father till I heard the soldiers striking him with their lances, and shouting: 'Here, you fellow! Take this cross!'"

"And the two of us cried out, 'O father, father!'" said Rufus. "And one of the horsemen rushed towards us. He made his horse rear up in the air, and we thought he'd trample on us."

"But a good man, mother," said Alexander, "with a big helmet, riding a grey horse, and having a long lance in his hand, called to the soldier, 'Halt! Get to your ranks.' And then he looked, squinting like, at us and said: 'Go home, children, and don't be afraid. Nothing will happen to your father. I have two boys of the same size and age as you.'"

"And, mother," cried Rufus, "surely they won't put our father on the cross and nail him?"

"Oh, no, Rufus, they will not!"

"You may be sure, mother, that good man will not let them," said Alexander. "Oh, he was kind, mother! Don't weep. He won't let them do anything to father."

"He will not let them, children," she answered, as she put her hands round them, and, drawing them to her, kissed them, while her tears fell on their face.

Alexander raised himself up, and, putting his hands round his mother's neck, kissed her wet cheek warmly; and Rufus, having got ahead of him, hugged and embraced her vigorously. With a fat little fist he wiped away a tear from his own cheek, and then another from his mother's, and encouraged her.

"He'll be home soon, mother. Won't he, Alexander? And, mother, if they

lay a finger on him—" The result was left unsaid, but a sturdy little leg stamped on the floor.

For the sake of the children, the mother put on a cheerful face; but, desiring to see for herself, she put on her mantle and stepped to the door. On looking out, however, the gloom of the day terrified her; for "there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour,"—from noon till about three o'clock.

Remembering with a start that the children must be hungry, she lighted a lamp and took them to an inner room. They protested that they could not eat; and it was only by telling them that, as soon as they had taken something, they would all go to look for their father, that she induced them to sit at table.

Their mother in the meantime had gone to the prayer chamber. This apartment had been sanctified by the presence of the "devout Anna" herself, and because of that tradition it was put to no profane use. It contained only Anna's large ceremonial cloak, and an altar on which fresh flowers had been daily laid by the aged widow's hands as an offering to the Deity. In front of the altar stood the prie-dieu on which she used to kneel; while the window in the rear allowed the eye to gaze on the gorgeous edifice, the holy Temple of the Lord.

This was Ruth's refuge in distress. To-day she wrapped herself in the ceremonial cloak, and, bowing to the ground, sent her sighs to the prophetess that once wore it, and who now rested in the bliss and joy of Abraham's bosom. For reply she seemed to hear: "A Virgin shall conceive and shall bring forth a Son; and He shall be called Jesus, which is Saviour; for He shall redeem His people from their sins."

She was lost in thought over the strangeness of this reply to the prayer her heart had uttered, for "she spoke not with her lips." She remained

wrapt in thought till the two boys rushed in, and, devoutly falling at each side of her, whispered:

"O mother, what is it? Is the house going to fall? Don't you hear it? There it is again!"

And the mother now heard, as it were, the sound of heavy wagons rumbling along the ground, accompanied with a trembling of the earth and the noise as of masonry falling. She listened: it began again, and the sound as well as the sense of danger sent a thrill of terror to her heart. She gazed through the window that looked to the Temple. Flashes seemed to shoot and hiss around the golden turrets that were lifting their once consecrated heads into the present gloom of heaven. Footsteps, slowly creeping along, passed her door; and she heard breasts beaten in repentance, and voices deeply contrite murmur: "Indeed this Man was the Son of God!" "We have sinned in shedding innocent blood."

Then came an explosion loud and long, as of thunder, not in the air above, but in the earth beneath, shaking and rocking the Holy City from end to end. At the moment her eyes were riveted on the Temple. Perhaps it was the effect of fear, but to her gaze the main towers and the huge buttresses seemed to bend and sway as saplings in a storm. Then followed confusion and terror, while a darkness that might be felt settled down upon all.

Mother and children remained prostrate on the ground. Steps passed slowly on the street outside; breasts were beaten, and voices deeply repentant continued to cry: "This Man was indeed the Son of God." In the hush that followed the explosion, frightened cries of animals were heard; and most pathetic of all was the pitiful bleating of the lambs, which had been separated from their mothers and were destined to be slain for the Paschal celebration.

A low tapping at the outer door at length aroused them.

"That is father, mother!" exclaimed the boys.

They rose up and saw with comfort that the light of evening was gradually returning. Hastening to the outer door, they admitted their father. The sun at the moment, from between two banks of clouds in the west, flooded the open space with light. Simon, turning to the door, stood in the abounding sunshine. His tunic from the neck to the ankle, his face, his hands, his hair, his girdle,—all gleamed ruby red, transcendently bright. Mother and children, as if some hand had pressed them down, fell on their knees. With profound adoration they worshipped, not knowing what they were doing, but inspired from within.

The father, for a few moments inwardly thanking God for this grace, wholly unexpected, did not disturb them. Then calling to his wife, he desired her to lay him a change of clothing in the prayer chamber.

"The holiday garments are ready," she answered, "if they will do."

"There could not be better," he said. "From this time forward they shall serve no other but One." And, bidding her put the boys to rest, he proceeded towards the hallowed apartment.

"Will you not take supper, Simon?" she pleaded.

"No, no," he answered. "And when you are done with them, come to me. I want you."

On her return, she knelt beside him at the altar, on which the rubied tunic lay. Presently he said with emotion:

"O Ruth, Ruth, blessed be the God of Israel! I have this day found Him of whom Moses in the Law, and the prophets in their writings, have spoken! And a thousand times blessed be His holy name by all the nations of the earth, that He not only called and invited me, but forced and compelled me.

I was the ox kicking against the goad, when He took hold of me; and, though I struggled, He would not let me go till He made me see the rapturous joy and blessing of His service and His love."

"The boys told me they saw the soldiers compelling you to take up the cross of a poor Man and help Him on; and I thought it was just what you would do."

"Oh, yes, Ruth, I always liked to give a helping hand to the needy! But to-day, when I saw that poor Man, everything within me rebelled against helping Him. He was a malefactor, so said the authorities in the land. He was a blasphemer against the God of our fathers, so said all the Scribes, Pharisees, priests and princes of the people. 'Away with Him! Crucify Him,—crucify Him!' So the crowd, urged on by their betters, cried out. What was I to do,—I, a mere weed-grubber from the country? To tell all of them, whom the Law commands us to honor and obey, that they were wrong? Everything within me rebelled against helping one who was reputed a blasphemer against God and an outcast from the Law, and who was being executed most fittingly, as I thought, between thieves.

"And when I looked at Himself! On His face human spittle was hanging from His eyebrows and beard, and His own blood was mingled with it. Oh, it was shocking! And the dirt of the road was smeared on His eyes and cheeks; and a crown of thorns was driven down firmly on His head,—down to His neck, for fear it might fall off. Both of His hands, tied together, were drawn over an arm of His cross. Everything within me rebelled. Oh, how near I had been to losing the greatest blessing of my life! And to the last day of that life I will not cease blessing God that He made the soldiers beat and force me. And yet, with all their beating, I would sooner have lost the last drop of my

blood than do what they wanted me to do. But the beautiful Lady who was near smiled sadly on me, as if asking me to help; and immediately I put my arms about the poor Man's cross.

"O Ruth, if I were to live all the years of Noah or Methuselah, I could not tell you the joy! In my transport I would have carried the whole cross; but He signified to me that He was to carry as much as He was able, even to the ounce. It looked to me as if there were scales and weights,—as if whatever in the balance of the sanctuary He could carry, that amount He was to carry; and I was to bear the rest, which indeed was very little.

"On the upper arm of the cross I seemed to read inscribed, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, that I should preach the Gospel to the poor'; on the lower arm, 'I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked My hair; and I hid not My face from shame and spittle.'

"I had hardly read the lines, when out from a fashionable house came a tall, elegant woman. She held a long towel in her hands. The procession stood. She raised the towel and for a moment pressed it against His face. She withdrew it and folded it quickly; but a breath of wind opened it, and I saw there—O Ruth, as plain as I see you!—the image of His wondrous face imprinted on it.

"He moved on a few steps. I saw Him stagger. I tried to lift the cross and save Him from falling. As I put my hands near Him, my whole past life, like a horrid phantom of iniquity, came between me and Him. I groaned from the depths of my heart: 'Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of Thy mercies blot out my iniquity. More and yet more wash me from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.' Then I saw the woeful thing sin is. 'Create a clean heart in me, O

God,' I cried, 'and renew a right spirit within my breast! Cast me not away from Thy face, and withdraw not Thy holy Spirit from me.'

"It was painful to see the merciless way they were pulling Him up with the cords. I made an effort once more to raise Him, but again something drove me back. It must have been my sins, for I cried, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!'

"We stood now in the gate, and as we issued from it a number of holy women met us. At one glance I recognized your aunt, the Essenian, among them. Some of the rest wore habits like the Galilean women. They shook out their hair, and flung their hands on high; and they cried so piteously that the soldiers stood still in wonder. The cry was echoed by the city walls, and rang through the open vale. He stood erect, and spoke to them as calmly as if He were in the Synagogue teaching. 'Weep not for Me,' He said. Oh, that was the amazing thing! Never a thought about Himself, not the least murmur or complaint. All was about others. 'Weep for yourselves and your children.'

"As we ascended the rise towards Calvary, we met persons coming in from the country, and they began to scorn and mock Him: 'Vah! Thou that destroyest the Temple!' At this the Scribes and Pharisees, egging on the people, cried: 'He called Himself the Son of God.' And the multitude answered: 'Away with Him! Crucify Him,—crucify Him!' While they spoke He fell again. The Pharisees came near the executioners who held the ropes, and said to them: 'Drag Him up out of that. Are you going to let Him die on the way? If you do, we'll see you don't get your pay.'

"The executioners beat Him unmercifully; and when I went between, they struck me, and knocked me down beside Him; and I could hear Him whispering: 'Father, forgive them; for

they know not what they do.' And I thought it so beautiful that I said it, too. Then He turned and looked at me, and said with a sweet smile: 'Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute you.' O Ruth, how we should love Him!

"At last we reached the top of the hill, and He was laid on the cross. My heart almost broke for the poor Mother when the sound of the hammering of the nails fell on our ears. There she stood, calm, but evidently suffering intense agony. I must have seen that beautiful face before, but I can not remember where; and all evening it has been coming and going through my mind.

"The bungling of raising up the cross and dropping it into the socket was horrible. One would pull this way, another that way; and there were low, vile jokes and maudlin cries—'Heave-ho! Heave-ho!'—for I think they must have been drunk. Oh, it was shocking! At length the cross dropped into the socket with a thud; the body shivered, and I thought it would fall. Oh, God help that poor Mother! I kept looking at her sweet, sad face.

"O Ruth, the very minute the body stopped trembling, the men cried out: 'Let Him come down from the cross now, and we will believe in Him. He said that God was His Father: let Him deliver Him, since He delights in Him.' But aloud came the answer,—the whole crowd heard it: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

"At that moment it became dark,—a great deal darker than it had been. The loud, gentle voice and the beautiful prayer, and the unearthly darkness, brought a change to many; and they went down the hill, beating their breasts and crying: 'Of a truth this Man was the Son of God!'

Ruth, who was weeping for the Victim so cruelly outraged, now said:

"Yes, Simon, the men passed this

way; they were beating their breasts, and crying out sorrowfully: 'We have sinned in shedding innocent blood.' And the two children were sorely afraid when the house began to rock and the day became like night."

"In that darkness—oh, the sweet thing that took place!" resumed her husband. "The three crosses stood in a form like the bend of a bow. The tallest was in the middle, and bore the inscription, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.' Each of the three men could look on the other two, and they could hear one another speak. The one on the right hand of Jesus might have been about His own age. He was small and slight, and had a gentle face. The other was bigger and older. He had a bold, brazen face.

"When the Pharisees saw the words, 'King of the Jews,' they gathered like wasps around the cross. 'How dare He say "King of the Jews"! How dare Pilate write so!' they shouted, with the venom of asps. 'King of the Jews indeed! A curse on the King of the Jews!' said the man on the left. He made a horrid grimace and turned away his face. The man on the right was shocked, I think, by what the other had said.

"The darkness was now so intense that we could hardly see the crosses. The Pharisees must have been terror-stricken, for they slipped away one by one. In their stead came the beautiful Mother and a young man with a face almost as innocent as the Face on the cross. For a moment all were silent. Then Jesus looked lovingly on His Mother, then on the young man by her side, then on the man on the cross at His right, and He cast a long, wistful look on the man at His left. The Mother followed His eyes,—and, Ruth, I saw them both look at *me*! Jesus then said: 'Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy Mother!'—as if she were commissioned to take us as her

children, and we were to look upon her as our Mother. Oh, what a happiness! But wait till you hear the rest!

"The bold man at the left turned, and in a rage began to spit at Him. 'This Thy Mother, and God Thy Father!' he hissed. 'If God be Thy Father, take Thyself and us down from the cross. For, understand, we should still be in prison, and not here, only that they wanted two highwaymen to grace the triumph of God's Son to Calvary, and that the King of the Jews might be reputed among thieves.' He turned away scornfully, and wrenched his hands and feet with the strength of a giant: I thought he would tear them from their fastenings. But the man on the right said to him: 'For shame! You know well that you and I suffer what we deserve, but what evil hath this Man done?' He looked at Jesus and in a supplicating voice prayed: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!'

"O Ruth, all the sweet sounds of all the earth were nothing to the sweetness of Jesus' answer: 'Amen I say to thee; this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.' Thousands of years could not wipe from my memory the sweetness and gladness of that answer. You would think that He was waiting to draw His last breath only for the salvation of that soul; for shortly after He cried out with a loud voice: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit!' And, bowing down His head, He gave up His life."

(Conclusion next week.)

GOD listens like a watchful parent to every cry that ascends from earth; and to His loving Heart it is not only the voice which *cries*: it is all sorrow, all suffering, all trial; and Jesus hears with a loving, tender compassion. He does not always *heal*—for sorrow has its mission,—but He always consoles and encourages.—*ANON.*

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

III.

NEXT morning Hamelin knocked at the door of the studio. It was about ten o'clock; the day was rainy, and Hallé had not gone to Mass. Once more he seated himself in front of the picture, behind which the unfinished Madonna had again been placed after the visit of the Curé and his friend, who wished to order an altar-piece for his church at some distance from Paris.

"Will you not let me try my hand this morning?" asked Hamelin. "It is not fair that you should be doing all the work, Monsieur."

"Never mind,—never mind!" answered Hallé. "I shall finish Jason, because I have begun him. And now go on with your story. It interests me deeply. By the way, were you at Mass this morning?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And the 'family reasons'?"—this with a chuckle.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"You are very pious."

"Monsieur, the church is the only place where I can see her."

"You could easily meet in a worse place, Hamelin. Now proceed."

"After my father had spoken to me in so harsh and pitiless a manner, I left the house and walked in the direction of the Luxembourg Gardens, as the hour was early, the season cold, and there were not likely to be many persons abroad. I wanted to be alone. Presently it began to rain, and I found myself taking shelter under the very tree in which the toy balloon had been caught ten years before. It was quite a large tree, and I believed myself to be the only person in the vicinity, when I heard a slight cough; and, looking around, I saw a female figure enveloped in a heavy grey cloak, with the hood

drawn over her head to protect her from the rain. She perceived me at the same moment, and changed her position for one nearer my own. I then saw that it was Madame Dumont, the mother of Mademoiselle Victorine. She spoke at once, saying:

"Dear Monsieur Hamelin, you look distressed. Has any misfortune happened to you or your family?"

"My heart was so full of what had occurred but an hour before that I poured it out to her at once. I made some reservations, however. I said that I loved a young lady very dearly, but that my father would not give his consent to my asking her in marriage, as she was above me in station, and that he was fully convinced her parents would not give her to me."

"And you did not mention the young lady's name! *Why*, my friend?"

"I was afraid. I could not have endured another disappointment that morning; my heart was too sore."

"And she did not ask?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur! She is too fine for that,—has too much delicacy."

Hallé said to himself, "That boy is a true gentleman at heart"; and aloud he asked:

"Was she sympathetic?"

"Yes, Monsieur. And, strange to say, in the bottom of my soul I felt that she knew of whom I was speaking."

"You divined that, too; did you?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I did."

"Love is like that. It has magic ways of finding things out. How did she receive your confession?"

"After I had told my story she took my hand, there, under the beech tree, in the rain, and she said:

"Do not be discouraged, my dear boy! You are young; you have talent. Work hard and you will succeed. If you do, I believe that in two or three years you will be in a position to marry the girl of your heart, if she loves you as I have no doubt she does."

"And how could you know that, Madame?" I asked, eager for a fragment of encouragement.

"Because," she went on, "your devotion is doubtless visible to her; and, had she not shared your feelings, she would have treated you with indifference, or even worse. Has she done so?"

"Oh, no, Madame!" I replied. "She has always been most kind."

"Very well," she answered; and what followed left no doubt in my mind as to her knowledge of the object of my love, as well as her sympathy with my situation. "Monsieur," she said, "come to my house this afternoon, and I shall introduce you to my cousin, Monsieur Deshorties, who is wealthy and has seen your portrait of Victorine. He admires it so much that he wishes you to paint one of himself, for which, if it pleases him, he is willing to pay you a hundred francs. This commission will bring you others, as he is a man who has many friends. Now the rain has ceased and the sun is beginning to shine. It is a good omen on this wintry day. I shall expect you this afternoon." She gave me her hand, small and delicate like that of her daughter; and I kissed it with the greatest respect. O Monsieur, I was so happy!"

"It is evident that the lady was fully aware of the identity of your innamorata," remarked Hallé. "But I find it most amusing that neither of you mentioned it to the other."

"I could not, and Madame would not. Delicacy would not permit her to do so; for if anything had gone amiss it might have been embarrassing to that most charming and excellent of women."

"*Tiens*, but that fellow has instincts above the bakery!" thought Hallé. "There is good blood in him somewhere." Of Hamelin he inquired: "Did the cousin like your portrait?"

"Very much. I did it in three sittings. He is not at all handsome. I tried to make a faithful likeness, but I

am afraid I flattered him—a little, Monsieur. After I had finished it, and ordered a gilt frame for it at his expense, which cost him fifty francs, he commissioned me to paint 'The Golden Fleece.' It appears that he is very fond of mythology, and particularly of that legend. He offered me a thousand francs to finish it by a certain time; and, what with the fear that it might not be a success and my haste to complete it, I made a botch of it, as you have seen."

Hallé rose from his seat in front of the picture and bade Hamelin take his place.

"I have put it in trim for your finishing touches," he said. "I have done all the work on it which I can in justice do. The rest is easy. I will stand by your side as you paint."

The young man took the brush in his fingers and followed Hallé's directions as to light and shade. A dash of color here, a softening touch there soon made it a much better picture than it had originally been. They worked until nearly dusk, when Madame Hallé appeared and reminded her husband that the doctor had said he must not spend the whole day in the studio.

"But that was when I was not feeling well, Michelle," he answered. "I will stop in a few moments."

At last, satisfied with the great improvement which had been made in the painting, Hallé said:

"I think it will do now, Hamelin. M. Deshorties may come to-morrow, at eleven, for my decision."

"He knows you are an expert, and I fancy he will be quite satisfied with it," said the young man, with a bright smile. "He is no judge of painting himself."

"So much the better," replied Hallé. "Now go home, eat a good supper, and retire early. You must not only be feeling fine and hopeful in the morning, but you must appear so."

"Monsieur, I can never be grateful enough for what you have done," said the young man, as he stooped to kiss the painter's hand. "But I shall never forget it."

"Tut, tut!" replied the old man. "It is nothing; it is little enough to have gladdened a young and virtuous heart."

When he had gone, Hallé called Catau to replenish the fire. At the same moment Madame Hallé again opened the door leading to the dining-room and called out:

"Are you coming, Claude?"

"Yes, Michelle. We have finished and I am quite hungry."

"We have finished!" repeated his wife when they had said grace and were seated at table. "You make me laugh with your subterfuges, Hallé. You are always so soft and transparent that a child could fool you. Do you know what it will be now?"

"No. What do you imagine?" asked Hallé, unfolding his napkin; for the soup had just been placed on the table.

"Imagine?" echoed Madame Hallé. "I do not imagine: I *know*."

"Well, what do you know, then?"

"That the popular verdict will be this: either that young Hamelin has painted a (for him) extraordinarily good picture, or that Claude Hallé loses his reputation as an artist to endorse something which the purchaser may find far from what he expected it to be."

"The purchaser expects nothing. He is no judge of pictures, and I doubt not would have been satisfied if—"

"The nose of Jason was very crooked and the eyes of Medea a double squint. Even that good-for-nothing Lancret would not have dared palm such a caricature upon the honest man. You must save himself and his pupil."

"I do not see how Lancret will benefit by it at all, I must confess," said the painter, thoughtfully.

"I do! A blind man could see it. He knows that your verdict, if favorable,

would be a feather in his own cap,—Hamelin having been his pupil; and he also knows (as well as I know that you are spilling your soup on your napkin this minute) that you would remedy the defects with your own hand.”

“But listen, Michelle. I was obliged to touch it up a little. That is often done, as you well know. The master now and then puts his brush at the service of his pupils. It requires years and years of labor to arrive at perfection. It is not expected, then, of novices to produce works beyond criticism. If you knew the little story connected with the painting, you would regard the matter in a different light.”

Madame Hallé dearly loved a bit of gossip.

“Tell it to me, then.”

Hallé thereupon related what Hamelin had told him of the circumstances leading to the painting of the picture. When he had finished, she said:

“Well, he is not at all modest in his aspirations, that little painter! Yet there must be something about him more than we—at least I—can see to win the favor of both mother and daughter. Mademoiselle Victorine Dumont could do much better, from a worldly point of view at least. She is pretty and will have a nice dowry. Besides, she is an only child. I know myself that M. Abel Fresne wanted her, but the parents were not willing to part with her so soon.”

“M. Abel Fresne, that dyspeptic broker!” exclaimed Hallé. “He is as old as, if not older, than the father, I am sure.”

“He is worth a great deal of money. And I have heard that there was also some question of M. Charles Blanc, the jeweler in the Rue Valentin.”

“A widower with four children,” again cried Hallé, “and immensely fat! Who would think of marrying such a man to that beautiful creature?”

“That beautiful creature,” indeed!

So you have seen her? Is it possible?”

“Yes, I have seen her.”

“When and where, may I ask?” inquired Madame Hallé. “I have never heard you mention it before.”

“I saw her at Mass the day before yesterday.”

“And you went to Mass again early this morning without telling me!”

“You would not have allowed me to go, if I had informed you of my intention.”

“Certainly not. I suppose after this I shall have to get up by candlelight to forestall you.”

“Oh, no, Michelle! I did not go this morning.”

“And how did you know it was she?”

“I saw two women. They were behind me. The younger one dropped her candle. It rolled in front of me; I picked it up and presented it to her. It was then I saw that she was beautiful; and later Hamelin, who was at Mass also, stood talking to them in the vestibule. When he came to the studio, while we were working together, he told me who the women were. And now, Michelle, I have a question to ask you.”

“Out with it! I am always open and above board.”

“How is it that you know so much about the Dumonts, even to the name of Mademoiselle’s suitors?” inquired the painter, with a twinkle in his eye.

“Because I do not dwell in the clouds as you do, nor am I willing to live up on air. I must go every morning to buy the provisions to keep you alive, and while purchasing them I do not hold my head up in the air, or assume a severe and suspicious expression of countenance: I chat with my neighbors and so hear many things, good and bad. But I will do myself the justice to say that I do not lend an ear to scurrilous talk or slander. And people know that, I assure you, Claude.”

“I believe it,” said the painter. “I

have lived with you nearly forty years, Michelle."

Madame Hallé sighed.

"The fellow may not be so bad," she remarked. "And it is so beautiful for husband and wife to grow old together!"

"Now you are talking as I like to hear you," said Hallé. "Youth should mate with youth, say I."

After a few moments' silence Madame Hallé remarked:

"He is not bad-looking, either. The father should not be so severe. Yet who can blame him?"

"You remember how your own father was with me?"

"He wanted a government official, gouty and cross, for a son-in-law."

"Yes. Fathers are all alike. Have you forgotten my stubbornness with our own son?"

"You were unbearable at that time, Hallé. You thought he *must* be a painter and nothing else."

"He is most successful as an architect, I admit; but the world goes around, Michelle, and history repeats itself. Let us be just to the baker, whose business will probably go to pieces when he dies."

"Yes, that is the rub," said Madame Hallé.

(To be continued)

For Our Lady Mary.

BY L. J. HANFORD.

AS the wood thrush loves the dying day,

As the wild rose loves the dew,

As the thirsty field loves summer rain,

So I love you.

As the scholar loves the touch of book,

Pages uncut and new,

As the sailor loves the foaming sea,

So I love you.

Oh, the world is made for happiness

Under a sky of blue,

And I know God smiled that happy day

When He made you!

A Pastoral Letter of the Olden Time.*

EPISCOPAL Authority, Dear Brethren, of which You and your Catholic Ancestors have been long deprived being lately, by a merciful Providence of God, and the Piety of His Majesty, restor'd unto you; and Our Persons, tho' unworthy of such a Dignity, made choice of to bear the Weight, and undergo the Sollicitude annexed to it: We have judged it proper, before We separate Our selves in order to a Discharge of Our Duties in the respective Counties committed to Our Care, to join in a common Address unto You All, hoping that what comes thus directed by an united Application, will make a deeper Impression on your Minds, and dispose you to an easier Compliance with the Fatherly Admonitions which every one in his particular District shall think fit to be made unto you.

Your Condition for many years past hath been such, as enabl'd you to manifest a stedfastness in your Religion, rather by suffering for it in your own Persons, than by contributing actively towards the planting it in the Minds and Hearts of your Fellow-Subjects. The Exercise of it hath been private and precarious, tending rather towards the Preservation of it in your selves, than a Propagation of it in others. But now you are in Circumstances of letting it appear abroad, and of edifying your Neighbors by professing it publicly,

* "A Pastoral Letter from the Four Catholic Bishops to the Lay-Catholics of England, London: Printed by *Henry Hills*, Printer to the King's most Excellent Majesty for His Household and Chappel; and are to be sold at his Printing-house on the Ditch-side in *Black-Friers*. 1688."

Some idea of the sensation caused by this Letter is conveyed by the endorsement of the original contemporary owner of this rare document: "A most Impudent Pamphlet in a Protestant Country."

and living up to the Rules prescribed by it.

We need not tell you what Obligation you lie under on this Account, and how unjustifiable your Behavior will be in the Judgment of God and Men, if it be not conformable to those Rules, if the Liberty you enjoy of professing your Religion be not improved into Practices suitable to the Sanctity thereof, and if the Truth of your Faith be not manifested by an Exemplarity in your Lives.

Charity, which the Apostle declares to be the End of the Law, is the Virtue by which your Faith is to operate, and be kept alive: Your Understandings may be united without it, but your Hearts cannot. This latter Union is that which maintains the former, and renders it useful towards obtaining the End for which it is bestowed upon you.

We cannot mind you of this important Duty with words more expressive of what We desire, than those which the same Apostle made use of to exhort the *Ephesians*: *We conjure you, as he did them, to walk in a manner worthy of the Vocation by which you are called, with all Humility and Meekness, with Patience supporting one another in Charity, solicitous for maintaining the Unity of Spirit in a Bond of Peace.*

You see of how great Concern this Unity of Spirit is unto you, by the care which the Apostle takes to have it well guarded. You likewise may observe the quality of the Guard which is set to secure it. The imployment of ordinary Guards is to secure Peace, but here Peace it self is appointed to be the Guard: Peace, first, with God, by an entire submission to the Orders of his Divine Providence; from which con-naturally follows a Peace within yourselves, and a Peace with your Fellow-Subjects.

As Peace is a secure Guard to the Spirit of true Religion and Piety, so it is by the Apostle ranked in the third

place amongst the Fruits of the Spirit. The Soul centers in God by Charity, and finding there an entire Satisfaction, rests in Peace.

Our Intention in exhorting you to a Practice of Charity, is not that it be confin'd to persons of your own Religion: Such confinement would be a destruction of it; for true Charity hath no Bounds. You must love those of your Religion, because they are so; and others, that as they profess themselves to be Christians, they may become Members of the Catholic Church. You must evidence your Love towards these, by an inoffensiveness in your Behavior.

The memory of past hardships which you have suffered from some amongst them, may be apt to create provoking Animosities, and the Liberty you now enjoy may possibly tempt you to insult over those who formerly abridged you of it: But it must be your care to prevent or suppress all such irregular Motions. You must endeavor to tread in the Footsteps of our Divine Master, who was so far from making such passionate returns, that he did not forbear, even in the height of his Persecutions, to signalize the Excess of his Charity to those who were guilty of them. St. Peter puts you in mind of this, proposing the Example of Christ to your imitation; who, when his Enemies treated him with most outrageous Language, was far from answering them in the same Dialect: When he was provok'd by them to the highest degree of a just Indignation, he did not so much as threaten them with the exercise of his Power. The same Apostle leaving us a Character of true Christians, declares, *That they must be unanimous, compassionate, Lovers of the Brotherhood, merciful, modest, humble, not rendring evil for evil, railing for railing; but on the contrary returning Blessings to those who treated them in this manner.*

Now if in quality of true Christians

you ought to live up to this Character; if you ought to make it good in the most provoking circumstances that Providence might place you in; what is to be expected from you in these which at present you are favored with? You are indulg'd a public Exercise of your Religion; a great part of the Nation, whose Persuasion in Points of Religion doth differ most from Yours, and which in time past hath been severe upon your Persons, is willing to enter into a Friendly Correspondence with you; and if some others do repine at your being Sharers in the Liberty which themselves enjoy with much greater Advantage, the most effectual means to convince them of their Error, is to edifie them by your good Example.

You live under a Prince of your own Religion, to whom, next unto God, you owe this Felicity. You have his Power to protect you in the free Exercise of your Religion, and his Example to encourage your discharge of this Duty in a most edifying manner. His Majesty's assiduosity at the Divine Service, and other Functions perform'd in his Chappel, notwithstanding the multitude of weighty Affairs, which might frequently excuse him from such Attendance; the respectful Posture in which he performs this Religious Duty, and which argues a Presence of Mind no less than of his Body, cannot but invite you, both as good Catholics and good Subjects, to a Conformity with so Eminent a Pattern. What business can dispense you from discharging these Obligations, when you see His Majesty under the Weight of the whole Government so punctual in His Compliance with them?

It may seem needless to suggest unto you another Obligation you lie under, not only of a passive Obedience to His Majesty's Orders relating to the Government, but also of an active and cheerful Concurrence with Him therein: Your own Safety and Interest

being concerned in this, and depending on it, are sufficient Inducements for your endeavoring to give full Satisfaction in this Point.

His Majesty hath been graciously pleased not only to favor you with His Royal Protection, but moreover to honor many amongst you with a share of the Government under Him. He hath admitted you to Employments both Civil and Military from which by the severity of our Laws you have formerly been excluded: He hath plac'd you in Circumstances of manifesting to the World that it was neither want of Loyalty nor Ability that occasion'd your former Exclusion: He hath capacitated you hereby to remove the Prejudices which in former Reigns your Religion and Persons have lain under. So that henceforth there will be no reason to apprehend your being Sufferers, or that your Fellow-Subjects will be preferr'd before you in management of public Trusts on these accounts, since Religion is no longer a Bar to your Preferment.

We therefore earnestly desire those amongst you who are already in Offices, so to behave themselves in them, that neither His Majesty may have occasion to repent, nor His other Subjects to repine at the Choice he hath made of them. We exhort those who are not yet in public Employment, to bear their Lots with Modesty and Patience, without murmuring or Envy. We conjure you all to abstain from speaking or acting any thing that may seem to have the least indecent reflection upon the Government. The Councils of Kings are Sacred, as well as their Persons: and it is a kind of Sacrilege in Subjects to be too bold with either: Their Duty is, not to approach their Persons but with respect, nor discourse of their Councils without submission.

Let every Soul (We speak to you again in the words of St. Paul—Rom. 13) *be subject to Higher Powers; for*

there is no Power but of God, and those that be, are ordained of God: Therefore he that resisteth Power, resisteth the Ordinance of God; and they who resist, do purchase to themselves Damnation.

What in this Text of the Apostle is said of Higher Powers, must be understood not only of the Supreme Authority which is seated in the King's Person, but proportionably also of that which His Majesty is pleas'd to impart to His Ministers of State, and other Magistrates in their respective stations. It is the King that acts principally in, and by those Subordinate Officers: His Royal Character being stamp'd upon them, challengeth respect from the rest of His Subjects, and renders their failings therein a Trespass in some measure against Majesty it self.

Having thus minded you of the general and more substantial Duties incumbent on you, We do not judge it either necessary or proper to descend at present to such others as are of a more special Nature: Occasions hereafter will not be wanting of inculcating these, when We enter upon Our respective Provinces, where we are to dedicate Our Labors to Your Spiritual Improvement, and where We hope to find such Dispositions, as by rendring Our Pastoral Sollicitude profitable to you, may make it easie and comfortable to Our selves. Pray for Us: *And the God of Peace, who brought out from the dead the great Pastor of the Sheep in the Blood of the Eternal Testament, our Lord Jesus Christ, fit you in all Goodness, working in you that which is pleasing in his sight.*

Your most affectionate Servants in Christ,

John Bishop of Adramite. V. A.

Bonaventure Bishop of Madaura. V. A.

Philip Bishop of Aureliople. V. A.

James Bishop of Callipoli. V. A.

THE motto of the knights of old was, "God and Our Lady."

Gerrit's Promise.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

GERRIT HARDENBROCK was on the lookout. Shading his eyes from the sun, he stood at the "water gate," near the Old Slip, apparently absorbed in the oyster fishers setting out for their rich spoils. In his intent gaze there was something of eagerness; in the clear blue of his eyes shone a light; while the salt breeze blew on his lean brown cheeks. For in the foreground of the picture, at a little distance from where he had stationed himself, he could descry Jannetje, the daughter of Jan Wessels, who was busy washing fine linens at the foot of the Maid's Path, and with strong young arms spreading them out to bleach on the rocks.

The girl was tall and slender, and her hair shone like spun gold in the sun. Gerrit was picturing to himself how she would look in her Easter finery; while the hope swelled high in his bosom that she would permit him to escort her on the festival day to the little Dutch church, with its yellow glazed bricks, which he had so often tried to count as a boy; and after church they would walk on the Broadway together,—all of which was equivalent to the announcement of a betrothal.

With infinite difficulty he had written a letter in which he had begged her to consent to that daring proposal. And yet it was not so audacious, after all, he reflected; for was he not a member of the Hardenbrock family, honorably known in the Colony since the days when the great Petrus Stuyvesant had ruled its destinies, or Wouter Van Twiller had strengthened the Fort and laid down strict rules for the garrison? And if Jannetje was tall, was not he himself fully six feet high, and so

nearly a head taller? If he had not great worldly wealth, still his family were more prosperous than the Wessels; and he was the owner—quite independently of his parents—of a pretty, little farm in Smit's Valley, with an apple orchard which would soon be white with blossoms, and cider presses that would be running in the autumn. He had two oyster boats on the Bay, and was part owner of a sloop that made mercantile excursions as far as the West Indies. He had a clock which had been one of the first brought into the Nieu Netherlands by his grandfather; and some fine old china which had been the gift of his grandmother, and which would delight the housewifely soul of Jannetje.

As for beauty, well, there she surpassed him as the moon does the stars. But men have no need of comeliness, given instead brawn and muscle for the rough work of clearing the lands and farming, while protecting the women and children from the Indian raids. Gerrit himself had a scar from the knife of an Indian brave, which in the eyes of many but added to his fine, manly countenance, and was in keeping with his muscular figure. He himself knew that he was well built and not thickset nor clumsy, like some that aspired to Jannetje's hand.

Yet, so far, the girl had not answered his letter, nor given that permission for which he was so tremblingly eager. With the modesty of a true lover, he feared to ask for a reply which might be unfavorable; for no man knew just what Jannetje would do. She was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve, nor proffer encouragement until the suitor had definitely spoken. He was thinking of all the things he might buy for her, if she would but give him hope. The colored Easter eggs, the many symbolical trifles with which the shops were filled, would please her.

Becoming impatient, Gerrit forsook

the oyster fishers and drew near to where the girl was still busy at her task. He entered the Maid's Path, and saw with satisfaction that she was alone. He chose a place behind a rock, where she would have to pass on her homeward way. The girl, having placed the last bit of linen where it would best catch the sun, desisted from her task, and threw back her head; while her clear, strong voice sounded in a joyous, triumphant strain, which stirred the listener's pulses and made him feel the beauty of the spring and the gladness of reviving Nature.

People knew not what to think of that hymn, which the girl had often been heard to sing, because it was different from those they had been accustomed to hear in the meeting house. Jannetje herself knew that it was a Catholic hymn, which she had learned from a family of the French of Canada who had lived for some years close by the Wessels' dwelling. There had been father and mother, and a daughter who had been Jannetje's friend. This hymn which they had sung always seemed to express better than any other the spirit of the joyous Feast of Paas. The notes rang out pure and high over the river, and to the wooded slopes where the Manhattan tribe of the "Wilden," or Red-men, had their camp.

That Easter song, with its recurrent "Alleluia! Alleluia!" somehow made the expectant lover uneasy. He advanced a little nearer; and Jannetje, turning suddenly, caught sight of him.

"Gerrit!" she exclaimed,—*"Gerrit!"* And his name uttered by the beloved voice thrilled the young man with delight. "Why do you hide?" she inquired. "There is naught to be ashamed of in the letter which you wrote."

"It did not displease you?"

"Nay, since I can give such answer as I will."

"Jannetje," the young man pleaded,

"you will not keep me in suspense, but answer 'Yes' or 'Nay'; and if it be the latter, I shall go away from these Colonies, for a space of time at least. My decision is made."

"Where will you go, Gerrit?"

"Why, out on the trail with the trappers of Canada, or down to the seas on a brigantine."

"That would be a pity," observed Jannetje, with the suspicion of a laugh in the quiet tones. "And all for love of me?"

"That is as I have told you!" cried the lover; for he felt that she was playing with the subject. He could not see her face, for she had turned it from him; but her shining hair fairly dazzled him. "It is no new subject between us," he went on; "and I ask you now (it may be for the last time); will you walk to church with me on Sunday, and sit beside me in the pew, that all men may know our troth has been plighted?"

"You are not patient, Gerrit, as becomes a wise wooer," the girl replied gravely. "But I will walk with you on Sunday, and sit under the old Dominie with you, that all men may know our troth has been plighted."

In his delight, he would have seized her in his arms; but she waved him back, as she continued:

"But there are two conditions which must be fulfilled, and both are good ones—"

She paused. Gerrit gazed anxiously at her fine, strong face, radiant now with a new light, as she added in a voice that gave evidence of deep emotion:

"On Saturday there will be the shooting match, in which you are to take part. It is essential for our happiness that you win; for that lot which the worthy Master Bennett has put up as the prize adjoins your property. It will make your worldly wealth very nearly equal to that which other suitors can

offer, and so will win my parents' consent."

Her face looked suddenly sad and troubled as, seating herself on a rock, and motioning Gerrit to a place beside her, she explained that the second condition would be more difficult.

"It is long ago now, when I was a girl just coming out of childhood, that there lived close to us a family of the French of Canada. Their daughter was my friend. The father and mother are dead, and the daughter is a nun. For know, Gerrit, that they were of the Catholic Faith."

"Yea, Popish idolaters!" cried Gerrit, hastily.

"Say but that word again," exclaimed Jannetje, flaming into wrath, "and no troth will I plight to you!"

"It was what men said of them," responded Gerrit; "and some were wishful to drive them far away from these Colonies."

"They were people after God's own heart," declared Jannetje, vehemently. "From them I learned that hymn you have heard me sing,—a hymn of praise for Easter. And listen, Gerrit; for I trust you, though I should never walk to church with you nor hear your voice again. One Easter morn I arose very early and went to the dwelling where a gray-haired man, whom I knew to be a priest of that Church, held a service which my friends called 'Mass.' O Gerrit, Gerrit, I have never been so happy since, because of the hunger in my heart for the things that then I saw and heard,—the canticles they sung, the words that preacher spoke, and the faces of those three as they received the Sacrament. There were Easter lilies on the altar, and their fragrance must always bring that scene to mind."

Gerrit listened, awestricken; grievously perturbed, too, because of the influence of those people on Jannetje and the division it was likely to cause between both of them.

"Men say," he muttered, "that those Popish priests cast spells upon their flock, and so they have bewitched you."

So greatly did his words anger the girl that the lover had much ado to make his peace.

"The condition I would make," she declared, "is that if ever I can find a priest of that Faith in these Colonies, I must see and speak with him; and, if none such come hither and my desire remain the same, that you will permit me to make a journey into Canada to seek my friend in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec and confer with her for my soul's peace."

Gerrit breathed hard a moment; for what could he do with a Popish wife here, where the exercise of that religion was forbidden, and when he himself and all his kindred believed it to be the creed of Satan? His voice was hoarse as he exclaimed:

"I would die for you, Jannetje!"

"That I ask not, but this, which perchance for you is harder."

As she spoke a lock of her shining hair fell upon her pink cheek and fascinated him.

"As to your promise," Jannetje added, "it is better that you make it after reasonable thought. For I warn you that, though we were married, I shall carry out my will in this matter, and will go away, if need be, into the wilderness."

"I could not live without you!" the young man cried.

Jannetje, turning, smiled upon him, her brown eyes showing amber in the sunlight.

"I will promise whatsoever you will," Gerrit again burst forth; "and I will keep that promise, though the skies fall."

"Then if your resolution do not fail," said Jannetje, "I will walk with you to church on Easter morn; and I will be your true and loving wife, helping you in your work and in all things."

Gerrit's arm stole round her, and so they plighted their troth.

When Gerrit left his sweetheart at the door, he went to buy for her the various trifles that the shops afforded. And it seemed to him that surely the sun would dance on the morn of Paas, for the very joy of his heart.

The happy lover set himself seriously to practise for that shooting match on Easter Eve, for which a prize of a lot of land had been put up by a burgher of Manhattan. Since Gerrit was one of the best shots in the Colony, he had little doubt that he should win, especially with the new hope that was in his heart. And so, indeed, it chanced. The match, at which Jannetje refused to be present lest it should unnerve her suitor, took place at Saracen's Head, in the Bowery Lane. The girl, with a smile on her face, watched her lover set forth. For in her heart she knew that, were he to fail a hundred times, she would defy parental opposition and marry him. Still all her hopes were with him.

The scene was one for a painter. Under the branches of the stately elms, with the fresh earth beneath their feet, the sturdy youth of the town, each having put up his five shillings, shot with a success that varied, till Gerrit, on fire with the love of his lady as was ever knight of old, was declared the victor.

A sunset of exquisite tints was forecasting a lovely to-morrow when Gerrit hastened to the dwelling in Beaver Street, on the porch of which Jannetje was waiting. He waved his cap in the air, announcing victory. Jannetje, with a laugh and a sigh, cried out that she could almost have wished him to fail, that so she might give him a proof of her love in marrying him despite all opposition. Nevertheless, the acquisition of that lot put Gerrit, in the practical eyes of Jannetje's parents, far above all competitors; and they assured

him of their full and free consent, coinciding with that of his own family, for the projected announcement.

When the young couple were alone together again, and they lingered in their love talk, Jannetje anxiously reminded her lover of his promise, which he solemnly renewed.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Famous Letter and Its Recipient.

MANY who have read the charming letter which Father Faber wrote, many years ago, to a little girl of seven who wanted to be a nun, must have felt curious to know who "Minna" was, and what she afterwards became. The recent death of Sister Mary of St. Joseph, of the Carmelite Convent, Notting Hill, England, explains matters. She was Lady Minna Howard, a daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, and had been a member of the Order of Mt. Carmel for fifty-six years. Her sister Ethel (Lady Etheldreda Howard), mentioned by Father Faber, and to whom he dedicated his "Tales of the Angels," was a Sister of Charity. The letter has been quoted in these pages more than once, but we reproduce it again for the benefit of any reader to whom it may be unknown.

* *

THE ORATORY, London.

Feast of St. Nicholas, 1850.

MY DEAREST MINNA:—So you are seven years old, and you have made up your mind to be a nun! Well, now, what must you do? Must you put on a strange dress, and cut off all your hair, and go into a convent, and live a hard life? No, not just yet. By and by, with our dearest Lady's blessing, it may be so. "But, then," as you always, always say,—*"but, then,"* I can not wait so many, many years." Well, Sister Minna of the Infant Jesus, you need not wait: I will tell you how to be a nun at once, directly, in the Hotel Bellevue, and with the consent of papa and mamma. Now, I am sure this will both please and surprise you, and it will make V. open her eyes, and noisy M. be quiet.

"How am I to be made a nun of directly?" Sister Minna! Sister Minna! What is it to be a nun? Listen. To be a nun is to love no one else but Jesus, and to love Him always, and very much; and to love everybody else, papa, mamma, sisters, brothers, Fr. Wilfrid, and all the world, because Jesus loves them so much. This is being a nun. When Sister Minna likes her own will and loves her own way, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna does not do what she is told, or does it complainingly, then she is not a nun. When Sister Minna says an angry word, then she is not a nun. But when Sister Minna loves Jesus, oh, so much, so very, very much; and when she is always asking her dear Mother in heaven to make her love Jesus more and more, then she is a nun,—a real, real nun. So you see you can be a nun whenever you like. O dear! how many questions this letter will make you ask!

And now good-by, dearest Minna! I pray the dear little Jesus in Mary's arms to take care of you,—the dear little Jesus, who is the great God, for all He is so little. O Minna, if the huge God could love you and me so much that He could become a little Baby (helpless as Ethel was) for you and me, why do we not both love Him ten hundred thousand million times more than we do? Get an answer ready for that question, Minna!

Yours most affectionately,

F. W. FABER.

It is most unwise to allow a child ever to hear criticism of a teacher. If the teacher's methods and ways are not satisfactory, it is quite possible to find out what is amiss without discussing the whole matter with the child. Then, if matters are seriously wrong, the child can either be taken away from that school, or the parents can go to the teacher and quietly ask his or her version of the case, and then decide what shall be done. Little children have a natural and wholesome regard for those in authority, and they rely on all "grown-ups" to say and do what is right. It is a serious matter, therefore, to allow a child to find out that its parents can find fault with its teachers: it upsets the child's faith and trust, and lessens its regard for any authority whatever.—*Isabel D. Marris.*

Covent Garden.

READERS who are at all familiar with English history, biography, or fiction, must have frequently met with the name Covent Garden, and may have sometimes miscalled it *Convent* Garden. Some centuries ago "Convent" was the correct name; but the spelling as well as the pronunciation has changed with the years, and not only has the *n* been dropped, but the *o* has taken the sound of *u*: the word is now pronounced "kuvent." The garden is a square in London, and is celebrated for its history and for its great market of fruit, vegetables, and flowers.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, in the days of Henry Fielding, there was also the *Covent Garden Journal*; and there is still the Covent Garden Theatre, although the original building bearing that name was burned down in 1856. This famous square was originally the kitchen garden of Westminster Abbey, when that great church was attended to by the monks of St. Peter. Hare is authority for the statement that its first name was Frère Pye Gardén. Some years after England's submission to Protestantism, the garden came, as a Crown gift, into the possession of the Bedford family. In 1632, the square was laid out by Inigo Jones, and the ancient garden was perpetuated by the continual sale of vegetables. Up to 1829 the small gardeners from the suburbs exposed their supplies in rough sheds; but about that date the Duke of Bedford erected the present market house, which covers some three acres of ground. Thirty years later, a flower-market covered with glass was built on the south side of the opera-house.

THOSE who have the greatest power with God often have none whatever on earth.—*René Bazin.*

Our Materialism.

IF the little book entitled "Letters from a Chinese Official," which has had so many interested readers on both sides of the Atlantic, was not written by a Chinaman, it might well have been; for we ourselves have known intelligent and educated Chinese, who had made a study of our civilization, to express precisely similar views. The writer of the "Letters" is nowhere more keen than in his characterization of our materialism. "By your works," he says, "you may be known. Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you can not build a house or write a poem or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets! Row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous,—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns, and police-court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. . . . Such is the picture your civilization presents to my imagination."

Mr. Harold Begbie, the author of "In the Hands of the Potter," would seem to have had in mind the little book from which we have quoted when he wrote of London,—as indeed he might have written of any populous English or American city:

A visitor to England from India or China, whose purpose was to study the followers of the Son of God at the centre of their national life, would surely feel himself, in the streets of London, to be the victim of an

immense hallucination. He would see on every side of him an ostentation of wealth, bewildering in its profusion and staggering in its effrontery. He would find it impossible to distinguish the lady of fashion from the public women of the streets. He would see in the shop windows the manifold production of a commerce created by vanity, voluptuousness, and sensuality. The boardings would shock his modesty by their prurience, or disgust his intellect by their vulgarity. . . . It would seem to him that every unit in the multitude was dressed to attract attention, was bent upon self-indulgence, had no purpose in life save dissipation.

The great note of Christianity—selflessness—makes no sound in the symphony of the public streets. It is a great thing to expect that every man and woman in London whose life has been touched and exalted by the character of Christ should, by simplicity of dress, beauty of manners, and nobility of pursuits, convey an impression to the streets which is at once a reproach to vanity and an invitation to holiness. Is it not high time that the Church . . . made definite war upon the luxury, license, and gaudery of society, which are now spreading through the streets of the town a contagion terribly destructive to the noblest virtues of the human soul?

As Mr. Begbie writes "Church" with a capital C, we judge that he is a member of the Church of England, whose complacency toward the materialism, luxury, vanity, vulgarity, and sensuality rampant in the city streets he so vehemently denounces. Of The Church and what it is doing in a thousand ways to combat those vices, he, like most Protestant persons, knows nothing. Without realizing it, he is simply deploing some of the evil wrought by the "Reformation,"—a movement of which Ruskin once declared that it blighted everything good that it did not actually destroy. "From that time on," says the Chinese official above quoted, "no attempt has been made to Christianize your institutions. On the contrary, it has been your object to sweep away every remnant of the old order." And the results are to be found on all sides, and are daily becoming more apparent to all who have eyes to see.

Notes and Remarks.

It is sometimes salutary to observe what progress is being made by the Faith in the smaller countries of Europe,—countries some of which seceded almost completely from the Church during the period of the Reformation. The large number of converts in Switzerland, particularly among theological students, is the result of a movement very much like that of Oxford. In Portugal, where the radicals boasted some years back of having banished religion, an organization of "Catholic Youth" has led to a strong revival of the Church's prestige,—a revival that is gaining in force with every day. If the Scandinavian countries, so thoroughly Protestantized since the days of Gustavus Adolphus, show but very small numbers of Catholics, the reports of missionaries to Denmark and Norway are most encouraging. With the proper kind of support, there is no telling how much the Church might gain during the coming half-century. With Poland securely established, Ireland free, and Luxemburg prosperous, the Catholic influence in Europe would almost have gained enough to compensate for the collapse (temporary let us hope) of Austria.

Millions of people are now dying of starvation and exposure in the famine areas of Central Europe and China. Our priests, Brothers and Sisters there are doing all in their power to relieve this appalling distress: to provide food, clothing, and shelter; but unless help comes in a tremendous volume, their efforts must largely fail, the resources at their command being altogether inadequate to cope with a situation so exceptional. Touching letters tell of crowds of people on the verge of starvation, besides being destitute of clothing, and in many cases sick and homeless.

Orphan asylums and other charitable institutions are crowded to their utmost capacity. How to maintain them is the problem that daily confronts those in charge. "What shall we do unless help comes to us from America?" writes a Sister of Charity in China. "The alms we used to receive from France have been much reduced since the war; yet there was never greater need of alms than now, a terrible famine having succeeded a destructive flood."

There could be no better disposition of Lenten alms than to bestow them upon our suffering fellow-creatures in Austria and China. If the offerings of all Catholics for the relief of the great distress there should be generous, the alms of those who for any reason have been prevented from fasting during Lent should be all the more so. Persons who can not give money ought to offer fervent prayers that the terrible situation in Austria and China may soon be relieved.

Foreigners must wonder at the complete change in the character of our Government caused by the installation of President Harding,—the utter repudiation of vital policies adopted and upheld to the end by our former chief executive. No further political entanglements with other nations; no permanent military alliances with them; no assumption of economic obligations subjecting the decisions of our Government to foreign authority; no assumption of control in the destinies of other peoples. While doing all in our power to promote international friendship, to encourage fair dealing, to bring about general disarmament, and to effect world concord, we, nevertheless, disassociate ourselves from the League of Nations and the Covenant.

President Harding's inaugural is a solemn announcement of the readoption of national principles, a reconsecration to American ideals, with a personal

dedication of mind and heart to the nation's service, and an unhesitating declaration of reliance on divine help and guidance. A plain, simple address, but all the more impressive on this account; a different kind of inaugural would have been far less favorably received. It is an eminently wise address, too, full of striking thoughts like this: "There never can be equality of rewards or possessions so long as the human plan contains varied talents and differing degrees of industry and thrift."

President Harding has assumed a tremendous responsibility and is facing stupendous burdens. Obviously this entitles him to the sympathy, support, and unstinted devotion of his fellow-citizens, regardless of political affiliations. May the divine help and guidance which he so humbly and fervently invoked never fail him!

The prospect of peace in Ireland at the present moment seems less bright and more remote than ever. Along with increased resentment of what is being done by the Government of England, there is growing distrust of it; and this is manifested even by moderates in Irish political life. These two things constitute the greatest obstacle in the way of those seeking to establish peace in Ireland. It may be doubted whether the withdrawal of the Black and Tans as the first step towards pacification would have the least effect. The sympathy for the Irish people shown all over the world has greatly strengthened their determination, not only to continue the struggle, but to reject overtures on the part of the English Government which at one time would have been readily considered. Now it is warfare, not parley. The Bishop of Limerick, in his Lenten Pastoral, thus describes the situation: "On the one side is a little nation struggling for the application to

itself of the principle of self-determination, the right to choose its own form of government,—a principle for which, it was loudly proclaimed, the late war was fought”; on the other side (to quote Mr. Chesterton) is a powerful Government, “recognizing Ireland as a separate nation by invading and raiding it. It would certainly have been better for our international position,” he very bluntly declares, “if we could have kept up some pretence at ruling Ireland like a fixed government, instead of merely ravaging Ireland like a foreign invader.”

In all probability, the struggle will continue indefinitely. The English Government is determined not to grant independence to Ireland, and the Irish people are bent upon securing it for her, convinced that all their sufferings and losses would be in vain if they were now to make peace on terms different from those upon which their leader has all along insisted.

The position of the Church in Czecho-Slovakia is a very interesting one just now, because of the attempt made to establish a schism there. The Rome correspondent of the *London Universe* informs us, however, that this movement has already become not only a house divided against itself but even a house torn asunder by a whirlwind of disagreement. The 160 ecclesiastics who created the schism, recently held a congress, whose only outcome was an enthusiastic agreement to differ. Moreover, we are told, the recent visit of M. Benes, Czecho-Slovakia's foreign minister, to Cardinal Gasparri, was made in the interests of religious harmony within the republic, and foreshadowed friendly relations with the Church. Good Catholics meanwhile are taking heart and working with real enthusiasm. The “Popular” party is gaining in numbers and influence, while a staunch press and an active social

guild are worthily supporting the Christian cause. We trust that these incidents are the seeds of a really satisfactory harvest in the recently formed nation. The peace will be difficult enough to keep in Southeastern Europe; but if to other differences there should, unfortunately, be added religious strife, there is no telling what depths of anarchy the nations there may yet reach.

Many persons, including some who are as hostile to Germany as ever, question the wisdom of abruptly terminating further negotiations with its new Government for a peaceful settlement of the indemnity question, and of sending an allied army into German territory to enforce the terms agreed upon by England and France. The opportunity to render Germany powerless may have seemed too good to be lost, but there are other things to consider. If reduced to the condition of Austria, it is plain that Germany would never be in a position to pay its indebtedness; and if dismembered, new seeds of discord would be sown, and the peace of the world would again be endangered. Anarchy is born of desperation, and masses of the German people may become desperate. Those sentiments of justice and charity inculcated by the Christian religion, and so constantly upheld by Benedict XV., were not expressed by Lloyd George in his address to the German delegates in London last week. He announced that he spoke in the interests of world peace. It remains to be seen whether he did or not.

There is such a thing as paganism and then there is education. Drawing forth from the child or youth the best that is in him, aiding the expanding activity of the soul, has been largely carried on in this country without a reference to the nature of that soul or

a word about the highest destiny of man. The results have been appalling. Almost every day of the past year has brought forth exclamations of horror from educators, or revelations of moral depravity among the young, almost sickening in their foreboding. Recently the Dean of Women in one of our Western colleges addressed her associates throughout the country. Social life, she said, is now the ideal of schools and colleges, and girls derive their principles of conduct from sensational movies. Speaking of the "appalling immorality and riotous license" among high school students, this able lady demands the protection of chaperonage for a generation of girls who are the victims of their parents.

Who can doubt that here are the roots of all the mad scramble for pleasure and wealth, the unhappiness of marriage, and the flaunting of personal responsibility? Sometimes the patient spectator comes to believe that it would be better to have no education whatever; that if the present system is all we have to offer for the spiritual lives of our children, it were better that it should be abolished.

While the entry of champions of Catholic principles into the battle for social reform is everywhere a notable characteristic, it is especially noteworthy in England because that country remains to some extent the curb of economic Europe, and because its Catholic laymen are intensely devoted in the face of very great difficulties. In an address which Mr. W. A. S. Hewins delivered at Birmingham recently, several important matters were discussed very forcibly and realistically. He said:

We want right order in economic affairs at the present time. I think you will all say, "We are a long way from it." We see the channels of trade blocked, works closing, international trade stopped, prices rising, un-

employment increasing, the foreign Exchanges disrupted. That does not look like order. There is the failure of one country to exchange her products with another country, the impossibility of men carrying on the remunerative productions on which they are engaged, the attempt of small groups and countries to exploit the situation in their own interests. All these things show you how far the Western World is from that state of order and due relationship of things which really means Peace.

Is it ever going to stop? I should not like to conceal from you that, speaking with the economic knowledge I have, and looking at affairs as they are, I am perfectly convinced that unless by some means statesmen—real statesmen—arise, who will "get hold" of these conflicting affairs in the proper spirit, adjusting them to the ends for which we live, Western civilization is doomed. I do not mean that all will immediately come to an end. Nations and civilization do not end like that; there are ups and downs until the end. But there are most serious flaws and faults in the present situation.

Do not let me give you too gloomy an impression. There is one field of statesmenlike endeavor in which Catholic principle and Catholic action have had great and increasing results in recent years. I mean in questions regarding our social relations—the Labor question, and co-operation and combination of various kinds. There, I think, we have made a considerable advance. . . .

That is especially the case amongst the working classes—the poorer classes of the community. What you have to remember is that the great masses of the people of England never gave up the Catholic Faith. They could not practise it; there were no facilities, no priests; but I know very well from the history of this very district in which you live that there were countless families amongst what we are pleased to call the poorer, the lower orders, who, generation after generation, in spite of difficulties, in spite of discouragement, in spite of want of facilities, clung on to the Catholic Faith; and when I look back on the history of Catholicism in England, I do not know that I am inclined to accept the view that the real strength of Catholicism has diminished.

Americans are indulgent and easy-going, say what you will. They didn't mind all the permits given by the Prohibition Commissioner for the removal

of whiskey and other "wet goods" to the new homes of members of the retiring Administration, though they were astonished at the amount of liquid joy those worthies had in their possession,—barrels not a few, and case lots galore. Some of the owners were zealous advocates of Prohibition, however strongly opposed to its enforcement in Washington they may have been; and strenuous supporters of the Eighteenth Amendment, whatever they may have thought of its wisdom and constitutionality. Facetiously disposed persons have been heard to assert that if the Amendment had been rigidly carried out from the very start in Washington, it would have been repealed long ago; and to make such remarks as this: "If those Government fellows had so much 'booze' left over, what a big amount of it they must have done away with!"

But there is a very serious side to this matter. Fifty years hence some philosopher of history may trace the spread of anarchy in the United States to the enactment of laws which the wealthy and powerful were enabled to evade, but which the poor and the weak were forced to obey.

There is an old legend which says that St. Patrick did his missionary work in Ireland in a merry mood, and that as a consequence the Faith became somewhat of a joy to the Irish. However that may be, it is certain that the Irish missionaries in China are going to do wonderful things by reason of their good nature. The following reminiscences were written for the *Far East* by Fr. O'Doherty:

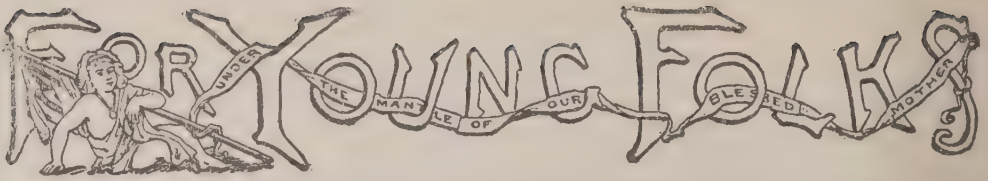
The most abused person in China is the devil. He has not a dog's living; he is chased from pillar to post, and treated in the most flagrant manner. We can see it any morning in front of our house. Two or three men come along and search in the long grass; then there is the barrage of detonators; they have found him, and he is forthwith smoked

out. Being an unprincipled personage, he returns—sneaks back,—and so the war is waged perpetually. But the wholesale injustice is still worse. He really deserves more contempt than pity, for his stupidity is astounding. Their dead require food, clothing, shelter, for the varying climatic conditions of hades. They purchase paper money at a small price. It is sent to blazes; and the devil, who is near-sighted with the excessive heat, can not distinguish it from true 'dollars,' and so hands out assortments of all kinds of goods. With his kingdom on such a paper basis, what wonder if he would some day, when he declares war on the Emerald Isle, discover that he is bankrupt! There are very many other petty annoyances inflicted on him; but of these some other day. We see and hear all those things in the graveyard opposite. I might add here a very amusing piece of blockade I saw in Yokohama. Some person erected a house, and put the devil on the finial of the roof overlooking an adjoining house; so No. 2 erected a cannon pointing straight at the besieger!

A recent decision of Justice Erlanger, of the Supreme Court of New York, will be read with varying emotions by the hosts of labor,—organized and unorganized labor. The gist of the decision is contained in this paragraph:

It is clearly established that "picketing" is lawful,—that a man may work or not, as he shall choose; that he may strike with others, and peaceably seek others to join. But it is equally settled that a worker may labor and provide for himself and family without being subjected to the danger of assault or threat of bodily harm; that he can not be compelled to join a union if he is not disposed to do so; that employees may not be enticed from their employment by threats or otherwise; that the right to live and let live is a God-given right, and that all rights will always be protected by the Court.

Union labor will dissent from this decision; unorganized labor will commend it as common-sense. There is much to be said *pro* and *con*. The general welfare is above individual advantage. Circumstances may sometimes arise in which a workman who does not belong to a union is in duty bound to co-operate with a fellow-workman who does.



My Cross.

BY HERBERT HAMILTON.

WHEN Jesus bore His heavy cross
Along the stony road,
They lashed Him with sharp whips of lead
And pierced Him with a goad,
And thrice His bleeding body fell
Beneath its heavy load.
Teach me, O Lord, to love my cross,
Whatever it may be,—
To bear the little pains and hurts
That Thou shalt send to me;
And when I am about to fall
Oh, let me lean on Thee!

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—BRYCE EXPLORES.

WITH his kind heart full of anxiety for the little girl who, he knew, might at any moment be cast out homeless and friendless in a strange world, Bryce betook himself again to the old mansion of Tante Louise. Just what he could do there for Josephine Marie he did not know; but, as he said to himself, he would like to make a little trouble for Mr. Armand Lorraine, whom some honest instinct had made him distrust at first sight.

He was encouraged at seeing the old house open. A suave gentleman was just assisting a handsome old lady down the steps to her waiting limousine.

"Then you will take the house, Madame," he asked as she seated herself among her cushions,—“just as it stands?”

"Just as it stands," she repeated. "It has the Old-World air to which I am

accustomed. I want none of your modern American improvements. I like the cheery blaze of real fires, and the soft glow of candles and lamps. I can not buy it as yet, for I do not know what my son's plans may be for the future; but I will rent it for a year at the price you name, which I think should be satisfactory."

"Quite satisfactory," replied the gentleman, rubbing his hands. "Mr. Lorraine will be delighted, I am sure, to have so distinguished a tenant."

"Perhaps," she said smiling. "I am sorry to have missed him. I remember seeing him here when he was a very little boy, twenty years ago at least. I knew the old Madame well then, but I went abroad to live and we lost sight of each other. I am very glad to get her house. It has the charming atmosphere that money can not buy. I will go at once to your office and sign the lease; and thank you very much for your courtesy."

She bowed a smiling adieu with a charming grace that all Mrs. Carter-King's elegance could never reach, leaving Bryce, who had caught her last words, to gaze after her hopefully. A lady who had known Tante Louise well, who had known Armand Lorraine, would perhaps take interest in their little kinswoman, Josephine Marie. But, Bryce remembered, she had lost sight of them twenty years ago,—long, long before little Fifine was born.

While he was wondering how he could present this unknown lady with so very remote a claim, the real estate agent, who had just completed his deal, came down the steps, muttering angrily about the "confounded old rookery." As his eye fell upon Bryce, his frowning countenance brightened.

"Will you do me a favor, my lad?" he asked. "I've had to open this house for inspection, and I find that some of the shutters take more strength than I have to close. I had one of our boys here to help me, but his time was up at four and he has given me the slip. I have neuritis in my right arm, and these old windows were built to stand storm and siege. If a dollar would pay you for closing up for me"—the speaker hesitated as he made the offer.

"Oh, never mind the dollar!" laughed Bryce. "I'll be glad to help you, sir." And he followed the agent into the house, that had been opened from attic to cellar for the tenant's approval.

It *had* an atmosphere, as she had said,—the atmosphere of an older world. There was nothing of the glittering splendor of Uncle Miles' home; but there were low bookcases and quaint cabinets and open fireplaces, and old tapestries, faded with age, softening the bare stretches of the hall. And the long back windows opened on a wide porch that looked down onto an old-fashioned garden, whose high brick walls were overgrown with ivy and hedged with lilac and rosebushes. Portraits of gentlemen in uniforms and periwigs, and ladies in the hoops and stomachers of bygone days, hung above the dark wainscoting of the walls; while over the great fireplace a sweet-faced old lady, in lace cap and kerchief, seemed to smile a tender welcome.

"That's the old dame herself," said Mr. Janney, the agent, as Bryce paused before the picture. "Some style about her, wasn't there?"

"Yes," said Bryce; and as the soft dark eyes of Tante Louise looked down upon him he was startled by their likeness to those of little Fifine. They had the same happy light. What a tender guardian the poor little kid had missed,—what a guardian and what a home!

But there was no time to talk or

think of that now. Mr. Janney was a brisk business man and the agent of Armand Lorraine. He would have no interest in the little orphan whom his employer had disowned. So Bryce passed on from room to room, closing the heavy windows, and feeling more and more hopeless for the poor little girl, who would have danced like a sunbeam through these oldtime shadows and brightened them with life and love.

The spacious bedroom of the old Madame was the last to which Mr. Janney led Bryce. It was furnished with a simple elegance that, after the elaboration of Mrs. Carter-King's apartment, seemed almost austere. In the deep alcove formed by a bay window stood the old lady's oratory; the fading sunlight pouring through stained glass showed the crucifix, the candles, and the statue of the Sacred Heart.

"I thought I'd have to scatter all this for another tenant," said Mr. Janney; "but Madame Marcerin will not have it touched. She intends, she says, to occupy the room herself; feels there is a blessing in it. Queer notions these Romanists have. You can't make them out."

"Is the owner a—Romanist?" asked Bryce, curiously.

"Not much!" laughed his companion. "Judging by his talk, he is nearer a pagan than anything else. That's the last window, I believe. Thank you very much for your trouble! And if you would have any use for this dollar, it's yours."

"No, thank you! Drop it in the poor-box," said Bryce. "I'm glad to have been of help, and to have seen this fine old house. Madame Martin is going to live here, you say?"

"No: Madame Marcerin. She is a countess or something in her own country, I believe, though she drops the title here. Her son distinguished himself wonderfully during the War. Tip-toppers both here and at home, as

everyone can see. Thank you again!" (Mr. Janney had now reached the door, which he closed and locked.) "And good-day!"

"Struck something, anyhow," thought Bryce, as he took his way home; "though whether Tante Louise's old friend will be any good to Fifine, I don't know. Gee, that would have been a fine place for the poor little kid! I am afraid she is going to strike hard times, if mother and Uncle Miles have their way. They are down on her sure."

And, indeed, Mrs. Carter-King was "down" on everything and everybody this special afternoon. Elise, who had been invited to a stylist party, was in one of her most trying moods. She had nothing, as she told her mother, fit to wear. Every other girl in the crowd had a new gown. Corinne's father had given her a string of pearls, and Elinor was going to wear an amber necklace her uncle had given her.

"It makes me feel so mean and cheap to have nothing right only the old georgette crêpe that I have worn a dozen times at least, and a measly little gold chain for my neck."

"It was your father's wedding gift to me," said her mother, a trace of softness in her tone.

"Well, I'd be ashamed to tell it," was the graceless answer; and then began again the wordy battle, that left both hearts bitter and cold.

But up in Marjorie's pretty rooms, Fifine and her godmother had found a game more absorbing even than marbles. Marjorie had bethought herself of a certain silver-bound box on her closet shelf,—a box that had been "mamma's." Fifine had brought it down at her bidding, and both little girls were investigating its contents with eager delight. Locketts and miniatures set in diamonds, rings and bracelets, brooches, an old-fashioned watch, and, most beautiful of all to such youth-

ful eyes, a necklace of pink coral, each carved bead mounted in a delicate filigree of gold.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" exclaimed Fifine, who had all her country's love for the beautiful. "I never saw such a lovely necklace, *marraine*."

"My papa bought it in the East," said Marjorie. "It belonged to an Indian princess. Sometimes I play I am a princess and put it on."

"Oh, put it on now!" said Fifine, eagerly. "Wait! I'll brush out your hair all soft and fluffy, and put a lace collar over your dress." And, with a few little deft French touches, the speaker made a festive change in her godmother's costuming. "Now," as she flung the coral necklace around the slender white throat, "you look just lovely, *marraine*. You ought to wear it always. See!" And Fifine caught up a silver-framed mirror and held it before Marjorie. "See how it puts pink in your cheeks and stars in your eyes."

And indeed the soft flush of the coral seemed by some witchery to cast a rosy hue of health in the pale little face, to make some brightness in the shadowed eyes. With her auburn hair fluffed out, and the lace collar veiling the sharp outlines of her throat, Marjorie looked absolutely pretty. It was a new experience for the poor little prisoner, who had never before been called pretty, and she gazed at the face in the mirror delightedly.

"Oh, I will wear it!" she said eagerly. "Put the rest of mamma's things away, Fifine; but I'll keep my necklace out. It makes me look as if I wasn't sick any more."

So the silver-bound box was put away, and for the rest of the afternoon Marjorie, in her fur cape and lace collar and pink coral, played "princess" and was rolled around in her wicker chair in royal state. But it was "treatment" day, and Miss Marshall broke in upon godmother and goddaughter with

an authority that could not be defied. Though Marjorie went off in a "tantrum," and tore off necklace and collar and mantle in fierce wrath, she was borne away to her room, poor little Fifine following in sobbing sympathy, forgetful of all things in pity for Marjorie.

And so it happened that night when Elise, costumed in the hated georgette crêpe, was ready for Corinne's party, her mother, looking upon her with the mother love that never altogether fails, noted that her evening cloak ill befitted this chilly autumn night.

"Borrow Marjorie's fur-lined cape," she said. "I saw it lying on the couch in the playroom as I passed through just now. Miss Marshall is giving Marjorie a treatment and they are having the usual fuss. She won't need or miss her cape to-night."

And Elise had hurried away to secure the soft, luxurious wrap, the royal mantle which its owner had flung off in angry carelessness a while ago. There was a gleam of gold and pink in its folds. Elise caught her breath. A necklace was tangled in the silken tassels,—a necklace beyond all that she had ever craved; a necklace that would brighten her despised costume into undreamed-of beauty; Marjorie's necklace that, like the cape, she would never miss to-night. And Elise could slip it back with the cape to-morrow morning. Even mamma need not know. She tore off her poor little gold chain with nervous fingers, slipped it into her party bag, clasped the corals of the Indian princess about her round white throat, muffled herself in the fur cape, and was off to meet the escort waiting for her.

It was a delightful evening for Mrs. Carter-King's daughter. The glowing beauty of the necklace added wonderfully to her own girlish charms. She forgot all her pique and petulance in her gratified vanity. Flattering whis-

pers, envied glances alike told her she was the prettiest girl in the room, and her selfish heart was thrilled and her light head turned.

She went home so filled with pride at the admiration she had attracted that she forgot everything, even the necklace. Her mother met her at the door.

"Your uncle is home," she warned, "and in one of his worst humors. Go up to your room quietly and don't let him hear or see you. And give me Marjorie's cape. I will return it to her. Where is my chain?" Mrs. Carter-King looked sharply at her daughter's neck.

Elise lifted her hand to her throat. It was bare. The coral necklace was gone.

(To be continued.)

How Giotto Became an Artist.

THERE is a very true saying, "No one knows what he can do until he tries." And I am sure the little peasant boy Giotto never dreamed of what he could really do; but he was always trying, and great things came of it at last, as will be seen.

He was born in 1276. His father was a herdsman, and their cottage stood in one of the Italian valleys. Every morning he drove out the sheep and goats to beautiful green places, where there was plenty of grass and herbs for them to feed upon. All day long he took care of them, and kept the flock together; and in the evening, after counting them, and seeing that they were all his own—for he knew each by sight, as every shepherd does,—he would drive them home.

What could a boy accomplish whose daily work was this and nothing more? But, although he took good care of his father's sheep, Giotto had a great deal of time left,—free time, when he could only sit and rest himself beneath a tree, or watch the birds laboring, always in

their own way rejoicing, or the few white clouds that drifted across the blue, intensely bright sky. At last he found an occupation for all those idle hours,—something that kept his fingers and his mind busy; something of which he never tired, until, as he tried and tried again, he was able to do it better and better. He would sit or kneel beside one of the large smooth stones which abounded there, and, taking a sharp bit of slate, would draw on the stone, copying as perfectly as he could something before him, generally one of his flock.

One evening, when he was copying a sheep which was grazing at a little distance, he perceived that some one was looking down over his shoulder. A stranger taking an evening walk on the plain had seen him at work, and drawn near softly, not to disturb him. He was delighted to see how the boy was occupied; for this stranger was Cimabue, a renowned artist from Florence. He asked Giotto if he, too, would like to be an artist,—would he live with him and learn. The little shepherd must have thought he was only dreaming. But no: it was all true—quite true, even when the stranger went down to the child's home to get the consent of his astonished father, and then took him away to Florence.

In that great and beautiful city there were many artists doing their work under the care and direction of Cimabue. But in a short time the shepherd excelled them all. His kindly patron wished to have him educated in other things besides art, so he placed him under a celebrated master. He was about twenty-six years old when Cimabue died. They are always spoken of and praised together; and when the peasant-artist died too, after a long life of fame, he was buried in the same church where the friend who had done so much for him had been laid to rest years before.

Giotto's paintings were sought for with the greatest enthusiasm by the people of his time, because they were remarkable for being natural and life-like; and we think he owed his success to having begun by simply copying his sheep and goats feeding or lying down, just as they were. So great was his fame that the Pope, desiring to see this marvellous artist, sent a messenger, bidding him come to Rome.

When the messenger reached Giotto's house, he began to doubt if the man he saw was really the great painter, so he asked him for a proof. There was paper lying on the table. Giotto took a pencil, and with one sweep of his arm drew upon it a large perfect circle. Now, a perfect circle is the hardest thing in the world to make; to draw one in a moment, without any tremble or mistake, is what only one in a thousand would think of trying. "This is indeed the great artist!" thought the Pope's messenger; he could need no further proof. Even to this day, when an Italian is talking of anything almost impossible, he will say that it is "rounder than the O of Giotto."

The Eyes of Flowers.

STRANGE as it may seem, many common garden and wild flowers—the nasturtium, begonia, clover, wood sorrel, and bluebell among others—possess eyes on their leaves. Furthermore, these eyes, in their principle of construction, resemble those of animals. They consist of minute protuberances filled with a transparent, gummy substance, which focuses the rays of light on a sensitive patch of tissue.

The nasturtium has thousands of such eyes on its leaves, and these form as many images of the surrounding objects. But, although plants have what are called eyes, it does not, of course, follow that they see.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among welcome new English publications, we note a brief description of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, by Mr. Falconer Madon, late Bodley's librarian.

—The announcement of "more of the delightful 'Studies in Arcady,' by a Country Parson" (R. L. Gales), will gratify a host of readers. The new volume is entitled "Old World Essays," and is published by Mr. Daniel O'Connor, London.

—It is not to be wondered at that prospective readers have difficulty in selecting a book nowadays. Last month as many as 141 volumes were designated "the epoch-making book of the season" by our very competent literary critics. And at least 140 of these are simply trash.

—Although "The Idea of Coventry Patmore," by Osbert Burdett, is about the poet's doctrine rather than his poetry, the two are not to be separated. Patmore had many detractors, but he still has a great many admirers. He was an oddity as well as a poet, a good Catholic but no prude. Mr. Burdett's book is a new publication of the Oxford University Press.

—The excellent biography of St. Paul the Apostle, by the Rev. Father Philip Coghlan, C. P., published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, and noticed some time ago in these pages, is now for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.50. It is the first adequate Life of the Apostle of the Gentiles provided for English-speaking Catholics; though, of course, there are lengthy sketches in Butler's "Lives of the Saints" and numerous other hagiological works. The full title of Fr. Coghlan's book is St. Paul, His Life, Work, and Spirit."

—During this year there are certain to be many articles on Dante; but it is not likely that any of them will be better, in many striking ways, than Prof. Edouard Jordon's paper on "The Centenary of Dante and the Church," contributed to a recent number of the *Constructive Quarterly*. The question considered here is the important one of Dante's orthodoxy: is the Church right in celebrating so universally a poet who censured Popes and wrote a treatise which is still on the Index? Prof. Jordon begins by limiting the discussion to the questionable points, and then proves the sterling Catholicity of Dante's views on hell, purgatory, and the office of the

Church. A very interesting parallel between St. Bernard and Dante affords an opportunity to vindicate the latter's attitude towards the Popes. "It may be said, then," says Prof. Jordon, "that in burning questions of that time, if Dante is of the party in opposition to the Holy See, it is still in such a degree as to be reconcilable with orthodox teaching. He blames freely the faults of persons whom no one has ever claimed to be impeccable; he deplores the corruption of institutions, but without at all wishing to destroy them; he is very sensible of the dangers to which unlimited authority exposes him who is clothed with it; he does not dispute it: he sets only limitations which are wholly moral to its exercise." There can no longer be any legitimate doubt as to Dante's orthodoxy, and the pæan which the universal Church sounds to his memory is homage rightly paid to a gifted and faithful son.

—New books of piety include: "The Sacred Heart and Mine in Holy Communion," being thoughts drawn from the titles of the Sacred Heart and the writings of St. Margaret Mary. The names of editors on the title-page of this volume will be sufficient recommendation of it. (Kenedy & Sons.)—"The Eucharistic Hour," by Dom A. G. Green, O. S. B., meets a need which has often been felt,—the need of a handy volume of meditations and exercises suitable for the Holy Hour. (Same publishers.)—"Rejoice in the Lord" is an addition to the little library of prayer-books compiled by the Rev. F. X. Lasance and published by Benziger Brothers. It consists of reflections, devotions, "a word of good cheer for each day of the year," and of short prayers and ejaculations; a careful compilation from a great variety of sources.—A prayer-book which we feel sure would be popular with ecclesiastical students everywhere is "The Young Seminarian's Manual," by the Rev. B. F. Marcetteau, S. S. (St. Charles' College Press, Cantonsville, Md.) It is well calculated to preserve and increase the grace of the priestly vocation. The user will find in it a variety of prayers and devotions suited to his needs and condition, practical rules and wise counsels for his guidance, with excellent instructions on the purpose of the preparatory seminary—viz., the inculcation of the natural and supernatural virtues which adorn the man, the Christian, and the priest.

Children from six to twelve years will be

pleased with a booklet which has been prepared for them by the Rev. P. Lukas, O. S. B. It is simple as to matter, and attractive as to form; a capital feature being the pictures, to which frequent reference is made in the text. "Jesus in the Hearts of Little Children" may be had of the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.—"Meditations on the Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, culled from the writings of Juliana of Norwich," by F. A. Forbes, with a preface by the Rev. J. B. Jaggar, S. J., is a tiny book; but it is full of sweetness and unction, as no one at all familiar with the writings of Mother Juliana needs to be told. Her thoughts are wise, helpful, comforting, and all the more arresting for being so quaintly expressed. (For sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.)—A manual intended for the month of June and the First Fridays of each month of the year is "June Roses for the Sacred Heart." It is by an unnamed author, but bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Dublin. (P. J. Kenedy and Sons, publishers for the United States.)—"The Mystic Guide" is a twopenny pamphlet of the London Catholic Truth Society, consisting of prayers well calculated to inspire devotion to the Holy Ghost.—"Do You Believe This?" is the title of another booklet published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. It presents some very good thoughts on prayer.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.50.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

"The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.

"A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

"Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

"Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rev. J. J. Ruddy, of the diocese of Scranton; Rev. James Dougherty, diocese of Rochester; and Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J.

Brother Justinian, C. S. C.

Sister M. Adelaide, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Paulinus, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Bridget, Bom Successo, Lisbon.

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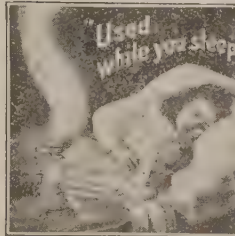
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34

SATURDAY, 26.—*Holy Saturday*. St. Dismas.

SUNDAY, 27.—*Easter Sunday*. St. John Damascene, C. D.

MONDAY, 28.—*Easter Monday*. St. John Capistran, C.

TUESDAY, 29.—*Easter Tuesday*. St. Berthold.

WEDNESDAY, 30.—St. John Climacus, Ab.

THURSDAY, 31.—Bl. Nicholas, C.

April.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 26, 1921.

NO. 13

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1921: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Angels at the Tomb.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

HERE a solemn watch they keep
Where the Saviour lies asleep;
All the cruel bloodstains gone,
He reposes, pale and wan;
Arms at rest on either side
From the gibbet where He died.

Here His bruised form they bore
When the three long hours were o'er;
In His Mother's clasp He lay
At the closing of that day,—
Never such a dreadful one
Since Creation had begun.

Tenderly, without a sound,
Mary cleansed each gaping wound,
While anointing hands and feet
All with spices, pure and sweet;
Then, her anguished sobs repressed,
Drooped her head upon His breast.

As they bore Him to the tomb
In the solemn twilight gloom—
He who died, the world to save,
In a stranger's lonely grave,—
Far athwart the evening sky
Angel wings came fluttering by:

Angel wings, unfettered, free,
In a heavenly symphony;
Meeting, parting, now at rest
Where He lies, serene and blest;
Waiting, as they watch and pray,
For the Resurrection Day.

The Tunic of Labor.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

HOW can we thank God for His mercies to us, His lowly ones!" said Simon, as he resumed his narrative, to every detail of which Ruth listened with deep reverence, and a sorrow not un-mixed with joy.

"At the moment the good Man died an earthquake shook the place; rocks were split asunder, and a dreadful chasm yawned between His cross and that of the impenitent thief on the left.

"Then suddenly, spurring in great haste, came a courier from the governor to ask the centurion if Jesus of Nazareth was dead. Receiving an affirmative answer, he returned in the same haste. It was such happiness to be there before the dead Jesus that we felt nothing till two rich councillors, with one or two servants each, came prepared to take down and embalm the body. Everything was most solemn. Whatever the Sorrowful Mother signified to me to do, I did. But, O Ruth, no words could give an idea of her grief when they took down the blessed body and laid it, all mangled, in her arms! There were sponges, and we got water from a little rivulet trickling from the side of the hill; and when the blood was cleansed, we kissed the wounds one after another. The devout councillors then wrapped the body in spices and

It is a great thing to be a Christian,
not to seem one.—*St. Jerome.*

fine linen, and took it to the tomb. As soon as the large stone was rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre, the Mother turned her beautiful face and bowed to me, as if dismissing me. I bowed most reverently to her, and left. But, oh, that sweet face! It is not old, it is not young, but it is so beautiful you could never forget it. Where, I wonder, could I have seen it before?

"I came home by the Temple. You know the solemn and orderly way that all the ceremonies used to be conducted; how the guards went about, and watched, and kept silence. This evening all was confusion and terror. People ran about wild with fear, not knowing what they were doing or saying. And, worst of all, the veil of the Temple was rent from the top to the bottom; and the 'uncircumcised,' in their curiosity, profanely rushed in where the high priest in his tiara dared but once a year to tread.

"It was shocking; but the glory of Israel was gone. The God of our fathers has 'punished the stiff-necked people,' according as He spoke to Moses: 'Let Me alone, that My wrath may be kindled against them, and that I may destroy them.' They cried for the blood of Jesus, but it was a blasphemous cry. 'His blood be upon us,' they said, 'and upon our children!' O Ruth, it is a beautiful prayer, if said reverently. May His blood be upon us too, Ruth, and upon our children!

"Now, Ruth, do you go to rest. I could not eat or sleep. And come to me by the dawn."

"O Simon, my soul is torn with anguish at all I have heard this day!" replied his wife. "And yet I have a feeling of joy and thankfulness that you were so favored by Jesus and His sweet Mother. May they be forever praised!"

She left the room, but went only outside the door, and there remained the

whole night in prayer. From within she could hear:

"O God, Thou didst say to Moses, 'I will have mercy on whom I will, and I will show mercy to whom I choose.' Thou hast chosen me and my little flock, and shown us extraordinary mercy and great goodness this day. O God, I, like my fathers before me, was stiff-necked and kicked against the goad; but the sweet Mother looked on me, and that look drew me to the cross. Blessed be Jesus, God and Man; and blessed be His holy Mother!"

Then all was silence. Ruth heard nothing more till about midnight, when, as she thought, a strange voice was distinctly speaking within. She could hear the sound, but could not distinguish what was said. She fell off in a doze; and then she began to doubt whether she had heard the voice at all or was merely dreaming. She made a brave resolution to keep awake, but again dozed off, and once more heard, as she thought, a strange voice within.

At last the faint flush of the aurora appeared. Ruth opened the door. The sun from the purple east shot in. It gleamed on the outspread tunic, and the crimson glow of the garment rivalled the rosy hue of the dawn. Both prostrated profoundly to the ground and remained so for a time in intense worship of the Precious Blood. Simon was the first to speak:

"Oh, fancy, Ruth,—last night the beautiful Mother sent the young man, that had stood with her beneath the cross, to thank me! Fancy,—to thank me! And I and you and our two boys receiving all the benefits,—the great benefit and blessing of seeing and knowing the Desired of nations, the Promise made at the beginning to the fathers. And the young man in a gentle voice said: 'In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us. And He hath had

grace and glory; and we have seen it,—the very grace and glory that belongs of right to the Son of God. Be not incredulous, but believe in Him.’

“The young man said also: ‘I want to tell you that labor is most pleasing to God, and brings a great reward; for it is ordained of God: “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.” We may labor by our hands, as a fisherman does; or we may labor by our minds, as the teacher; but all labor is pleasing to God, provided it does not violate His law, and is of service to our neighbor and to ourselves.*

“‘And now,’ he added, putting his hand to the shutters, ‘look no more to the Temple. The Synagogue awaits but honorable burial.’ He closed the shutters, and with one wave of his hand produced on them a most striking likeness of Jesus hanging on the cross, with the inscription underneath: ‘Behold the Lamb of God! Behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world!’ He said no more. How he entered or how he disappeared, I know not.

“Then there came, appearing and disappearing in front of the blessed likeness, the shape of a lamb caught in the midst of thorns,—Abraham and Isaac dimly shadowed. And I saw Isaac bearing the wood, and his father the fire and a knife. I saw Abraham’s outstretched hand, and Isaac lying bound on the wood. God spared Abraham’s son, but His own Son He did not spare, giving Him up for the redemption of us all.

“And while I was thanking God in my heart a bright light seemed to burst forth, just as if the house were on fire. Looking up, I saw a rainbow of heavenly colors spanning across the room and bearing the words, ‘Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec.’ And seated on a

throne of dazzling brightness was Jesus,—the same sweet face, but, oh, so transformed! Looking towards me, He said: ‘This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and died: he that eateth this Bread shall live forever.’ And, stretching forth His hand, He offered it to me, saying: ‘Take and eat, for this is My Body.’ That moment, Ruth, like the prophet that slept beneath the juniper tree, and ate the miraculous bread, and then walked a journey of forty days, I felt as if I could have walked forever.

“And in His hands there was also a chalice. ‘Moses,’ he said, ‘when making the Testament between God and your fathers, sealed it with blood. “And all things were dedicated in blood.” But this is the chalice of My Blood of the New Testament; for the Testament made with your fathers is now passed away. Take and drink; and as often as you do so, you shall announce the death of the Lord unto the end of time,—till He returns to judge the world.’

“I drank. And the memory of the blood dripping from the cross brought to my mind the figure of Abel and the first bloodshedding. They went into the fields, you remember, and Cain slew his brother. And God said: ‘The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth to Me from the earth, which hath opened her mouth and received the blood of thy brother.’ To-day, Ruth, that seemed to me to be fulfilled—

“But I hear the children stirring. Go to them, dear. And as soon as you are free, do you go and visit your aunt,—I would like to be alone all this day. And when you have seen her, and learned what holy tidings there are, you may follow the Way of Pain that the blessed Man and His most sorrowful Mother trod. And, Ruth, if you should see drops of blood like these on the tunic, bend down, reverently place your hand near, and prostrate yourself to the ground. Now go. I say to you,

* Some commentators think that Simon was rich; others, and the greater number, think that he was poor.

as it has been said to me: 'Let not thy heart be troubled, and do not fear; only be not incredulous, but believe.'"

She bowed profoundly and left. She had scarcely gone when Simon fell into an ecstasy of prayer. All the scenes of the preceding day came visibly before his eyes, sometimes limiting their appearance and their sense to the events themselves, sometimes explaining thereby in sweetly mystical ways the past history of the patriarchs and of his nation. Thus he continued absorbed the whole day, and he neither ate nor drank.

Ruth and the two boys found the city a strange contrast to the city of yesterday. The sun shone brightly, and the air was warm and mild. Instead of the crowds and confusion, there was silence; and in place of the gay holiday groups that used to be there on the festival day, elate with religious pomp and broad phylacteries, the streets were all but deserted. This was due to the phenomena of the day before. All who had come from the country hastened home as soon as the elements or the law permitted them to leave, dreading in their hearts that the worst might have happened their dwellings or their possessions; and pursued by a dread as to the dangers the defilement of the Temple and the rending of the veil of the Holy of Holies might portend.

The boys took their mother at once to the spot (most interesting of all to them) where their father was forced to take up the "big cross of the poor weak Man." Ruth cast herself on the ground; and it was given her now, as it had been given Simon the day before, to see the inestimable privilege that God in His great mercy had bestowed on them in forcing him to take up the cross.

"Mother, look at a red drop,—the same as is on my father's coat."

"Take care, children! Do not tread

on it. Bow down profoundly. That is the way our fathers have ever done. Put your hands near it, and cast yourselves in worship to the earth."

They were in this position when some of the guards of Caiphas, who had just changed sentry over the body of Christ at the sepulchre, came upon them. These, suspecting what the three were doing, seized and questioned them. But they were silent.

"Are you followers of the Galilean?"

Receiving no answer, the guards shook them. Two raised their staves of office, but a third said:

"Pilate and Caiphas must be very courageous when they are not afraid of a woman and two children!"

They, however, beat them, and bade them leave the place. 'And they, indeed, went forth rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to receive stripes for the name of Jesus.'

In exceeding joy of heart, they followed the trodden way to the top of the hill. Wherever they saw a stain of blood they worshipped it. And on the summit, where the three crosses lay upon the ground, they recognized near the middle socket the one that Jesus had carried, and that Simon had helped Him to bear. The three kissed it reverently, and the mother poured forth the gratitude of her heart in sighs and copious tears. Then, rising, they quietly proceeded to the home of the Essenes.

Now, it must be remembered that not to all had God given the light which in His mercy He had vouchsafed to Simon and his family. Therefore mother and children were astonished, not to say shocked, to find the good women downcast and sad.

"Ah, we did not think it would all end this way!" they said. "All the miracles and the promises! All the prayers and the sighs, the hoping and the waiting! We thought that, like another David or another Solomon, He

would at this time restore in glory and splendor the kingdom of our fathers. But there He is—dead, and crucified between two thieves!" And, throwing their veils over their heads, they began to cry and lament most pitifully.

Ruth strove to reassure them, declaring: "My husband has seen strange things these days, and his message is: 'Let not your heart be troubled. Be not incredulous, but believe.' We believe the Promised One has come. They have crucified Him, but His blood is adorable. Soon all men shall see, and the nations shall rejoice."

On returning home, Ruth broke the Paschal bread with the children, and, having put them to bed, went to the prayer chamber to pass the night in meditation and worship with her husband. The tunic lay outstretched on the altar. All night the full moon, with its rich mellow glow, illuminated the precious drops that sparkled preternaturally red upon it.

When, under the Old Dispensation (we read in Exodus), the Chosen People were travelling through the desert, every night there arose to heaven the column of fire, lighting up the mournful waste for dozens of miles, scaring wild beasts and enemies alike. All night in profoundest adoration Simon and Ruth worshipped the Sacred Blood. All night the moon, as if exulting in its work, continued with its splendor to bless and hallow the human Blood of its Creator; but, at dawn, for one brief space it shone exceptionally bright. Then, swiftly withdrawing its rays before the first beams of morning, all was changed: the sacred red disappeared; and the garment, singularly transformed, assumed the immaculate tint and incomparable texture of the lily of the valley.*

Simon reeled and fell back, as if he

had been struck by a Roman spear. "It is my iniquity!" he cried. "More and yet more wash me, O Lord, from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin!" Then all of a sudden he rose and left the house. He stayed not till he flung himself on the spot where he had first met Jesus of Nazareth. While he lay on the ground, overwhelmed with sorrow, a hand rested on his head and a voice whispered into his ear: "Let not thy heart be troubled, neither be thou afraid; only be not incredulous, but believe." Simon looked up and wondered. He saw one arisen from the dead; for 'the bodies of the saints who had been sleeping, leaving their graves, arose, and, entering the Holy City, appeared unto many.' He was an elderly man. Simon had seen the face before, and was making efforts to recollect when and where.

"And, O Ruth, he smiled so graciously!" said Simon, telling it afterwards to his wife. "And he said to me: 'Do you not remember an evening about a score of years ago? You came in from the country with three melons in your hands.' (You had given them to me, Ruth, one lovely day long ago.) 'A young Mother was looking for her Child. I was with her. She said to you: "Have you seen Him whom my soul loveth?" Pitying her, you forced the melons into my hands,—one for the Child that was lost; one for herself, "the fairest of women"; and one for me. Know, Simon, there is nothing sweeter on earth, nothing brighter before Heaven, than the blessed clemency of the poor to the poor. And the divine Mother turned to you and said: "God give thee the desires of thy heart!"'

"I had two desires then. As our father Jacob was willing to serve seven years for Rachel, so was I willing to serve, Ruth, for you. The other was inspired by the words that the same Jacob, when dying, said to his son

* At the dawn of Easter morning the Precious Blood was reassumed by our Blessed Lord; what was not so assumed was no longer adorable.

Juda: "The sceptre shall not depart from Juda, nor a ruler from between his feet, till Shiloh come; and to Him shall the gathering of the people be." I desired to see Shiloh.

"Ruth, these desires have been realized. And that good man made me see that it was the Sorrowful Mother's prayer, because of the simple act of kindness, that obtained them for me. Then, lifting me up most sweetly, he bade me go home and rejoice, saying: 'The Lord is risen. This is the day which He hath made. Let us exult and be glad therein.'"

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IV.

HAMELIN was promptly on time the next morning. He was joyously surprised to see that Hallé had framed the picture, which gave it a much finer effect. He was highly pleased with it.

"I am lending you this gilt frame," said the old painter. "It will make a better impression on your patron, who, if he likes it, may purchase a similar one for a hundred francs. Listen! I hear a carriage stopping,—he is probably here."

A moment later M. Deshorties was ushered into the studio. He was a large man, with a red face, and made a good deal of noise when he entered, though he barely saluted Hallé and did not recognize Hamelin at all.

"They tell me you are an expert, Monsieur," he said to the painter. "What do you think of the picture? Is it worth a thousand francs?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Claude; "and well worth it."

"The frame improves it," said the financier. "I did not care much for it when Lancret sent for me to see it. But, in all respects, it certainly looks better

than it did." Then, suddenly turning to Hamelin, he asked: "You have retouched it, under the direction of this gentleman?" pointing to Hallé.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"I am satisfied with it. Indeed, I like it very much. I consider it worth twice as much as when I saw it first." Looking quizzically at Hallé, he added: "I should not be surprised to hear, Monsieur, that you did some of the retouching with your own hands."

"I did, Monsieur."

"Well, you are an honest pair, and I appreciate it. Hamelin, I will give you two thousand francs for it, and the painter here shall have five hundred—"

"No, Monsieur, I shall accept nothing," interposed Hallé. "If you wish to give the extra five hundred to our young friend, I shall be very glad; for he has earned it."

"That I will not do," said M. Deshorties, brusquely. "I have doubled the original price,—that is enough."

He took his purse from his pocket, gave Hamelin a check for the amount, and was about to take his departure when he inquired:

"Does the frame go with it?"

"No, Monsieur," replied Hallé. "I merely placed it there to exhibit the picture to the best advantage."

"Very well. Order me one exactly like it. I will send for the painting when I return from my journey,—that is, Monsieur, if you have no objection to keeping it here."

"Not at all," said Hallé. "It will be a pleasure, Monsieur."

"Good-day, then!"

In a moment they heard him lumbering down the stairs, and Hamelin turned to his mentor, his face radiant with joy.

"O Monsieur," he cried, "it is too good to be true! And I owe it all to your kindness."

"It has certainly turned out well," answered Hallé. "I am almost as

pleased as yourself. Hasten home now and tell your good aunt all about it."

"I will,—I will,—and Laurette."

"Who is Laurette?"

"My sister, Monsieur. She has just returned from a convent school. She is my confidante and consolation."

The old man smiled.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are not without sympathy in your trials. But, tell me, how did you learn positively that Madame Dumont's daughter was not averse to you?"

"Averse to me! She was never that!" exclaimed Hamelin, who had not a very keen sense of humor.

"Well—well, you know what I mean."

"Madame Dumont wrote me a letter. On an evening we three walked in the Luxembourg Gardens, and—and—everything was explained."

"And I have no doubt you plighted your troth under the balloon tree?"

"How wise you are, Monsieur!" exclaimed the young painter. "How could you have known?"

"Age and wisdom are, or should be, comrades," laughed Hallé. "Go now, my boy, and spread the glad tidings."

V.

The shop of Hamelin's father was large, bright, and clean, although simply arranged. In those days luxurious ornamentation was neither expected nor desired in the establishment of pastry cooks or bakers.

Behind the marble counter, and at the farthest end, sat day after day Mademoiselle Dorothea, the sister-in-law of the baker; and her niece, Laurette, his only daughter. No contrast could have been greater than that between aunt and niece. Dorothea was tall, thin, and of a blond complexion; she acknowledged to fifty years of age. She was always dressed in green, and usually wore a cashmere gown. She affected fichus of fine linen, crossed in front, and ornamented with knots of

satin ribbon to correspond with the shade of her dress. The sleeves were edged in lace; while her hair, thickly powdered, was arranged with great care.

Laurette, only eighteen, was a veritable little rose,—pink and white, with large brown eyes. She preferred white to any color, varying her ribbons from day to day: one day wearing blue, the next pink, often cerise, and occasionally a vivid green. They were all becoming to her beautiful complexion. It was pleasant to see her wrapping up packages of cakes, tying the rose-colored string with her dainty fingers. Business, always good, had increased considerably since her return from the convent a few months before. And, then, the facility with which she made change, the bright smile that irradiated her countenance as she dismissed each customer with a pleasant "Come again!" was felt to be worth the price of her appetizing wares.

She could even perform the miracle of making her serious aunt laugh several times a day; while her father, whenever he had a moment of time, would seat himself behind the long counter, at an end overlooking the rear of the shop, where, seeing but unseen, he would gaze upon her as a miser on his treasure.

"The darling child!" he said one day to his sister. "She conquers everybody with her charming ways. Oh, how blest should I be, Dorothea, if her brother were like her!"

"She is a good and amiable child," replied the spinster. "But take care, brother, that her head is not turned with all the admiration she receives. It is for you and me to watch and guard her. Sometimes it would not be bad to give her a little scolding."

"Scolding? For what?" cried the baker. "She is goodness and kindness itself; prudent withal, for I have observed her. I will give you a dozen of

my finest cakes every time you find occasion to reprove her. My little Laurette is an angel."

"Once angels came to grief," answered Mademoiselle Dorothea; "and young people are very impressionable. Since she has been sitting behind the counter, I noticed we have several new customers whom I would prefer not to have call so often. For example, the little Viscount de Chemilly comes here every day, sometimes twice, to eat cakes and empty his pockets."

"But, Dorothea, the Viscount de Chemilly is not a new customer; and every week, as you know very well, his mother has a standing order."

"Nevertheless, it is for the little one that the Viscount comes here, not to buy cakes for the household. You can not forget, Pierre, that until now the *maître d'hôtel* always gave the order."

"Yes, that is so; and it is not desirable for the darling to chat too often with young aristocrats who have nothing to do but amuse themselves. But what is to be done? We can not invite the boy to go elsewhere for his *petits fours*?"

"No; but, in your place, I would speak very frankly to the child. In that way we shall be able to learn how she feels,—whether her head is beginning to be turned by all this flattery."

"Flattery! I have not heard a word of it."

"Flattery of the eyes, brother, is more eloquent than words, because it is more sincere."

"What a wise head you have, *ma soeur*! Well, now, what do you advise me to do?"

"Simply say to her the truth,—that when the Viscount comes, if there is time before he approaches her, she will steal upstairs and remain there until he has gone. In a short time it will be evident that he does not come here to oblige his mother."

"Why don't *you* tell her?"

"It is not for me to do that. She might think me a meddler. You are her father, her protector; it will come with better grace from you."

"Perhaps," reflected the baker. "I do not like the job, I confess. But I believe you are right. I will do it at once."

"No: wait a while. She has seen me talking to you, and may suspect something. I do not wish her to think me a mischief-maker."

"Right again," answered the baker. "I will wait."

Some time later, when there was a lull in business, he called his daughter to the desk where he had been putting down some accounts.

"Laurette," he said, "when this young Viscount de Chemilly comes again, oblige me by retiring from the shop, if you can do so without attracting attention."

"He is always very polite, papa," answered the young girl.

"I know that, my child. But a young maiden like you can not be too careful of wagging tongues. I notice that he has developed a wonderful appetite for cakes since you have come into the shop, and I would not like that we should be the cause of an attack of indigestion. It might injure his health and worry his good mother. Do you understand, *petite*?"

"Yes, *mon père*," replied Laurette, laughing merrily. "I understand perfectly, and will do as you say."

"She is an angel," whispered the baker to his sister, as he passed near her. "It is all right."

About an hour later Laurette, from her high stool behind the counter, saw the young Viscount, accompanied by a friend, cross the street in front of the bakery. She at once left her place and said to her aunt:

"Papa has asked me to leave the shop for a while. I am going upstairs."

"Yes, I understand," answered Mademoiselle Dorothea. "He has told me all about it. I will attend to everything."

Laurette had hardly disappeared when the two young men entered the shop and advanced to the counter.

"Your humble servant, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the Viscount gaily, his eyes roving about as he spoke. "This is my friend, Treneuse, who swears that the best cakes in Paris are to be found in the Rue Saint-Honoré. I wish to prove to him that he is mistaken by ordering a plate of your best mixed cakes: cream puffs, nougats, meringues, and little tarts. But where is Mademoiselle Laurette?"

"She has gone to take some 'lady-fingers' to a friend of ours,—an old lady, Madame Delachambre," replied Dorothea, with a most innocent air.

"Ah, I see!"

And the Viscount, summoning a *garçon*, white-aproned and clean-shaven, seated himself with his friend at one of the marble-covered tables. It took the young men a long time to dispose of their pastry and Spanish tarts. The Viscount had seated himself so that he faced the counter and could watch the coming and going of those behind it. But she whom he sought did not appear. When at length he found it embarrassing to delay longer, he once more approached the counter and asked for his bill, which Mademoiselle Dorothea presented to him.

"Does Mademoiselle Delachambre live far from here?" he inquired.

"No, Monsieur le Vicomte," answered the maiden aunt: "she lives only a few doors away."

"Mademoiselle has not returned yet?" he asked.

"I do not think so," replied Dorothea. "Madame Delachambre invited her to stay to dinner. She can hardly have returned so soon."

"Eh, bien!" rejoined the young man.

"I had wished to introduce my friend. But—another time."

They had hardly left the shop when young Hamelin entered, his countenance beaming with joy.

"Good news,—good news, Aunt Dorothea!" he cried. "Where is Laurette? My picture is sold!"

"At the first price?"

"Indeed, no,—far more. But where is Laurette?"

"Upstairs."

"She is not ill?"

"Not at all. Go up and you will find her."

Bounding up the steps two at a time, the painter soon heard her voice talking to her aunt's parrot,—she was in the bedroom which they shared between them. When he opened the door she exclaimed:

"Everything is all right! I can tell by your face. Has he taken the picture?"

Charlot sat down and began to relate all that had happened.

"How glad I am!" cried Laurette. "I feel like dancing all around the room; and I would, only that papa and aunt would come running up and think me crazy. And that good Monsieur Hallé! Oh, take me there and introduce me, Charlot! I want to thank him, and I will reserve my dancing for your wedding."

"I shall be glad to introduce you, if papa gives me leave to take you to Monsieur Hallé's. His wife is not so amiable as he is, but she will do. Now I am going to leave you to tell papa about it; for I couldn't bear to hear a cross word from him to-day, Laurette. You can always keep him in a good humor."

"Why should he be cross with you to-day, Charlot?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly cross, but you know how he hates to give in, as he must do now. It will have to be by degrees. After his mind is open to

reason and he has time to reflect, I hope he will come around."

"Where shall you dine, then?"

"At the Widow Hocher's restaurant. It isn't a very nice place, I admit; but—"

"Madame and Mademoiselle Victorine often pass that way about five, returning from their daily walk, and so there is always a chance that you may be sitting near the window as they go by. Isn't it true, Charlot?" interrupted the mischievous girl, with a delicious laugh.

"I shall not deny it, you little witch!" replied her brother. "But I will tell you this much. They do not pass there every day, by any means. It is only a chance. But why are you upstairs at this busy hour, *ma belle*? I do not understand it."

"Papa has a ridiculous idea that the Viscount de Chemilly comes here more to chat with me than to eat cakes, so he told me I must absent myself in future when he makes his appearance. I am glad of the half hour to myself. Isn't it a joke?"

"Oh, these fathers!" said Hamelin, recalling the exclamation of Hallé when he had told his own story. "But we can't strangle them, can we?"

"Charlot! What a horrible thing to say, even in fun! I am curious to know what happened. I am sure Aunt Dorothea will tell me all about it. Likely as not, the Viscount never asked for me."

"Well, I must go now," said her brother. "Lancret will be glad of my news; and I have something to do at the studio. *Au revoir!*"

(To be continued.)

Beneath the Hill of San Miniato.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.



HEY buried the young Lord Ugo on the day of Madonna's Sorrows; they buried him, as a knight that he was, with his sword beside him, and his feet, that had been so restive, set together quite close; and over his broad forehead, that was firm and white as marble, the glossy brown hair waved and did not look dead at all. But the lady his mother knew how beneath the fine cloth of the new doublet were those dark wounds—five in number, like the wounds of Christ,—thrust deep and scarcely cold. There was a suspicion the dagger had carried poison. The mother wept much as she arranged the comely body for the grave,—wept over its youth and strength and vigorous, manly beauty, cut off in the full tide of luxuriant life and health.

Giovanni did not weep at all. That morning Ugo and he had sallied forth together. They had chatted and laughed. It was a brilliant springtide, full of sunshine, and he had left Ugo on the piazza looking at hawks. Two hours later he saw the body carried in, a piteous thing, limp, bending in the middle, and he heard his mother cry out aloud because her elder son was dead and that the spirit had gone forth unshriven. Giovanni could not weep. He was too stunned. They had been so close together, so nearly of an age; and Ugo had all the sweetness and mirth, the gaiety and tenderness mingled with manhood, that made his company desirable above that of any other friend. Ugo had never hated an enemy and never given offence to any man.

Giovanni heard the father's questions and the broken story, mingled with

ATHEISM is the result of ignorance and pride, of strong sense and feeble reason, of good eating and ill living. It is the plague of society, the corrupter of morals, and the underminer of property.—*Jeremy Collier.*

tears, of the young men who had brought in their companion. They did not need to tell the Lord of Petroio of that century-old hatred bred within the bosom of one family over a division of hereditary lands. Every now and again the ancient animosity burst into flame, and quarrels and bloodshed invariably ensued. Did they not pass one another upon the street, like strangers? And had one Ordelacchi in five generations spoken to a Gualberto?

It was a pitiable story. Ugo was looking at the hawks, and one of the Ordelacchi, a sour and cruel man, had passed by. He spat upon the ground as he did. Ugo had turned, and a young cousin with him hurled an injurious word at the Ordelacchi's back. Swifter than thought the older man returned upon them with dagger drawn, and it was upon Ugo his vengeance fell. In a moment friends of the two parties came to the rescue, and a fight, in which two or three were wounded, ensued. Ugo fell; and Ordelacchi, out of sheer hatred, stabbed him, and stabbed him again and again—then fled.

Giovanni heard it all, looking upon that dead face with the pain of its violent ending still contracting the knit brow. Then he heard his father's voice calling him.

"Place your hands with mine upon his heart," the old man said, "and swear—you, Giovanni Gualberto, who will be Lord of Petroio in Val di Pesa when I am gone; for he who is rightful heir will never succeed me, as you see,—swear there, with your hands over his heart, that you will avenge him; and that wherever it is given to us, in whatever time or place or manner, you or I, or both of us,—we will kill the man who spilt this innocent blood."

And then, as in a dream, Giovanni saw the face of his mother streaming with tears and her arms spread wide.

"Do not make him swear that oath, Gualberto! He, too, is innocent, like Ugo; and God alone may take vengeance upon the sinner. Giovanni, say rather that you will pardon for the love of Christ, that the blessing of God may be upon your children."

"Hush, woman! What have you to do with the business of men? Giovanni, take the oath to your blood and to your dead brother. I, your father and chief, command you."

And the young man raised his head, dark and handsome as the head of Ugo: "I take the oath freely, father. I will avenge my brother's blood."

Amid the wailing of the women, they then buried him, with book and bell and incense and sacred song. But after it was over, the Lord of Petroio shut himself in a remote part of the palace and for many days none looked upon his face; for he had loved Ugo as the heart loves the sunlight.

Giovanni could not stay in the house. Everywhere, it seemed to him, was that odor of extinguished tapers, that bore with it a suggestion of death: they were the tapers that had burned at Ugo's head and feet. He went out and walked for miles, he knew not where. He ordered his horse saddled, and rode abroad far, and returned; and always he was exhausted but not weary, and he could not rest.

The third night, as he lay sleepless, his mother came to him. He felt the gentle hand upon his shoulder. She seemed almost a spirit herself, in that troubled darkness of the young man's mind.

"They tell me thou dost not sleep, and thou dost not come to meat," she said.

"How can I sleep and how can I take food, Madonna, since my brother is dead?"

"Thy brother resteth, I trust in God; for he never did wrong, and his end was bitter. But that oath thou

didst swear upon his heart, Giovanni,—that was a wicked thing.”

“My father is best judge of that, Madonna; and I marvel how thou dost not seek to avenge thy son.”

“I buried him,” she made answer meekly, “on the day of Our Lady’s Sorrows.”

Then she felt the arm of this her younger son steal out and circle her neck, and the dark head sought repose against her cheek. But he spoke not, neither did any tear moisten his eye.

“Why art thou not sleeping thyself?” he questioned presently.

“I was indeed asleep and dreamed, and my dream awakened me. I saw, winding up a hill-road toward an ancient castle, a long procession of little children, all robed in white and singing. Ranks on ranks of them I saw. And all had their faces lifted up,—such fair faces, and so joyous, almost like the faces of angels, and shining brightly; and a voice said to me: ‘Behold, all these who sing the praises of God as they ascend, they are the children of Giovanni!’”

Then her lips touched his forehead, and he felt her hand that he could not see trace a cross where her lips had been. After that he slept.

In the morning he thought he, too, had dreamed, and brushed the dim remembrance aside. It was daylight; all Florence was astir, and he went out and mingled with the passers-by,—down the Lung ’Arno to the Mercato Vecchio (not ancient then), and back again to the Duomo. At the corners of streets he would stand and wait; and many a man glanced over his shoulder at the young Lord of Petroio standing there idle; and there was small doubt in any mind as to why the Gualberto stood and watched.

And every morning Giovanni went out thus, alone, after testing with his fingers the sharp edge of his sword; and after driving into his belt, with its

gold buckle of knighthood, a certain long dagger with handle worked in niello. Now and again a friend accosted the idler, and spoke condolence and regret for the glad life cut short; but Giovanni had few words to give in answer, and the would-be mourner passed on with, “How unfeeling he is! How unlike Ugo!”

On Thursday the watcher took his stand outside the gates of old San Giovanni. The ancient octagonal building, the city’s cathedral, erected in the seventh century, was already hoary with age. He noticed the affluence of people. And of a sudden all the bells began to ring together, and from the shadowy interior the burst of song thrust out in exulting jubilation. The young man turned in wonder to the crippled beggar at the door:

“What feast is this they keep to-day?”

“Eh! Sir, are you a stranger or not a Christian? They keep the feast of the Body of Christ, as all the world does the day before He suffered.”

Giovanni Gualberto moved away. Holy Thursday, and he had completely forgotten it! Slowly he wended his way homeward, to the old palace in the shady street near the Porta di San Piero. He was ashamed that in his own grief and fury of hatred he had forgotten the greater mourning of these holy days. But all else save his own unholy lust for vengeance had been wiped out. He threw himself down in weariness of spirit and tried to rest; but there, opposite the great bedstead with its twisted pillars, in a shrine of carved ivory, the Mother of Sorrows hung upon the wall. Giovanni turned his back and looked the other way. Then, restlessly, his body turned once more upon the pillows and he faced her anew: a Woman in most profound sorrow, a Mother whose brave face covered the unquenchable grief of having lost her Son. Was he dreaming

the other night, or had his mother really come to him and really said, "The oath thou hast taken is a wicked thing"? Giovanni's eyes dwelt long upon the image of the Holy Mother; and, as slumber drew near, his eyes still looked and his lips murmured: "Pray for me!" It was his last conscious thought.

Not until the dawn of the following day did he awaken. The sun was not yet risen; but through the circular small panes of the casement he could see the rose of the eastern sky, and he heard something astir that was like the first wing beat or the first trill in the throat of a sleepy bird,—a something that is wide and full of hope flung abroad in the quivering, silvery morning. The city lay very still: no market wagons rattling, no cries of vendors forestalling the earliest housewife. Giovanni remembered: it was Good Friday. The people would be at their prayers or in the churches. The day was hallowed, and austere kept throughout all Christendom. My Lord of Petroio rose to do the same. He did not care to go to San Piero: it was too full of remembrances. Neither would he go to the Duomo, where, for all their heavy veils, the ladies of Florence, gay again to-morrow and sarcastic again to-morrow, congregated this day. He would go to San Miniato. Up there on its hill, it had an exotic charm for him; and the Benedictine monks who lived beside it in silence, labor, and prayer, knew little of the worldly chronicles of the city below.

Cape in hand and booted to ride, Giovanni crossed the courtyard to the stables. A groom sprang up, with red eyes, from the hay where he had been sleeping. "Saddle Rodomonte," my young Lord ordered curtly; and the lad did it briskly, while his master lent a hand. He was up and out in a mere fraction of time, and headed toward the south. It was like moving through

a wondrous new world, flooded to overflowing with amber light, and empty of all the common toils and activities of men. Wherever a house wall or a tower turned to the Orient, a ruddy, virginal flush spread over it; and, under the ancient arches, the Arno moved softly, one solid field of pale gold.

Giovanni crossed the Ponte Vecchio, with the little shops all closed still and slumbering; and the delicate, resonant footfall of Rodomonte rang clear in that sharp silence. The city gates were being opened, and two or three drowsy men-at-arms nodded and looked their wonder at the solitary horseman passing out. The dusty road lay before him; but Gian Gualberto raised his eyes, and yonder were the green hills; and, set against them, the monastery buildings, and the façade of that beloved church that flushed and glittered, creamy-rose in color, and brilliant with mosaics upon gold ground. The stark, grouped cypresses were as guards set around its gem-like beauty. A thrill of genuine pleasure stirred Giovanni's soul. "I must tell Ugo to come to San Miniato some day at sunrise!" Then the joy faded from his face and his right arm hung at his side. "I must tell Ugo—"

The road, when you come beneath the brow of the hill, turns to the right in its process of wending. But, just before it turns, the ascent is very steep; there is a sort of little viaduct, like a small bridge perhaps over some dry stream-bed; and there the mountain-side seems to come down to you abruptly, covered with thick green that wafts a coolness. Even to our own day the spot is lonely and wild, and few people seem to pass by it.

There Giovanni saw a man standing to the right of the road.

"Ah!" he cried out,—*"ah! I knew that I should meet thee at last!"*

The other stood motionless, paralyzed with fear. Giovanni Gualberto gath-

ered his horse to plunge, and raised himself in his stirrups to bring down the cleaving stroke with all his might. But his fury blinded him. The blow fell to one side, and the man flung himself down heavily in the dust.

"Gualberto—for God's sake—I am unarmed!"

"So was Ugo unarmed,—cur, brute, murderer! Who teaches you now to ask for pity?"

But the Ordelacchi raised himself to his knees and flung out his arms wide, crosswise.

"Spare me, Gualberto,—spare me—for the Lord Christ Crucified—for the death He died this day upon the Cross!"

Gian Gualberto's face went quite white and a tremor seized him. The man began to weep piteously then, but the Knight of Petroio did not know it. Between them a cross had suddenly seemed to spring, with the white body of the Redeemer suspended from it. The silence around them was vast and fathoms deep, as though the whole limitless universe had paused to listen. Then a breath stirred amid the foliage, and the leaves on the hillside rustled.

"Thou askest thy life in the name of the Lord Christ Crucified, and in His name I give it—because this day He died for thee and for me."

The sword slid back into its scabbard, and, at a touch from his master's heels, Rodomonte went on up the road between the cypress trees. Yet the young Lord of Val di Pesa was not happy. He rode with his clear-cut features set to meet the wind and his eyes troubled. What had he done? Was it well or ill? And what of his knightly word and oath? At the door of the church he dismounted and tethered Rodomonte to a tree.

The monks were in choir, dolorously and monotonously reciting the Lamentations. The altar was stripped. The aisles had not yet caught, save high up in the translucent screens, the roseate

splendor of the new day. Gualberto stood irresolute a moment at the threshold, then crept with noiseless feet to the Cappella del Crocifisso where the great Christ upon the Cross looked down in sorrow. Humbly the suppliant knelt. He had no prayers. The very words of common speech seemed to have departed from him. He could only look up and try to detect in that countenance, wet with the sweat of death beneath the thorn-crown, in those sunken, shadowy eyes, some token of approval to dispel his doubt. But the Christ, in whose name and for whose sake he had pardoned, had no glance for him, all absorbed in that dread business of dying. His pupils glazed, the blue lips parted sharply in agony, the Man-God had uttered His last word on earth.

Gualberto's head dropped in desolation upon his hands. Ugo was dead—and unavenged. His murderer roamed free, because he, Gian Gualberto, had done himself this useless violence for a Name, for an idea. And the Christ, too, was dead, or almost dead, and heeded not. In the strong revulsion, after his own hard conflict, sobs broke from the young man's lips. To that strong faith in which the Christ and Ugo were equally near, equally living, this was the greatest tragedy of all. "It was for Thee I forgave him," the pain wringing his heart clamored aloud,—*"it was for Thee!"*

Then, mute at once, he raised his head, and his grief was hushed; for, with the selfsame gesture of the man upon the bridge, the Crucified straightened His drooping arms; the pierced hands moved away from the nails, ever so gently, and downward toward the kneeling Knight; under the bloodied wreath the brows relaxed; and the eyes, from beneath their drooped lids, turned toward him, softly beaming. A light shone through the pearly face, transparent like the alabaster windows

above, and Gian Gualberto saw the exquisite tenderness, gentleness, and sweetness, as of a Bridegroom upon his bridal morning, when the Christ of Mercy smiled upon him.

"And after that the Christ, in the presence of many persons, had inclined to him," reads the old Florentine chronicle, "his soul was filled with compunction, and he would no more return to the world, but abode there, and asked to be admitted to the Order of St. Benedict. And later in life, being desirous of more complete seclusion, he himself instituted the company of the holy hermits of Vallombrosa, and seven monasteries of this Order were founded before he died."*

* Life of St. John Gualbert.

Easter Even.

BY V. D. GOODWIN.

I WILL go out alone, and sit
 Within the Garden, and recall
 God's Promise and what came of it:
 The Cross above the oxen's stall.

I can not see my little Child,
 My Jesus! I can only see
 God, suffering yet undefiled,
 While my Son's eyes look down on me.

I will go out alone, and stand
 At evening near the lonely Hill,
 And pray, perhaps, that His pierced hand
 May touch me, standing there so still.

I will go out alone, and take
 The pathway up the hill, and run,
 Crying aloud, though my heart break,
 "Christ Jesus! Master! Little Son!"

I will go out alone, and wait
 Beneath His Cross while still it stands;
 And they, who see me desolate,
 May veil their eyes and fold their hands,

And leave it as it was before—
 Empty; and go at eventide
 Saying, "That is the Woman bore
 Jesus, whom we have crucified."

Gerrit's Promise.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

II.



EVER was there a more beautiful day than that on which the inhabitants of the Colony set out to celebrate, each according to his own form of belief, the Resurrection of our Saviour. To Gerrit, the very air, fragrant with the bourgeoning trees, was full of joy as he proceeded to the Wessels' dwelling, whence he should come forth on the triumphal progress of his love. He paid special attention to his own costume,—surtout and small clothes of fine cloth, with metal buttons, and a waistcoat of satin.

Jannetje was ready, waiting; and she fairly took away his breath with her glorious beauty, set off by the Easter finery, in which green, the color of hope, was the predominant tone. Her gown of pale green lutestring was set off by a scarf of a slightly darker shade. Her bonnet, with green ribbons and tiny knots of pink, suggested the perfection of a flower.

"It is a beauteous Easter Day!" she cried.

"The most beauteous in my life," responded Gerrit, "for the joy that it has brought me."

The only fly in the perfect amber of his happiness was when Jannetje, pausing under a beech and looking upwards to the blue sky, exclaimed:

"Gerrit, the Alleluias of my French friends are sounding in my ears. The tiny voices of the birds are singing them. And, O dear one, you will not forget your promise!"

He promised readily enough, though in his heart he cursed the Popish spells that had bewitched this lovely maid and which rose as a thin wall of division between them. He put aside the thought, however; for was she not his

own this day, walking to church, proclaiming their troth plight, and willing to sit beside him in that temple where her people and his had always worshipped? His spirits rose higher than ever as they began to meet the crowds of worshippers, all of whom stared in surprise; for the courtship had been quietly conducted. The interest of some was good-natured, while that of others was malevolent. For many amongst the men envied young Hardenbrock his treasure; and numbers of the girls would very willingly have walked to church with that tall and stalwart youth upon the Feast of Paas.

The parents of the young couple met and nodded their mutual satisfaction. The Hardenbrocks had Negro attendants to carry their silver-clasped prayer-books and the warm bricks for their feet; for the church was still chilly. But the Wessels, less prosperous, themselves carried those appliances. The Dominie, in his black clothes, with ruffles of lace at the sleeves, and pointed hat, stopped with a special greeting to the young couple, whose projected marriage he warmly approved.

The very bricks in the little church walls seemed to Gerrit to shine brighter than ever in the sun. He remembered having counted them as a boy, to delay till the very last moment going into the over-long service. Now he was a man and about to take a wife—Jannetje.

The latter turned pale as she entered the once beloved place of worship and walked proudly to a seat beside her lover. The bareness of the church revolted her; and through the long and tedious service she fancied herself once more within that carefully adorned apartment in the Frenchman's house, listening to the Easter Alleluias. That memory lessened the sum of her happiness; for, above the monotonous tones of the Dominie, she seemed to hear the message which that other preacher had

had for her soul. There were moments when she almost wished she had not promised to marry Gerrit, that she might be free to seek for that which her heart craved.

The two were married in the autumn, when the orchards were crimson with apples. Jannetje was there to help in the picking, and her strong and capable arms took turns at the cider presses. She superintended every detail of the farm work; and, bewitching as a sweetheart, Gerrit found her incomparable as a wife. In the whole of Smit's Valley there was no better-kept homestead than theirs; and when at evening she stood at the half-door of the kitchen to meet him with loving words, Gerrit felt that his cup of happiness was full.

When, however, the months flew round again, and Easter was near, Jannetje, who had seemed unwontedly perturbed of late, suddenly reminded her husband:

"My dear man, my beloved Gerrit, now has come the time when I must ask the fulfilment of your promise."

It was a thunderbolt. Gerrit had hoped she had forgotten. He strove at first to jest or reason her out of her resolve; but the calm judgment, the inflexible will which he had often admired, were proof against argument.

"My soul craves what I can not find here," she declared; "so go I must to find a priest of the Catholic and Roman Faith."

Gerrit was dismayed; for, apart from its objective, a journey in those days was a grievous undertaking. Since his wife was determined, however, he, mindful of his promise, made the necessary arrangements. No man in Manhattan ever knew the story of that journey, or why it had been undertaken; though it was supposed that Gerrit, having trading business, had elected to take his wife with him.

Nor was he a man that could be questioned.

The journey was made partly by chaise and partly on horseback. The travellers followed the eastern post road for some distance, diverging thence westward. They passed many a "bowery," or farm; and saw in the distance some of the manor houses which began to appear on the Hudson,—Gerrit pointing out to his wife the famous red door of Nicholas Bayard, which was a landmark. At other stages of the journey they passed densely wooded roads, the favorite haunts of the "Wilden."

Their thoughts must have been many and strange, but upon the topic that engrossed both they spoke no word. Nor was it ever told to mortal ears how at Albany, in the castles of the Indians, they discovered a French missionary, who spoke English well, and who made their further journeying unnecessary. He found Jannetje so well instructed, from the books that she had read and the conversations she had held with her friends, that he received her at once into the Church, and admitted her to Holy Communion on Easter morning. It was then that Jannetje again heard—this time from French Catholics and Indian neophytes—the hymns which had enchanted her of old. The priest, after Mass, informed her of the death of her early friend at the Ursuline Convent in Quebec. He remarked that, no doubt, she was beside her in the celebration of the Resurrection Day, and praying for her to the Risen Christ.

Gerrit found the beauty of his wife enhanced a hundredfold, as she threw herself into his arms and thanked him for her present happiness. After all that he had seen and heard, he was deeply moved, but not convinced. With the Hardenbrock obstinacy, he still cherished a distrust of Popish priests; though he could not but admire this

missionary, who so often took his life in his hands amongst the Iroquois.

After that there was but little change in the life at the farm, though the last shadow had passed from the face of its mistress. She made no public profession of her Faith—to do so might have been dangerous,—only she went no more to the old Dutch church. Pensively, she leaned out of the window to watch Gerrit on Sabbath mornings go forth alone.

She knew not what reason he gave to his family. She herself gave none. Her absence at first created remark, and the good old Dominie paid her a visit of remonstrance. She fancied that he might have suspected her reasons; but if so, he kept the suspicion to himself, and thenceforth left her in peace. After a time the matter was forgotten, save by her own family, who sighed over her "backsliding," which was largely attributed to her manifold duties at the farm.

From time to time there appeared a mysterious visitor, coming on horseback or in the coach from Boston or Philadelphia. Gerrit himself always met him; and if he remained over night or for two or three days at the farm, it was not an uncommon circumstance in the Colony, where hospitality was a traditional virtue.

Not very long after the birth of Jannetje's first child, the stranger appeared, and only those within the household knew that the gates of heaven had been opened to another inheritor. That secret held in common seemed only to unite still more closely the husband and wife. In the latter's heart was a fervent gratitude for her husband's loyal fulfilment of his promise, and the assistance he had given her in the practice of her religion.

There came an Easter morning when, supremest joy of all, Mass was said within the precincts of the

dwelling in Smit's Valley; and Jannetje, with a handful of Catholics who had suddenly appeared from somewhere, sang the Easter Alleluias. On the altar were lilies which the housewife herself had raised.

That evening Jannetje stood at the door, watching the venerable priest as he walked up and down under the trees, reading his Office. Her hair shone brighter than ever in the sunset glow; her amber eyes were full of a light that was not of earth. 'Of a sudden, Gerrit came up and stole his arm around her.

"My wife, my beautiful one!" he cried. "In this matter of your Faith we shall be no longer separated. I have asked the holy missionary, before he departs, to make me one with you forever."

Never did Gerrit forget the cry of joy with which Jannetje received that intelligence. When the glow of the Easter Eve had faded into a lovely dusk, their voices rose together in the Easter songs; and the missionary, closing his book, came and joined in the sacred canticles.

(The End.)

"Tentianus Lives."

THE early Christians called their burying grounds "cemeteries," which means "sleeping places." In Rome some of those ancient cemeteries are away far under ground and are called catacombs. On the walls of these catacombs are many epitaphs, some of which are very beautiful. One of these is exceedingly short. It is this, *Tentianus vivit*,—"Tentianus lives." That seems, perhaps, strange to put over a grave, yet it is perfectly true. The body of that early Christian is resting there in his sleeping place, but his soul is still alive in Paradise; and some day it will return, and his body will awake out of its long sleep, and both will live as they never did before.

A Christian Soldier.*

WITH the publication of "Eurydice deux fois perdue," all the work of one of the finest young spirits in modern French letters will have been given to the world. Paul Drouot, who was killed in battle during June, 1915, was a rising poet whose earlier writings, darkened somewhat by the paganism of their time, nevertheless gave promise of great artistic and spiritual growth. They were the sincere songs of a young man whose denial of materialism was about to be proclaimed. There had come into his life just that amount of agnostic intellectualism which makes the Faith, when it is revived, burn just so much more brightly. The crisis was reached when an intimate friend who had entered the seminary was ordained a priest; and Paul Drouot, sensing deeply the peace of God, devoted himself resolutely to the study of religion and to the clearing away of doubt. This was done with the sincerity and exactness of a Newman abandoning liberal opinions at Oxford. Just when belief had been confirmed in him the war broke out, and the strength which was given him to meet it was the strength of God.

Paul Drouot, although there ran in his veins the blood of that Marshal Drouot who was so able a counsellor of Napoleon, did not enter the conflict breathless with the expectation of adventure, or the heroic enthusiasm of the reckless patriot. Understanding that the war would be long and unspeakably cruel, he saw that military glory would be mocked by frightful holocausts. There came the temptation to hide behind his physical weakness, to accept the secure position in the rear

* The matter presented here was gathered from a series of articles contributed by M. Paul Régnier to *La Revue Hebdomadaire*.

which even the doctors counselled, and thus to escape the rigors of a deadly campaign. In addition there was the natural plea of his mother, who, praying that her chalice might pass, saw in the possibility of safety for her son the mercy of God. But Drouot put these thoughts aside sternly, for he knew that his duty was to accept the law of suffering; it was a terrible but still a beautiful and consoling law. "Be brave," he wrote to his mother; "for we are all in the position which I believe the souls in purgatory occupy when they behold their suffering and its expiation. Think of how beautiful that is, and of our inner dignity which is great enough to make our pain serve some purpose that is unknown, but surely great and eternal." Do not these simple words contain the response which every Christian must make to the assaults of evil?

That response was just as ready when, on nearing the lines, the poet passed a regiment of soldiers covered from head to foot with mud. "We shall soon have the honor to be just as dirty," he says. It was this instinctive perception of the unity of mankind, this touching desire to share honestly in the universal woe which had plunged the youth of earth into their inferno, which gave courage to Drouot and men of his stamp. And surely that courage, lasting as it did, must have possessed something of the supernatural in its vitality. The days that followed were terrible,—days when living men fought their way forward through embankments of corpses, and, brushing the shades of those who had gone before, plunged headlong into the barbarism of modern slaughter. There was nothing to lift the soul of a poet that, bee-like, had fed on the flowers of peace; but the poet accepted his daily martyrdom.

It was not an easy thing to do. Paul Drouot, bearing with Christian forti-

tude the hunger, the isolation, and the physical nausea of the conflict, could not always repress the agony of his manhood. "*Eurydice deux fois perdue*," in its present form a series of fragments scribbled at the Front, is the cry of a wounded soul for light and love, for the beautiful kingdom of God. From under the allegorical mask of an individual lover, humanity cries out for divine affection.

"When holy Suffering has tried everything to wrest from man a lasting perjury; when she has employed all the tools of her torture; when, with jealousy for his pillow and the nails of despair driven blow for blow by hate and love, she had obtained nothing from him except an abjuration alternately feigned and denied, there remains for her to use the final instrument of physical exhaustion.

"I lie upon the earth, prostrate, opening my eyes from time to time. . . .

"Nothing, though there is in my throat this taste of death as of a raw chestnut, this acid sweat of agony,—nothing—when all my veins call for the knife—will dissuade me from my love! . . .

"I march into the night without asking myself where I am going; straight ahead, as we shall do on the night of judgment when we seek the Valley of Josaphat.

"The stars tremble in unison, like clusters of flowers in a lonely land. And suddenly the tenderness of the light of the moon speaks to my eyes and they burst into tears."

This is the plea of a poet for mercy to his race,—poignant, pitiful, and yet obedient. It was written during the intervals between duties, when his body was tortured by rheumatic fever, and his eyes were given nothing but those scenes of desolation which warfare knows so well how to present. Paul Drouot made duty even more strenuous by a continued consecration of himself

to the needs of others. Fortified in person by the practice of his religion, he brought comfort to those who sat in darkness; with something of the devotion of a priest he soothed the souls that waited in despair.

It is worth recalling at this point, perhaps, the friendship with a noble leader, Major Madelin, which meant so much for the poet. Madelin was the sort of commander whom men gladly die for; who seems veritably the incarnation of honor and fatherland, and to whom it is given that his death shall seem as desolate as the falling of a glorious star. The character and death of his officer were set forth by Paul Drouot in an affecting letter which Maurice Barrés published under the tragic title "A soldier, from across the grave, pronounces the eulogy of his commander." For during the following month the writer himself was killed.

Drouot's character, however, was not so singular as it may seem: it was representative. The sustaining and beautiful idea that had come into the souls of the best soldiers was that of the ancient mystical unity of Christendom. Politicians might have blundered and even have stained their guilty hands; the great men might have gambled with the happiness of millions. It did not matter now; for here stood one's people, battling for their dearest ideals,—for the old things which had been sanctified by the religion of their fathers. For the first time in centuries the soul of Europe moved in inner accord, independent of its princes, conscious of its sacrifice and dignity, with the sublime devotion of the Crusades. To be one with the rest, to accept the common lot, became the ideal of the most keenly intellectual of men. Never had an old saying seemed so profoundly true as this: "*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*" Sacrifice alone, obscure and unknown, could render the individual

worthy of the common name of man.

On one of the last days of his life, Paul Drouot sat during most of a long night under the roof of a battered house, from which the stones were being shaken by a terrific bombardment, sheltering with his own body that of a wounded friend. "I shall never forget," says the man he comforted, "the emotion which came over him when he saw that I had been wounded, or the affection which he showed for me." It was characteristic of the man, because it was his creed, carried out with ceaseless effort until he was killed. The letters he wrote to bring consolation to those whose relatives had fallen are, like his literary remains, the natural products of a soul that had fought its lonely way to God.

He gave his blood with a deep understanding of the mystery of faith, as one of that army of glorious men who had abandoned the egoism they had inherited for the sacrifice of the commonplace, for something like the humility of the Cross. In their memory the present will seek its inspiration to duty, its release from the tyranny of greed, its impetus to a realization of the ancient solidarity of Christendom. "It is written," says Paul Régnier, "that he who loves his life shall lose it; but that he who, counting it as nothing, sacrifices it to his duty shall receive immediately, from an admiring heaven and earth, abounding justice. The youth which Paul Drouot sacrificed has been restored to him; it is part of his countenance, whose charm is inviolable by the blows of time. Glory which he fled had sought him out; he gained it at the very moment when he renounced it altogether."

FAITH is like a little night light in a sick man's room; when it is there the darkness is not complete; one turns to the east, and awaits the full radiance of the day.—Abbé Huvelin.

Our Lord's First Appearance after His Resurrection.

IT is easy to believe that Our Lord's first appearance after His glorious Resurrection was to the Blessed Virgin, though there is no record of it in the Gospels. The tradition is that the Angel Gabriel, who announced the Incarnation, brought her the glad news of the Resurrection also; and that soon afterwards Our Lord Himself appeared, holding a luminous cross in His left hand, and surrounded by angels singing Alleluia. A halo of glory now replaced the crown of thorns, the cruel wounds were all closed, and from His form emanated a light of dazzling brightness. After Our Lord had greeted His Mother, the angels did reverence to her in turn, and then disappeared. When the meeting with Our Lord was over, the Blessed Virgin is supposed to have returned to the Cœnaculum, where St. Peter and the other Apostles were waiting in painful suspense and persevering prayer; though for a secret reason she made no announcement to them.

The spot where the meeting between Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin is said to have taken place is still pointed out to pilgrims, and is supposed to have been not far from that where Christ was seen by St. Mary Magdalene; but, according to tradition, some little time elapsed between the two apparitions.

THE Jews call their synagogues Beth Chayim ("the house of the living"), showing how they believe in the Resurrection. The word "cemetery" is not less suggestive,—from the Greek *koimeterion* ("the sleeping place"). The German designation of their burying-place—"God's Acre"—brings out another aspect of the Resurrection truth: "He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." (St. Luke, xx, 38.)

A Dawning.

ALL who are interested in the reunion of Christendom—every true Catholic must be especially so—will rejoice over the many signs, faint though they may seem, of a clearer understanding on the part of outsiders of what the Church of Christ is, and of a more humble disposition to consider her claims upon their allegiance. They are beginning to feel that heretofore they have been guided by prejudice rather than by evidence; that in reality they started, not from belief in the Holy Scriptures, but from disbelief of Catholic doctrine. The grandeur of the religion of Catholics seems to them all the more so now, in contrast with disintegrating sectarianism.

The current number of the *Constructive Quarterly* presents many of the signs to which we refer,—in particular the two leading articles, "Reunion: A New Outlook and a New Program," by Dr. Edwin James Palmer, bishop of Bombay; and "The Lambeth Ideal of Unity," by Dr. Philip Rhinelander, bishop of Pennsylvania. Bishop Palmer writes: "The Conference [on Faith and Order at Geneva] made an important transition from one outlook to another; and with the change of outlook came a change of program. . . . The new outlook is given by the call to regard the whole question of reunion in the light of the united universal Church as it is to be, or as it is in the mind of Christ. . . . In a word, we are to cease altogether from looking on our own things only or chiefly. We are to cease to begin reflections about reunion from ourselves or from the present. We are to begin from the great Church, the united Church, the Church of the future; always remembering that it is present in the mind of Christ."

And Bishop Rhinelander says: "It is

clear that in the Bishops' view unity is something already given to and present in the Church, which is to be manifested and maintained. It is not a humanly devised expedient, incidentally and almost accidentally forced to the front by the pressure of untoward circumstances. It is an enabling gift or endowment of the Holy Spirit present in the Fellowship from the beginning, waiting like all other gifts for human realization and acceptance, but definitely and irrevocably the plan of divine wisdom and the goal of divine will. Hence unity takes its place as a primary moral obligation resting on the whole company of Christ's disciples."

These are remarkable utterances. Never before have non-Catholic polemics expressed themselves so fully or so candidly on the subject of Christian Reunion. We should like very much to quote at length from both papers, particularly the second one; but we must confine ourselves to what Bishop Rhinelanders has to say in reference to the Apostolic Ministry, to the part it plays in making all secure and permanent:

The Church is not to be conceived as merely an association for the propagation of ideas, or for the promotion of moral causes. Rather, it is a "body," or an organism, for the communication of life to and through its members. The original and originating gift of the new life is to be preserved undiluted and undiminished, so that it may flow into the last convert as freely and fully as into the first. Continuity is, therefore, of the essence of the Church's unity. Its contemporaneous spread and power will have no real spiritual significance unless in all its growth it hold fast with unbroken contact to its unfailing springs and sources. Here lies the true function of the Church's ministry. It began with the Apostles, who were ordained and authorized by Christ for the due ordering, unifying and perpetuating of the "fellowship of the baptized," which is the Church. It was continued by the Apostles, that the whole fellowship might have a ministry duly authorized and enabled for the work, and everywhere and by all freely acknowledged as guardians of the common and continuous spiritual resources of the whole fellowship

and dispensers of the common grace. That is the real criterion of what is meant by an "Apostolic ministry," and it is such an "Apostolic ministry" that really matters. It is now, as it was from the beginning, indispensable for the effective manifestation of the Church's unity.

It is at this point, and only at this point, that the "Historic Episcopate" becomes important. Granted that an Apostolic ministry as defined above is indispensable to the Church's unity, how may it be had? If lost, how may it be recovered? This is the precise way in which the Lambeth Appeal approaches this delicate and thorny question. This is why the Bishops put their question, and this is their complete justification for putting it just as they do: "May we not reasonably claim that the Episcopate is the one means of providing such a ministry?" To interpret this question of the Bishops as simply equivalent to the requirement of episcopal ordination as a condition precedent to unity, or intercommunion, with the Churches of the Anglican Communion, is either to miss the point or to charge the Bishops with insincerity. The question of episcopal ordination does not emerge, as a matter of real importance, except for those who are convinced (1) that the external and visible unity of the whole Church is Our Lord's will, and, therefore, a primary obligation; and (2) that an Apostolic and universally accepted official ministry is essential to that unity. For all who are so far agreed, it does become a matter of very grave concern to determine how such an Apostolic ministry may be established among, or recovered by, all the members of the fellowship. Logically speaking, it still remains a *secondary* matter; for it is a means towards the end, and not the end itself. But practically it is of *primary* importance, in that the end of unity depends upon the means of ministry.

In declaring that, from the very first, the Holy Eucharist was the mark of common faith, life and worship, Dr. Rhinelanders expresses a great truth. It is indeed the noblest of the Sacraments, and the end to which the others lead. But it involves a priesthood; and the priesthood involves a hierarchy; and the hierarchy involves a perpetual, visible, and indefectible Church. Prayer will hasten the day when our separated brethren will all see this as now we see it.

Notes and Remarks.

The press of this country is still engaged in the decade-old controversy as to the advisability, not to say the urgent necessity, of an effective censorship of motion pictures. Some of our reputable papers would apparently allow the exhibitors a free hand, subject only to the expressed denunciation of the spectators; others demand that pictures suggestive of salaciousness and quasi-approval or condonation of crime be barred from exhibition. As stated by the National Catholic Welfare Council, "the Catholic position, briefly put, favors reasonable and far-reaching reforms of a number of admitted abuses and disagreeable features connected with motion-picture performances to-day. These reforms apply to the admitted indecencies of the films, such as unwholesome sex plays, indecent posters and advertising, suggestive situations, inciting dances, and other film filth. The Catholic position does not necessarily call for State or Federal censorship laws,—at least not until the efforts of the better class of motion-picture producers and exhibitors, to effect their own reforms, have been given an honest trial and have been proved to be inadequate. We, however, confidently hope and expect that these efforts, with which we are in full sympathy, will succeed."

* * *

Discussing this matter of censorship in a recent issue of *America*, Dr. Condé B. Pallen mentions Blue-law censors, wooden-headed censors, and loose-minded censors, all of them sinning by excess or defect; and declares that "there is but one way to solve the difficulty, and the solution is far from easy—viz., censor boards composed of people of such high character and intelligence as to ensure sane and balanced decisions. For the sake of uniform

rules and regulations, and to eliminate the irritating confusions and injustices that now obtain through the conflicting decisions of local and State boards, censorship should be national, under Federal supervision. Censors should enjoy no less dignity than judges on the Bench. Responsible guardians of public morals in censorship are as vital to the public welfare as responsible guardians of the law; their emolument should be equivalent and their standing no less in the community. When this need is realized, censorship will be esteemed at its proper worth, and the right kind of censors be sought to be duly compensated and esteemed."

In the meantime, pending the appointment of judicious censors, we repeat the advice we have already given to individual Catholic families: Let a mature member of the family view a given motion picture, and decide as to its decency, before allowing any of the younger members to attend its presentation. To allow one's children to go indiscriminately to any and all the "Movies" presented nowadays is very certainly to be remiss in one's duty as a Catholic parent.

It is a mistake to imagine that only Catholics are opposed to the passage of the Smith-Towner Bill, and are determined to make their opposition effective. There are many non-Catholics who are equally determined to fight an enactment so diametrically opposed, at least in its obvious consequences, to the time-honored doctrine of State rights. Of this class is the *Hartford Courant*, which says, editorially: "Many thoughtful people are asking if it is not time to check the drift toward centralization. The most amazing attempt in the way of centralization is this so-called Smith-Towner Bill, which is to take charge of education in every State in the Union at a starting cost of only \$100,000,000. . . .

The Smith-Towner Bill is opposed by various influences. Many advocates of the measure profess that the opponents have selfish motives. But the one motive that should affect all who believe in our Union as it was designed to be, should oppose it as an organized attempt to concentrate at Washington the control of education; or, if not actually the control, to interfere with State education."

Centralization, at Washington, is a policy which has not so far met with such success as to create on the part of the American people any desire for its further development. The defeat of the Smith-Towner Bill will prove a needed deterrent to all similar schemes in other fields.

Perhaps the most striking fact brought out by a study of the Official Catholic Directory for 1921 is that the number of new churches erected in the United States during the previous year averaged one a day. Nothing could be a surer indication of the progress of the Church than this. There are already 28,122,859 Catholics living under the Stars and Stripes; 17,885,646 of them being in the United States proper. Statistics of the conversion of adults to the Faith in 1920 were furnished by only seventy-three of the one hundred and one dioceses; but the number of converts is placed at 39,000. A century ago there were only a mere handful of Catholics in this country, and converts were very few and very far between.

The four corners of the globe have begun to see that the situation of Austria is crucial in Europe, and can not be changed by simply taking up collections of old clothes and potatoes. That the Austrians are themselves somewhat to blame, no one will deny: their chief guilt has lain in a readiness to listen to foreign propaganda, and to

forget the simple fact that a nation must always be national. But the guilt of Austria is really upon the heads of other nations. "The Allies broke up the old Austria because it was Catholic," says the *Herald of India*, "and because international bankers desired to gain control over the country. No sooner was the treaty signed than a swarm of international financiers and industrialists was let loose there, alienated her industries and bought up all her goods; whilst the Reparations Commission, which cost the country a milliard *kronen*, made pretty speeches and dispatched a few rickety children to England to amuse old spinsters." Our own share in the break-up of Austria is the largest and the most difficult to condone. If there is any international policy to which we must devote ourselves for the redemption of America's honor and the peace of the world, it is the policy of a stabilized Austria. As she is, that country may be an enigma; but she remains none the less a monument of shame.

None except the Puritans ever reformed art by law: they killed it. When the people respond to pure, exalted, divinely-given art, they will have it; so long as they are content with the slimy and materialistic imitations now so common, they shall drink them to the dregs. What change is to come will be entirely the result of the spiritualization of democracy. The success in Paris of D'Indy's opera, "The Legend of Saint Christopher," is an instance of what can be done constructively for the betterment of the stage. Nothing this season has proved more consistently popular, although the theme is deeply religious, even penitential in character. D'Indy simply knew how to write music. The international acclaim which "Cyrano de Bergerac" met with is still interesting as another example of clean popularity;

moreover, have any recent plays held the public like Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," or Chesterton's "Magic"? The Puritans' way is not the only method of art-reform: there is the simple, more graceful way of providing art and supporting it.

Conditions in Ireland still continue to excite pity and amazement, not to say indignation and horror, all over the world. The incompetency of the English Government to bring about a cessation of deplorable occurrences across the Irish Sea is daily becoming more evident. That Lloyd George and his Cabinet are not only incompetent, but clearly inconsistent, is shown by this extract from an editorial in the *London Catholic Times*:

It is satisfactory to learn that this policy of terrorism does not commend itself to the King. In his address at the inauguration of the new Indian Legislature at Delhi, the Duke of Connaught, speaking on behalf of his Majesty, laid emphasis on the fact that the consent of the people of India is a necessary feature of the British administration in India, and repudiated the idea that it had been, or could be, based on principles of force or terrorism. The Government are endeavoring to carry out in Ireland the principles which his Majesty repudiates in the case of India. They are devastating the country and creating anarchy. It is only too probable that, despite the royal repudiation, they will continue their policy until they are turned out of office by the votes of an angry people.

England's Premier has by his astuteness and his ability managed to weather a good many storms since his advent to power; but it would seem that the Irish question will—may it be soon!—prove his Waterloo.

A writer in the *Northwest Review*, of Winnipeg, Canada, presents a dismal outline of the present industrial situation in the Dominion. Thousands of unemployed men haunt the soup-kitchens in every city, and agriculture has become an unprofitable venture,—

this in a country whose undeveloped natural resources are enormous. It is a distinct relief to turn from this gloomy general situation to the little town of Grand Mère in Quebec, where there is a gigantic paper mill, operating at full blast, and employing highly-contented laborers. Wages are paid according to the Union scale; there are no strikes or signs of sabotage, and the well-built individual dwellings of the workers point to an admirable solution of the housing problem.

It reminds one very much of Acadia and the little village of Grand Pré. The inspiring genius of this industrial concord is a simple parish priest, Father Lafleche, who wields a sword of justice and charity that cuts both ways. He is master of no great economic learning, but he holds the hearts of his people in his hand. Could Labor be represented everywhere by men so disinterested and so loyal to the highest hopes of Christendom, its problems would cease to appear the tremendous tragedy which we know to-day.

Some confirmation of Mr. Belloc's contention that the attitude of the English mind to-day towards religion is one of some perplexity, of inquiry, and, above all, of respect, is afforded by an extended review in the *London Times* of a volume of lectures, by Dr. Philip H. Wicksteed, on "The Reactions between Dogma and Philosophy, Illustrated by the Works of St. Thomas Aquinas." After remarking that, in every portion of his subject, Dr. Wicksteed brings an acute intellect to illuminate the obscurities of his subject; and that, while he is fresh and suggestive, his results never seem to be exaggerated, the reviewer says:

There was a day when the ideas of the Angelic Doctor were investigated as if they were those of a man of pure and passionless curiosity. That day has passed away, and we are glad to note that the author exhibits

no desire to pass by the hymns of the Schoolman. He realizes as deeply as Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun that the ballads, the songs, of a country were more important than its laws. If the men of the sixteenth century sang themselves into Lutheran doctrine, the men of the Medieval Age sang themselves into the doctrines of Aquinas. For he wrote four hymns widely known—"Verbum Supernum Prodiens," "Sacris Solemnis Juncta Sint Gaudia," "Adoro Te Devote Latens Deitas," and the famous sequence "Lauda Sion Salvatorem." Who does not know the following moving lines—

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Verses like these gave the heart those reasons which the reason never knew. . . .

Enlarging on this point, the reviewer goes on to remark:

Dr. Wicksteed consistently develops the assumptions which underlie the ideas of the Angelic Doctor,—the assumption, for example, that any fundamental and ineradicable yearning of man conveys its own guarantee of fulfilment; that there is a real necessity for some enlargement of our faculties hereafter, and some supplement of our means of preparation for it here. In spite of the distinction which St. Thomas first clearly draws between natural and revealed religion, he insists with Hugh de St. Victor that all truth is one, and that as such we must endeavor to grasp it. Both men hold that there is a progressive revelation of truth, and that, as the coming of the Saviour drew near, the knowledge of truth increased. The sacraments of the law of nature shadowed forth the truth; those of Moses were its image; and those instituted by Christ are the reality. That is, the early is a preparation for the later, but all are fundamentally one.

St. Thomas is referred to by the reviewer as "the Angelic Doctor," "the great Italian scholar."

The wisdom of the laws of the Church concerning the marriage of her members—laws set forth by the Bishop of Savannah in a Pastoral Letter for Lent—is illustrated by the case of a deserter from the army and navy, lately sent to prison, who within two years, in cities and towns far apart, had suc-

ceeded in contracting marriage with fourteen young women, some of whom bear unmistakably Catholic names. The culprit told his lawyer that whenever he met a girl at any port or post to whom he took a fancy he married her, "because it was so easy." For a lawful Catholic marriage, the free state of the contracting parties must be ascertained, and one of the parties must have lived for a month in the place where the ceremony is performed. The tenth of the rules laid down by Bishop Keiley reads: "No dispensation from all publications of the banns will be granted except to avoid serious scandal or for other equally grave reason. Dispensation from one or two publications may be obtained when there is a valid reason given."

The Catholics among those fourteen unfortunate women who are now petitioning the Court for divorce and annulment have only themselves to blame for not knowing the laws of the Church concerning marriage; and if they were disobedient instead of ignorant, they must feel that their dishonor was deserved.

It is a great thing to be a psychologist. You can advance reasons for almost anything, without much fear of being smiled at, no matter how far-fetched they may be. Prof. Mark A. May, head of the psychological department of Syracuse University, thinks the warm winter weather is responsible for many crimes, because energy which would be employed in keeping their perpetrators comfortable in cold weather must find an outlet. An editorial writer of the *New York Herald*, without further attempt to "poke fun" at the learned psychological gentleman of Syracuse, remarks that it will now be in order for criminals of all kinds to plead the modifying influence of the Gulf Stream as a defence in their trial.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

A Little Seed.

BY VICTOR GREEN.

THE other day I sowed a seed
As tiny as could be,
And rising from the sod just now
A lily stem I see.
God must have lifted from the earth
This pretty lily bloom,
To show how His own body rose
On Easter from the Tomb.
Dear Lord, I am Thy little seed;
And when my body dies,
I know that, like the lily pure,
It, too, shall quickly rise.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIII.—AN ALARM.

FOR a moment Elise stood breathless with dismay, too startled to speak. The necklace gone! Marjorie's necklace! Dozens of partners this evening had commented on its beauty, and she had lied glibly and told them it was her father's wedding gift to her mother. The necklace gone! How? Where? She felt with shaking hand in the folds of her gown, her girdle.

"Don't tell me you've lost my chain!" said her mother sharply, as she saw the fright in the girl's face.

"Oh, no, no!" was the quickly gasped answer. "It is here safe in my bag." And she drew the despised trinket from its hiding place. "The clasp was loose," she explained; "and—and—" she caught her breath and could say no more.

"You look as white as a sheet," ob-

served her mother. "When I was your age I could dance all night without losing my color. Give me Marjorie's cape. I will put it back in her room, and now go to bed as quickly as you can. Sleep late in the morning. It will be just as well not to meet your uncle, who is in one of his worst moods. Between him and Marjorie, who has been carrying on dreadfully, I am nearly frantic."

It was no time to confess to a loss that would only add to her mother's "frantic" state; so Elise took her way to her room, where further search in her garments convinced her that the necklace was gone indeed,—gone beyond hope for to-night at least. It might be found on the dancing floor, but—but—no. She remembered ruefully she had seen it gleaming softly on her throat as she adjusted her cloak in the dressing room. She had walked home across the park: she must start out early and search for it. Meantime no one must know or guess the loss. And, tired with the evening's varied excitement, Elise was glad to tumble hastily into bed and forget her perplexities in a troubled sleep.

And, indeed, there was trouble everywhere in the Carter-King home to-night,—in Mrs. Carter-King's own room, where the anxious mother was watching for Bryce, who, finding his family unpleasant, had gone off with some of the boys to more cheerful surroundings; in the wide library, where a dull fire burned on the hearth, and Uncle Miles paced the floor, his bushy eyebrows knit in a portentous frown, while he chewed nervously on his black cigar; in Marjorie's dainty chamber, from which Miss Marshall had sternly excluded Fifi to-night,

while she administered the "treatment" that made poor *marraine* cry out in a rebellious suffering that pierced her goddaughter's loving heart. That Marjorie cried out much more than was really necessary, Fifine, used to the patient self-control of Saint Celeste, did not know.

"If I could only kneel by poor *marraine* and hold her hand!" she pleaded. "When the poilus were bad like this, Sister Clotilde knelt by them and comforted them, and said her Rosary, and—"

"I can have none of your Romish mummeries here to-night," interrupted Miss Marshall, whom Marjorie had harried out of her usual calm. "I have given the child a powder, and will not have her disturbed."

And Fifine could only go into her own pretty room, and kneel down by her soft white bed, and pray to the good God and the Blessed Mother and all the sweet saints who pity earthly pain, until *marraine's* cries ceased and there was peace again. But not the blessed peace of Saint Celeste. In this beautiful haven to which she had drifted, the little exile was conscious of something missing,—something that all the luxury and loveliness around her could not supply; something that was never wanting amid all the sorrow, the suffering, the darkness, the dearth of Saint Celeste.

Just what was the chilling lack in this new home, this strange land, little Fifine was not old or wise enough to see; but as she knelt beside her dainty bed to-night, her tearful face buried in the silken counterpane, the beads of her *chapelet* passing through her fingers, Fifine had the longing in her young heart for the dim old corridors of Saint Celeste that the homing bird has for its far-off nest.

She would have liked to flutter back to the shelter of Mother Mathilde's arms, to hide her face in the coarse

folds of her habit, to hear the kind old voice that had grown tremulous in its teaching of love. She yearned for the sweet stillness of the ruined chapel, where the poilus limped in at twilight, and Sister Clotilde moved softly about the altar, trimming the red lamp which told that the good Jesus was with His sorrowing, suffering children by night and day.

No one seemed to think or care for Him here,—here where He had showered all earthly gifts. No one even spoke His name. Perhaps, Fifine thought, she, too, might learn to forget. Had she not been forgetting a little already? True, she was saying her prayers—her Rosary,—and she had gone to Mass. Bryce had shown her the church, not very far away, where Tom Devlin's mother had a pew; but—*but* (Fifine's head sank lower in the silken coverlet) they were not the prayers, the Mass, of Saint Celeste. She had been thinking of her new coat with its fur trimmings, of the hat with its jaunty quills, of the buttoned boots that peeped out from her pretty skirt. And how often of late had the Rosary been shortened to three decades, the morning prayers forgotten quite! Ah, at Saint Celeste it was all so different! There was no soft white bed with silken coverlet, to make little girls lazy in the morning; no *marraine* waiting impatiently at the breakfast table, where the muffins and waffles might grow cold if Fifine stopped to say her prayers.

The old light of the sanctuary, dimmed a little by the glitter of this new world into which she had strayed, was shining again over the bowed little figure to-night. Fifine remembered with a start that to-morrow would be the "First Friday," kept with all its sweet devotion in the sorrowful shadows of Saint Celeste. She would forget no longer: she would be up early in the morning and off to the church

beyond the square, for the first Mass; and she would wear no distracting fur-trimmed coat or buttoned boots, but the dear old clothes of Saint Celeste. It would be the little Fifine of old, humble and sorrowful, who would go to the good Jesus and pray for poor suffering *marraine*. And the little penitent slipped into her snowy bed, and, with her hands still clasping the crucifix of her Rosary, fell peacefully asleep, to be wakened, as she had begged, by her good angel in the early dawn, and to slip away noiselessly in the morning twilight to church.

All in the great house were asleep—but one. Uncle Miles, lashed by guilty fears and anxieties almost into madness, had paced the library floor through most of the long, dark night; stopping now and then exhausted to snatch a few moments' fitful sleep in his easy-chair, only to start up nervously from torturing dreams to resume his walk. He had paused at the library window, grey and haggard in the early dawn, when the sunken eyes, nearly buried beneath their frowning brows, caught sight of the little figure flitting out of the door and hurrying across the street.

"That little French beggar! What the d—— is taking her out before day, I'd like to know?"

He watched her as she sped with what seemed guilty haste across the park, and his eyes flamed with fierce suspicion. What did it mean, this swift early flight? Could—could, his own guilty fears whispered,—could she have been paid to sneak, to spy upon him? Young as she was, she had found a way to steal into his house, to keep her place here, with a cunning he could not match,—a cunning beyond her years. And now—now—what was the little trickster doing out at this unseemly hour? He had spoken plainly, too plainly, to Marcia last night. The little witch, trained perhaps to eaves-

dropping, might easily have heard his fierce outbreak; might be even now on her way to report the words that would betray him.

The night had been hard on him; this night and many other nights had weakened his fierce, bitter strength. A cold sweat broke out upon Marjorie's guardian, and he sank into a chair, shaking as if with an ague from head to foot. After a few moments of what to Miles Carter was a mortal anguish of weakness, he rose, staggered to a closet, and, with cold, trembling hand, poured out some liquor from a bottle and emptied the glass at a draught; then, as the fiery spirit kindled blood and brain into warmth and life again, he blurted out with a fierce oath:

"The little French viper, I'll find out what she is about! And if she is trying any tricks on Miles Carter, she shall pay dear for them. I'll show her what it is to trifle with me."

It was nearly an hour later when his sister, anxious at finding that his room had not been occupied, came into the library to see if he was ill. She found him pacing the floor impatiently.

"You have been up all night, Miles?"

"Yes," he answered curtly. "I could not sleep, and perhaps it is well that I did not. You evidently are not on the watch for trickery, and I must be. Can you tell me where that little beggar that Marjorie took in steals off at daybreak?"

"Steals off at daybreak!" repeated Mrs. King in bewilderment.

"Yes. I saw her scurrying off from the house in hot haste before any one, even Greggs, was up this morning. She was out for no good to me, I am sure. Heavens! when I think of what she may have overheard last night,—what she may be paid to repeat!"

"Impossible! A child like that!" said his sister. "And she was nowhere within hearing."

"How do you know where she was or

what she heard?" he asked fiercely. "I should have suspected that tommy-rot story of hers from the first. Looking for her godmother! Stealing into the house and turning that little fool Marjorie's head with her French trickery! I'll get to the bottom of it. I'll find out who she is and who sent her here."

"Oh, we will,—we will this very day!" agreed his sister. "Don't get excited. The doctor warned you it would be bad for you. I'll look into this matter at once. I'll question Miss Marshall right away."

The perturbed lady hurried upstairs, to find new cause for dismay. Marjorie had wakened in the nervous state that always followed a troubled night. She had been dreaming of the pink necklace and how it had transformed her. She must put it on again to-day and look pretty. Miss Marshall must get it for her at once. It had been left in the playroom. Ffine would be sure to know where. Miss Marshall must call Ffine, who had been playing "Indian Princess" with her yesterday. Marjorie must put on a new lace-trimmed gown and the pink necklace, and look pretty and well when Dr. Newton came to see her.

And then wild excitement reigned indeed; for the little room near Marjorie's was found empty, the pink necklace missing, Ffine gone no one could tell where!

"The little thief!" Mrs. Carter-King burst forth fiercely. "She has been watching her chance to do something like this. What else she may have taken Heaven only knows. Look over Marjorie's clothes and jewels, Miss Marshall. See what is missing. That child has been filching right and left, I am sure."

"Oh, she couldn't, she wouldn't do such a thing for the world!" wailed Marjorie. "You are telling stories on her. My Ffine wouldn't steal anything, I am sure."

"Then where has your necklace gone? Where has *she* gone?" cried the lady. "My brother saw her running off in hot haste at daybreak this morning. I tell you she has been watching her chance to rob you all along. I felt it the moment I laid eyes on her. She has been lying to you from first to last. Coming to her aunt indeed, when her aunt's grandson had never even heard her name! Sneaking into the house to her godmother! It is only the mercy of Heaven that she hasn't opened the house to villains who would have murdered us all in our beds. I am going down now to count the silver. How much she may have carried off I dare not think."

"O Ffine, Ffine!" sobbed Marjorie. "O Miss Marshall, I can't believe it! Look again, Miss Marshall,—please look again for my pink necklace! Look carefully. I must have it before the doctor comes here. I am sure you will find it if you look again."

"My dear, I've looked everywhere,—everywhere!" answered that much-distracted lady. "There, there! Don't cry like that or you'll bring on a fever, my dear! Your guardian will notify the police and will get your necklace back."

"Oh, I don't care for the necklace!" wailed Marjorie. "I'm crying about Ffine, Ffine,—my poor lost little-god-daughter!"

(To be continued.)

Gone to Another Country.

HERE was once a great painter called Albert Dürer. He lies buried in his native city of Nuremberg, in Germany, and on his tombstone they have put the single word *Emigravit*,—"He has gone to another country." That is all; he has emigrated, but he will return, and Christ will restore and beautify for him that body which lies waiting in the tomb.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of "Reviews," by Lionel Johnson, with a critical introduction by Robert Shafer, is announced for early publication by Elkin Mathews, London.

—The George H. Doran Co. is bringing out "The Circus and Other Essays," which is said to be the last of the literary legacy of Joyce Kilmer. The book is to be uniform size with Mr. Holliday's memoirs of Kilmer.

—Readers of THE AVE MARIA will remember several stories by the Rev. Francis Gonne, who knows a great deal about the west coast of Ireland and the interesting folk who dwell there. These stories, with others perhaps not so good, make up a charming volume entitled "The Fringe of the Eternal." If the storyteller's art has adopted a different technique from Father Gonne's, he nevertheless satisfies critical taste because his tales are substantial. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.

—"Peggy Stewart, Navy Girl, at School," by Gabrielle E. Jackson, is an interesting story for youthful maidens and for such grown-ups of both sexes as are fond of horses and dogs, and not particularly adverse to a spirited narrative of schoolgirls' mischievous pranks and varied activities. The school of the title is Columbia Heights, a Southern academy; and Peggy is a Southern girl—or perhaps we should say, super-girl,—whose delightful character and numerous accomplishments win for her general admiration and affection. From a religious point of view, the story is quite colorless; Columbia Heights might be one of the Godless academies patronized by the infidels or agnostics of France, so far at least as any reference to the supernatural is concerned. Published by the Putnam's Sons.

—We are hoping that there will be many readers for "St. Bernard's Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles," translated from the original Latin by a priest of Mount Melleray, Ireland. The second volume, just published by Browne and Nolan, Dublin, has two welcome appendices: (A) "On the Sacred Heart," from the third chapter of the work entitled "The Mystical Vine," commonly attributed to St. Bernard; (B) "The Glories of Saints Bernard and Augustine," selected from the "Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude." Further praise of these Sermons would be quite superfluous. As the translator truly says, the Mellifluous Doctor's voice was one of

the sweetest that ever gave utterance to human thought. But we must praise the translation, which is flowing as well as faithful; and congratulate the translator on the completion of what was evidently a labor of love to him. Price, 10s.

—Major Ian Hay Beith, who has won considerable popularity by his literary work during the past few years, has again scored a success in "The Lighter Side of School Life." While specifically dealing with school life in England, the book has that touch of human nature which appeals to boys of all ages the world over.

—Psycho-analysis has become a very popular theme for conversation, without being in the least understood by most persons. The fiction magazine which does not mention Freud in an offhand way at least fifty times is out of date. For all that, the subject is hazy, dangerous to clear thinking, and apparently a basis for hysteria. A thorough Catholic treatment is necessary, and meanwhile we are happy to note sensible articles on the subject in recent issues of the *Month* and the *Edinburgh Review*.

—An interesting and well-written account of the work done by the American Red Cross in France during the war period and the months immediately following will be found in a book by Fisher Ames, Jr., published by the Macmillan Co. It is the concluding volume—the fifth—of the series issued under the auspices of the Red Cross Organization, to give our people an adequate idea of the wondrous work it was enabled to accomplish through their generosity. The previous volumes were noticed by us as they appeared. The interest of the present one, entitled "American Red Cross Work among the French People," is much enhanced by some well-printed illustrations. Price, \$2.

—Critical readers of "Tressidier's Sister," Isabel C. Clarke's latest story, will perhaps think that she did not make just what—all that—she intended of this novel; however, it is so interesting and well written, and conveys so good a lesson, that few will be disposed to find fault with it. In every respect it is far superior to the average "best seller." It is a story of sorrow and suffering and sacrifice, with an altogether unusual climax. To say any more about it—to outline the plot, as the publishers' statement

does—would be to spoil the book for readers—the great majority, we think—who want to find out things for themselves. "Tressidier's Sister" is not among the best of the author's novels; still, it is a very good one, and is sure of the welcome it deserves on many counts. May it serve to win many additional readers for "By the Blue River," "The Secret Citadel," "Fine Clay," etc. These novels should have a place in every collection of Catholic fiction. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$2.40.

—In "A Spiritual Retreat," by Father Alexander, O. F. M. (Benziger Brothers), there are two features worth emphasizing at the outset: an analytic table of contents and a good general index. This latter help to the reader is wanting to so large a number of volumes which should be supplied with it that we are antecedently prepossessed with the occasional work in which it appears. The book, an octavo of 218 pages, is primarily addressed to religious; but it will be found of practical benefit to all Christians who are aiming to reproduce in themselves the Gospel virtues, more especially humility, docility, patience, generosity, fortitude, and self-sacrifice. It is a Pentecostal retreat that Father Alexander proffers to us; in fact, it is largely an extended commentary on the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, each of the twenty-five chapters having for heading a phrase from that beautiful hymn. The ultimate caption is a felicitous conclusion to the whole work, *Da perenne gaudium* (And endless joys inherit). Price, \$3.

Some Recent Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.
 "Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.
 "Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.
 "John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.
 "The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

- "An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.
 "The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.
 "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.
 "Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsell & Co.) 16s.
 "Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.
 "Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.
 "The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press.) \$1.
 "A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Stanislaus Nawrocki, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. B. J. Kolb, diocese of Covington; Rev. S. Dabrowski, diocese of St. Cloud; and Rev. Hilary Walsh, C. P.

Sister Elenore, of the Sisters of St. Agnes; Sister M. Helena, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Paulus, Sisters I. H. M.

Mr. Austin Winston, Mr. Thomas Minto, Mrs. Thomas Sexton, Mr. Albert Splaire, Mrs. Susanna Clarke, Mr. Joseph Tenant, Mr. R. W. Tenant, Miss Frances Mulligan, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Mr. James Furlong, Miss Alice Corbett, Mr. D. J. Zanone, Mrs. Mary T. Dowdle, Mr. E. M. Stevens, Mr. Joseph Cassady, Miss Anna Geary, Mrs. Rose Welsh, Mr. William Reis, Mr. John Gleich, Mrs. Edward McNary, Miss Catherine Sullivan, Miss K. M. Benson, Miss Elizabeth Arnd, Mr. Daniel Connors, Mr. Aidan O'Driscoll, Mr. William Brandt, Mr. Walter Smith, Mrs. Mary Connelly, Miss Elizabeth Wall, Mr. J. J. Julian, Mr. Albert Sound, Mr. John Hunt, Mr. Edward Hartery, Mrs. Katherine Renouf, Mrs. William Pickett, Miss Josephine Murphy, Mr. George Muller, and Mr. Arthur Hassel.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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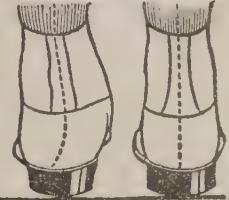
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A FAMILY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF
THE BLESSED VIRGIN

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34.

SATURDAY, 9.—St. Mary Cleophas.

SUNDAY, 10.—Second after Easter. St. Apollonius, M.

MONDAY, 11.—St. Leo the Great, P. C. D.

TUESDAY, 12.—St. Julius, P. C.

WEDNESDAY, 13.—The Solemnity of St. Joseph. St. Hermenegild, M.

THURSDAY, 14.—St. Justin, M.

FRIDAY, 15.—SS. Basilissa and Anastasia, M.M.

SATURDAY, 16.—St. Magnus, M. St. Benedict Labre, C.

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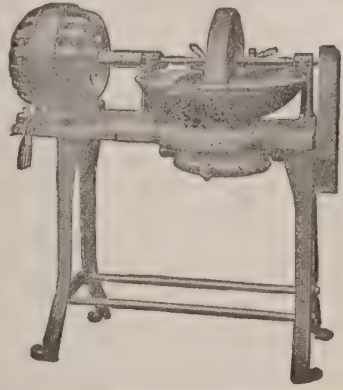
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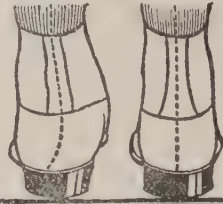
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To Death.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

SORROW attends thee and the rending pains
Of fibres of the heart, swift cut and torn;
Around thee weep wan joys and hopes
forlorn;
And the dread threat: "You shall not know
again
Your best beloved." O Death, thy rule is vain,
Thy veil is lowered in vain,—in vain are
borne
Thy skull and bones aloft, that say with
scorn,
"You, too, shall melt as snowflakes after rain!"
Death, we shall know our own; the Mother rose
To meet her Son, who said no last farewell
To those He loved on earth; and Gabriel
Sees her as fair as in the lilies' snows
She knelt on that great day; each child
will tell
That it will *know* when the dim gates unclose.

Vestiges of Revelation.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.



EGRO LAND is ripe for the harvest. The continent of Satan and sin, of dusky sins, dark deeds and darker souls, is being won for Christ as fast as missionaries, always too few in number, can push forward to gather in the whitening sheaves. There are drawbacks and difficulties; there is opposition and sometimes oppression. But wherever the messengers of the Gospel

have been established for some time, they tell of large congregations, amounting in places to several thousand, faithfully attending Sunday Mass. Many go to the Holy Table day after day. The less the Negro has been in previous contact with the white man, the more easily he is often won over to Christianity, because to his own vices have not been added the vices of civilization. His evil propensities have not been intensified by the refined voluptuousness of the European.

However abandoned and steeped in degradation the African native may appear to be, the primal truths are written in his heart and mind as vestiges of an original revelation. "That which is known of God is manifest in them. For God hath manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; His eternal power also and divinity." The words of St. Paul are as true to-day of the African aborigine as when they were first addressed to the Romans.

There is no nation without a God, and the Bantu race is no exception. The superficial impressions gathered by hurried travellers, unacquainted with the language and often out of sympathy with the people, are a poor criterion by which to judge them. It has often been said that the Negro has no idea of a Supreme Being, of an overruling Providence, of a life after death. Missionaries living amongst them are far

better able to grasp the intricate workings of their strange mind. They testify far differently. Everywhere there is current the idea of a Supreme Being.

A common appellation for Him is the "Great King" or "Great Chief." The idea is derived from the chieftain which every tribe faithfully acknowledges. He is no different from his fellow-villagers in appearance. He lives in the same squalid surroundings, on the same coarse food; but he has rights, duties, privileges, acknowledged by all; marks of respect and deference are shown him wherever he goes. All these attributes are transferred and ascribed in a supreme degree to the Highest Being, whom they have never seen, but intuitively know and assert to exist. Ask the Negro why he holds there is a God. "How do I know there is a God!" he echoes. "How do I know my goat passed over that wet ground if not by the footprints she left in the sand?" It is exactly the argument of the Apostle of the Gentiles, in a different setting. Or he may answer your question by this other query: "Whoever forgot there was a sun?" The scorching heat would not allow him to forget its source, nor does the world allow us to forget its Maker.

The idea of an overruling Providence appears again and again in the Bantu's daily speech: "God's time has not come yet"; "Had it been God's gift to you, you would have got it." In justification of his tribal customs, he will often say that it is "God's law," and therefore it must be adhered to. The story of Kara ya Rova, or Captain of Humanity, is widespread over Central Africa. He is regarded as the legendary creator of the human race, whose original home was in the heart of the Dark Continent. Thence he headed northward, with the long Indian file of human nations in his wake. We, the whites, were there with our federal

ancestor. They, the blacks, were there, too. But, spying day by day a changing panorama of bewitching vales watered by noble rivers, they one by one dropped out and turned aside to a lazy lotus life in Africa. We, the hardier whites, held on our northern way until we were dropped in our respective habitats.

However thickly it may be overlaid with errors, superstitions, misconstructions, the idea of God is present to the barbarous mind. Only close and constant converse will bring it to the surface. But it offers to the missionary a sure and solid foundation to build upon. Man's essential religiousness, even in his most primitive state, can not be doubted. It is only when he sets himself deliberately, with the help of reflective reason, to the task of denying the very promptings of his nature, that he succeeds, however poorly, in stifling the aspirations that well up in the most elemental minds. One can, therefore, all the better understand Livingstone's earnest invitation: "I would say to the missionaries: Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickedness, a great deal to admire and love."

However, the Negro, of himself, no more than any other barbarous or civilized pagan nation, has risen to the adoration of this one Supreme Being. His religion consists in spirit worship, a farrago of sense and nonsense. But it shows forth at the same time another instinctive belief: his belief in immortality. That the individual does not cease to exist at death, that the soul is immortal, is for him beyond question. Does he not spend his whole life propitiating these same spirits? Is he not bound by the inflexible prescriptions of a complicated ritual in offering sacrifices to the spirits of deceased chiefs

and ancestors? He must placate them in a thousand ways or be the victim of their wrath. He goes even further sometimes in bridging the gulf between himself and this awful spirit-world of which he realizes the everlasting presence: he claims that his dead father and mother are still and forever linked with him.

Fetish-worship, this savage cult is generally called. But the missionaries who have won the Negro's confidence and have come in closest contact with his soul-life, know that the fetish is often in his eyes but the visible embodiment of the invisible spirit that haunts the living until they appease him by their offerings. This belief crops up at times in an unexpected manner, but the conclusion is none the less clear. A missionary came suddenly upon an assembly of village elders in solemn deliberation. A native hunter had, to his great grief, lost a valuable dog. Some neighbors, from whom the animal had purloined various eatables, had put him out of the way. Thereupon disease and death began to overtake them,—a swift and certain retribution, some said, for their dark deed. The matter was brought before the village council, discussed from every angle and at great length. (There is nothing the African is more fond of than an exhibition of his oratorical talent in endless debate.) At last a verdict was rendered: a dog, having no spirit, can not haunt the living. Therefore, he can not have caused the deaths ascribed to him. The owner, who, by a strange twist of the unwritten African penal code, would have had to pay damages in the form of spirit offerings, is exonerated.

A grotesque manifestation of the belief in immortality, no doubt; but an undeniable indication of the deep-rootedness of this belief in a primitive race. Call it an instinct, if you wish, varied in its ramifications, as Darwin

himself admitted. But even then you must own, on Darwinian principles, that this instinct can no more be frustrated in its end than that which guides the bird of passage in its migrations to sunny climes. It is a curiously illogical reasoning of evolutionism to argue that the human mind, being developed from the lowest form of creatures, can not be trusted in its instincts, particularly in the instinct of immortality; when, on the other side, evolutionism makes instinct the guiding law of the whole animal kingdom, leading it upward and onward to ever greater and more complicated forms of being. This fact forced from the agnostic Emerson the admission that "God, who keeps His word with the birds and fishes in all their migratory instincts, will keep His word with man."

When the long-suffering Negro, breaking the bonds of ignorance and sin, submits at last to the yoke of Christ, he readily realizes the stringency of the Gospel law; for from his very infancy the sacrosanctity of the taboo laws has dogged his every step. As unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the taboos are strictly adhered to; and to break them entails the direst penalties. They have hedged about his existence with the most irksome restrictions. They have told him what he shall not eat, where he shall not go, what he shall not say. The "thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, with its directness and simplicity, is by far less galling than the tribal customs that held him in their iron grasp. The very reverence for the taboo is a foundation to build upon in enforcing the God-given commandments.

Nothing stands out more clearly, from a comparative study of so-called primitive races, than that all have in common a stock of fundamental ideas and fundamental religious conceptions. These have undergone accidental

changes and found expression under various forms; but they point clearly to a unity of origin and an identity of original content that can not be denied. Whatever the color and configuration of the human body, the soul of man is everywhere endowed with the same faculties of reasoning and will, as well as the same human passions. Unrestrained by Christianity, these give rise everywhere to the same evils. There is more than a grain of truth in the caustic remark that "the blacks are as bad as the whites," although the white race looks down upon the black as infinitely the worse and little better than brute beings. On the other side, Henry M. Stanley, who from long experience was acquainted with the worst side of the Negro character, was willing to stake his argument for a common origin of all races, on the black man's quick wit in repartee.

All in all, with his faults and shortcomings, the Bantu is an amiable, if baffling, personality; little concerned about the temporalities of the morrow, but expressing the accumulated wisdom of the human race in quaint proverbs of his own, that, for all their circumlocution, do not lack pungency and point. His reasoning powers are limited, but his apt rejoinders are often all the more striking. And his sayings are racy of the soil. His own forest lore gives him this simile: "The earth is a beehive; we all enter by the same door but live in different cells." And he uses the proverb sometimes as an argument to let the white man know he should keep to his own cell, letting the Negro enjoy his native home, which he considers not at all inferior. But he adds also: "A shivering man does not need to be forced to the fire." Whatever is good and really worth while in your civilization will commend itself readily to our consideration.

When he wishes to be sarcastic at the expense of newfangled, civilized im-

provements, especially book knowledge, he remarks: "The blind man has bought a looking-glass." We have lived long ages without your printed wisdom; it is really of little value to us.

From his homely surroundings he takes this metaphor to hit off a man who loses his temper: "His pot is boiling over." And from a long experience of dealing with neighbors who, he knows to his disadvantage, are often little trustworthy, he has coined the apt phrase: "When the rabbit was promised beans, he produced a basket." Br'er rabbit of American darky fame is credited with the same cunning in the ancestral home of the race, by not trusting in promises, but seeing to their immediate fulfilment. Here is a bit of household wisdom: "A baby lion never trembles at his father's roaring." The children are what the parents' example makes them. And a sermon on the cure of the blind man at the gate of Jericho, delivered in the presence of an African king, brought forth this flippant comment from the reluctant heathen: "So we are blind, are we? But remember, a blind man knows only what he can touch with his fingers." Show us your religion in practice so that we may believe. "A blind man must also be careful of what he eats." Give us time, therefore, to consider this religion at our leisure. "A blind man never forgets the road to his mouth." If we do find your religion as profitable as you claim it to be, we shall readily adopt it. Yet people think of these folk as dull-witted, ox-eyed blacks!

It may humble our pride of race and help us to realize what our modern missionaries in Africa have to contend with, when we remember what the Roman classical writers thought and wrote of our ancestors in Gaul and Germany and Britain. Cannibalism is one of the most repulsive features of Negro immorality; yet it is only twenty centuries ago that the Britons were

addicted to the same practice. The blessings of Christianity which we have enjoyed for so many generations, are more than idle words, and stand out in boldest relief when set over against the barbarism of backward races, ancient or modern.

Yet these black nations, whose evangelization dates but of yesterday, are already giving priests to the Church, Sisters to the convent, and martyrs to heaven. The deposit of Revelation handed down through the centuries is bearing abundant fruit when fructified by the grace of the Sacraments and the Sacrifice of the Mass. In the devastated war areas of Central Africa, the natives are so poor that literally nothing is left them but their faith. But to this they cling with touching fidelity. In several instances Protestant proselyters took summary possession of the stations built by Catholic priests when the latter were expelled. They tricked the native converts into believing they were Catholic teachers, and deceived not a few by their hypocrisy. As soon as a few scattered Catholic missionaries could visit them, and expose the unworthy scheme, they were won back, with a number of Protestant converts into the bargain, who revolted at the deception.


America owes a debt to Africa, whence were brought by force and fraud our slaves and our Negro population. Will this debt be fully repaid some day by American Catholic missionaries going back to the Dark Continent to bring the freedom and the light of truth to those still held in bonds most galling—the slavery and darkness of heathenism? In the meantime the devoted missionaries already on the ground, while all too few and far apart, are doing a wonderful work and obtaining wondrous results. They are deserving of more than desultory support. Half a century ago Livingstone wrote, and his words are true

to-day: "Some profess that they would rather give their 'mite' for the degraded among our own countrymen than for the 'Niggers.' Verily, it is a 'mite.' And they most often forget, and make a gift of it to themselves. It is almost an axiom that those who do most for the heathen abroad are most liberal for the heathen at home. It is to this class we turn with hope. With others arguments are useless."

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

VIII.

HAT night there were three sleepless persons in the house of the pastry cook. The young painter had been courage displayed by his sister, the astonished at what had occurred between Laurette and M. Hallé. The fertility of resource and confidence in the success of her schemes; the graciousness with which M. Hallé had responded to her suggestion, as well as the hopefulness shown by the old painter as to the results of the proposed plan,—all united to fill his own soul with hope and joy. But the disclosure made by Laurette regarding herself caused him a vague uneasiness and regret. While he endeavored to sympathize, he could not banish the fear that either she had given her love unsought or placed it upon some unworthy object. Could it be possible that she had conceived an affection for one of his father's employees? He ran them over in his mind. With but one exception, they were all ignorant, ugly, middle-aged, and married. The exception was Pajot, as old as his father and entirely out of the question; he was a widower with several children. Conjecture after conjecture passed through his mind; but, dismissing them all, he finally fell asleep.

Meanwhile, in the room shared by the aunt and niece, each lay wide awake, occupied with her own thoughts. The pastry cook's conversation with his sister-in-law regarding the marriage he proposed to arrange for his daughter had given her great concern. She loved the girl as if she had been her own child. Never had Laurette caused her a moment's pain or solicitude. When, in dreams of the future, she had fancied her the mistress of her own home, it had always been as the wife of a young man handsome and virtuous, one of whom the fondest parents might be proud, to whom the beloved daughter could give her whole heart as well as her hand.

The day after her brother had told her of his plans, a woman came into the shop with a neighbor, and Dorothea had heard them say that Isidore Labiche had returned home that morning sooner than his father had expected him.

"The housekeeper is ill," she said. "She is a cousin of mine, and I am taking her place until she is better."

"What sort of fellow is young Labiche?" asked her companion.

"Well enough in his way,—a great money-maker, I am told, but homely as sin."

Mademoiselle Dorothea heard no more, but what had reached her ears had been enough. If, in the eyes of this very ordinary woman, the son of the furrier was "as homely as sin," ill-favored indeed he must be. These were the thoughts that made her turn again and again on her pillow, until Laurette, from the other side of the room, sat up and inquired:

"Why are you so restless, Aunt Dorothea? Do you feel ill?"

"No, *chérie*,—only a little worried."

"About Charlot? I am sure there is no new complication. All will go well."

"No, not about Charlot: an affair—of my own."

"An affair of your own? Aunt Dorothea—at your age!" replied Laurette, with a smothered laugh.

"You rogue!" said her aunt. "You know very well it is nothing of that kind."

"Business, then?"

"The business is going very well, as you know. Besides, your father takes care of all that. Go to sleep now. Some day I may tell you all about it."

For a time there was silence. Laurette, throwing her arms over her head, regarded a streak of moonlight, which was slowly stealing from behind the half-closed curtain. Suddenly Aunt Dorothea exclaimed:

"I will do it,—I will do it to-morrow. Now I can go to sleep."

"I am glad. Now *we* can go to sleep," said Laurette.

"But why are *you* wakeful, *chérie*?" asked her aunt.

Laurette did not reply. Dorothea wondered if she could have so suddenly fallen asleep. Several moments passed, when the voice of the young girl was heard asking timidly:

"Aunt Dorothea, were you ever in love?"

"Yes," rejoined Dorothea—"with a vision, a dream which came to naught."

"Will you tell me?"

"There is no reason why I should not—now. I wanted to be a nun; my father and mother had other plans for me,—a hideous, rich baker he was. I refused to consider it. They were angry. Then I resolved that at least I would never marry. So long as I could not follow my heart's desire, I would remain single. Afterwards perhaps it was as well; for the time came when I was called upon to take a mother's place with you and Charles."

"And you wanted to be a nun! I would never have suspected it."

"Yes, Laurette; and so once did your mother."

"My mother!"

"Yes, but your father came and put the idea out of her head. Perhaps you do not know, *chérie*, that one of our family was among the first Daughters of St. Francis de Sales,—a companion of St. Jane de Chantal."

"I did not know it. How strange!"

For a time neither spoke. Then Laurette left her bed, and, going over to her aunt's couch, lay down beside her.

"Dear Aunt Dorothea!" she murmured, embracing her. "And that was your romance!"

"My romance, dear Laurette!"

There were tears on their cheeks. Soon they both slept.

IX.

The next day, after the rush of the morning business was over, Dorothea announced that she had a little errand to do in one of the shops, and asked Laurette not to absent herself from the counter until she returned. As she was leaving, her brother-in-law appeared in the kitchen with a note in his hand; but she affected not to see him, and hurried away.

It did not take her long to reach the home of the furrier. As she entered, she saw that the shop was empty both of clerks and customers; and for the moment she felt disappointed at not immediately meeting with the object of her search. But fortune soon favored her. The door leading to the parlor behind opened, a head was thrust forth, then a masculine form,—thin, sallow, the face covered with pimples, the clothes hanging loosely on awkward, ungainly limbs, which shifted in her direction as quickly as they could. As the man approached, she could see that his neck, long and wrinkled like that of a buzzard, displayed the most enormous "Adam's apple" she had ever seen.

"I would like to speak to Monsieur Isidore Labiche," she said. "I understand he has brought back some valuable furs from Canada."

"I am Isidore Labiche, Madame," was the reply, given politely enough. "But the furs I have brought are not yet made up, or in a condition to be sold. But if you will tell me what you want, I shall be glad to show you what we have in stock."

"No," replied Dorothea. "There is no need to trouble you to do that. I prefer to wait."

"As you please, Madame," said the young man, making a motion to leave the counter. Without another word, Dorothea turned away and quickly retraced her steps homeward, taking with her the memory of a cadaverous figure, a homely face, a long, lean, scraggy neck, and discolored teeth behind a pair of thin, straight lips.

"Never, never will Pierre allow his darling Laurette to marry that man!" she said to herself. "One sight of him will be enough. I need not have worried."

Her mind greatly relieved, she returned to her duties. To her surprise, her brother-in-law was awaiting her in the little office.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "I am tired looking for you. Here is something to consider."

He placed a note in her hand. It was from the secretary of M. Deshorties, saying that his employer had noticed the beautiful daughter of M. Hamelin in church several times, and would like to arrange a meeting with her father, with a view to a closer alliance. "In short," the note ran, "my employer desires the hand of your daughter in marriage."

The eyes of the pastry cook beamed with delight as Dorothea handed him back the letter.

"I thought," she remarked dryly, "that you were negotiating a marriage with the son of the furrier, Labiche."

"Oh, that was long ago!" said Pierre. "It seems that the young fellow married a Creole in his travels, and is bringing

her home shortly. Besides, he is a most unattractive person. I have seen him. I could never give Laurette to such a one, even were he ten times as wealthy and quite unencumbered. No, *ma soeur*, I do not propose to throw my flower away."

"What, then, of M. Deshorties? Do you know him?"

"I have never seen him."

"He is older than you; he has been married three times already; and I have heard that he is as cross as a bear. Do you want to *sacrifice* your child, Pierre?"

"But he is immensely wealthy, Dorothea, and he may not live long."

"Pierre, you astound me! I did not know that you had so sordid a mind. When Laurette marries, give her to youth, gaiety, and good looks,—with a decent assurance as to money, of course."

"Does Laurette know M. Deshorties by sight?" asked Hamelin.

"I think she does."

"I will call her at once.—Laurette," he said abruptly, as soon as she appeared, "I have received an offer of marriage for you. It is from M. Deshorties, who bought Charlot's picture."

"He honors me," replied the young girl, blushing deeply; "but, with your permission, papa, I decline the offer."

"Do you know him?"

"I met him once at the Dumonts' house. I thought him unusually disagreeable and altogether unattractive."

"You have picked up some big words at your convent school. Do not rise above yourself, my daughter. Most people would regard M. Deshorties as a desirable *parti*."

"I have heard that—he has already had two wives and two sets of children. I thought you loved me, papa."

Hamelin laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I do love you, my flower! But I

would like you to have the best this world has to offer. You are worthy of it."

"Is M. Deshorties the best, think you, papa?" asked Laurette, roguishly.

"He is very rich, my dear! You could have carriages and horses, jewels and laces, silks, satins and velvets galore."

"I do not want them. Do not be in such a hurry to dispose of me, papa. Let me stay home with you until—"

"Until some gay, handsome fellow takes your fancy?" interrupted Hamelin, pleasantly.

"Yes—until then," said Laurette, with an arch smile.

"You will not even consider the proposition?"

"Not for one moment," she replied,—
"not for a second, papa."

"Very well, then," rejoined the baker. "I shall decline the honor at once."

When he had gone, Dorothea said to her niece:

"I did not think it would have been so easy, *chérie*. But, at any rate, it was better than the first one."

"Was there another?"

"I will tell you, because it is all over. Old Labiche, the furrier, wanted you for his son."

"For Isidore,—that hideous fellow?"

"Yes. Where have you seen him?"

"His sister Clotilde was at the convent with me. Now and then he came with his father to see her. The girls sometimes got a peep at him; they used to call him 'Buzzard throat.' And he was so stingy, aunt, that when the father brought sweetmeats for Clotilde he would give her only half of them, reserving the rest for the next visit."

"Well, it seems that he has been in Canada and South America, where he married a Creole. Your father told me, moreover, that, having once seen him, he would not think of offering you to him, he is so very homely and awkward;

though they say he knows how to make money."

"Poor papa! Why should he be so desirous of getting rid of me?" said Laurette, musingly.

"He is not desirous at all, in *that* way," answered her aunt. "It is only the natural wish of the parent to see his children well settled in life. The right one will come along in due time."

(To be continued.)

The "Little Flower" at the Front.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

(CONCLUSION.)



CORPORAL, Jean Atger, writes that, having been given relics of the "little saint," with whose history he was well acquainted, he distributed them to the men of his Company, who immediately sewed them inside their uniforms. During two days this Company held a post of extreme danger, fifteen metres from the enemy's trenches. Those who held it before had suffered considerable losses. "When our turn came to occupy the post," says Corporal Atger, "I felt quite calm; for I had put all my trust in God. During the two days that we remained at this dangerous spot, my men and I prayed fervently; and, among other prayers, we said the one to the little Sister. Not a bomb or a torpedo came near us. We felt that a heavenly protection was over us."

When Corporal Atger and his men were relieved, the bombardment began again with terrific violence, doing much damage to the place they had just left. The Corporal adds that when they were resting, the men used to read the story of their heavenly friend. "It is the happiest moment in our day, and even the cannon does not interrupt us." The letter is signed by twenty-three soldiers, who petition for medals of the little Sister; and the Corporal's trustworthi-

ness is vouched for by a well-known Catholic, the Comte de Montozon-Brachet.

A Jesuit chaplain, one of the noblest victims of the war, confirms the story of a soldier from Guadalupe who, through no fault of his own, had not made his First Communion. He read the "History of a Soul," and dreamed (no unnatural consequence of his reading) that the Sister came to him and said: "*Il faut faire ta première Communion.*" He made it in a ruined church near the tragic Chemin des Dames, and his Jesuit confessor was struck by his good will and persistent devotion towards the young Carmelite.

Another instance of the protection extended to her clients by the young Carmelite is remarkable, though it is not a miracle any more than the example we have just related. When the war broke out, a Madame Henry, whose little girl owed her recovery to the Sister's intercession, was living on the frontier. Her house was soon filled with wounded French soldiers. Over seven hundred were brought to her from the battlefield; and alone, without a surgeon at hand, she had to nurse them with only the help of her parents and children. In her distress, she begged the assistance of Sœur Thérèse; and, although her difficulties were great, she managed, beyond her wildest hopes, to assist, relieve, and comfort her patients. The battle was raging close at hand; shells were bursting on all sides. "Madame, we shall be buried under the ruins of your house!" cried the men.

By a happy inspiration, Madame Henry then told them the story of Sister Thérèse, and of her little daughter's wonderful cure. The poor fellows listened with close attention, and when the bombardment was at its height, they exclaimed: "Little Sister Thérèse, save us!" Madame Henry confesses that she suddenly felt moved to

say to them: "My dear friends, in the name of Sœur Thérèse, I promise you that no harm shall happen to you." Almost as she spoke, a violent explosion shook the house; fragments of broken glass and bits of wood fell in every direction; but when she called out, "Are you all there?" they answered, "Yes, Madame."—"Is any one hurt?"—"No, Madame." And from the group rose the spontaneous cry: "Thank you, Sœur Thérèse!"

Next day the enemy came and burned the factory belonging to the Henry family. "But," writes Madame Henry, "I asked Sœur Thérèse to give me food enough for my six children; and so far I have always had it. . . . My dwelling house is untouched. In our village, it is the only one left standing: all the others were burned." Madame Henry adds that, although she was then expecting her seventh child, she bore the dangers and fatigues of those terrible days without any ill effect. She asked the little Sister to obtain for her the joy of having her husband with her when her baby was born. Contrary to all expectations, he was given a week's leave, without having applied for it; and was present at the baptism of "Baby Thérèse," the little saint's namesake.

To some of her clients, Sœur Thérèse seems to have given a wonderful insight into spiritual things,—an insight that is allied to extreme simplicity, and even ignorance, on other matters. A young soldier, called Romain Leclercq, wrote several times to the nuns of Lisieux, relating instances of the Sister's protection; and often he enclosed five francs in his letter, to be used "as my little saint would prefer." After a grievous wound, followed by the amputation of one arm, the soldier made a pilgrimage to Lisieux, and brought to the convent his military medal and Croix de Guerre. When he spoke of himself, the nuns were

touched to hear him say: "The good God has deprived my body of one arm in order to give wings to my soul."

A soldier-priest, the Abbé Bessède, who died like a hero, was one of the little Sister's most faithful clients. Every month he kept twenty-five francs of his pay, to send to Lisieux for the expenses of her future beatification. In August, 1915 (he was then a lieutenant), he sent his Croix de Guerre to the Carmelites, and told them that, since she had assisted him at a grave crisis of his life, he had invoked her as his special patroness. In 1917 he was made a captain, and sent his sword to Lisieux as an *ex-voto*. On one occasion, when he visited the monastery, he said to the prioress: "I am resigned to what Sœur Thérèse wishes,—either to die during the war or to live. Whatever happens will be for the best."

A military chaplain, writing to the Bishop of Montauban on September 25, 1917, relates how this admirable priest, who was also a splendid officer, met his death. A shell full of noxious gases having exploded in his dugout, the captain quietly made his men leave the place by the only outlet that existed; he remained the last, and was stifled before he could escape. Two days previous, the same chaplain, on visiting him in his trench, noticed the portrait of Sœur Thérèse in the place of honor. "The little Sister is your friend," he said. "I give you the order to ask her to leave you with us." The Abbé smiled, but the other felt that between the Sister and her devoted servant there existed an understanding different from what he hoped and wished for. "M. Bessède was a saint," said men who did not share his religious convictions; and many officers, who noticed his deep piety, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his absolute detachment, and the extraordinary perfection of his every action, looked upon him as "marked for sacrifice."

A seminarist writes, in 1917, that in Champagne, when on his way to assist some wounded soldiers under an intense bombardment, he had a moment's hesitation. His duty, that of stretcher-bearer, was imperative; but for the moment his energies seemed paralyzed by the danger ahead. At this crisis a voice sounded distinctly in his ear: "*Mon ami*, go forward! There are souls to be saved. They are waiting for you." And at his side he seemed to see Sœur Thérèse, to whom he had so often commended himself. Fear instantly vanished; a strong sense of duty took its place. With a strong heart, he pressed forward, and quietly fulfilled his mission. Not being a priest, he could not absolve; but he suggested acts of contrition to dying comrades, comforted others, and rescued those who could be removed. After this remarkable experience, he felt his trust in the little Sister considerably increased.

A soldier-priest, who served in the French Flying Corps, relates that his airship met with an accident and fell with a tremendous crash. He had time to "telegraph to Sœur Thérèse"; and, contrary to what seemed certain, he and his two comrades scrambled out unhurt from their shattered aeroplane, deeply grateful for their escape.

And so the wonderful story goes on,—a golden legend, woven by men whose mentality is widely different,—ignorant soldiers, distinguished officers, and well-known priests. Among the last-mentioned is the Curé of Béthune, who writes that on December 18, 1917, his church was shelled and he himself was severely hurt; but he attributes his happy recovery and the fact of his being alive to the little Sister. "I am considered," he adds, "as being of a cool and matter-of-fact temperament and no visionary: I am convinced that I *saw* my protectress in the midst of the scene of horror when her compassion brought her to my assistance."

Apart from the facts related in the book before us, the military chaplains of the Great War inform us that devotion to the Sister was general at the Front. It often brought preservation of life; it was accompanied always by an increase of courage and self-sacrifice; and, in the case of the soldier's death, by faith and hope in God's Providence. An air-man gave the little Sister's name to his aeroplane; an artilleryman, to his battery. Her picture was often put on the parapet as a shield; in many trenches it had a place of honor.

Sometimes Sœur Thérèse, though she did not grant prayers offered for the life of a soldier, brought consolation in other ways to bereaved parents. Mgr. de Teil is personally acquainted with M. Dupré, whose son disappeared early in the war. The lad had been committed to the little Sister's care by his anxious parents. When news came that he was "missing," they continued to pray that they might know in what spirit their soldier son had died. Meantime the poor mother was comforted by a dream, in which she saw her son, his head bandaged, his eyes raised to Heaven, with the Sister by his side. But she hoped for a more definite answer, and continued to pray and to trust.

After the Armistice, M. Dupré received a letter from a peasant in Lorraine who had, in the early days of the war, buried a soldier named André Dupré, on whose body he found a pencil note addressed to the dead man's father. The note was put into the latter's hands unopened. It read: "I have died for my country as a good Christian and a good Frenchman.—Your son, who embraces you for the last time." "The soldier's head was bandaged, and his eyes, wide open, were raised to Heaven," added the peasant who had buried him. "What more could we desire in our sorrow?" wrote

the bereaved parents. "Our son had forgotten neither his country, his parents, nor his God."

In the prison camps of Germany, Sœur Thérèse was almost as popular as at the Front. At Alten Gabow, eight hundred French prisoners, after reading her Life, made a novena in her honor, and wrote to Lisieux, asking for medals and pictures of one who, they said, taught them "resignation to the will of God." At Soltau, the soldiers clamored for relics, and assembled every Tuesday to pray for her speedy beatification. At Sprottau, they founded an association bearing her name; and gave her picture a place of honor, surrounded by what poor lights and flowers they could procure. At Munster, a soldier having been cured of a dangerous sore through her intercession, the priests in the camp promised to go to Lisieux in thanksgiving when they returned to France.

The Sister's activities, whether they were manifested by apparitions, bodily cures or by spiritual graces, resulted in an increase of natural and supernatural virtues among her clients. The soldiers who appealed to her protection, who wore her relics and cherished her picture, gained in courage, in patriotism, and in self-sacrifice, in proportion as they honored the "little saint," as they affectionately called her. They realized that devotion to duty and a stricter observance of the law of God must be the consequence of her protection, and that the wearing of her relics implied the practice of the religion they had perhaps forgotten or neglected.

Never did a Carmelite convent, the typical abode of peace, receive so many warlike gifts as did the monastery of Lisieux. They poured in from all parts of France, from the little Sister's grateful clients. Croix de Guerre, military medals, swords, epaulets, a "Neuport" made of fragments of German airships,

metal rings, vases and frames, worked in the trenches by her devotees, etc., have accumulated; but, until Sœur Thérèse is beatified, they are kept in reserve, as no public honor may be paid to her at present.

A more important offering is a bronze angel that has found a place in the nuns' garden. It was the result of a subscription started in the 38th Colonial regiment, and it bears the following inscription on a marble slab:

HOMMAGE DE RECONNAISSANCE
DES SOLDATS FRANÇAIS ET ALLIÉS À LA
SŒUR THÉRÈSE DE L'ENFANT JÉSUS
1914-1916

The expression *soldats alliés* is justified by the many favors obtained by Belgian, English, Irish, and Italian soldiers, from one whose protection knows no boundaries, and reveals itself throughout the world with the same loving kindness.

An Irish corporal named Cleary, writing in 1918, tells the Carmelites that he learned from Sœur Thérèse, to whom he was introduced at Gallipoli by a comrade, to honor God by a filial trust in Him. He understood that the lesson she wished him to take to heart was that we are all children in the eyes of God; that we should go straight to Him with simple faith; and that, because this confidence is wanting, we do not ask enough from God. All may remember with profit the lesson taught to the Irish corporal, whose letter to Lisieux ends thus: "She makes her pure doctrine penetrate more deeply into my soul when I endeavor to follow her example." The words have a note of practical devotion, and are far removed from any unhealthy mysticism.

The "war activities" of Sœur Thérèse are encouraging reading in these days, when more than ever we feel the need of a firm hold on the supernatural; and, like the fighting men, all Catholics may benefit by the teaching that they impart.

The Cup-Bearer.

BY SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O. P.

THE soul of me is like an empty cup:
To God I lift it up.

At times it seems as though He did not heed
My soul's unquenched need.

At times again He fills my cup with wine
Pressed from no earthly vine.

But, ah, until the very lips of Him
Lean to the vessel's rim,

Not purest wine of angels beyond price
Shall all my thirst suffice.

Rosie's Choice.

BY MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

I.

WHEN Mrs. Lamotte and her beautiful daughter came to spend a summer at Garthen-on-Sea, I had reached the lowest depths of depression possible to man, as I told myself bitterly. Six months before, I had bidden farewell to the place I had hoped to be able to call my home (a home dearly loved indeed) for the remainder of my days, but which I had been compelled much against my will to quit at the shortest notice. I had accepted the situation with all the resignation I could summon up, and had given myself heartily to the new life which opened out before me; but the necessary effort had been followed by a reaction, and I considered myself quite the unhappiest of mortals.

To many, I fancy, the cause of my disappointment might give food for ridicule. I had entered a monastery with the intention of becoming a novice, and after a very brief trial had been firmly but kindly told that I was not fitted for the life I had elected to follow. That I had burned my boats by cutting off all connection with my former house of business troubled me

not at all. I had always hated the occupation which had provided me with a sufficiently comfortable income for a man under thirty; though I had done my best, from a sense of duty, to carry out my allotted tasks in a way that had earned for me the undesired tribute of special aptitude for them.

My failure in the monastery left me to my own resources, and I took up with zest an occupation which had always been a keen delight in hours of leisure—the study and practice of music. I could play the organ tolerably well, and had for a time been organist in a small Catholic church in the town where I formerly lived. I had been well trained in singing also. For a time I gave myself whole-heartedly to work entirely congenial. I had been invited by an old friend, Father Lythe, of Garthen-on-Sea (whose advice I had asked), to become organist and choir-master of his fine Gothic church, with the prospect of pupils if I would only remain in the little watering-place.

"I can promise you as many students of organ, piano, and singing as you can possibly wish for," he said jubilantly. "There is no one to oppose you here just now."

So to Garthen I came. But alas for my instability of disposition! The drudgery of teaching wearied me; the stupidity of youths and maidens who formed the choir seemed at times insufferable; for my heart still yearned for the life which had been forbidden me. But I "stuck bravely to my guns," in spite of distaste, and resolutely strove to banish all desire for further change. From this it will be seen that, for any happiness in the fellowship of my kind, Garthen-on-Sea might have been the Great Sahara itself. I had a very strong affection for Father Lythe, and spent as much time with him daily as his duties and mine would permit. Otherwise I was practically a hermit, so far as social enjoyments were con-

cerned. Luckily, I had no solicitude as regarded means of livelihood; for my last surviving relative, an aged aunt, had left me a modest income.

Though Garthen was but a small place, its beautiful stretch of sands and the charming landscape spreading inward from its cliffs made it attractive to such visitors as preferred pure sea-air, quietude, and freedom from the trammels of fashionable life, to the garish delights of more frequented watering places. Visitors were, therefore, sufficiently numerous in the summer season to render the little town almost bustling. Catholics especially were attracted by the fine church and pleasant-mannered priest.

I had finished my concluding "voluntary" after Benediction on a certain Sunday evening in June, and was making my way out for the enjoyment of the usual supper, chat and smoke with Father Lythe—the ordinary routine on a Sunday,—when, on emerging from the church porch, I found myself confronted by a group of three persons: the priest in cassock and biretta, and two ladies.

I was unobtrusively retiring into the church with the object of entering the presbytery through the sacristy, when I was hailed by Father Lythe.

"These ladies wish to make your acquaintance, Tom," he said as I responded to the call. He then presented me to each in turn: "Mr. Dunsford—Mrs. Lamotte, Miss Lamotte."

"I was just telling Father Lythe," said the elder lady—a beautiful and graceful woman, with lovely brown eyes, a fresh complexion, and an abundance of snow-white hair,—“of the wonderful surprise my daughter and I experienced at Mass to-day, at the immense improvement in the choir since last year; and he says that you alone are responsible. My daughter and I are devoted to music, and we are absolutely charmed with the result of

your labors. What pains you must have taken to bring about so marvellous a reform!"

Father Lythe interposed with the remark that the two ladies had spared no efforts last summer in the training of the singers, and had taken so active a part in the singing that the choir had risen from painful inaccuracy to unlooked-for competency during their stay in Garthen. Unfortunately, the improvement could not be maintained; and, with the loss of the most promising vocalists since then, the music had still further depreciated, until I had taken it in hand. I now learned that my new acquaintances were willing to give me all possible assistance in the choir during their stay at Garthen, should I care to make use of their services.

Who, indeed, would refuse so kind an offer, made in a voice so golden as that of the pretty, vivacious lady? I lost no time in expressing warm thanks for such thoughtfulness.

Father Lythe was loud in admiration of the "heavenly voices" of both mother and daughter, as we sat over our supper and discussed events.

"You may prepare yourself for an uplift, Tom," he said, "when you hear the two of them singing together."

So the daughter, it appeared, had a rare voice, too. She had used it so little during the interview that I had barely noticed what it was like.

It was just as well that Father Lythe had put me on my guard, or I should have made a fool of myself on accompanying the mother and daughter when they practised, on Saturday afternoon, a little motet for Sunday's Benediction service. As it was, I managed to pull myself together when a sudden rush of emotion followed the first notes of the exquisitely blended voices, each so perfect of its kind. If the mother's voice was golden, the daughter's was as gold refined. It was a lovely and perfectly

trained soprano, such as I had never heard before. Beyond the rare quality of each voice, their singing spoke of thorough culture. I was amazed and delighted beyond expression,—so profoundly moved, indeed, that I could find no adequate terms in which to express the appreciation I felt, beyond a polite murmur of thanks. Yet I had been uplifted to a degree which Father Lythe could never understand.

The weeks that followed were a period of unmixed enjoyment, from a musician's point of view. I was able, after much persuasion—though I do not claim to be a singer,—to lead my two basses in their particular part in a beautiful yet simple Mass for three voices just then published; Mrs. Lamotte and her daughter guiding respectively the altos and trebles who formed the ordinary choir. After that it became comparatively easy to join the two ladies in trios suitable for Offertories and Benediction services. What had been at first a somewhat nervous attempt on my part, became by reason of their kindly encouragement an unmitigated delight. Our music, indeed, became so well spoken of that it attracted an unusual number of non-Catholics to the church. This gave Mrs. Lamotte an opportunity of laughingly insisting upon Father Lythe beginning some simple doctrinal instructions on Sunday evenings for the enlightenment of unbelievers.

"Rosie and I have done our best to attract an audience," she declared; "and I think we may well look for a share in the reward due to successful missionaries."

It was not in church services alone that I was able to listen to those magnificent voices: sometimes in company with Father Lythe, later on by myself, I was welcomed at the villa rented by Mrs. Lamotte for their three months' sojourn. Many an evening did I revel in the perfect rendering of choice

music, not on Sundays merely—for it soon became the custom to walk over there to supper after Benediction—but on weekdays not a few. For the singers were kind enough to approve of my accompanying powers, and it was this, perhaps, which rendered my visits acceptable.

I found that Mrs. Lamotte's forte was 'cello playing. Her execution surpassed anything I had ever heard, and it was a delight to be permitted to accompany her, and thus take part in musical recitals such as I had never dreamed of in my wildest fancies. The very sight of the beautiful white-haired lady—so dainty and *petite*, her dark eyes glowing with enthusiasm and the warm color flushing her cheeks—roused many imaginations of graceful Watteau-like dames of a past age; while the tones she drew forth were enchanting to the ear.

I have said little of her daughter so far, not from lack of appreciation, but rather from failure of descriptive power. Miss Lamotte did not strike one at first sight as possessing extraordinary beauty. So long as her face was in repose, one must needs admire her regular features, fine dark eyes (inherited from her mother), and wealth of auburn hair; while there was an habitual sweetness of expression which could never fail to charm. It was when she was lifting her marvellous voice in song that her real beauty shone out. One realized then what a truly lovely as well as gifted creature she was. Tall and graceful, she held herself proudly erect, her splendid eyes reflecting ever the varying emotions portrayed by the music which poured forth with such surpassing sweetness.

"She reveals her soul," Father Lythe had said, when we were speaking once of that extraordinary blossoming out of beauty on such occasions; and I felt that he had penetrated the mystery.

II.

What was to be expected after three months of intimate companionship on the part of a poor countrified yokel like me with such gracious and talented women, one of them young and winning, as well as gifted? Just the result which ensued. Altogether inexperienced as regards feminine charms, having no sister or any youthful female relative, and entirely free from any attraction towards the sex, I had fallen desperately in love with Rose Lamotte. I knew it was hopeless to expect any return. She—a talented and beautiful maiden, miles above me in the social scale—had shown but friendly interest in a poor, struggling musician, whose only ambition was to rise a little higher in the knowledge and practice of his art. I was absolutely devoid of hope as to becoming proficient enough to rise to her level socially, or even provide a home for her in accordance with her position.

Yet, hopeless though I knew my chances to be, I could not refrain from fluttering like some silly moth round the light that lured me. I was unable to resist the attraction which could have in store for me only a future fraught with agony. In spite of the frequent warnings of common-sense, I allowed myself to become more and more entangled.

I might perhaps plead in defence of my folly the unwavering friendship of both mother and daughter, and the ready welcome always given by the former whenever I appeared at the villa,—appearances of almost daily occurrence as the time of their departure from Garthen drew near. Could it be possible that Mrs. Lamotte considered me—a needy musician, teaching a few pupils in a backwater of a place such as Garthen—a not unsuitable partner for her beautiful daughter? The idea was too absurd to be entertained. I had a sufficient private income as a

bachelor; but to think of proposing marriage to Rose Lamotte on such an income was insanity.

All too soon came the eve of the departure of the maiden so dear to me, and the woman whom I had learned to look upon as almost a second mother in my regard. It was Sunday; Benediction was over, and the golden voice I loved to hear had poured forth God's praises for the last time,—so far as I was concerned, I told myself; for I dared not brave another such summer as this.

"Of course you are coming in to supper," said Mrs. Lamotte, on the church step. "I am running in to see Father Lythe on business for a few minutes, and I shall bring him with me. You might see Rosie safely home without waiting for me."

"Rosie," I could not help thinking, seemed more silent than usual, as we made our way slowly along the deserted road; for other places of worship had not yet disgorged their worshippers. She looked a little pale, too. I was silent perforce, because the words I longed to speak had at all costs to be kept back. It was something like agony, but it had to be borne.

"I hate leaving," she said at last. "It has been an ideally happy time this year."

My heart was in my mouth. I dared not venture a comment. Had I begun to speak of my feelings as to her departure, I should have committed myself irrevocably. Yet what a golden opportunity, had I but the ghost of a chance of being listened to! I pulled myself up sharply; her interests demanded silence, however hard it might be to keep it; while her friendship might be lost forever should I dare to plead my cause now.

The walk was unsatisfactory to both, I think; and I, for one, was relieved when Mrs. Lamotte and Father Lythe caught up near the villa. It struck me

that the dear lady was not in her usual cheery mood; and Father Lythe, too, was wanting in customary gaiety; so the evening was not altogether a success. We spoke our farewells with little show of emotion on our part, though the ladies seemed more moved than I should have expected.

Father Lythe, too, was unusually silent as we walked along together. Something, it was evident, had happened to cast him down; but he was not in a confidential mood, so I remained in the dark as to the cause. My own musings, indeed, were dreary enough.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Monk of Clairvaux.*

THERE was a monk in the monastery of Clairvaux named Alquirinus, whose integrity of character corresponded perfectly to his profession,—a very spiritual man, sober in his mode of living, humble in his dress, and most stern in chastising his body. He restrained himself so much, and was so temperate in what seemed to relate to bodily need, that he entirely banished pleasure and vanity, and used even necessities very sparingly, although the opportunity of going beyond a fixed limit was frequently presented to him. For he was skilful in the medical art. And although the great and noble of the world sought his services incessantly, and drew him in many different directions against his will and in spite of his resistance, he nevertheless considered the poor and needy, and devoted his skill to their service. And not only did he attend to their sicknesses and bruises, but he also touched with his own hands sores and wounds of the sick so considerably and so carefully

that it seemed as if he were caressing the wounds of Christ. And, in fact, it was so. For which reason the Lord Himself frequently visited His servant with secret consolations.

Once he saw at Clairvaux a vision of this kind. First, he heard as it were a heavenly forerunner crying with a herald's voice: "Behold, Jesus Christ cometh! Arise, go forth quickly to meet the Saviour!" And when all hastened eagerly to see the Lord, he, too, ran, and stood at the door of the cloister through which He was expected to come. And when the Lord entered, he approached and worshipped Him, entreating that he might receive a blessing and compassion from God his Saviour. And when he had obtained this, he began to look at Him with peculiar attention, feeling pity for Him with marvellously affectionate, sympathy, inasmuch as He appeared to him as if in pain and feeble, pierced by nails and transfixed by a spear, as if He had that hour been taken down from the Cross, so that blood issued abundantly from the fresh wounds. Furthermore, the Lord held some clean linen cloths, like corporals, and pressed them on those wounds, and, after wiping off the blood with them, dropped them on the ground. And the Brother gathered them up with the utmost reverence, and kissed them with great devotion as the ransom of his soul, and laid them up in his bosom and preserved them.

He was frequently refreshed by the Lord with these and similar revelations, and ceased not so long as he lived to do good to all, but especially to strangers and to the sick poor. How inflexible he was, however, in keeping watch over his penitence, and how severe he was in chastising his body, will sufficiently appear from this fact that, although he bestowed pains upon all needy persons with fervent charity, he excepted only himself in care of this kind. For although he was an invalid and feeble

* Adapted from a collection of legends printed in 1490, and translated by the late Rev. L. M. Dalton, M. A., who retained the quaint style of the original. "Chronicles of Cloister and Cave." Skeffington & Son.

in body, yet he never consented to take any bodily medicine, but committed himself wholly to God. He knew that various kinds of spiritual strength are made perfect in bodily weakness; and that a monk can not obtain spiritual consolations, if he keeps small bodily consolations, and neglects to taste and see how gracious is the Lord.

And so, having finished his course in a praiseworthy manner, he was seized with sickness and reached his last end. And when the venerable Abbat Pontius came to visit him, he asked him how it went with him and how he was, he replied, "Beloved Father, it is altogether well with me now, because I am going to my Lord rapidly."—"Why is it," said the Abbat, "that you bear your bodily trouble and do not dread the narrow path of death?"—"I find everything tranquil," answered the other; "everything delightful; for I am now prevented by the Lord with the blessings of goodness, and this has taken all grief from my heart."

Then the Abbat replied, "I beseech you, dear Brother, for the love of God tell us for our edification if anything has been revealed to you from heaven." Then he said to him: "Just before you came in, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared to me, wretched and unworthy as I am, looked upon me with a favorable and serene countenance, showing the signs of His most Blessed Passion, and said, 'Lo, thy sins are blotted out from My sight. Come, therefore, without fear; come and see, and kiss again and again the wounds of Mine, which thou hast loved so greatly, and hast cherished so often.' Wherefore, having been fortified by such a promise, I fear not to die; for this hope is laid up in my bosom. Be assured that I shall depart in the approaching night before the Vigil of Saint Martin, whilst the service of the great God is being celebrated in the church." And at that very time he died.

A Little Girl's Letter from Austria.

WE feel obliged to share this letter with our readers, to whom, more than to ourselves, the young writer's gratitude is due. She is an inmate of a refuge for homeless children in Salzburg, Austria, to the support of which the readers of THE AVE MARIA have been contributing. With the exception of a few verbal changes, Lydwina's letter is given just as she wrote it:

YOUR REVERENCE, DEAR FATHER:—Although I am only a poor little girl, still I am happy, because so many good people like me; for example, the Sisters at the convent home and Father Karl. Yes, even in America somebody loves me: it is yourself.

You have asked how things are going with Lydwina. Dear Father, everything is very, very, very well since the Americans are providing for us, and sending money and food to our *katechet*—Father Karl. May God bless them for it! We children were told that in a magazine—THE AVE MARIA—there was an article about our misery and our need, and that the Americans were warmly exhorted to help us little girls. Certainly the editor is behind this. So long as there are such good people on earth as he is, everything will be all right with us.

Dear Father, since we have more to eat—corn, potatoes and cabbage,—studying is much easier for us than it was before, when we had much hunger but very little to eat. Also, praying in church is not hard now, because we have warm clothes, and it is better than a while ago, when our teeth were chattering with the cold.

A Franciscan Sister in America sent us some dresses, stockings, and shoes, most probably because she read in THE AVE MARIA that we were suffering so. Dear Father, whenever the little bell in the tower sounds the *Ave Maria*, I will greet Mary, and then remember also THE AVE MARIA in America that is thinking of us.

Dear Father, you remind me of the good God. Father Karl said in religious instruction that God loved us before we could love Him. You also, Reverend Father, loved me and gave me gifts before I could love you or ask you for anything. Oh, how much I think of you! You must be a very good-natured person, because you took such pity on us one hundred and thirty little girls. There are

still one hundred girls in the St. Peter Society, and in school we are more than a hundred pupils, and many of them are very poor.

I will ask the Christ Child to bring very, very many presents to you and to all who look into THE AVE MARIA and read it. I love all the readers because they are so noble and good. And I will take this letter to Father Karl and ask him to correct the mistakes. Only then can it go to America to express thanks for the gifts sent to us.

Since you are a priest, bless me as Father Karl blesses us. Although you are far away, it makes no difference. The blessing of a priest goes over hill and valley, and finds the children everywhere. Now, in God's grace, I ask you to keep on being good to me.

Your foundling, the thankful

LYDWINA.

Evil Listeners.

ONE of the numerous fallacies prevalent among all classes of society concerning detraction is that the only sinner in any given case is the person who does the evil speaking. An entirely opposite impression is given by all moralists and spiritual writers. Passive detractors, those who take pleasure in listening to the active detractors, commit the same sin as the speakers themselves. St. Bernard tells us that he can not decide which is more blameworthy, the man who slanders his neighbor, or he who lends his ear to the slanderer; the only difference is that the one serves the devil with his tongue, the other with his ear. In reality, he who asperses his neighbor's good name kindles a fire, and he who listens to him throws fuel upon it.

St. Ignatius only stated a fact, a truth which we have all experienced when he said that we would not talk about our neighbor's faults if we did not find eager listeners. - Genuine knowledge of human nature renders it certain that talkers will refrain from evil-speaking only when listeners refrain from evil-hearing. In the meantime both speakers and listeners are sinners, and, all too often, grievous sinners, too.

On the Doing of Good Works.

OF all those who style themselves Christians, the members of the Catholic Church claim, and justly claim, that they have the best right to the appellation. Not all Catholics, however, exemplify in their daily lives the qualities which such a name presupposes and demands. In the general sense, it is true, a Christian is merely one who believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ, or a member of a Christian church; but, in the specific sense, a Christian is one who possesses the spiritual character proper to a follower of Christ; one who exemplifies in his life the teachings of Christ. It is a commonplace of Catholic doctrine, habitually expounded from Catholic pulpits, that in order to reach heaven each of us must, in at least some measure and degree, imitate Christ, follow Christ; but it is, unfortunately, the case that in the minds of many of us these expressions, "imitating Christ," "following Christ," have come to be regarded as mere empty words, philosophical abstractions, to which neither in our habitual thought nor in our daily activities are there any corresponding concrete realities. Without going to that extreme, it is still more likely that a large number of Catholics look upon our great Exemplar as a model utterly beyond imitation, at least by them, and so forego any really serious efforts to conform their lives to that of Our Lord.

Now, such an attitude is condemnable in a Catholic, a spiritual man, just as a similar frame of mind is condemnable in an ordinary man of the world, irrespective of his religious belief. "Aim at perfection in everything," says Chesterfield, "even though in most things it is unattainable. They who aim at it, however, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those

whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as beyond them." It is an age-old lesson that the archer whose arrow is to hit the mark must aim at a point above that mark. The Catholic who limits his aspirations and his efforts simply to the avoidance of mortal sin seldom in the long run achieves even that; and to remain quiescent and supine in a state of tepidity is to incur the danger of becoming a victim of the awful threat: "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of My mouth." Our failure to follow Christ in positive and energetic fashion is not so much a matter, as some of us may affect to consider it, of our attaining a lower or higher degree of glory in heaven, as it is a matter of our getting to heaven at all. As members of the Church, in a word, we have incurred the liability of imitating Christ.

It is obvious, of course, that this imitation, even in the best of us, will be sadly imperfect; that our greatest efforts will enable us to follow Christ only at a long, long distance; but there is no ridding ourselves of the responsibility of making those efforts, and no prospect, either, that there will ever come a time when it will be easier to make them than it is at present. But how shall we set about this imitation of Christ? The answer is plain. The outstanding characteristic, the dominant note in the personality of Christ was His kindness, gentleness, benignity. As emphasizing this quality, the story of His whole life while on earth has been compressed into five words: "He went about doing good." Hence, the man who really wishes to imitate his incomparable Master must do likewise. He must be a good man, not only in the sense that he is irreproachable in morals, is virtuous and pious, but also in the sense that he habitually does good deeds, is uniformly kind and

obliging, delights in rendering service to others, is constant in doing good turns to his fellows, is gracious and charitable to the poor and needy, is sympathetic to the sick and sorrowing, is indulgent to the young, accommodating to the old, and affable to all. In a word, the follower of Christ must be a doer of good works.

Theologians define good works as "such voluntary actions on the part of man as are in conformity with the will of God, are performed for the love of God, and consequently will be rewarded by God." They include, in the first place, all acts of virtue; in the second, all upright and well-ordered actions, such as those that are done in accordance with the obligations of one's state in life; and, in the third place and especially, those works that pertain to the good of our neighbor, such as almsgiving and membership in a beneficent society; also the circulation of good books, helping to propagate the Faith, fostering the Catholic press, contributing to the support of seminaries, encouraging Christian education, etc. As is evident from the usual classification of good works, "prayer, fasting, and almsgiving," some of these works relate to God—prayer, the Sacraments, meditation, pious reading, hearing sermons; some relate to ourselves—fasting and other mortifications, the duties of our state in life, and all acts, even in different ones, that are elevated by a pure intention; and some, in fine, refer to our neighbor, such as, not only relieving his corporal or spiritual necessities, but putting up with his defects and shortcomings, forgiving the injuries which he may have caused us, contributing to his peace of mind, and helping him in a variety of circumstances when such help is needed.

It is pertinent to note that, in order to merit a supernatural reward, or to become a "good work" in the proper sense, an action must be performed by

one who is in the state of grace. A soul in mortal sin is dead, and dead trees can not bear living fruit. The grievous sinner who performs actions good in themselves deserves, and will receive, only a temporal reward. So, too, of good actions performed from purely natural motives: they are worthless for eternity. Of the doers of such actions, no matter how great and good they may appear in the eyes of men, Christ says, as He said of the Pharisees of old, "They have received their reward." Purity of intention, the doing of the action for the love of God and the promotion of His glory, with the view of securing merit available for eternal life,—this is an essential condition of every work that can properly be styled "good" in the theological sense.

It is obvious that the less our works are done in the hope of an earthly reward, the more value they acquire in the sight of God. Obvious, too, that the value of our works increases in proportion to the sacrifices which they cost us. The forgiveness of an injury, for instance, may readily be a far more meritorious good work than the feeding of the hungry or the clothing of the naked; for it may well cost a far more severe struggle on the part of the forgiver, and so is a better proof of one's love of God. It should never be forgotten that, in the matter of good works of every kind, God regards as of special importance, not the gift of the lover but the love of the giver. So true is this that even such indifferent, unmoral acts as eating, drinking, and sleeping, when vivified by purity of intention, become meritorious in the sight of our Heavenly Father.

The theological principle, cited in a preceding paragraph, that works performed by one in mortal sin are not meritorious of eternal reward should not deter even such a one from performing works commonly styled good; for these works may easily contribute

to his conversion from his sin. His prayers, though without merit, since he is at enmity with God, may earn the grace of pardon. Such prayer has power with God, not on account of the merit of the petitioner, but on account of the divine promise: "Everyone that asketh, receiveth." As for those who are in the state of grace, their works obtain for them an increase of sanctifying grace and are entered to their credit in the Book of eternal life. St. Paul assures us that "He that soweth [good works] sparingly shall also reap sparingly"; and Our Lord has said: "The Son of man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels, and then will be rendered to every man *according to his works.*"

Quite apart from individual advantages accruing from the performance of good works, it is of interest to reflect on the benefits to our religion that would surely follow from the general performance of such works by Catholics. On this aspect of the question the Archbishop of Bombay says: "I would have it, and I have it, as my ambition that in this country men should not be able to think of a Catholic man or woman except as of one who lives always doing good to others. I would have our Catholic Faith itself known to all as a never-failing stream of good deeds, whatever else men may know, or not know, about it. If we but secure this, even in some degree, then we are secure of the rest. The doer of good deeds in the name of Jesus Christ is a happy and a blessed man in his own heart. The doer of good deeds will find good things come to himself; the doer of good deeds will, like Jesus Christ Himself, become 'mighty in word and work before God and men.' With that as our character, we can look at the present with contentment and into the future with assurance, whether as regards this world or as regards the reward in eternity."

Old Yet Timely Rebuke.

Notes and Remarks.

HOW little the world changes in some respects! Immodest and extravagant fashions in female attire prevailed in the first ages of Christianity just as they do now, and were denounced by the moralists of the time quite as severely as by present-day critics. "The dress of a chaste woman," says St. Cyprian, "ought to be chaste." What he adds about excessive ornaments, in lieu of scant garments, is also worth quoting: "Women, who are delicate in all things else, are stronger than men in carrying loads of extravagance." There is a touch of satire in St. Gregory of Nazianzen's remark, in his famous funeral oration on his sister Corgonia: "She loved only that red which modesty produced, only that white caused by fasting and abstinence. As for artificialities, she left them to comedians and that class of women who consider it ill-bred to blush."

Tertullian, inveighing against the excessive price of the silks and laces, necklaces, pendants, buckles, etc., with which women were accustomed to adorn themselves, exclaims: "Witness the power of vanity! The body of a weak woman can bear a great load of gold and silver." In reference to old women who changed the color of their hair in order to appear youthful, he remarks: "They are ashamed of their age, after they had prayed so much to come to it, always desiring a long life. But all in vain: the more the matron tries to hide her wrinkles, the more do they appear."

Let us make an end with a saying of St. Jerome, as true as it is kindly: "It is natural for women to love dress; and we know of several [immortalized in the holy Doctor's delightful letters] who are patterns of modesty, yet take pleasure in dressing, not to please any one but themselves."

If only for the prophetic strain that runs through it, there will be many interested readers of "Principles of Freedom," a recently published collection of articles by Terence MacSwiney, the late Lord Mayor of Cork. In almost every chapter the reader meets with references to the nobility of dying for a cause; how the vindication of a cause may rest upon one man, and he must not shrink from any cost. How firmly MacSwiney held to his cause to the death, all the world knows. But he insists that one must live for one's cause as well as die for it. "It is harder to live a consistent life than to die a brave death. Most men of generous instincts would rouse all their courage to a supreme moment and die for the cause; but to rise to that supreme moment frequently and without warning is the burden of life for the cause; and it is because of its exhausting strain and exacting demands that so many men have failed. We must get men to realize that to live is as daring as to die," he adds.

MacSwiney reminds us that a strong mind is greater than a strong hand; that right will ultimately triumph; that the man who truly believes in his cause will fight for it to the bitter end; that resistance to evil is justified; that in unity there is strength. All these maxims he applies to the situation in Ireland as it was when he was an important living figure there.

In these days, when the insidious evil of birth-control is as openly and violently advocated as it was vigorously condemned in the Scriptures, it is certainly not out of place to call attention here to the rigid doctrine of the Church. In a recent number of *La Vérité*, a Catholic journal of Quebec, Father Lalande, S. J., cites

three fundamental authorities for the Catholic attitude. "The first law," he says, "to condemn these outrages comes from nature. Everyone knows it; it is not written, but is inherent in the very soul of man. Nothing can silence it. Even the intelligence, stooping to the service of the senses, and seeking to find a loophole of escape, can not abolish it. Louder than desire and more firm than fear, the law declares: 'It is forbidden.' And if you would hear me speak in living flesh and blood, listen to the reproach of a young wife in despair before the body of her only son: 'My husband, I knew that it was evil and that we should have to pay! You said to violated nature, "Only one child!" To-day justice replies, "None." There is the stain of blood on our guilty desires. It reddens our lives; in this room there are two criminals. I see one in your eyes, and you find the other in mine; and when the horror of it does not stop my ears, I hear the desperate outcries of the little ones who were not allowed to be born.'"

The second law is that spoken by God to Onan; and the third is the voice of the Church. Against these three no tainted sophistry can ever prevail.

Many people, perhaps the majority of people, are now learning from Mr. Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State, things they should have known long ago. He has published a book ("The Peace Negotiations") which is proving to be a best seller. It is a very frank book,—so are some of the comments upon it by men like Mr. William Bullitt, a member of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Among the most striking and informing of Mr. Lansing's statements are these:

This war was fought by the United States to destroy forever the conditions which produced it. These conditions have not been destroyed: they have been supplanted by other conditions, equally productive of hatred,

jealousy, and suspicion. In place of the Triple Alliance and the Entente has arisen the Quintuple Alliance, which is to rule the world. The victors in this war intend to impose their combined will upon the vanquished and to subordinate all interests to their own.

It is true that to please the aroused public opinion of mankind and to respond to the idealism of the moralist they have surrounded the new alliance with a halo and called it "The League of Nations"; but, whatever it may be called or however it may be disguised, it is an alliance of the five great military Powers.

I do not say that he [President Wilson] was lawless. He was not that, but he conformed grudgingly and with manifest displeasure to legal limitations. It was a thankless task to question a proposed course of action on the ground of illegality, because he appeared to be irritated by such an obstacle to his will, and to transfer his irritation against the law to the one who raised it as an objection. . . . Mr. Wilson's mind, once made up, seemed to become inflexible. It appeared to grow impervious to argument and even to facts. It lacked the elasticity and receptivity which have always been characteristic of sound judgment and right thinking. He might break, but he would not bend.

Now everyone may know why the Peace Conference failed to satisfy the world, and why the United States Senate refused to ratify the Treaty.

The superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of Maryland is out with 'an expression of deep regret that those upon whom Cardinal Gibbons relied for information should have led him into error on some phases of Prohibition.' On the contrary, the Cardinal did not have to rely upon any one for information, and he was not led into error. Like every other good citizen, he deplored the evil of drunkenness, and he did all in his power to combat it. But he questioned the wisdom of Prohibition, and did not believe that it was capable of enforcement. Furthermore, he was strongly of opinion that it made for hypocrisy and law violation.

"Temperance is a virtue. Prohibition is an experiment. Temperance implies use in moderation. Prohibition forbids

even use in moderation. Temperance is self-imposed, self-enforced. Prohibition is imposed by others without your consent. Temperance means your control of yourself. Prohibition means other people's control of you.'

Some idea of the obstacles which confront pioneer missionaries among savages is conveyed by a contribution to the April number of *Asia Magazine*,—"Close Ups of a Cannibal Chief," by Martin Johnson. He writes: 'Father Prim, a saintly old man, who had spent the better part of a lifetime in trying to make an impression upon the people of the island of Vao, in the New Hebrides, told us that they buried very old persons alive. Once, after he had rescued an old man from death, the natives came in great numbers to the mission clearing, and requested permission to make an examination of their intended victim. They looked at his teeth; they fingered his rough, withered skin; they felt his skinny limbs; they lifted his frail, helpless carcass in their arms; and finally they burst into yells of laughter. They said the missionary had been fooled,—there was not a single thing about the old man worth saving!'

It is unlikely that there will be any serious charges of discrimination in the distribution of the China Famine Fund, if the plan adopted by the international committee, and already in operation, is not changed. (There is no reason for thinking that it will be.) It is the only practical plan,—to divide the means of relief according to populations served by the various relief agencies. The local committees are composed of missionaries and responsible natives; and it seems incredible to us that, when people are dying of starvation by the thousand every day, there should be any question of their religious belief.

A circular from the office of the American committee informs us that the division of the latest shipment of grain—300 tons—to arrive at Paotingfu was made as follows: "Number of bags allotted to Catholics, 1859; to Presbyterians, 426; to American Baptists, 1100; to the Red Cross, 87."

The Rev. Father N. Baroudi (Chen-ting-fu), in a letter published by the American Committee for China Famine Relief, declares that it will be a terrible time in large districts of North China for the next two or three months. Describing the state of affairs in the sub-prefecture of Ning Tsing, he says that as many as 200,000 of the inhabitants there are suffering from the dire effects of the famine:

I have seen some of those who have only grass to nourish themselves; others feed on cotton seeds crushed and cooked; others try to procure the roots of wild herbs in the fields; others again chop the straw to powder and mix with dry herbs. They boil this and try to sustain life. They pull down the houses to secure wood for fuel; the trees are cut down or torn from the ground. It is all that they can find in this desolate country to prepare their miserable nourishment and preserve themselves against the severity of the cold. I have seen large numbers of persons of every age still clothed as during the summer. How miserable they looked,—pale, emaciated, bearing on their faces the signs of long privation! I have seen these poor people staggering and hardly able to stand,—mothers carrying on their arms little babies crying from hunger; children in rags; old men and women who have nothing to eat. I hear from missionaries of hundreds of people who have died from starvation.

That the times are out of joint and that at least some part of Denmark has decayed are quotations of great popularity just now; but, after all—quotations. The advice we should seek in an honest endeavor to alter the unsatisfactory character of our civilization is that of history. And if the past has anything to say it is that the future belongs to the young, whose loins must

be girt for the journey. The possibilities of education are not only a solace in these queerly unbalanced times, but also a command to do everything in our power to make the younger generation as manly as Judas Machabeus, or as devoted as Mary, the sister of Lazarus. A few remarks addressed to English Catholics by the incisive editor of the *Sower* are to the point. He says:

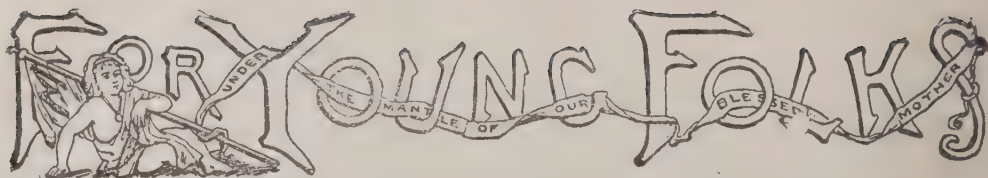
Even the sleepest and most dignified Catholic journals, and even the most irreproachably cautious of Catholic writers, are now waking up to the realization that something has happened to our capitalist system; that it has, in fact, broken down finally in all its three departments of credit, production, and distribution. "Can revolution be prevented?" is the fashionable question now; and the employing classes are invited to do something to put things right, though what they are to do is not indicated. Indeed, they may well wonder. We Catholics can do nothing beyond trying to contribute a small leaven of steadiness to the nation; we can not contribute any practical ideas, because we would not think courageously (though Fr. Plater did his best to make us. *Requiescat!*) while there was still time for thinking. It's not much use crying over spilt milk, however; and our only reason for these gloomy remarks is to draw the obvious moral from them. The moral is that the Catholics who are aware and active should give their whole mind, during the confusions and distresses of the coming years, to the children and the young people; with the conscious idea of raising up a generation of Catholic men and women who will be able to take in hand the very weary world in which they will find themselves.

It is of interest to learn that the historical department of the National Catholic Welfare Council has thus far collected the names of no fewer than 15,300 Catholics who gave their lives for their country during the Great War. About two-thirds of the number died overseas and are buried in France; the others died and are interred in this country. The total number of casualties suffered by the United States during the war—from April 6, 1917, to Nov. 11, 1918—was 103,740; and a conservative estimate places the Catho-

lics among them at twenty per cent of the whole. It may be worth while occasionally to remind our anti-Catholic countrymen that, now as always, in time of war as in days of peace, the Church furnishes the highest type of patriotic citizens.

Among the interesting Roman documents recently issued are three decrees for the beatification and canonization of prospective saints: the Venerable Servant of God, Robert Cardinal Belarmin, of the Society of Jesus; the Servant of God, Sister Mary of Jesus, foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Saviour and the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the Servant of God, Andrew Beltrami, priest of the Salesian Society, who died in 1897. Readers familiar with that inspiring volume, "Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century," will, of course, manifest no surprise on learning that such decrees as the foregoing are becoming more and more frequent. Many a "near-saint" mentioned therein is destined eventually to receive the full honors of canonization.

The Government of Italy has arrested one hundred anarchists, and is offering a reward of 20,000 lire for information that will lead to the apprehension of the perpetrators of a recent bomb outrage, which caused the death of thirty-one persons and the injury of many others. Hope of discovering the anarchists who attempted to wreck a train on which the Premier was travelling has been abandoned, no arrests having been made. It was unwise, to say the least, on the part of the Italian Government to permit, for so many years, insults to the Pope. The anarchists everywhere are the sworn enemies of all authority by whomsoever or wheresoever exercised. They have only changed the object of their rage and hate, and substituted bombs for obloquy.



The Bee and the Butterfly.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

"I'm glad it's fine weather,"
The Butterfly said,
With a flash of bright wings
And a toss of brown head;
"I'm glad of fine weather,
Because I can play
From dawn unto dusk
Of the long summer day."

"I'm glad it's fine weather,"
Then answered the Bee.
"Across the green meadow
Some blossoms I see;
I'm glad it's fine weather,
That winter is o'er;
For soon I'll have honey
In plenty to store."

"Only for summer
And sunshine care I;
I ne'er was a worker,"
Chirped Miss Butterfly;
"O'er hillside and valley
I roam, gay and free,
Rejoicing forever
That I'm not a bee."

The Butterfly, laughing,
Flew blithely away,—
The Bee never saw her
Again since that day.
Long, long ere the autumn
Her bright wings are dust:
The wise Bee has gathered
Her honey, I trust.

THERE is in Manchester, England, an old inn which has held a license continuously since the year 1370. It is said to have served on one occasion as the meeting-place for the Guy Fawkes conspirators.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XV.—THE LITTLE PRISONER.

A LITTLE thief,—thief. Before Fifine quite realized the meaning of the word, *marraine's* guardian had risen heavily from his griffin-backed chair, cast a final fierce glance at her from his bushy-browed eyes, stalked out of the room and locked the door.

"Oh, what have I done?" thought the poor little prisoner, sinking down in bewilderment on the big bearskin rug. "Why has Uncle Miles turned against me so angrily, and locked me in here, away from my dear *marraine*?"

What was it he said she must tell him? Why had he called her a thief? A thief! Surely she did not understand, and the blood of her noble ancestors began to boil in little Fifine's veins. He did not mean to call Josephine Marie la Roque a *thief*!

It was all some great mistake; and yet—yet the fierce gaze of those heavy-browed eyes, the fierce tone of that husky voice, the fierce clutch of that black-haired hand that had left its mark on her tender arm, had filled her childish heart with such terror as in all the dark days of the past Fifine had never known, not even when the enemy's shells were falling on Saint Celeste, and Mother Mathilde gathered her frightened flock in the vaults under the chapel, praying that the good God would keep them from harm; telling them that nothing would happen against His will; whispering that He was with them even here, and they must trust to His loving care in life or in death.

Ah! poor little Fifine's chilled heart throbbed back into life and warmth at the thought of the blessed hour in the old church this morning. Was she not in the good God's care still? Had He not come into her heart to-day? Would He not guard her in this strange land even as He had guarded her at home? She must hold to His hand, as Mother Mathilde had told them in the chapel vaults, and all would be well. And so poor little Fifine, locked in the black room, trembling and bewildered and hungry (for she had had no breakfast), but strong in the old love and trust, waited for the darkness to pass.

Meantime the story of Officer Ellis and the discovery of the stolen necklace went thrilling through the Carter-King establishment with various embellishments, and poor Fifine's guilt was assured both above and below stairs.

"I never would have thought of it," declared Norah the cook. "A bit of a craythur like that, not more than twelve years old, to be down at Casey's Corner at daydawn!"

"You can't tell nothing about them furriners," announced the oracular Gregg. "I had my own suspicions of that child from the first. The way she wormed herself into this house and got on the soft side of Miss Marjorie! There's something and some one behind it all, as the master says; and he is going to find who and what it is. It's a mercy she was found out before she let them in the house that might murder us in our beds."

Up in the library, Mrs. Carter-King declared in excited triumph that it was only what she had expected; and she hoped brother Miles would listen to her woman's judgment now. Elise went off to bed with a headache, to hide her guilty fear; while Marjorie was under Dr. Newton's care, with her bright rooms darkened and Miss Marshall on guard against all intruders.

"A most unfortunate affair alto-

gether," said the doctor, who felt it was not his professional business to question the general verdict. "The child seemed to me most innocent and charming; but of course one never can tell."

Bryce was fairly stunned into moody silence by the morning's revelation. The proof of Josephine Marie's guilt was indubitable. Had not the missing necklace been found in her pocket? And, then, Casey's Corner! The wild story of being off at church! His little protégée had stamped herself hopelessly as a liar as well as a thief. And yet, when he recalled that soft, merry little voice, those innocent uplifted eyes, the happy smile on the childish lips, all the boy's heart and soul seemed to cry out in defiance of Fifine's condemnation.

"I don't believe she did it!" he muttered to himself wrathfully. "I can't! I won't! She is such a little ninny! There must be some mistake. But Uncle is boiling mad, and she is in his claws for sure. What he will do with the poor little kid, I don't like to think. Shut her up in some Reform maybe. And I did it all, bringing her into this confounded house. Jing!" And words failed to express young Carter-King's feelings.

School and everything else was out of consideration on this exciting day, and Bryce felt he could not stand the buzz and cackle in his home; so, being in no mood for company, he betook himself to the Square, where, seated on an iron bench, his hands thrust in his pockets, he grimly surveyed the situation.

Uncle Miles was in one of his worst moods. Bryce knew all the signs: the swarthy flush in his cheek, the swelling veins in his temple, the hoarse choke in his voice; while the "blood pressure," which in his family was only another name for ill temper, was now at its most dangerous height. Fifine, who had always been a source of irritation, could expect no mercy.

Of course jailing such a kid would be

out of the question, but there were other places to which she could be consigned,—cold, hard schools, where all was stern, pitiless rule; schools where they put incorrigible children, old in evil-doing; children picked up by juvenile officers in the gutters and slums; children all unlike poor little Fifine. And, in his hate and fury and high “blood pressure,” Uncle Miles would send her to the sternest and the hardest and the worst “Reform” he could find.

And then the gloomy gaze fixed upon the house suddenly brightened; a gleam shot into the watcher’s eye.

“The old closet under Marjorie’s stairs!” thought Bryce, springing to his feet. “It opens into Uncle Miles’ ‘den.’ Gee, I’ll do it! I’ll get that kid out, if I am turned adrift myself. I put her in Uncle Miles’ clutch, and, Jing! I’ll get her out of it!”

And Bryce turned back to his home and proceeded to carry out his good-hearted plans.

With all its modern elegancies, the Carter-Kings’ was a remodelled establishment; the back building especially having been reconstructed almost entirely of late years for the accommodation of Mr. Carter’s invalid ward. Various nooks and corners had been cut off and closed up in the process; and among these was the old closet, which had been quite obliterated under the white panels of Marjorie’s stairs until Bryce had surreptitiously reopened it as a receptacle for the bats and balls, tennis rackets, skates, and other boyish belongings not permitted to clutter up the rest of the well-ordered house. But Bryce had learned to maintain his proprietorship guardedly; for a door opened from the closet into his uncle’s “den,”—a door hidden behind one of the high black walnut bookcases.

Hitherto Bryce had carefully avoided investigating this forgotten passage-way, but to-day he ventured to scratch

a match and survey it closely. Eureka! only a rusty bolt held the door on the outside. And beyond, still farther under the new-made stairs, there was a crooked flight of steps, used in the old days for carrying the fuel for big fires. These steps now went down in darkness to the great coal cellar below.

It had been a long morning for Uncle Miles’ little prisoner,—the longest and most bewildering she had ever known. Hoping, fearing, trembling, praying, she had waited for some one to come: Mrs. Carter-King, Elise, Miss Marshall, Ellen the maid,—some one who could explain all that she had been too frightened to ask of *marraine’s* black-browed guardian. She had had no breakfast, and as the hours wore on she found herself growing faint and weak. The black griffins on Uncle Miles’ chair seemed to be wriggling their scaly tails; the fierce head of the bearskin rug was rolling its eyes at her. But worst of all was a black marble bust in the walnut bookcase in the alcove,—a bust that gave her the creeps, so evil and mocking was the smile on its thin lips. It was as if they said to little Fifine: “Aha! where is your Father in heaven now? Where is He?”

Fifine shut her eyes that she might not see the wicked face, with its cruel question; her tired head sank upon the big bearskin; she fell asleep, and for the moment forgot all her troubles in sweet dreams. She saw the old Chateau of la Roque, her mother smiling from its terraced gardens as she rode around the driveway on Cousin Armand’s grey horse. And then the dream changed. She was in the chapel vault of Saint Celeste. Mother Mathilde was praying for the frightened children around her. Crash, crash, came the enemy’s shells.

The little sleeper started up in wild terror, for the walls around her were moving; the black bust of Voltaire lay

in fragments at her feet; while Bryce, grey and grimy with dust and cobwebs, burst from behind the bookcase to her side.

"Gee, I've done things up for sure with that crash! Come, kid,—come! Mother and Elise are out, and we must bolt while we can. Quick, Josephine Marie, if you want to skip out of trouble,—quick, *quick!*"

And before Fifine could recover her wits or speech, Bryce had drawn her through the way he had just opened behind the bookcase from which the bust had tumbled at his push, through the cobwebbed door, down the blackened stairs into deeper, blacker vaults beyond.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!" From her first coming, Bryce had been "monsieur" to his little protégée, and he had felt "big" in proportion to the name. "Oh, what is it, Monsieur? The soldiers are here, too?"

"Soldiers!" echoed the boy, who had paused in the safe darkness for breath. "We're up against worse than soldiers. Luckily, Uncle Miles is off with the door key in his pocket; and I shut the closet tight before I pushed in. If it hadn't been for that darned old bust crashing down, we'd be all right. But I've got you out, kid,—out of Uncle Miles' grip, no matter what it costs. Come on out of the window here into the alley, and then skip this old shack fast and far as you can."

"Skip, Monsieur!" echoed Josephine, as he helped her to scramble over the coal piles to the dusky opening that led to freedom. "I must skip! How—where?"

"Darn it, how do I know?" burst forth Bryce, irritably; for, now that the excitement of effort was over, he was beginning to realize all Josephine Marie might cost him. "Anywhere, so you get out of this; for Uncle Miles will have you in some sort of lock-up, I

know. Maybe I can face it out somehow by myself; but if he gets his clutch on you again—gee-whiz!"

"Ah, Monsieur, yes, yes!" panted Fifine, recalling the fierce grip on her arm, the glare of the sunken eyes,—all the details of her interview with Uncle Miles. "Yes, I must fly,—oh, I must fly far, far away!"

And, half pushed, half lifted by Bryce through the cellar window, she darted up the narrow alley-way, screened by high garden walls, and was off like a bird on the wing. How, where, she did not stop to think; for the first reckless moment she was conscious only of escape,—escape from darkness and danger she could not understand.

All her faintness and weakness vanished as she sped on through the glad sunshine like an uncaged bird,—the little wild-wood creature that has broken from trap or snare. Unconsciously she took the only turns, the only way she knew—flying on madly until she found herself panting for breath, swaying dizzily on uncertain feet before the old church she had left this morning.

What was it Mother Mathilde had told her? That in trouble, in danger, one must seek safety, shelter, guidance in the church that was her Father's house. The doors were open: people were passing in and out for the First Friday adoration. Ah, she could go no farther! She caught at the iron railing of the steps for support. Such strange weakness was coming over her! She could not walk or stand. She must do as Mother Mathilde had said at parting: steal into the safe shelter of her Father's house and perhaps—perhaps—the young heart gave a frightened flutter—die like little Angèle at the good God's feet. And she staggered in through the church door, to fall in the vestibule in a dead faint.

A Rhyming Answer.

A Wall of Snow.

ALLAN RAMSAY, the famous Scotch poet, when a young man, and a wigmaker, was often greatly straitened for want of money, and one year was wholly unable to pay his Martinmas rent. Just before the time when the rent ought to have been paid, and when Hallow Fair was held in Edinburgh, the poet was walking one forenoon, in a very disconsolate manner, up the Castle Hill, when whom should he meet but the very man that of all others he least wished to meet,—his landlord, a jolly farmer, who had come to town to collect his rents.

Ramsay would very willingly have given him the slip, but the farmer accosted him ere he was aware, and, kindly asking after his welfare, desired his company in a neighboring tavern. Here the dreadful subject of the rent came immediately on the carpet, and Ramsay, with shame and grief, confessed his inability to satisfy his creditor. To his great relief, however, the farmer expressed perfect indifference upon the matter; for, being aware of Ramsay's genius, he was unwilling to distress him for so paltry a matter, which he could so easily afford to remit. He even went the length of saying that if Ramsay could give him a rhyming answer to four questions which he should ask, in as many minutes, he would quit him of his rent as a reward for so much quickness of mind.

Allan professed his willingness to try what he could; and, a watch being laid upon the table, the good farmer propounded his questions, which were: "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?" The poet, within the specified time, gave these answers:

God loves man, when he refrains from sin;
The devil loves man, when he persists therein;
The world loves man, when riches on him flow;
And you'd love me, could I pay what I owe.

ONE bitter winter night the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into the greatest distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful reports of the conduct of the lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place. In one large, commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother with her granddaughter and her grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in praying to God that He would "build a wall of defence round about them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn. Her grandson asked why she prayed for a thing so impossible as that God should build a wall about their house that should hide it, but she explained that her meaning only was that Almighty God should protect them.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard: the enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But, while most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to the old woman's door; at which her grandchildren were greatly, though happily, surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was entirely concealed. "There!" said the old woman, triumphantly. "The good God really did raise up a wall to protect us."

THE rarest of known shells is called the "Cove of the Holy Mary," though conchologists do not assign a reason for the name. There are said to be only two known specimens in the world; one of them is in the British Museum, the other somewhere in Austria. You might offer as high as \$15,000 for the English specimen, and England would shake her head.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A biography of Sir Edward Elgar, by J. F. Porte, is announced by Chatto and Windus, London. It will be of more than musical interest.

—In order to make the "Divine Comedy" more available to the reading public, the Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, is bringing out in a single volume Dr. Charles Eliot Norton's excellent prose translation of that immortal poem, a work hitherto procurable only in three volumes.

—Any one who, on the strength of advertisements, purchases "the great mystery story" by Lawrence Rising (Hodder and Stoughton: London; Doran: New York) is likely to resolve never again to pay heed to publishers' puffing. It is a melodramatic story, with an absurd plot badly handled. Some of the leading characters are utterly unconvincing, and not a little of the realism is ridiculous. "A story that will long remain in the reader's memory." We are still regretting to have wasted time over it.

—Volume III. of "Doctrinal Discourses," by the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., published by the Dominican Sisters of North Tacoma, Wash., is uniform in size and binding with the two preceding volumes. Its contents comprise sermons or instructions for the Sundays and chief festivals, from the third Sunday after Easter to the third Sunday after Pentecost, inclusive. Father Skelly presents as many as three different sermons for each Sunday; and, both as to matter and form, they are well worth the attention of parish priests and other preachers. Price, \$1.50.

—Many changes have been rung on the theme "Roads to Rome," and each story of a conversion presents novel features which can not but interest all who delight in viewing the ways of Providence among men. Of exceptional interest among such stories is Pierre van der Meer de Walcheren's "Journal d'un Converti," translated by the author from the original Dutch, and published by P. Téqui, Paris. M. Léon Bloy, who writes the Introduction to this brochure of 300 pages, calls the author *un homme supérieur*, "a poet, and even one of those poets of whom a nation may be proud." The Journal is the narrative of an unusually gifted *littérateur* whose soul has gone through a disillusionizing process, finding nothing but disgust in the philosophies of the world, and reduced to "a frightful

dereliction" until the hour when it is given to him "to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God." A book to be enjoyed by the cultured rather than the average reader, perhaps, but one to be prized by those who understand its appeal.

—Two additions to the Fabre series are announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, who also have in preparation a translation by Bernard Miall of "The Life of Jean Henri Fabre," by Augustin Fabre. The new volumes of Fabre's works are "More Hunting Wasps," translated by A. T. de Mattos, and "The Story Book of the Fields."

—The book on "Medieval Music," by Dr. R. R. Terry, originally announced for inclusion in the Broadway House "Library of Music and Musicians," has so grown in scope and importance in the writing that it will now form the first volume of an entirely new series which the same publishers have in active preparation under the title, "The International Music Library."

—Something of a curiosity in the way of books is one that has just been included in the archives of the Knights of Columbus, at their national headquarters in New Haven. No fewer than four thousand authors have collaborated in its making; for it consists of that number of letters written by such former members of the army and navy as have received vocational training from the Knights. These four thousand ex-members of the service are but typical of the 150,000 who have, since the end of the Great War, been educated in the Knights' schools, which now number one hundred and twenty-eight.

—Some two years ago we had occasion to write for these columns an appreciative notice of "The Creed Explained," by the Rev. Joseph J. Baierl, professor of Dogmatic Theology and Catechetics in St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y. Such praise as was given to that excellent work is equally merited by the latest book by the same able author, "The Commandments Explained" (The Seminary Press). Like his former volume, the present work exemplifies the Munich or psychological method of imparting instruction,—a method that has received the approbation of many distinguished educators. Based on the Baltimore Catechism (No. 2), the work is intended as an aid to catechists in the intermediate and higher grades of our

schools, and it is entirely safe to predict that its success will equal that of Father Baierl's explanation of the Creed. Parts III. and IV. of the volume are not covered by the title; they discuss "Sin: Its Nature and Kinds," and "Virtue and Perfection." Price, \$2.

—In this day of multiplied divorces, birth control, and exaggerated eugenics, it is a relief to take up such a book as "Marriage and Motherhood," by Alice Lady Lovat. It is packed with eminently sane and thoroughly Catholic doctrine concerning the divine institution of marriage and the rights and duties of those who enter into the sacred contract. Cardinal Bourne declares, in his preface to the work, that Catholics, and indeed all who accept Christian teaching and tradition, will feel deeply indebted to the authoress, "who, at the end of a long life consecrated to the upbringing of a numerous family in the knowledge, love, and fear of Almighty God, has set down, in the light of her own experience and of the teaching of the Church, the duties, responsibilities, self-sacrifice, and consolation of that condition of life to which the vast majority of women is destined in the divine purpose." Among especially interesting chapters we note "Pleasure *versus* Happiness," "What Every Woman Should Know," "The Children's Hour," "Work and Worry," and "A Mother's Weapons." A 16mo of 171 pages. Published by the Benzigers. Price, \$2.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

"The Logic of Lourdes." Rev. J. J. Clifford, S. J. (America Press). \$1.

"A Private in the Guards." Stephen Graham. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.

"Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

"Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England." Rev. F. B. Steck, O. F. M. \$2.

"Adventures Perilous." E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F. R. Hist. S. (Herder Book Co.) \$1.80.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Michael Norton, of the archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Joseph Johnen, diocese of Omaha; and Rev. T. A. Bily, diocese of Galveston.

Sister M. Assumption, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Lidwine, Sisters of Notre Dame; Mother M. de Pazzi, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister Catherine, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. Charles Whitford, Miss Agnes Bailey, Mr. Conor Moloney, Mrs. Susan Cowin, Mr. Charles Winterer, Mr. John Klement, Mr. Michael Walsh, Miss Julia Leary, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. F. S. Herbst, Mrs. James Duffy, Mr. George Brinkman, Mr. Charles Creighton, Miss Margaret Husehke, and Mr. Robert Hill.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

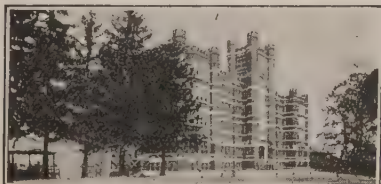
To help the Sisters of Charity in China: M. McH., \$5; E. J. G., \$11; friend (Lawrenceburg), \$5; T. B., \$25; M. J., a Lenten offering, \$1; Mrs. L. G., in honor of the Holy Family, \$5; J. F. Stoughton, \$5; Mrs. H. V. J., \$25; "in honor of SS. Jude and Thaddeus," \$5. For the sufferers in Central Europe: L. G., \$40; Mrs. L. G., in honor of the Holy Family, \$5; friend (Springfield), \$10; the children of Holy Trinity Sunday-school, Pomfret, Conn., \$30.70.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viiii 34.

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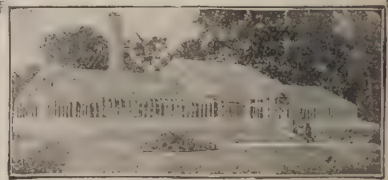
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 16, 1921.

NO. 16

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Before Communion.

BY M. M'ARDLE.

Night shall be my light in my pleasures. And my night knoweth no darkness, but all things shine in light. (Ps. cxxxviii.)

MY night no darkness hath: it heralds morn,—

Blest morn when Jesus to my heart will come.

Sweet Mother Mary, hasten to adorn

The poor abode He deigns to make His home.

O clothe my soul in robes of snowy white,

And deck my heart with flowers that please Him best;

Then bring the saints and choirs of angels bright

To bid a royal welcome to my Guest.

My Jesus, be Thou with me all day long;

Be in my soul to keep it for Thine own;

Be on my lips in greeting, prayer, and song;

Be in my heart, which beats for Thee alone.

Toilers and Builders of Olden Times.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



O general and so insensate was the destruction of the statuary which adorned both the interior and exterior of our churches at the time of the Great Apostasy that but few specimens of the beautiful sculpture of the period are left to us. The little, however, which does remain, like the statues still to be seen in niches on the outside of our cathedrals, especially those on the grand west front of Wells

and the chantries—so many of which were erected in the fifteenth century, over the tombs of great prelates,—are of the most exquisite workmanship.

Take, for example, those in Winchester cathedral, of the saintly William of Wykeham and of Bishops Beaufort and Waynesflete. That of Bishop Beaufort in particular has been described as “a mass of Portland stone, carved like the finest ivory,” and as “a most gorgeous specimen of a tomb of the Perpendicular Period.” Henry V.’s chantry, in Westminster Abbey, is another monument which does high honor to the skilled sculptors of the age, some of whose names have been still preserved to us; for we read that “Thomas Colyn, Thomas Holewell, and Thomas Poppehowe executed, carried over, and erected in Nantes, in 1408, the alabaster tomb of the Duke of Brittany.”

Of the five artists who wrought the celebrated tomb of Richard, Earl of Warwick, in the Beauchamp chapel, four were English, and the fifth was a Dutch goldsmith. Brentwood, a stainer of London, was engaged to paint the west wall of the same noted chapel “with all manner of devices and imagery.” Christian Coliburne, painter of London, was employed “to paint the images in the finest oil colors”; whilst John Prudde, a glazier in Westminster, undertook to “import from beyond seas glass of the finest colors—blue, yellow, red, purple, sanguine, and violet,”—and with it glaze the windows. It must be remembered that, besides the great

image of the famous Earl, there were as many as thirty-two images on this monument, all of them being cast by William Austin, a founder of London (evidently a genius), on the finest latten, and gilded by Bartholomew Lambespring, the Dutch goldsmith.

Gilding, it may be remarked, was in great request at this period, not only for the decoration of churches and private chapels, but also for domestic use; for, owing to the scarcity of the precious metals, copper and brass articles were usually silvered or gilt. It is a fact worth recalling that the monument of the great Earl Richard, and the superb chapel in which it stands, cost £2481, 4s. 7d., a sum equivalent to £24,800 of our present money. The window of this chapel is extremely rich and peculiar in character; whilst among others of the same kind are those of St. George's, Windsor, the clerestory windows of Henry VII.'s chapel, and the noble east window of York cathedral.

Panelling is one of the chief characteristics of the Perpendicular style. St. George's, Windsor, may be cited as an example; but finer still is Henry VII.'s chapel, which, within and without, is almost covered with panelling. Again, King's College chapel, Cambridge, is all panelled except the floor. The latter is also remarkable for its exquisite flying buttresses, the projection of which is so great that chapels are built between them.

It has been said that "amongst the most graceful ornaments of this [the Perpendicular] style are the angels introduced into the cornices." Superb, too, are the groined roofs, such as those of Canterbury cathedral, where the vaulting of the cloisters is studded with over eight hundred shields of kings and other generous benefactors. These shields are richly emblazoned in their proper colors, and the whole "presents a perfect blaze of splendor." The in-

describably beautiful fan-tracery, the steeples, like the unrivalled openwork tower of St. Nicholas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with others—notably, Boston, York, Coventry, etc.,—are things to wonder at and to admire.

Authorities tell us that "most of the monumental brasses which abound in our churches were the work of this period." Some there are undoubtedly of a much older date; but certain it is that during this century they were multiplied everywhere, and afforded great scope for the talents of founders, engravers, and enamellers. We know that the images of Our Lady and the saints were painted and richly gilded; also that religious pictures abounded on the walls of churches and oratories; but in the painting of living persons, the age does not appear to have excelled,—that is, if we judge by the portraits of our kings and queens and celebrated personages; for those done at this time are distinctly inferior.

Not so, however, are the wonderfully illuminated MSS.—the *Horæ*, the *Primers*, and other manuals of devotion, wherein we find displayed the whole accumulated artistic genius of the period; for, though the colors used are considered less rich and splendid in tint, yet the illuminations are held to be superior in drawing and power of expression. A striking example of this is seen in the terror depicted on the faces of the Earl of Warwick's sailors in expectation of shipwreck. Here we have evidence of a master hand. Many, too, are the portraits of leading characters of the age; all illuminated with the minutest detail, so that the persons and dresses of our ancestors of that day—together with their arms, ships, houses, furniture, manners, and employments—are vividly portrayed before our admiring eyes. But already the art of printing was in existence; and, before it, the beautiful art of illumination fell and practically disappeared.

The mention of printing reminds us that the Chinese had printed from engraved wooden blocks many centuries before the same idea suggested itself to a citizen of Haerlem, named Laurent Janszoon Coster. This Coster, who was a custodian of the cathedral, first cut his letters in wood, then made separate wooden letters, and employed them in printing books by tying them together with strings,—a primitive method, that nevertheless developed into the wonderful invention with which we have all become so familiar that we often lose sight of its origin. From wood, Coster proceeded to cut his letters in metal, and finally to cast them in the present fashion.

The Germans, however, dispute the Dutch claim, contending that Coster's were simply the wooden blocks which for long had been in use for the printing of manuals of devotion, as well as for playing cards; and that the method had probably been brought from China in the thirteenth century, by Marco Polo, who had seen specimens of the paper money thus printed there in letters of vermilion.

In asserting and insisting that Gutenberg was the real originator of printing, the Germans deny Holland any share in the invention at all; but we know that John Gensfleisch, the Gutenberger, was one of Coster's assistants; and that, on the death of his master, he went off with all speed to Mayence, "carrying with him movable types of Coster's casting." We know, furthermore, that it is a generally accepted fact that all the earliest block-printing was done in the Low Countries in the fifteenth century; still "it seems certain that Gutenberg, Faust, and Schöffer were the men who first printed any known works in movable types." The first book which they are believed to have printed and published was the Bible—an edition of the Latin Vulgate,—known by the name of the

Mazarin Bible, of which various copies remain. One of these is in Ryland's Library, Manchester, England.

It is interesting to find that when William Caxton introduced the art of printing into England, in 1474, his most zealous patron—a Benedictine monk—was Thomas Milling, Abbot of Westminster; and it was at Westminster, in the almonry, that Caxton began his business, passing through his press, during a period of sixteen years, a quite astonishing number of books. Meanwhile others were equally busy in different places. A schoolmaster of St. Albans set up a press there; several books were printed at Oxford in 1478, and during the succeeding years of the century. Wynkyn de Worde, Theodore Rood, Thomas Hunt, William Machelina, and John Selton were also printers.

The subject of books leads us naturally to the thought of those places where men studied them. Here again we note that illustrious ecclesiastics were ever first and foremost in founding and endowing colleges and schools, which remain through the ages a lasting memorial of their generosity, and a self-evident proof of the falseness of the oft-repeated calumny that the Church has been the barrier of progress. To mention only those colleges and schools founded during the fifteenth century, the period with which we have been chiefly concerned: Lincoln College, Oxford, was founded in 1427, by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln; and completed by another Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Scott, of Rotherham, in 1475. All Souls' College, Oxford, was founded by Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1437; and history tells us that he not only expended £4545 upon the building itself, but procured considerable revenues for it. King's College, Cambridge, was founded by Henry VI. in 1441; and Queen's College, Cambridge, was founded by Margaret of Anjou, in 1448.

Magdalene College, Oxford, was founded by William Wayneflete, Bishop of Winchester, in 1458; and Catherine Hall, Cambridge, was founded by Robert Woodlark, third provost of King's College, in 1473. In addition to these, Henry VI. founded Eton College; and Thomas Hokenorton, Abbot of Osney, founded the schools at Oxford in 1439.

Before that time the professors of various sciences, both at Oxford and Cambridge, gave their lectures in private houses; and, as these houses were often at some distance from one another, the inconvenience of such an arrangement was naturally very great, and it was in order to remedy this that schools were erected at this period in both Universities.

Abbot Hokenorton's schools also received liberal aid from two generous brothers named Kemp, both ecclesiastics in exalted positions; for one was Archbishop of York, and the other Bishop of London. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, ever the most munificent patron and encourager of learning, was another benefactor of these schools, wherein were taught "divinity, metaphysics, natural and moral philosophy, astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, music, logic, rhetoric, and grammar." They were completed in 1480, including Duke Humphrey's noble library, "the nucleus of the present Bodleian, which was re-founded by Sir Thomas Bodley in 1597."

As to Cambridge, the quadrangle containing the schools there was finished in 1475. It is a noticeable characteristic of the architecture of the period that castles, mansions, halls, schools, and even the smaller manor houses were frequently so built that the chief apartments looked into an interior quadrangle.

Prior to 1410, when the University of St. Andrews was founded, the youth of Scotland, possessing none of their

own, had been obliged to travel to foreign seats of learning. But once founded, it soon became famous. It obtained, in 1411, from Bishop Wardlaw, a charter, which was confirmed by the Pope in 1412. In 1450 William Turnbull, Bishop of Glasgow, founded the University of that city; and in 1456 Bishop Kennedy, successor of Wardlaw, founded the College of St. Salvator, at St. Andrews. This was the Bishop who was as celebrated for building a very large ship, called "The Bishop's Berge," as he was for erecting and endowing a college.

It may be remarked in conclusion that there was fast approaching that great religious convulsion which, like a devastating tempest, broke up the period of a thousand years, during which, from the first introduction of the Faith into England, the special character of architecture—often called Gothic, but, more correctly speaking, Christian—had been developing and perfecting itself. Truly may we echo the words of a Protestant historian, who says that "the Reformation was anything but a reformation in architecture. No church," he adds, "took up and perpetuated this noble Christian architecture, over the whole of Europe, more cordially and inspiredly than the Catholic. . . . It erected its churches and monasteries in a spirit of unrivalled grandeur and beauty." And we know that with music, painting, and literature, it was the same; for artist and poet, singer of sweet songs and maker of noble harmonies, were, each and every one of them, urged onward by that high ideal which finds its realization only in our holy religion.

—♦—♦—♦—

To my mind you can overdo tact. It can become obvious enough to be irritating. Of course then it entirely ceases to be tact; but the good folk who thus exercise it, seldom realize that.

—Leslie Moore.

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

X.



LAUDE HALLE was above all things a man of action. At five o'clock of the same day he presented himself at the house of M. Dumont, attired in his best and bearing a hopeful heart in his bosom. That gentleman, who had just left his shop and was resting in the salon above it, while awaiting the announcement of the evening meal, received the painter with great affability.

"I am very happy to meet you, Monsieur," he said. "Your reputation, of course, has been long known to me, as it is to all Paris. But lately I have been especially interested because of the service you have performed for M. Charles Hamelin, our young friend, who but for you would have been unable to fulfil the order given by M. Deshorties to the satisfaction of that gentleman. Not that he has not talent, for he has. He painted a very lifelike portrait of my daughter, as you may already know. What is your opinion of him, Monsieur?"

"As a painter or a man?"

"Both."

"I think he has considerable talent, which, however (without meaning to disparage his teacher), has not been properly directed. I have it in my mind to take him into my own studio, if he will come. A word or a touch here and there from one of my experience—"

"And success," interrupted M. Dumont, with a bow.

"And success, if you will," repeated Hallé, acknowledging the compliment with an inclination of the head. "As I meant to say, I think I can help him on the road to fame and fortune. And this desire on my part, M. Dumont, is quite sufficient to show you what I

think of him as a man and a Christian. In fact, it is on his behalf that I am here to-day."

"On his behalf?" answered M. Dumont, in a tone and with a smile that betrayed no surprise,—a circumstance which *did*, however, surprise the painter. "What can I do for your—our young friend?" continued the jeweler, with a kindly smile.

"Monsieur, I am a man who never beats about the bush. I could not do it," replied Hallé. "I am come at the request of young Hamelin to ask the hand of your daughter in marriage."

"He has my permission to address her," replied M. Dumont without hesitation, still smiling. "Indeed, I have reason to suspect that—there has long been an attachment between those two young people—since the day they first met."

"In the Luxembourg Gardens?"

"Ah, you know about it, then!"

"I know the whole story from beginning to end."

"I have eyes in my head," said M. Dumont. "And my wife has confided in me. We are generally of one mind. The happiness of our only daughter is our first consideration. I have been awaiting the course of events. Victorine has been patient, hoping and praying always that a kind Providence would take their affair in charge. I shall be glad to accept M. Charles Hamelin for a son-in-law. You may tell him so."

"Thank you, Monsieur!" said Hallé. "It will be a joyful surprise for him, as his father not only discouraged the affair, but assured him again and again that you would never for a moment think of consenting to it."

"Why did he discourage it, Monsieur? And why did he think I would not desire it?"

"In the first place, he has never been satisfied with the career Charles has chosen. He wished him to remain in

his own occupation and succeed him in the business. He does not believe that he can ever, in his profession, make a living that would support your daughter. And, furthermore, he made no manner of doubt that you would frown upon the proposal as a descent in position for Mademoiselle Victorine. He did not believe that you would give your consent to her marriage with the son of a baker."

"There he was wrong," rejoined M. Dumont. "My grandfather was a baker in Lyons,—a famous pastry-cook, like Hamelin himself. He had no sons, only one daughter—my mother. Consequently the business passed into other hands."

"How strange!" exclaimed the painter. "I begin to feel confident, Monsieur, that there will be no further trouble with M. Hamelin."

"I hope so. I shall call upon him very soon. And now, Monsieur, I will ask you to meet my wife and daughter, who are in the next room."

He left the salon and presently returned, followed by Madame Dumont and Mademoiselle Victorine. When M. Dumont presented him to the ladies, the painter said:

"This is not the first time I have seen you, is it?"

"No," replied Madame Dumont: "at St. Sulpice, Monsieur,"—while the young girl smiled and blushed deeply.

"Our Lady of Chartres has been gracious," remarked Hallé, with a smile. "The sky is blue and the sun is shining."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances. Madame Dumont looked at her husband. Victorine modestly cast down her eyes. Both understood at the same moment that all was well. There was no further allusion to the subject under discussion.

M. Hallé soon took his departure, and hastened homeward in a most cheerful mood. He lost no time in sending a

message to Charlot, who, in turn, hurried to communicate the good news to Laurette.

"I owe it all to you, *chérie!*" he said. "I would have bungled it myself. I did not know how to go about it,—did not dare. How shall I thank you?"

"Thank M. Hallé," responded his sister. "It is his wonderful personality that accomplishes all these fine things. And that is why I am going to engage him in my own behalf."

"Oh, do tell me Laurette!" pleaded the brother. "How could it ever have happened that you, the shyest of girls, as you were at fifteen, could have fallen in love? And where, *where* is this wonderful person hidden, whom no one has ever seen?"

All the archness disappeared from Laurette's countenance and a look of rapture filled her eyes as, for an instant, she lifted them heavenward. Then, clasping her hands over her breast, she replied:

"He is hidden, yes. He lives in a beautiful white dwelling not far away. In fact, He has dwellings all over the world."

"Laurette, you must be losing your mind!" cried the young painter. "Either that or you are jesting with me."

"I still possess all the mind I ever owned, and there is no thought of jesting," she replied. "O Charlot, can't you understand?"

At this moment Aunt Dorothea entered the room. Unable to fathom the mystery, and a little irritated with his sister for speaking in riddles, he turned impetuously to his aunt.

"Do you know about this, Aunt Dorothea?" he asked. "Can you explain the meaning of Laurette's mysterious secrets?"

"Laurette with secrets!" answered the lady. "I have never known her to have any."

"Not from you, perhaps," said

Charles. "But she certainly is keeping me busy guessing."

"Guessing what?" asked Aunt Dorothea, looking from one to the other in astonishment. She observed that Laurette had suddenly grown pale, and that her sweet face had become very serious.

"I would be the happiest man in Paris at this moment, were it not for her extraordinary actions," said Charles. "You must know, Aunt Dorothea, that M. Dumont has granted me permission to pay my addresses to Mademoiselle Victorine; and it has all come about through Laurette, who asked M. Hallé to see M. Dumont and try to obtain his consent. At the same time she is driving me wild with mysterious allusions to some one in whom she is deeply interested,—whom she has *loved*, she says, since she was fifteen. She will not tell me anything more about it than that he lives a hidden life and has dwellings all over the world. Now, I can't imagine Laurette throwing herself at any one, much less at some impossibly rich and probably eccentric person as this lover of hers must be. Do you know anything at all about it, Aunt Dorothea?"

The cheeks of the older lady flushed crimson, then grew pale. She glanced at Laurette, whose eyes were shining with tears.

"I think I do, Charlot," she answered calmly; "although I had never before suspected it. Am I right, Laurette?"

The young girl bowed her beautiful head, heavy with its glossy brown tresses.

"Explain, then,—explain!" cried Charlot. "I have lost all patience with you both."

"I think your sister has chosen for her Bridegroom one who has, indeed, countless dwelling places,—the tabernacles of His love: she has given her young heart and spotless soul to our Blessed Lord."

Laurette hid her face on her aunt's shoulder; while, enlightened at last, the young painter suddenly jumped to his feet and cried:

"A nun! Do you mean a nun? Our Laurette to immure herself forever between the walls of a convent! Oh, it must not be!"

"With God's help it will come to pass," answered Laurette, lifting her head and taking her brother's hand. "Long ago I chose that happy and holy life. I have been waiting only for the proper time to disclose my intention. I have never once wavered in my choice. I have done all I could, Charlot, to help you to accomplish the dearest wish of your heart. Through M. Hallé, it is on the eve of attainment; and through him also I am going to try to approach my father. Do not hinder me, but help me, Charlot. You have chosen your life-work, your life's love: be reasonable and admit that I have the privilege to do the same."

"But it is all so different, Laurette! To live forever behind those dull, grey walls; never to be able to pass that cloistered enclosure; those eternal, monotonous chants; that never-ceasing life of prayer and self-sacrifice; that immolation of your youth and beauty upon—"

"The Cross of our Divine Lord, who was offered for our sins, for our redemption. Can we not follow where He has led? Oh, it will be a privilege, not a sacrifice, my brother, to dwell within that hallowed sanctuary; to offer up every hour of every day for His honor and glory; to pray for those whom we love, for those who have gone, for those who never pray; to lead young lives, by teaching and example, to the practice of virtue and piety; to succor the poor, to console the afflicted. Think, think, my Charlot, what a privilege it will be to lead a life like this."

But Charlot shook his head.

"I can easily imagine such a life for

some, but not for you, Laurette. Oh, no, I can not picture it! Now, if it had been you, in your girlhood, Aunt Dorothea, it would have seemed natural. You have always been serious, always deeply pious."

"It was my choice, Charlot; but Providence placed me here instead, when your dear mother died. To you the loss of your sister will be a great sadness; but to me it will be a sorrow,—a deep sorrow. You will have your wife, your family, but I shall be alone. And yet not by a single word would I seek to change her resolution, to detain her here. You have chosen your life! she has the same right to choose hers. Be reasonable, my boy."

Her voice trembled, her deep blue eyes were moist. Laurette had seated herself at a little table, her face hidden in her hands.

"I was so happy! And now this tragedy confronts us!" cried the painter.

"Oh, no!" said Aunt Dorothea, calmly, laying her hand upon Laurette's head. "The tragedy still awaits us. It will be when your father refuses to give his consent, as I am quite certain he will. Then it will be for Laurette to decide to give up her cherished purpose, or, taking her fate in her own hands, to follow whither her inclination calls, in spite of every obstacle. It may not, perhaps, be an easy thing for her to decide where her duty lies. All is in God's hands."

(To be continued.)

The Mighty.

BY A. W. P.

THINK not the humble hearts who toil sincere,

Yet little of earth's fame or riches share,
Serve lowly ends: upon them ages rear

Their hopes, and in their hands the world
they bear.

The Tragedy of Richmond.

BY EOGHAN MCMOROUGH.

UNDER the title of "The Fate of Sacrilege," an interesting article, from the pen of Mr. Shane Leslie, appeared in a recent issue of *THE AVE MARIA*. The writer recalls a famous volume written nearly three hundred years ago by Sir Henry Spelman, and mentions some of its revisions. It tells briefly the sad and frequently the horrifying sequences of many of the sacrilegious robberies of the sixteenth century; and among these heirs to ill-gotten fortune and its fateful fruits we find the name of the Duke of Richmond, a governor sent to Canada in the early part of the nineteenth century. Mr. Leslie merely gives a statement of what was this unfortunate nobleman's fate as one among the many who reaped the ripe harvest of those audacious profanations of the shrines of the Faith that had been held sacred through all the previous Christian ages. The Duke's death, he says, was sad and sudden, and caused by the bite of a mad fox. Now, the writer of these lines happens to reside near the scene of that little tragedy of over a century ago, and has fallen in with the traditional account of what actually took place; and, because it has the interest of a real historic event, we shall try to narrate it here.

After the war of 1812-15, the 99th and 100th Regiments of the Line were consolidated into one, under title of the 99th, and sent to Quebec, where they were stationed for a time. Later, when the overthrow of Napoleon became an accomplished fact, the Government of Great Britain, already overburdened with the fruits of war, decided on reducing her military organization, and hence began to disband many of her regiments. The 99th was one of these; and many of the men and officers of

this regiment accepted the terms then offered by the Government,—the gift of free lands for them as settlers, and whatever favors in the way of help for such that went with this. The site chosen for these men was then known as the Upper Ottawa and that part of it which we now call Carleton County and adjacent territory. On July 28, 1818, they set out on board a boat from Quebec city to sail up the St. Lawrence.

Just as the new settlers were moving out into their course in the water, their boat run up close to a man-of-war entering the harbor, and this bore on board the Duke of Richmond, the new Governor General of Canada. This fact was made known to the men, and they gave the man-of-war and its distinguished passenger the greeting of a cheer as they moved off on their way to their new home. It is worthy of rote here that Col. Burke, a County Mayo Irish Catholic, had charge of the new colony. This fact is all the more remarkable when we recall the rancorous condition of sentiment against everything Catholic in England at that time. No doubt, through the intercourse experienced at Quebec with the French-Canadians, the British officers, and through them the Home Government, began to see the necessity of treating Catholics and their Faith and practices with a little more liberal consideration than they had done in the past.

After a journey that was of necessity in those days slow and fatiguing, having sailed the St. Lawrence upward against the stream to Montreal, and then the Ottawa, to a place just below the Chaudière Falls—in all, having encompassed a distance of nearly three hundred miles,—they disembarked and set out overland through the woods to the intended scene of their new home. This was to be fully twenty miles from where they landed, on the bank of another little stream, the Jock River;

and their new home was to commemorate their meeting with the new Governor General, and hence was called Richmond.

A few others, about a dozen of families altogether, had come into this same district probably two or three years earlier; and these were known as U. E. L's., or United Empire Loyalists. Among this latter class we find some few settled in what is now the city of Hull and the County of Ottawa, on the north shore of the Ottawa, now within the Province of Quebec. Ottawa County is at present divided into two electoral divisions, Labelle and Wright. This latter name comes from one of the old U. E. L. settlers. Near the Richmond settlement was another one of this U. E. L. class, by the name of Chapman. We mention these two here because it was on his way to visit Wright and at Chapman's that the Duke, a year after the founding of this village of Richmond, met his tragic end.

Col. Burke fixed his home on the bank of the Jock River, a tributary of the Rideau; and a number of officers and men located in this immediate vicinity, thus forming the nucleus of Richmond village. For many years afterwards the place where these settlers left the boat on the Ottawa near the Chaudière Falls was called Richmond Landing, and the highway from that place to Richmond has ever since been known as the Richmond Road.

To return from our digression, the people of this Richmond settlement, as we remarked above, took quite a long time to reach their intended destination, and hence it was late in the fall of the year before they succeeded in locating themselves in their new homes. That was one of our severe winters, and we may surmise what some of those poor people suffered when we recall the fact that many of them had nothing better than a canvas tent over

them till Christmas. This was a bitter experience in a climate like ours; and as a consequence of this state of things a man named Dennison died from the effects of exposure, and a woman by the name of Osborne was actually frozen to death. Such harsh trials, however, furnished a serious reason why they should expedite the work of constructing whatever manner of dwelling they were able to provide the following summer; and thus necessity inspired diligence where otherwise a band of ex-soldiers might very naturally have fallen into an easy-going course that would have told little for the progress of the colony.

Canada was then passing through an interesting and important period of her early history. Events were transpiring here that were not unlike the reign of terror now being enacted in Ireland. The story of Robert Gourlay, a Scotchman, and his fate at the hands of Sir Peregrene Maitland and his minions, and that of Bartemus Ferguson, publisher of the *Niagara Spectator*, are instances of tyrannical repression in our earlier experiences here. The victims of autocratic methods at that time were Presbyterians in religion, and they were altogether too democratic in their ideas of government to be able to live in peace with those who exercised the power of over-lords of this new land. Gourlay dared to call a convention of the leading settlers, chiefly army officers and military veterans, to ascertain the principal causes of stagnation in the life of the colony, and what were the retarding influences that prevented the proper settlement of the country; and their findings and petitions were to be sent to the Home Government over the heads of the Colonial autocrats.

The Lieutenant Governor, Sir Peregrene Maitland, on taking up his duties of office, fell in line with all the repressive measures then in vogue, and

began to institute proceedings against Gourlay. Failing to secure a jury to convict his intended victim of the charge against him, Maitland and his friends framed a new piece of legislation, making criminal the course that had been pursued by Gourlay. With this new instrument of vengeance, they cast him into prison most unjustly, and liberated him therefrom only after they had by ill treatment temporarily deprived him of his reason. Even while in this condition he was driven from the country, with the alternative of being executed as a criminal if he were found again within Canadian borders.

And this autocrat and reactionary, Sir Peregrene Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, was the son-in-law of the Duke of Richmond, the then new Governor General of Canada. It is interesting to learn that this relationship between the Duke and Maitland had been the result of a romantic elopement on the part of the latter with the Duke's daughter while the allied armies were stationed near Paris, shortly before the battle of Waterloo. This overbearing and very incompetent military officer, who had successfully, though clandestinely, engrafted himself upon the family of the Duke, was foisted upon the people of Canada by the Home Government, not in consequence of his supposed fitness, but simply to make room for, and give position to, the Duke's son-in-law.

Now, having made this little comment upon Maitland, it seems fitting to add a few words about his eminent father-in-law. We learn that the Duke of Richmond was a man in whom, for very many reasons, an unusual amount of interest was centred. Not only was this on account of the fact that he was the first of so high a title to become Governor General of Canada, but more particularly because his chief and greatest renown consisted in the fact

that he was utterly destitute of all those principles which would seem to be required of an honorable gentleman, to say nothing of a governor general. He is described as a governor by profession, but far from being popular as a governor in Canada. We are told, too, that in his early life he had indulged in those dissipations and excesses to which men of fortune are prone; but that, nevertheless, he had the spirit, the feelings and manners of a British nobleman; and, perhaps even on account of his very defects, was held in a certain amount of esteem by those who had the privilege to bask in the sunshine of his favor.

Shortly after assuming the duties of his high office at Quebec, the Duke of Richmond decided to pay a visit to his son-in-law, the Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada. This he did in the summer of 1819, just a year after he landed in the country. The seat of government of Upper Canada was at York, now Toronto. While being entertained by his son-in-law at York he was told about the new village that had honored his name, and the circumstances of his landing at Quebec when these settlers were leaving were recalled. Flattered by the compliment paid to him, he determined to risk all hazards and visit this settlement that had honored him and commemorated his arrival in the country. From York to Kingston the journey was rather convenient, as journeys went in those days; but from the latter place to Richmond, it would have been regarded as arduous enough, indeed, even for the hardy pioneers of those frontiers at that time.

A military highway of crude form had been made from Kingston to Perth, and could be travelled only on foot; but thence to the new village of Richmond there was only a "blaze"—a spot on the trees made by chopping off the bark—to indicate the road to the

traveller. With two companions, the Duke set out upon this journey, and arrived at Perth on August 17. With new vigor after a night's rest, they struck out through the primeval forests from this place. It was a distance of thirty miles or more to their intended destination, and the way in places was swampy and flooded with water from the creeks and small waterways finding their courses to the larger rivers. They succeeded in reaching Sergt. Vaughan's farm, three miles west of Richmond, when darkness forced them to put up for the night. The two attendants, however, after supper, struck out in the dark, and made their way to the village to apprise the people of the honor that awaited them the following day.

Though their arrival was only at midnight, there was soon a commotion of preparation in evidence. Such decorations as could be had were arranged, and an escort went forth to meet and greet the Governor. A veritable gala day was enjoyed in the village on that memorable 19th of August, 1819. The public-house, "Masonic Arms," conducted by Sergt. Major Hill, was made his headquarters. His arrival was shortly before noon, and that same evening he gave a dinner to the chief men of the vicinity. We are told that a new settlement had just then been laid out, about ten miles north of Richmond; and, as another mark of honor to the Duke on this occasion, while the supper was in progress it was announced that the new settlement would take the name of March, after the Duke's nephew, the Earl of March. This announcement was received with loud applause.

A little later, towards the end of the dinner, it was noticed that there was something wrong with the eminent visitor. In the official statement that was made afterwards it was said that he showed symptoms of strange nervousness on seeing water poured into glasses, and finally became quite ill. Dr.

Collis, an ex-surgeon of the army, prescribed for him, but he refused to take the treatment. Towards morning he rested a little and partook of refreshments. He had planned to reach Hull on the 20th; and Squire Write, of Hull, had sent a yoke of oxen from Richmond Landing to Chapman's to convey him thither. To meet this party at Chapman's, he was to sail down the Jock River in a boat to a landing there.

That morning he felt so much improved from the previous evening's indisposition that he was able to walk down past Col. Burke's residence to the river, and there take the little boat. Shortly afterwards, however, when they were about a mile on their journey, his ailment returned and his condition became very alarming. He sprang furiously from the boat and swam to the shore. Then, we are told, with the fleetness of a deer he fled through the woods and outran all his pursuers. They finally located him in Chapman's barn in the haymow, lying with his face pressed into the hay. Dr. Reid, ex-army surgeon, was sent for to Perth with as much dispatch as possible, but before his arrival the Duke was dead.

His death has been attributed to the bite of a pet fox, which is supposed to have caused hydrophobia. The authority from whom we have taken many of the details here given, admits that "many dispute this explanation of the Duke's death, and with apparent good grounds"; and he has conceded this much, perhaps because he knew that quite a different version of this tragedy was widely given in all the country where it happened. The unfortunate man's madness has been held to have been due entirely to his excesses; and the traditional account of his end is that he was overpowered, and, by reason of the dangerous nature of his delirium, was slain by his friends. His remains were borne away

with all the respect that was due to his high station in life, and were finally laid to rest under the old cathedral at Quebec, which had been desecrated by the hands of the conquerors and handed over to the Anglicans.

And this was the end—very sad indeed, as Shane Leslie tells us—of one of the many who inherited the ill-got goods from the profaned monastic lands and desecrated churches of the sixteenth century.

Rosie's Choice.

BY MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

III.

DURING the months that followed, the monotony of life grew almost unbearable. The routine of the choir practices wearied me exceedingly. Pupils seemed to grow daily more stupid and exasperating. Garthen, at any time, was dreary enough in winter; and, in the absence of the one who had made it a paradise, its dulness was appalling. But I knew that I deserved to suffer for my folly, so I clenched my teeth and held on grimly to the fulfilment of duties.

For all the extremely clever efforts (as I thought them) to appear jovial and care-free, I did not deceive Father Lythe. His lynx eye had evidently penetrated beyond mere externals; he seemed to be aware of the underlying sadness which I had imagined was so securely hidden from all outsiders.

"Tom my boy," he said one day, "you need a shake-up. I have business in town which calls for a day or two there. Come up with me. The jaunt will rub off the rust from both of us."

I was only too glad to join him; it was nearly ten years since I had set foot in London. So on the following Monday we started.

It proved a really pleasant time. Father Lythe's business was soon dis-

patched, and we were free to enjoy our short visit to the utmost extent possible. There was so much to see that time sped quickly. Before we realized it, we had reached the eve of our last available day.

Passing a boarding, Father Lythe pulled up with an excited exclamation.

"What amazing luck!" he cried, pointing to a huge poster displayed there. "This is our last evening, and here is a perfect way of celebrating it."

The bill announced that Handel's "Messiah" was to be given that very evening, and gave the names of the principal singers, conductor, and such like. It was a chance not to be missed. Fortune favored us when we made, without delay, application for tickets. By the luckiest chance, we were able to obtain two just returned by persons unable to use them; otherwise we should have been shut out, or compelled to take our chance in a queue for unallotted seats.

We found ourselves a good way from the platform when we took our places in the vast hall. The chorus filed in, and filled their benches on either side of the organ; the instrumentalists took their places, and finally the principals appeared. We could not possibly distinguish faces. The soprano was tall and slight, garbed in creamy white; and the contralto, by the side of the bass, was in rose color. I had studied my programme previously, and had discovered well-known, even distinguished, names recorded there as contralto, tenor, and bass; the soprano was unknown to me.

"Who is Miss Rosamund Lisle?" I had inquired of my companion.

"The coming singer, according to the critics," was his answer. "She is quite young as yet. You can not have studied the musical news lately, Tom," he said quizzingly, "or you would not need telling. They say her voice is marvellous."

The grand overture by the splendid band was enthralling. The silver tones of the tenor thrilled us in "Comfort ye." The choruses were magnificently rendered. The lovely Pastoral Symphony, reminiscent of Christmas night and the shepherds on the hillside, died down to its final unison note, and the next moment the slight, white-clad figure stood erect.

"There were shepherds abiding in the field," rang out that lovely voice so familiar to my ears,—no other could so enthrall me. My Rosie—no one else—stood there, pouring out those sweet notes of restrained power, clear as crystal yet golden in their exquisite tone.

All through that memorable evening I sat as one entranced. I revelled in the perfect portrayal of the music so dear to me, rendered dearer still as I told myself, for all time. Father Lythe, with a tact for which I was thoroughly grateful, said not a word during the interval about the extraordinary revelation of that night, beyond the whispered query: "A bit of a surprise; eh, Tom?" It was hardly a surprise for him, I thought; for he took things too calmly.

In spite of the ecstatic enjoyment of the music, especially of the soprano numbers, there was a load at my heart. I had always known that Rosie was far out of my reach, yet deep down within me I had half unconsciously cherished vague hopes of raising myself nearer to her level. Now those hopes were dead. A distinguished singer had shown a kindly interest in a struggling musician,—that was all; though I had foolishly dared to cherish the desire of winning her for my wife. I flushed with shame when the thought of the amazement of Rosie Lamotte, and of that gracious lady, her mother, at my ambitious designs, made me realize the folly which had possessed me.

Father Lythe kept silent while we

drove back to our hotel that night, and at supper he avoided any allusion to the Lamottes—greatly to my satisfaction. At breakfast next morning, after we returned from his Mass in a neighboring church, he spoke freely on the subject which occupied my mind. He had been in the confidence of Mrs. Lamotte, all along. Both ladies were professional musicians,—the daughter, a singer who had been steadily growing in popularity; the mother, a 'cello player of distinction. They were alone in the world, and Father Lythe had been sympathetic in tendering the advice they had asked upon difficult matters connected with their profession. He spoke of both as thoroughly excellent Catholics, but that I knew already.

"I am thinking of calling upon them, to-day," he said. "What do you say to accompanying me?"

I declined emphatically, on the ground of having met them as a mere passing acquaintance, whom they had encouraged in the practice of his art, with no idea of forming a lasting friendship. In reality, I dared not trust myself in Rosie's presence. Heaven knows what idiocy might have seized upon me at the mere sight of her! Father Lythe ridiculed my shyness, but forbore to persuade me further, and went to visit the ladies alone. Meanwhile, left to myself, I called myself every variety of fool that language could describe; yet all the while I knew I had done the right thing in refusing.

Then, as we sped home in the train that night, a reaction set in. Did Rosie and her mother know that I had come to town, too? Perhaps at that moment they were lamenting my lack of courtesy,—a sorry return for all their kindly thought of me during the happy summer days that had gone! Disappointed longings and vain regrets were to be my portion henceforth.

IV.

A year later came the appalling news of the grievous calamity which had befallen both mother and daughter, and had spread consternation among ardent lovers of music. A slight cold, as it was deemed, had made alarming developments; eminent specialists feared that Miss Rosamund Lisle, "The rising soprano," had contracted a serious throat disease which must almost certainly result in the loss—so far as public singing was concerned—of her glorious voice. She had been ordered absolute rest for some months, and complete change of air and scene.

Father Lythe wrote most sympathetically to express his unfeigned regret. It was, he knew, disastrous news for both ladies. The mother would feel the blow as deeply as the daughter; for, should doctors prove true prophets, an entire revolution would have to take place in their lives.

"You ought to send the poor lady a few words of sympathy, Tom," he remarked as we sat together that evening,—it was Sunday, and Benediction just over. My heart was sore to think that I should never again, perhaps, hear the voice that had so often filled our little church with melody.

I murmured an excuse: he was a friend of long standing; I, but a passing acquaintance, whom both had probably forgotten. They would take it as an impertinence.

Father Lythe repulsed my arguments with unlooked-for energy.

"You judge them most unkindly, Tom," he rejoined. "Who could have been more friendly towards you than they were when they were here last? Why should you charge them with indifference now? I can assure you they will be more hurt by your silence than you think."

"Things have changed since then," I answered. "Had I but known from the beginning how far above me they were

in all respects, I should have taken care to keep my proper place."

"Don't talk like a simpleton!" he cried with some warmth. Then, cool again in an instant, he continued: "Now sit down like the good-hearted fellow you really are, and write a few words of kindly condolence. It will help to comfort them."

Of course I took his advice, secretly rejoicing that I had an opportunity of once more getting in touch with these two, the nearest to my heart of all human beings.

An answer, full of charmingly expressed thanks, came from Mrs. Lamotte in due course. Rosie, as well as herself, she said, was deeply grateful for my kind sympathy, and especially for my promise of prayers. It was a great relief to their heavy burden to find so many good friends anxious to comfort them in their sorrow. I should have an opportunity before long of renewing the pleasant intercourse begun nearly two years ago; for they were intending to spend a few weeks at Garthen before setting out for Switzerland, as the doctors had advised. Both were looking forward with pleasure to their visit to Garthen,—a place very dear to both from many associations.

A week or two later, and they had arrived. It was with some trepidation that I set out to call upon them. But I need not have been anxious: I was warmly welcomed by both. My Rosie (as I always styled her in my secret heart) was as beautiful and gracious as ever; Mrs. Lamotte was charming. Both seemed delighted to see me again. We had a heavenly evening. Rosie played accompaniments to her mother's songs and 'cello solos, and was in radiant spirits. It seemed impossible (except that her beautiful voice was never once raised in song) that she was condemned to remain mute; there was no trace of anxiety or apprehension to be seen in either of the two.

That first visit was followed by many more. The morbid dread of aspiring to the unattainable had gradually disappeared as hope once more returned to me. Rosamund Lisle, the prominent artiste, no longer soared above me in heights unthinkable. Rosie Lamotte might, after all, be won by a suitor, however humble, who sought her for herself alone. So my courage grew apace.

On a Sunday evening in early June, when a cloudless sky shone upon a tranquil sea, Rosie and I were walking once more towards their villa, while Mrs. Lamotte stayed behind to consult Father Lythe,—just for all the world as on another memorable Sunday evening two years before. Once again, as we trod the deserted road, my heart prompted me to speak my longings; and once again I resolutely stifled the desire. I could not feel sure of success, and I dared not risk the loss of her friendship, as I must certainly do if I were unsuccessful.

"You are unsociable this evening,"—her voice broke the silence into which we had lapsed. "This is a repetition of our last walk here two years ago. Do you remember it?"

Then my longings burst all bounds, and I told of my hopes and fears, long repressed. She gave no answer, and I began to stammer words of self-accusal for my boldness,—but, looking upon her face, I saw traces of tears. That they were not tears of sadness or regret was proved by the answer she made to my appeal. Laying her hand upon my arm, and fixing her beautiful eyes upon me, she cried in jubilant tones:

"That was what I longed to hear on that memorable evening; now my longing is satisfied."

We were married very quietly at Garthen by Father Lythe, who pretended to be greatly annoyed at the loss

of his organist, when, after a short honeymoon, I took Rosie and her mother to Switzerland according to orders. Before our wedding I learned from Father Lythe that Mrs. Lamotte had been most anxious that Rosie and I would come to an understanding, and was greatly disappointed at the non-fulfilment of her hopes,—for her own sake partly, but still more because she had good reason to suspect Rosie's feelings towards me.

As a proof (were it needed) that doctors may be mistaken, I am thankful to be able to record the complete recovery of voice by my dear wife, who sings once more with all her former sweetness and power, to the delight of an appreciative public. As for me, I can not help being thankful for the threatened calamity which gave me courage to speak my heart's desires, and win the bride I had almost despaired of. Rosie's mother makes her home with us, to the common satisfaction of us all. She has said more than once, in playful humor, that she should never regret Rosie's choice of a husband, since it had provided the best possible financial agent for two lone, lorn professionals.

(The End.)

TRUE glory consists in the gratitude of posterity. Just as the righteous man does not bestow his gifts to obtain gratitude, yet nevertheless accepts its tribute with a sweet sense of satisfaction; so should the true philosopher, the Christian, never act in view of glory, while at the same time he can not remain insensible to it. Hence, as ingratitude and oblivion sometimes follow the greatest benefits, the just man builds his hopes higher, and awaits both reward and glory from an incorruptible Judge: he appeals from ungrateful men to God, who never fails.

—Frederic Ozanam.

A Canny Scot.

THE following examination, which took place in a question tried in 1817, in the Jury Court, between the trustees of Kinghorn and the Town of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, affords a striking proof of that caution which is held to be a prominent feature in the character of a Scotchman.

The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel, having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as, by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his testimony. The examination was as follows:

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat?

The witness (looking obliquely down on the sleeve of his coat, and thence to the counsel), with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed:

A. Coat, coat, sir! Where gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?

A. Maybe ye ken where I got it.

Q. No; but we wish to know from whom you got it?

A. Did ye gi'e me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat!

A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the Court where you got the coat?

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?

A. I canna recollect everything about ma coats—whan I get them, or where I get them.

Q. You said you remembered per-

fectly well about the boats forty-two years ago, and the people that lived at Kirkcaldy then, and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got that coat you have on at present?

A. I'm no gaun to say any thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr. Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?

A. How do you ken any thing about that?

Q. I ask you again, did Mr. Douglas give you that coat?

A. I'm no bound to answer that question.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back.

Q. The Court wish to know from you something further about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the question put from the Bar. You must be sensible that the Bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose where you got the coat. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it.

A. I'm no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it, but it is for your own credit to tell?

A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.

A. I'm no gaun to say any thing about ma coat; I'm no obliged to say any thing about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?

A. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember anything near the time? Have you had it a year, a month? Have you had it a week?

A. I cam' here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?

A. I dinna mind what coat I bought, or what coat I got.

In despair, their Lordships were forced, in spite of themselves, to reject the witness' evidence.

A Candid Critic.

ONE day Louis XIV. handed a sheet of paper to Maréchal de Grammont and said carelessly: "Monsieur Maréchal, read this little song, I beg of you, and see if you ever heard of anything more impertinent. Because it is known that I love poetry, I receive every imaginable sort of rhyme from every imaginable sort of poet."

The Maréchal read the song, then answered: "Your Majesty is an excellent judge of everything. It is true that this song is the most ridiculous production I have ever read."

The King laughed and said: "The one that wrote it must have been almost a simpleton; don't you think so?"

"Sire, it is hardly possible to call him by any other name."

"Ah!" replied the King. "I am delighted that you have expressed yourself so frankly. I myself am the author of the little production."

"Ah, sire, what treason I am guilty of! I beg your Majesty to let me see the manuscript again. I must have read it very carelessly."

"No, Maréchal; first impressions are always the most correct."

The King was fond of relating this incident, and all agreed that the courtier had been fairly trapped; also that the King for once had heard the plain unvarnished truth concerning his poetical compositions.

A Lifting of the Catholic Horizon.

THE desire which Catholic leaders cherish to-day in exhorting their followers to adopt views of action larger in scope than the parish or the province is that the basic universality of the Church be recognized and employed as an aid to international understanding. Some time ago Archbishop Dowling, of St. Paul, aroused a great audience to an appreciation of this issue; we have read with pleasure recently that Catholic social welfare work in the United States has been enthusiastically commended in Ireland, England, and in France, where the 120,000 members of Christian federations are occupying practically the same ground; finally, the interest which the Popular Party of Italy has taken in the Irish problem is significant of a wide lifting of the Catholic horizon. We have begun to understand once more that the mission to teach all nations may include lessons of mutual friendliness and co-operation.

Naturally, this involves on the part of every one of us a sense of citizenship in the Church. That is not a clerical, not an elective affair: it is a duty incumbent upon the simplest man, part of the daily business of leading a Christian life. We have been glad to find these things stated vigorously in a recent pastoral issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Breslau, on the "Lay-Apostolate." It is an acute appraisal of the age, put with loving fearlessness, and a ringing exhortation to duty.

After commenting upon some of the dark aspects of the times, the spiritual wounds revealed and widened by the war, the Cardinal calls attention to certain Catholic activities which need only be fostered. He notes a cheerful readiness to serve, that manifests itself in public life, where influential Catholics are faithful to their trusts despite

torrents of criticism; in the attitude of fathers and mothers and good teachers towards the great problem of education; in the numerous organizations which are doing so much for Christian life and for charitable action.

This inquest is closed with a careful consideration of the work and meaning of the press. "Every tendency in the spiritual life of a people, every battle for higher or material betterment, everything that has a place in public opinion, seeks to win and wield the masses through the medium of the press. In consequence, the press has become the mightiest weapon of every sort of propaganda. This imposes a twofold duty: upon yourselves personally the duty of withdrawing your minds from the influence of that journalism which seeks slowly to destroy the highest gifts of the spirit, your faith and your moral and religious convictions,—for this journalism is like the poisonous breath of tainted air; and the social duty of assisting in the maintenance and prosperity of a genuinely Catholic press. In proportion as that Catholic press is dependent for its existence solely upon the Catholic body, just so much more faithfully must the individual Catholic lend it his support."

Thus in clear and vigorous language does an experienced leader of souls counsel the era in which he lives. What may well astonish us is the similarity between the problems he outlines and those which we ourselves, as Americans, have been called upon to face. Such discoveries will impress upon our minds the international position of the Church,—a position which the forces of rebellion that pour into the world from the dominion of the fallen angels no longer storm, but now try to undermine. We are citizens of Christendom, and it is the duty of every one of us to prove by action the incorruptible virtue of our heritage.

Notes and Remarks.

Like the Swiss when fighting for freedom, and the American Revolutionists, the Irish Republicans and their sympathizers are called a "murder gang." All depends upon how their cause is viewed. It may be doubted, however, if such a spectacle as was presented in Dublin last month, when six young patriots were executed, was ever witnessed in any other country fighting for freedom. It is authoritatively stated that as many as twenty thousand people, moved by a common impulse of sorrow and sympathy, knelt for hours in prayer for the souls of those about to be put to death. "A drizzling rain was falling; it was cold, foggy, choking and miserable; but from dawn the crowds made their way from all parts of the city to Mountjoy jail, and knelt in the mud and slush. Crucifixes, sacred pictures, and other religious emblems were set up in positions where they could be seen, and from thousands of lips the Rosary or the Litany for the Dying ascended to God for the condemned men. As the time of execution approached, candles were lighted and the prayers redoubled. Inside the prison also, moving scenes were enacted, as the six young men attended Mass for the last time and received the Viaticum."

In an article on the swastika, that cross-like emblem popularly considered an omen, Father Vabre writes, in the *Indian Sentinel*, of an argument for the unity of the human race which is, to say the least, deeply interesting. The swastika has been discovered in every prehistoric monument: on the walls of Mycenæ, among the fragments of Peruvian civilization, in the almost prehistoric caves of India. It is the earliest of symbols and the latest to be transmuted into the Christian cross. Nor is its ubiquity the only remarkable

quality it possesses: the figure itself is so complicated that its reproduction can not have been the result of chance; although it is sometimes varied or adorned with flourishes, the essential framework remains the same. All this leads Father Vabre to remark: "It is, in a word, one more proof, added to the many deduced by scientists from the thorough and exhaustive archæological researches for which the nineteenth century will ever be noted, that the ape theory is utterly unscientific, and that every bit of information available to-day proclaims eloquently the unity of the human race."

The work of revising our national history, in order that future generations may have "a more correct estimate of our ancestors and a truer conception of the Mother Country," as the revisers express it, seems to be progressing as rapidly as the British Empire League could desire. During the war, incredible as the statement may appear, our Government—the Wilson Administration—discountenanced the printing and circulation of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Clyde Kelly, Member of Congress, substantiates this statement in a book which he has just published—"The Community Capitol." It seems that the wife of an army officer, having special use for a few hundred folders containing the text of the Declaration, applied to the Government Printing Office for them, her application being endorsed by an officer of the Surgeon General's Office. She was put off with evasive replies, but was finally informed that "it had been officially decided that it would be unwise to print the Declaration of Independence by the War Department, because it would be an act of discourtesy to our friends, the British; and also that, in the inflamed state of the public mind, such a publication might increase social

unrest and the tendency to Bolshevism. The officer stated, without equivocation, that, for these reasons, the copies of the Declaration of Independence would not be issued from the printing office maintained by the War Department of the United States Government."

This is revising our national history with a vengeance. Has the Declaration of Independence become a dangerous document? Is it still to be kept away from the people, and expunged from our historical text-books?

What President de Valera is reported to have said in reference to the rumor that the Vatican would soon pronounce against Sinn Fein is interesting, if only for manner of expression. His statement was published in the *Independent*, the Nationalist organ (April 1), and reads: "Despite all England can do, and all her political intrigues and all her bargains and manœuvring in Roman circles, I have not the slightest fear that she can secure a condemnation which every honest man must regard both as unfair and unjust. To condemn us unheard would be to condemn every struggle for liberty. To condemn us on *ex-parte* statements of interested British imperialists would be unthinkable for any one with a moral or judicial mind, let alone for the Holy See. Of course I know that the Holy See is one thing and that the attached Roman political State departments, in which England is so well represented, are another. But the Irish people in general know that, too; and I think they never will be likely to mistake the voice of England for the voice of Almighty God, no matter where it is echoed."

We have little doubt that, even in the most unenlightened portions of the United States, there are many communities of mixed Catholic and non-Catholic citizens in which fair play and

impartiality are considerably more in evidence than are narrowness of view and blind religious partisanship. There are many Protestant Americans who can truthfully repeat the statement of the editor of the *Telegraph*, of Macon, Georgia: "We do not belong to the Catholic Church, but we are no more afraid to give vent to the truth than Tom Watson is to distort it." The editor's declaration is made in connection with some of the obsolete calumnies about the Knights of Columbus,—calumnies repeatedly condemned by numerous competent non-Catholic judges, including the United States Congressional Committee on elections in 1913. Referring to local conditions, the *Telegraph* goes on to say:

So far as the city of Macon is concerned, it is hardly necessary to take a stand. Catholics and Protestants are so finely knit together in the social and business structure of this town that the matter of man to man and of friend to friend is a much more substantial affair than the hazy reference to great and hidden mysteries. When these men, whom we know so well that we can almost read their thoughts before they are expressed, tell us upon their solemn honor as brother to brother that there is nothing in their Knights of Columbus obligation that could be in the least objectionable to Americans or offensive to even their women-folks, then we promptly, and rightfully so, forget all those charges that flare up just before each election time.

Various reports of the situation in Ireland, appearing in our newspapers, are contradicted by Bishop Fogarty, of Killaloe, in a letter to Mrs. Mary F. McWhorter, head of the Celtic Cross Association. He writes:

The Irish daily papers, if they reach America, will give you some idea of our hourly sufferings. But they can give you only a poor idea; for an approximate conception of the horrors we live in is impossible to any one outside of Ireland. We are in the hands of merciless philistines, who stop at nothing when dealing with what they call "the Irish swine." The destruction of towns and villages, of factories and business houses, the burning of farm sheds and country homes,

the daily shooting of our people, especially young men, the wholesale imprisonments to an extent that the prisoners can not be accommodated in Ireland and have to be taken over to England, have thrown on our hands a number of destitute and dependent people wholly beyond the capacity of private charity to maintain properly. Even the vast sums that come for distribution from America suffice for only the merest essentials. . . . We are, therefore, sorely in need of all the help and all the sympathy the Celtic Cross Association can give us.

Much as Ireland has suffered, it will be realized by everybody, when peace is restored there, that England has suffered far more, though in a different way. An observant writer in the *London Nation* (Feb. 26) asks, "Why not admit that, in outraging the soil, the religion, the institutions, and the character of the Irish, as we have done during the last four months, we have half ruined our own?"

On the statement of the *New World* that 650 hospitals in the United States and Canada are under Catholic auspices, the *Catholic Register* comments: "This means sixty per cent of the hospital-bed capacity of both countries. It means also that sixty per cent of suffering humanity in these countries depend on Catholic ministrations. Not a bad record for Catholic charity."

No. And the record would be far more surprising and gratifying if we could know of all the conversions of life and to the Faith wrought in our hospitals, or resulting from a stay in them. Few of the patients ever die without confession or baptism, as the case may be; and none who get well ever go away without good impressions and higher impulses.

Comparison limps badly when instituted between the Bryce report on atrocities in Belgium and the report of the Committee of One Hundred on atrocities in Ireland. In the first case, the evidence was wholly of an *ex-parte*

character and offered by persons holding the most extreme views. They were firmly convinced that the German army was composed of brutes, from whom only brutal conduct was to be expected; that the German Government was "Hunnish," therefore it must have ordered, encouraged or condoned acts of barbarism and brutality. Contrary convictions would have been vehemently denounced as treason or pro-Germanism. The commission of the Committee of One Hundred were not intimidated in any way, and they had no motive for suppressing the truth. Although there were no witnesses for the British Government, there was any amount of documentary evidence, which no court of justice could ignore; also any number of statements by representative Englishmen like Bishop Gore and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The former had characterized the vengeance practised by the English Occupation in Ireland as a return to barbarism; and Mr. Chesterton had declared that the English Government was not ruling but raiding Ireland. The evidence was overwhelmingly conclusive.

That Spiritualism is still a timely topic, in England at least, is evident from the frequent references in our Catholic exchanges to its often unsuspected dangers. A week or two ago, Father Thurston lectured on the subject to the Catholic students of London University. Discussing the Church's condemnation of Spiritualistic practices, he said that, in 1856, the Holy Office issued a decree condemning, in unequivocal terms, clairvoyant practices, and those who professed to call up the dead. The first prohibition under the name Spiritualism was in 1866; but perhaps the most uncompromising of all the decrees was that issued as recently as 1917, by which Catholics were forbidden even to attend séances.

The main object of the lecture was

to set forth some of the chief reasons for the Church's prohibition. These the lecturer considered under five headings: (1) That in attempting communications with the dead directly, evil influences were encountered; (2) The unreliability and uncertainty of the messages received; (3) That systems of religious belief were assumed and expounded by the spirits, or mediums, which were subversive of Catholic teaching; (4) The manifold dangers to physical health with which the practices were attended; (5) That the manifestation, pretended or otherwise, had added nothing to our knowledge or the well-being of mankind.

It is well to remind Catholics that they may not, under penalty of sin, attend Spiritualistic séances, or similar meetings having to do with the occult, even if they protest that their purpose is merely to satisfy curiosity, and that there is no danger whatever of their being perverted.

To such Catholic parents as actively oppose or passively discourage the entrance of a son or daughter into the religious life we proffer the following bit of homely theology which we find in the *Far East*. The Irish mother of a newly ordained priest is lamenting to a friend his decision to join the Chinese Mission. The friend, herself the mother of another young priest who has reached the same decision, replies:

Una, asthore, I felt just as you do at first when Colum wrote to ask my consent; but—thank God!—I soon realized how wrong I was. Our children are only *lent* to us, dear; they *belong* to God, and we may never claim to share in His rights over them. Even our Blessed Lady, with all her privileges, had to give her Divine Son to do His Father's will, though it left her very lonely; and who are we that we should dare rebel where she submitted? We must be ready to pay the price God asks from us for the honor of being the mothers of His priests, as she had to pay it for her own special honor of being the Mother of His Son.

Notable New Books.

The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. Burns and Oates; Benzigers.

In the preface to this new *Life of the Blessed Virgin* we are told that its writing was suggested to the author by his religious superior, and that this circumstance of the book's being a work of obedience overcame his shrinking from a task which some Saints and Doctors of the Church have expressed their inability worthily to perform. Readers of the volume will be inclined to thank the English Provincial of the Redemptorists for imposing the task upon one whose learning and varied experience have equipped him exceptionally well for its accomplishment.

Needless to say, Father Vassall-Phillips does not profess to have written anything new about Our Lady. His chief desire has been to place before English readers his own version of the traditional teaching of the Church concerning the great Mother of God, as that teaching has come down to us through the long course of the Christian ages. He makes the point that, while there are, in the English language, several admirable works, which treat of this or that aspect of Marian theology, and many others that are concerned with devotion to Mary, there is room for a comprehensive volume dealing with both theology and piety, and also with the position assigned by God to His Blessed Mother in the economy of man's redemption and sanctification, considered as a whole.

The author forestalls in his preface one of the criticisms which he thinks it likely he will incur,—his frequent quotations, occasionally fairly long quotations, from the Fathers. We doubt the danger of any such criticism. Priestly readers, in particular, will rather welcome such quotations, which they will find of practical use in preaching or in polemical discussions. After all, the eulogies pronounced by the early Fathers on the Virgin Mother of Christ constitute an argument which Protestants of every century since the so-called Reformation have found it extremely difficult to put aside.

Of the literary style of this admirable work we need say little, especially to such readers as are familiar with other works by the same author, such as "*The Mustard Tree*" and "*Catholic Christianity*." It is clear, simple, forceful, and (a natural result of such qualities) eminently readable. Occasionally,

it is true, the style is that of a sermon rather than a treatise; but no lover of Our Lady will be apt to object to increased directness in the pointing out of her excellence, her prerogatives, and her compassion for sinful humanity. It is a pleasure to add that the volume is supplied with such useful, not to say necessary, adjuncts as a good table of contents, a list of such Fathers of the Church and other ecclesiastical writers as are quoted in its pages, and a general index.

The Letters of St. Teresa. Vol. I. Thomas Baker.

The scholarly Benedictines are constantly putting the world of culture in their debt. Just now the community of Stanbrook is swelling the account by a complete edition of the "Letters of St. Teresa," in four volumes. The first volume, with an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet, is before us. Comment on the excellence of anything done by his Eminence is quite superfluous; however, such precision, accuracy, and completeness of data and bibliography as he has supplied in this Introduction raise it to a level of authentic reference books on Teresian literature. As for the letters themselves, they are immortalized, "literarily" speaking, by their author; if they have lost anything in the translation, it would be hard to say what it is. One can not easily imagine our English yielding more graciously to the fine demands of a Romance language than it has done here to the high praise of the translator.

But to come to their substance,—here is a realm of pure delight. A single letter chosen at random would serve to disabuse any intelligent reader of the idea that saints are queer, unpleasant persons, and would give him a strong suspicion, at least, that if this be sanctity, there are method and common-sense in it. One laughs to read: "Oh, God forgive you, what a provoking character you have! I declare that I must be very virtuous to write to you. And the worst of it is that you are infecting my Father, the Licentiate Padilla; for, like you, he neither writes nor sends me any news of himself." One is quite sure that Teresa the saint was Teresa the woman, when she nearly "died of fright" at a lizard getting into her tunic sleeve. It is a comfort to find her writing to the Doña Catalina that "the butter tasted very nice," and that "the quinces, too, were delicious." Evidently she felt the pressure as well as the joy of correspondence; for she writes: "Oh, how I should love to write you a very long letter! But I can not, as I have others on hand." So one might quote endlessly passages

that are a sheer joy to the reader, and that are brimful of tact, business ability, common-sense, great-hearted loyalty to St. Joseph, and consciousness of God.

The modern absurdly efficient woman would do well to read these letters of a mystic and a saint to receive instruction in the ways of business. Students and scholars need no urging: the book itself invites with every appeal of beautiful type and orderly arrangement. Lovers of Teresa of the Burning Heart will linger over these precious pages, and wish, as their author so often says of her friends, that they could "kiss a thousand times the hands" of the venerable writer.

God and the Supernatural. A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith. Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Longmans, Green & Co.

We regard this book, on account of its purpose and the manner in which it is achieved, as one of the most important publications of recent years. The purpose is 'to set forth the teaching of the Church concerning God and the supernatural life of man. The book deals with the fundamental religious problems which are exercising the thinking world of to-day in its search for a religious creed: God, man's nature and destiny, the problem of evil, the Person of Christ, the Divine Atonement, the concept of the Church, and life after death.'

The achievement of this purpose is so satisfactory in every way—one way in particular—that the book is sure to win the attention of those for whom it is intended. "It is written in no controversial spirit," says Fr. Cuthbert. "Where the writers necessarily join issue with current religious theories or opinions, they do so with a deep appreciation of the earnestness and sincerity which commonly lie behind even 'heresies,' as they regard them." This quality of the book has already been noted by non-Catholic reviewers. As one of them remarks, it is "refreshingly free from the temper too commonly allied with religious zeal."

Following Fr. Cuthbert's straightforward, wisely brief preface, and an admirable Introductory by the Rev. Ronald A. Knox, M. A., we have exceptionally able, "up-to-date," and well-written essays on The Supernatural, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., M. A.; The Idea of God, by the Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S. J., M. A.; The Nature and Destiny of Man, by Christopher Dawson, B. A.; The Problem of Evil, by E. I. Watkin, M. A.; The Person of Christ, by Father Cuthbert, O.

S. F. C.; *The Divine Atonement*, by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C.; *The Church as the Mystical Body of Christ*, by E. I. Watkin, M. A.; *The Sacramental System*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.; and *Life After Death*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J.

Each essay is preceded by a carefully prepared synopsis, to complete which there is an adequate index. We append the synopsis to the Introductory, to show how painstakingly the learned essayists have performed their tasks. The book is a well printed, substantially bound octavo of 346 pages.

I. Although the war is over, we are still living in the sense of siege; and expediency rather than principle is the controlling factor in public life. The individual citizen, however, even when he least knows it, lives by principle; and, consequently, finds the atmosphere of expediency uneasy and discomforting. He wants a standard to live by. A standard to live by means a standard to think by. An ethical standard implies a philosophy or a scheme of existence. The New Creed of Humanity, always on the point of coming, never comes. Why? Because, however popular with men in the mass, it does not dominate the individual. The plain man wants a sanction prescribed by an authority beyond himself: he will not submit himself to man-made creeds. This mute appeal for a revelation of some sort is partly responsible for the activities of Spiritualism. But Spiritualism is a craze, not a creed. Meanwhile the plain man is still without his sanctions.

II. Catholicism claims to provide the solution. For the mass of the English-speaking people, Catholicism is a new world of spiritual adventure. It is unknown and misunderstood. It stands alone amongst religious systems in its steadfast adherence to the Supernatural. "*What if, after all, it should be true.*" The Supernatural assumed in Catholicism is the starting-point,—not, ushered in as an after-thought. It is a revealed religion and a systematic religion; it offers principles at once fixed in their origin and definite in their application. At the least, it merits our attention.

A Woman of the Bentivoglios. By Gabriel Francis Powers. THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

The Church in America, if not sprung from the blood shed by martyrs, is grown from and nourished by the martyr spirit. The saints are the only real immortals, and the spirit which animated them never wanes. In this intensely interesting and very edifying sketch of the Countess Annette Bentivoglio, who, as Mother Mary Magdalen, founded the Order of Poor Clares in America, we have a glimpse of the supernatural which nothing can quite obscure. Just what the existence of such an Order means in a country sixty per cent of whose population profess no religion is beyond the computation of any save divine arithmetic. But even the dullest of us can sum up, from this account of disheartening beginnings, repeated failures, and hopes deferred, a total of courage and endurance and faith to make all our miscalled wealth appear

quite futile and foolish. "A Woman of the Bentivoglios" is, in every way, a notable book, and one by which every reader will be benefited. It will be of especial interest to all who are concerned with the development of religious Orders in America. Though written with a natural and captivating fervor, the writer never fails to exercise restraint, remembering that a fuller biography of so remarkable a woman (already regarded as a saint by all who knew her intimately) will some day inevitably be demanded.

The book is beautifully printed from large, clear type, and appropriately bound in Franciscan brown. For frontispiece there is a striking picture of Mother Mary Magdalen.

Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1825–1904. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Longmans, Green & Co.

The fact that religious communities, especially of women, are publishing excellent Lives of their founders and of members who have done conspicuous service in their Orders is bound to enlighten the public as to the place of religious among the world's workers, and to gain for them some small measure of intelligent recognition. The present biography should do this. It is the story of one of the most distinguished and brilliant of English school-women in the past half century; the fact that she was a religious of the Order of Notre Dame seals and consecrates the excellence of her work. In an Introduction to the volume, his Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool says of her: "It is well—lest Catholics forget—that one aspect of the life of Sister Mary Philip should be emphasized, and it is this: To her (and with her we identify the Training College, Mount Pleasant, of which she was for nearly fifty years the life and soul) is due in large measure the present numerical strength of Catholics in England. And it may be also justly claimed for her that, in the great crisis through which the Church has passed since Catholic Emancipation, she was the one person given to us by Divine Providence to enable the Church to exist and to flourish in this land." High praise this; but she who receives it was indeed a "valiant woman," who put out her hand to strong things, from which the whole world now reaps the fruit.

This Life of Sister Mary Philip will find a distinct place among books of education as well as those of spiritual and biographical literature. It is mere justice to the biographer to say that her work is well worthy of her subject.



Our Lady's Bird.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

OF all the birds that come to cheer
My little kingdom every year,
Most welcome is the bird to me
That wears Our Lady's livery;
That seemingly from heaven brings
Upon his shapely head and wings,
And shows to our delighted view
A piece of Mary's mantle blue.

With eager eye, when Spring is here
I watch to see the birds appear.
No poets in the world can say
Or sing such messages as they.
But dearest of them all is he
Who wears Our Lady's livery,
And, oh, my heart is sweetly stirred
At what he sings—Our Lady's bird!

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

MADAME LEONIE DE CHAUSSE-COUR MARCERON was making her "Hour of Adoration" at the old church of Saint Cyprian, much to the dissatisfaction of the maid and chauffeur awaiting her in the limousine parked in the dingy street without.

"Why Madame should choose so poor a place I can not see," grumbled Jean the chauffeur, as a butcher's cart nearly collided with his tire, "when there are so many finer and newer churches where great people should go."

"You talk like the unbeliever you are!" was the sharp reply of the older servant, Susanne. "It is not all the churches that have the First Friday Adoration in this heretic land. And Madame likes the old churches best.

They have grown holy with the prayers of saints like those in her own country; and, but for the fiery spark that burns in all of the Chausse-Cour blood, Madame is little short of a saint herself. *Ciel!* how long she prays, when it is all I can do to kneel out an early Mass at her side! It comes of spending her young days with the nuns at the Sacré Cœur, while I was dancing my toes off at the village fairs."

"Madame should have been a nun herself," continued Jean, gruffly. "Only a nun would have wanted that solemn old house, when she might have lived gaily at one of those grand new American hotels."

"*Bien*, then! It is easily seen you were only a blacksmith before the war made you into a soldier," retorted Susanne. "It is an elegant house Madame has taken, with all the air of *la haute noblesse*. And the *grande dame* whose picture hangs over the fire was Madame's friend in the long ago. It is fitting that she should have her friend's home, with the elegance that no American hotel can give. But an end to our quarrelling! There comes Madame—and, *mon Dieu*, what has happened?"

For the stately old lady just emerging from the church door was beckoning imperatively to her limousine; and maid and chauffeur hurried forward at her summons, to find their mistress bending over a childish figure lying in the dim vestibule.

"She fell at my feet as I was passing out," explained the old Madame, excitedly; "ill, fainting, dying,—I know not what. *Pauvre petite,—pauvre petite!* Lift her,—gently, gently, Jean! We can not leave her here. Take her up."

"Where, Madame?" asked the man,

as the young head fell limp in his arms.

"Where? Into my limousine, of course,—idiot! Do you want to drop her on the street?" The spark of the Chausse-Cour blood flamed into the old Madame's eye and gave fire to her quick French speech. "We will take her to a doctor."

"Ah, Madame, non, non, non!" came the gasping whisper from the child in Jean's arms. "For the good God's sake, non, non!"

"Mon Dieu, she speaks French!" said the old Madame.

"Non, non, the American doctors, Madame! Non, non!"—the pleading words died into a broken murmur. The speaker had fainted away again.

"Ah, *pauvreté, pauvreté!* Why do you stand there, stupid?" cried the old lady, turning fiercely on the hesitating Jean. "Lift the child into the limousine, as I said. French—and fainting, dying at my feet! Take her home."

"Madame,—think, dear Madame," interposed the prudent Susanne. "It may be some dreadful American sickness that she has."

"What do I care?" burst forth the old Madame, tempestuously. "Shall I let a child—a child from my own country—die here at the church door? Gently there, Jean! Hold the poor little feet, Susanne. Ah, *mon Dieu*, how weak she is, *pauvreté!* Put the cushion under her head,—my *vinai-grette*, Susanne. So now quickly, Jean,—quickly home!"

The pungent *vinai-grette* revived little Fifine. Through the wavering darkness that had engulfed her at the church door, she became dimly conscious of silken cushions pillowing her head, voices in her tongue murmuring pitifully over her. Too faint still to question, to understand, she felt herself borne in friendly arms to some delicious haven of peace and rest. Was she back at Saint Celeste? Was it Sister Clarisse pressing the familiar "tisane" to

her lips,—the tisane that was bringing her back to life? She opened her eyes, to find herself on a tapestried couch with strange but kind faces bending over her.

"Ah, she is better,—she is better!" said a tender old motherly voice. "A little more of the tisane, *ma petite!* It is good for you."

"Ah, yes, Madame,—yes!" The trembling lips opened gladly for the draught. "It is not that I am sick," explained Fifine, recalling Mademoiselle Vancours' warning about American doctors. "But I had no—no breakfast or dinner to-day. I am very, very hungry."

"Hungry?" echoed Madame, growing softer and softer to her guest at the sound of the sweet French tones. "Hungry in this great, rich America! Hungry! *Mon Dieu*, Susanne, the *pauvre petite* is starving!"

"Ah, Madame, yes, yes!" said Susanne, pitifully. "But where does she come from? Why has she been starving here, where all is plenty?"

"Get her food," commanded the old Madame: "broth, bread, meat, wine! Quick, Susanne! Do you not understand? The child is starving."

"Ah, yes, Madame!" murmured Susanne, who had a cooler and wiser head than her impulsive old mistress. "But it is not good to give too much at once. Only milk at first,—warm milk like we give to the babies; and then we will take off the clothes, so black with dust—*pauvre enfant!*—and bathe her and put her in bed, and give her more milk and let her sleep. So it was we took care of the children in our own country, Madame,—the children who had been starving. Leave her to me, Madame. You are trembling with all this agitation, and will be sick at your heart yourself. Leave *la petite* to me and go lie down and rest." And faithful Susanne had, as usual, her own wise way.

The old Madame, whom all the terrors and anxieties of the war had somewhat shaken in health, went to her room to rest after the afternoon's excitement, and the little stranger was left in good Susanne's skilful care.

"You are not to talk," said Susanne, as she ministered to her charge. "Tomorrow perhaps, when you are better and stronger; but not now,—not yet." For Susanne, who had been through dark ways in these late years, knew the quick beat of a fevered pulse, and felt that her little patient had suffered more than it would be wise to recall. "You are safe here with *ma chère Madame*,—safe as if you were with the angels in heaven, *petite!*"

Safe,—safe as if she were with the angels in heaven! The words seemed to be singing softly in the little wanderer's ears, as, bathed and massaged, and dressed in a soft white lace-trimmed night-robe, she sipped the rich warm milk that Susanne brought her; then, sinking back on the downy pillows of a great four-post bed, whose flowered curtains recalled the quaint furnishing of her old French home, she drifted off into happy dreams. Safe as if she were with the angels in heaven, the kind old woman had said,—with the angels in heaven! Ah, the good God had guided His trusting little child aright.

And then, as Fifine's soft breathing told she was restfully asleep, Susanne went to her mistress to make her report.

"Ah, my poor little starving child?" exclaimed Madame, eagerly. "How is she now, Susanne?"

"Asleep, Madame. You need not break your heart over her starving: she is as plump as a well-fed chicken. What to make of it all I do not know. Underneath the coarse, dusty gown was lingerie that only the rich can buy,—soft batiste and broidery and lace. And around her neck on a ribbon (I thought

it right you should know all, that we may call her friends if she be ill) was *this*, Madame."

And Susanne held out the chamois bag that she had deftly removed from her patient's neck,—the little bag made by the good nuns with anxious care, and fastened by three tiny buttons. Madame opened it and took out little Fifine's last and only treasure—the Cross of the La Roques.

"*Mon Dieu!*" was the lady's breathless exclamation. "Who and what is this child? That is one of the noblest crests in all France,—the Cross of St. Louis, the arms of the La Roques. And the child has the marks of high birth, of tender care. To fall fainting, starving at my feet! Did you question her Susanne? Did she tell you anything?"

"No, Madame, not just yet. I would not let her talk. She was nervous, feverish, frightened at I know not what. In the morning when she is quiet, better, you can ask her all."

And in the morning the good Madame learned all that little Fifine could tell. It was a pitiful story, that made the listener's eyes alternately dim with tears and flash with the Chausse-Cour fire.

"Ah, the *méchants*, the brutes, the fools!" Madame could not find French vigorous enough to express her sentiments towards the Carter-Kings and all connected with them. "Never have I heard of such idiocy, such cruelty. Dolts of Americans that they are to call a La Roque a liar, thief. A niece of my dear old friend, Madame Lorraine,—to shame, to defame, to prison you! *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu,—ma petite, ma petite!*" And the old speaker burst into passionate tears.

"It is that they did not understand, dear Madame. I do not speak the English very well; and, after all," Fifine lifted her eyes with the trusting look that went to the depths of her old listener's heart, "is it not much the

best? Was it not the good God who brought me here, to my dear Tante Louise's house, and to you, her dear friend, Madame? It is as Mother Mathilde said,—always, everywhere, by ways we do not see and do not know, He leads His little children. So He has brought me here to you, Madame."

"He has, my poor little one,—He *has!*" and the good lady, quite overcome by this innocent trust, caught Fifine to her breast. "And I will keep you here, my Josephine Marie! We will have no more to do with these people, who were so wicked, so cruel to you. You shall never see or hear of them again. *Bien*, they are not worth the thought, the word of a La Roque. *La bas* with them, for the mud, the scum that they are! And as for this Armand Lorraine who would not befriend you, I know not what to think. The war must have changed him, head and heart. They tell me he married some peasant girl far below him in rank and name, and has given up all things for her sake. *Bien*, then! Let him go. We will ask nothing of him, nothing of any one, my little Josephine Marie. I will care for you; I will be to you as that dear Tante Louise, who was my friend of long ago. While I have this home it shall be yours,—yours, not as the little stranger whom these Americans could not understand, but as the dear child of my own land, of my own Faith, of my tender love. And when I go back to France, where all is peace and blessing now, you will go with me; and who knows but that we will raise the old chateau from its ashes, and the fields will grow green, and the flowers bloom in the gardens, and Josephine Marie La Roque will have her old home again?"

"Ah, Madame, Madame, how good you are to me! How good God has been to bring me here! Ah, Madame, when I woke early this morning and saw the crucifix over my bed, the holy

water font beside me, the Blessed Mother's picture on the wall, I could not believe my own joy. It was beautiful at *marraine's*,—wonderful and beautiful. At first I thought it was like heaven, but I know better now."

"You do indeed, *ma chérie!* They must have been wretches, without heart or soul," declared the old Madame, flaming again into righteous wrath.

"My poor *marraine!*" murmured Josephine, softly. "She did not understand, Madame. There had been no one to teach her as they teach us in our land, and there can be no heaven without the good God. So it is that I am glad to be here, where it is like home,—where I am safe and blessed with you, dear Madame!"

And again the soft eyes were lifted trustingly, and again the stately old dame clasped her little guest to her heart; and all was, indeed, safe and blessed for our little Josephine Marie.

(To be continued.)

A Lucky Light.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

NOT far from the fishing village of Locqueman, facing the big "outside," as the fishermen call the great ocean, and forming the end of a number of terrible reefs, rises a little island known as the Rock of Wrecks. Powerful undercurrents carry to it every day portions of vessels that the sea has swallowed; and woe to the fisherman who, imprudently leaving the straight course, allows his smack to drift toward the island! There is a small lighthouse on the island at present, and consequently the place is not quite so dangerous as it used to be. Fifty years ago, there was no lighthouse; and, on dark nights when there was no moon, the fishermen of Locqueman—if one of their number was still "outside"—used to row over to the island and light

immense torches, called "torches of safety," in order to indicate to the late-comer what point on the coast to avoid.

One spring evening in 1842, a group of fishermen were gathered together about sunset on the mole, or jetty, and were contemplating the sea. The day had been a stormy one. Only the boldest of the fishers had braved the danger which all had recognized, and had gone outside to fish, whether or no. The sea had now risen. From the far horizon great black waves, crested with white foam, came hurrying; and the sky was the color of lead.

"Will they all get back?" inquired a middy, whose father was one of those that had taken the risk of facing the probable storm.

"If God wills," replied an old mariner. "If they can reach the channel before dark, they'll come in all right."

"But if night falls too soon?" asked a woman.

"Well—well, then we shall see. A torch will be lit on the Rock of Wrecks, and we'll pray to Our Lady of Peril. It is she alone who can steer boats safely during a tempest."

"I see one—no, two; I see two of them!" exclaimed a young man.

"Three!" added a woman. "There's a third behind the first two."

"Well, those three will get in all right," said the old sailor; "there's no danger for them."

"And that's all of them, isn't it?" asked another. "There's no other boat outside, is there? I recognize these three—the 'Louise-Marie,' the 'Mouette,' and the 'Siren.'"

"The 'Jeannette,' Jean Leflok's boat, isn't visible yet," said one of the group. "He has a mania for going away outside; he'll wind up by staying there."

Instead of commiserating the lot of the fisherman just named, however, the whole group remained indifferent. On account of the cruelty with which he

treated his middies, or fish-boys, Leflok was disliked by everybody.

An hour later the three boats came into the harbor. By that time the storm had burst; from moment to moment the sky grew more sombre. Slowly the fishermen sought their cabins. They did not speak of him whom they knew to be still outside. It was a big risk to attempt carrying torches to the Rock of Wrecks, and none of them felt inclined to risk his life for one whom they detested.

There remained on the jetty only a girl about ten years old, and a boy of fourteen, a hardy young middy, stoutly built and looking older than his years. Thinking herself alone, the girl sank down before a Calvary that adorned the mole and began sobbing. The middy drew near, and said:

"Courage, Yvette! Brace up!"

The girl turned upon him eyes overflowing with tears.

"Papa is lost!" she sobbed out.

"Not at all! Mr. Leflok knows how to manage a boat. Everybody admits that; and you know that I have sailed with him."

"I know, Pierre. You haven't anything against him, have you?"

The middy said nothing for a few moments. He did not love Leflok—that was certain. He remembered too well the sorrowful time spent on board with him,—insults, blows, lashing with a rope's end, privation of food, and all the rest of it. Pierre, however, had a kindly heart, and Yvette's tears touched him. Moreover, he was a gallant boy, whom no danger terrified. So, after preserving silence for a brief period, he turned to the girl, saying:

"I'll go to the island and light the torches."

"How can you get there?"

"I've got my skiff," said the middy. "It's a solid one and can stand the waves. There's a little light left: I'll get there somehow."

A few minutes later, Pierre was on his way. Three times in succession his start was futile, as a big wave forced his small boat back to the shore. A fourth attempt was more successful: he overcame the initial obstacle, and then had to fight against the storm. Now on the top of a monster wave, now in the depths of what seemed a black abyss, the boy rowed with all his strength. His teeth clenched, his sturdy hands gripping the oars, his back bowed as he put forth all his strength, he drove through one wave, climbed up another, fell away with it, and then, breathing quickly from incipient exhaustion, began the same manœuvres over again. Now and then, between two walls of white foam, he caught a glimpse of the mole and the Calvary, where Yvette was still praying; and he breathed a fervent petition to Our Lady of Peril.

He paid no attention to his bleeding hands. Once or twice, however, he felt himself giving way to discouragement. Then he reanimated his courage with another fervent prayer, and set himself to his desperate task with renewed energy. For a full hour he fought against the raging sea. He was almost at the end of his strength when he saw the island a few yards in front of him. He stood up, and, using his oar as a paddle, gave three or four powerful strokes, which drove his skiff to the little beach. The grounding of the boat upset him; but, picking himself up, he pulled the skiff farther up on the shore, seized the two oilskin-wrapped torches he had brought with him, mounted the rock, and lighted them. The resinous matter flamed out brightly, and the surrounding darkness was illumined. The middy looked out and saw, scarcely a hundred yards away, a fishing-smack bearing directly towards him, coming straight to her doom: it was the "Jeannette."

"If he only notices the light!"

sighed Pierre. And he began frantically to wave one of the torches. Suddenly the smack changed her direction and bore away from the island.

"He has seen me!" cried the middy. "He is saved!"

He waved the torch for a moment longer, full of joy because he had saved a life. Then, suddenly, it appeared to him that a black cloud enveloped him; he felt a stinging pain in his bruised hands; and, utterly worn out with fatigue and emotion, he fell in a faint, with the torch still blazing at his side. . . .

It was Jean Leflok, who, saved by the young middy, came out to him the following morning to take him back to the mainland.

"You have saved my life," said the sailor; "that's a thing one doesn't easily forget."

As a matter of fact, he did not forget it; but he understood from that day what can be effected by heroism and kindness, and nobody ever afterwards had reason to complain of his harshness. Yvette could never do enough to show her gratitude; and Pierre was soon wearing the tricolor ribbon, the badge of the life-savers.

"My torch of safety," he would say, "was a lucky light, after all."

Signing with a Cross.

Persons who can not write their names are required to use as a substitute the Sign of the Cross (X). Ancient kings and nobles used the same sign, but not ignorantly. It was used by those who could write, as well as by those who could not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed the Cross. Hence, although people now *write* or *subscribe* their names, they are still said to *sign*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The English publishers (Cassell) have issued a popular edition of "A Private in the Guards," by Stephen Graham. It is among the best of the many war books.

—A collection of unpublished essays by Coventry Patmore is announced by Mr. Humphry Milford, London. It will be entitled "Courage in Politics, and Other Essays."

—Whether or not Sir Philip Gibbs' recent visit to this country was a "great success," it seems to have given a fresh vogue to his famous war book, "Now It Can Be Told." The publishers state that it is now in its tenth edition. The popularity, we must admit, is well deserved.

—"The Second Reader," by James H. Fassett (Ginn & Co.), is No. 2 in the series of Corona Readers, compiled by Maurice Francis Egan, Brother Leo, and Mr. Fassett. The present little volume provides an unusual amount of such material as fairy tales, myths, legends, and folklore, with some more serious selections in both prose and verse. Good paper, clear print, and copious illustrations should make the book a delight to young folks everywhere.

—"The Bad Man," Porter Emerson Browne's successful melodrama, in which a lawless Mexican bandit turns into a sentimental *deus ex machina* and sets right the weary world of the Arizona border, has been novelized by Charles Hanson Towne (Putnam's, publishers). It was not an easy task, and the florid staginess of the plot remains rather insufferably apparent; still, the book is interesting, even scintillant in places; and, while there are whiffs of moral danger, the story is far more innocuous than its title would seem to indicate. Price, \$2.

—"The Gospel According to St. Mark, with Introduction, Text and Notes," by the Rev. Robert Eaton (Benziger Brothers), is a 16mo of 203 pages. The learned author, a priest of the Birmingham Oratory, has made his production singularly interesting, even to such readers as are already familiar with other commentaries on what has been called the "Gospel of Miracles." His Introduction, not unduly lengthy, gives all the information necessary as to the Gospel's author, its date and language and place, its plan, its object, and its special features. Each of the book's pages contains from two or three to five or six verses of the Gospel, the remainder of the

page being given up to copious footnotes in smaller type. The book will be warmly welcomed by students of exegetics, and by cultured Catholics generally.

—In connection with the recent formation of the Society of Canadian Authors, there is talk of creating a new post of Canadian poet laureate, with Bliss Carmen as the first incumbent. Those who are at all familiar with Mr. Carmen's volumes will readily agree that Canada's proposed poet laureate well merits the distinction.

—There will be many layfolk with a reading knowledge of Latin, besides ecclesiastical students, to welcome the new 18mo edition of the Roman Missal, just published by F. Pustet & Co. Priests also will be glad to have it for private use. It is in every respect a beautiful book. (Price, \$3.25.) The Ratisbon edition of all liturgical publications is to be preferred on many counts.

—One of the most important theatres in Paris has presented recently a mystery-play by the convert-poet, Henri Ghéon, which is entitled "Le Pauvre sous l'escalier." Here is the story of St. Alexis, who came back to his home an unknown beggar after many years' absence, to find his wife sorely tried in her fidelity to the absent husband. This is a remarkable theme, and, despite the exalted spirituality of the treatment, has interested large audiences.

—Writing a good story for young people is a harder task than any one without experience would imagine. We are, therefore, in admiration of "Bird-a-Lea," by Clementia. While the scene is a very pleasant New York estate, there are many, many of those very thrilling incidents which children enjoy so much. "Bird-a-Lea" has a decidedly religious flavor, too; but it is not obtrusive or heavy anywhere. The book, which is issued by the Extension Press, is well printed and has some fairly good illustrations. Price, \$1.50.

—Habitual readers of the Bombay *Examiner*—and we fancy there are a considerable number even in this country—will remember a series of interesting papers that appeared in its columns during 1920 under the title "Herr Schneebels." These papers have been reprinted in brochure form under the better title "A Practical Philosophy of Life." Like most other *Examiner* reprints, this one is distinctly creditable to its author,

Father Ernest Hull, S. J., whose name is synonymous in many minds with sanity, force, and practicality. The twenty-five "parts" (chapters) deal with the philosophy of facts, the philosophy of principles, and the philosophy of actions. A work that will well repay frequent and attentive reading.

—"The Divine Adventure," Theodore Maynard's first novel, is rather an unusual book. John Bradley and his sister Marjorie are brought up by a peculiar sect known as the Meltonians. Later, they find their way into the Church; John becomes a Franciscan, and Marjorie marries the mystic Michael Donovan, whose spiritual experiences include a temporary novitiate. There is a great deal of excellent religious discussion, and not a few laudatory remarks on the subject of beer, in all of which Mr. Maynard proves himself a willing disciple of Chesterbelloc, if unable to match the riotous brilliancy of "The Ball and the Cross." It is in this respect that the reader finds "The Divine Adventure" interesting: it has splendid bits of dialogue, admirable songs, and some valuable information. As a whole, it wants compactness, energy, and just a little less caricature. Catholic fiction has gained a writer of genuine critical ability. Stokes Co., publishers. Price, \$2.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher)." 1825-1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Stourton, of the diocese of Nottingham; Rev. John Quinlan, diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. Xavier Kaier, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. John Murphy, O. P.

Sister M. Mildreda, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Fernanda, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Holy Innocents, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sister Josepha, Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Ignatius, Sisters of Mercy.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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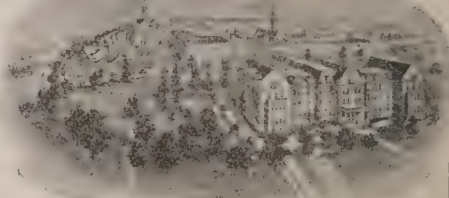
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34.

SATURDAY, 23.—St. George, M.	WEDNESDAY, 27.—Bl. Peter Canisius, C. St. Maughold, B. C.
SUNDAY, 24.—Fourth after Easter. St. Fidelis, M.	THURSDAY, 28.—St. Paul of the Cross, C. St. Vitalis, M.
MONDAY, 25.—St. Mark, Evg.	FRIDAY, 29.—St. Peter, M.
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 23, 1921.

NO. 17

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Thanksgiving.

BY MARJORIE HOLMES.

MADONNA, with the snow-white feet,
Thank God for me for sun and heat;
For wind and clouds and stars and moon,
For blue of night and gold of noon.
Pale Mary, with the quiet eyes,
Thank God for all the changing skies
Of lovely blue and pink and white;
Sunlit by day, starlit by night.
Thank God for youth and happiness,
And eyes to see the loveliness
Of earth and sky. Thank God for these,
The while I praise on bended knees.

A Memorable Centenary.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.



IT is recorded in the Life of Mgr. d'Astros (vicar-general of the archdiocese of Paris during the First Empire, and a Confessor who suffered a long and rigorous imprisonment for his loyalty to the Holy See and the laws of the Church) that Napoleon on one occasion showed to the Minister Fontanes a ring which bore the head of the first Roman Emperor and the legend "Summus Pontifex." "Augustus possessed a dignity which does not belong to me," remarked Napoleon. But it was the ambition to possess it, and the unprincipled deceit and violence which he used in the endeavor to realize that

ambition, that have left his name in history as that of a persecutor of religion and a violator alike of divine authority and of the consciences of men.

The centenary of the great Corsican's death (for great he was, in spite of terrible faults and incredible pettinesses), which falls on May 5 of the present year, will no doubt provoke a flood of literature dealing with Napoleon as a man, a soldier, a politician, as the ruler of all Western Europe. He will be discussed as the personification of the Revolution and as the type of autocracy. The victor of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena will be compared (and justly) with Cæsar; the author of the "Code Napoléon," which still forms the basis of French law, with Justinian. But it is not so likely that much will be said or written with regard to the Emperor's relations with the Church and her visible Head; yet, to a careful reader of history, these bulk enormously in the history of his career, and—we can scarcely be wrong in believing—in his eventual collapse. Educated Catholics should, in the interests of truth and their holy religion, have at least a knowledge in outline of the long and unceasing attack which the imperial autocrat carried on against the liberties of Christian people in the person of their Supreme Pastor.

The Empire was established at the end of a period of pagan philosophy and appalling moral laxity. As Mr. Belloc observes, in his "Marie An-

toinette," it is hard for us, who live in the midst of a marvellous Catholic renaissance, to picture the religious condition of the century before last. The Christian Faith seemed almost dead; the Anglican Bishop Butler, in often-quoted words, writes at the beginning of his "Analogy" that the fictitious character of Christianity had come to be taken for granted. Jansenism in France had prepared the way for the Encyclopædists. Powerful ministers who were avowed infidels, such as Kaunitz at Vienna and Pombal at Lisbon, directed the policy of Catholic Courts. Joseph II., son of one of the best women that ever bore the burden of a crown, but himself the foe of Christian education and the religious Orders, the introducer of divorce into a Catholic State, was head of the Holy Roman Empire.

No wonder the century closed with almost universal revolution and violence. Rome was seized by French revolutionary troops, forerunners of the brigands of 1870; Pius VI., outworn with years of bitter suffering, died an exile at Valence in August, 1799; the Conclave met, not in the Papal City but in Venice, three months later; but not until March 14, 1800, was Cardinal Barnaba Chiaramonti proclaimed Pontiff under the title of Pius VII.

The same year Napoleon, now First Consul, announced the restoration of religion (for years prohibited) in France, and made his first advance to the Holy See. It is clear enough that his object was not to benefit religion, but to force religion to minister to his own programme of supreme domination. He desired for this purpose a Concordat between the Apostolic See and the French Government; and, after some abortive negotiations, the great Cardinal Ercole Consalvi, Prime Minister to his Holiness, proceeded to Paris in the summer of 1801.

The conditions laid down by Napo-

leon were drastic enough. He rudely informed the Cardinal that he gave him five days, at the end of which the matter must be concluded; otherwise, "I have resolved on my own course." The negotiations, however, continued for nearly a month; and only Consalvi's firmness hindered even worse regulations than those submitted to under the terms of the Concordat. The twenty-three archbishoprics of France were reduced to ten; the one hundred and twenty-five bishoprics, to fifty. Nomination of bishops was in the hands of the First Consul, the Pope's confirmation to follow. The clergy were to be maintained by the State; no claim was to be made on ecclesiastic property alienated through the troubles of the Revolution. The Pope (Art. 3) was to require the resignation of the whole French episcopate, and to institute a completely new hierarchy. The bishops can appoint as parish priests only "persons accepted by the Government." It is easy to see what a boundless field was open for political schemes and tyrannical interference in spiritual things. Yet Rome, in order to avoid still greater evils, accepted the Concordat as finally adjusted.

Now we come to an act of perfidy which must ever brand the First Consul as a political trickster of the meanest description. With the Concordat he presented to the Législature seventy-six "Organic Articles," and the two documents were together promulgated as a "law of the Republic." He knew well that the Holy Father would repudiate these "Articles" with indignation, yet he described them as "Organic Articles of the Convention made with Pius VII." By them the liberty of intercourse between the Father of Christendom and his children was made to depend utterly on the approval of the civil Government, which also was to examine judicially all Papal Briefs and Bulls, and even the decrees

of a possible General Council before these could be promulgated in France. The bishops could not ordain until the Government's approval had been obtained; and the very rules of the diocesan seminaries had to be submitted to the First Consul. Worst of all, two "Gallican" propositions already censured by Apostolical authority were imposed on all teachers in those seminaries, who had to engage to profess and teach them. Such was the regard paid by Napoleon to ordinary truthfulness, and to the conscience of his Catholic subjects. The bishops inevitably became either the tools or the victims of the *Ministre des Cultes*, who was himself wholly under the control of Napoleon.

On May 16, 1804, the First Consul was declared emperor by the Senate. He lost no time in requesting, or rather demanding, his coronation at the hands of the Holy Father, who consented to journey to Paris for the occasion. Before he agreed, however, Consalvi demanded, in the Pope's name, retraction of the Organic Articles, and satisfaction as to the "Constitutional" (i. e., schismatic) bishops, who had been appointed to their Sees merely by State authority. Through his ambassador in Rome, Joseph Fesch "le Cardinal Oncle," Napoleon promised to fulfil both demands. But nothing was further from his mind than any intention of keeping his word.

The whole history of the coronation, as well as of the events which preceded and followed it, is little less than a tragedy. For the peace of the Church and the good of religion, the Pontiff had gone to the utmost limit of patience, generosity, and even humiliation. His reward was studied insolence from the *parvenu*, who, however great his gifts and however striking his career, had not the elementary feelings of a gentleman. His whole intention was to use the Church as a supreme

instrument for his own aggrandizement and the consolidation of his power. The Church was to be his servant, not himself her obedient son.

On December 2, 1804, Napoleon and Josephine (his civil "marriage" to whom had been blessed by Cardinal Fesch the night before, the Pope dispensing with the conditions required by the Council of Trent) knelt before the high altar of Notre Dame, and the Emperor was anointed, and received the sword and sceptre, with the venerable ceremonial that for a thousand years had blessed the sacring of the kings of France. The Pontiff was about to place the crown on his head, when Napoleon rose in haste and snatched it from the altar, crowned himself, and then placed a second crown on Josephine's head. The act symbolized his whole mental attitude: he would be "Summus Pontifex" as well as Emperor. His ambition now was to transfer the Papacy to France, and for the Pope to reside at Paris or Avignon, to the glory of the Empire. In the following May he was inaugurated King of Italy in Milan, and set the Iron Crown upon his head with the often-quoted words: "*Il cielo me l'ha data, guai a chi la toccherà.*" It was evident that his design was the extinction of the small remnant of temporal sovereignty that still remained to the Pope.

The next three years saw every kind of insult heaped on the Holy Father by the man who pretended to be so full of zeal for the restoration of the public profession of Christianity to France, and who styled himself the eldest son of the Supreme Pontiff. The documents printed by the Comte d'Haussonville, in his monumental "*L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire*," form a terrible record of unbridled self-glorification, insolence, and deceit in the dealings of Napoleon with the Holy Father. He dared even to say, in a letter to Cardinal Fesch, that if he was

not treated as he desired, "I shall reduce the Pope to be Bishop of Rome."

The refusal of Pius VII. to declare invalid the marriage of Jerome Buonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, to an American Protestant girl—a Miss Patterson, of Baltimore,—and to enter into an offensive alliance with France against Russia, Sweden, and especially England, infuriated the imperial tyrant beyond control. He actually threatened in a letter to Eugène de Beauharnais, whom he had made viceroy of Italy (a letter written expressly for the Pope's eye), to "unite the French, Italian, German, and Polish Churches in a Council, dispatch my business without the Pope, and deliver my people from the pretensions of Roman priests." And this after the most phenomenal patience and unwearied paternal long-suffering on the part of the Holy Father!

On Candlemas Day, 1808, the French troops, under General Miollis, entered Rome. The Pontiff became for ten months a captive in his own city and his own house; and in April an imperial decree announced the absorption of the Papal States into the French Empire. The robbery was complete; it only remained to offer personal outrage to the Vicar of Christ, and this was accomplished in the early hours of July 6, when General Baron Radet with armed troops forced the Quirinal Palace, and hurried the Pope and his devoted minister, Cardinal Pacca, into a travelling carriage, which, with drawn blinds and locked doors (Radet himself on the box), took the northern road in the early summer dawn. His Holiness was worn out with cares and bodily suffering, and the journey proved a veritable martyrdom. It was aggravated by the heartlessness of the Buonapartist rulers—sister and brother-in-law to the Emperor—at Florence and Turin, whose one idea was to hurry the Pope through their dominions, and so keep

the friendship of the tyrant. Clergy, religious, and the faithful generally, flocked to welcome their Father, to show him reverence and ask his blessing. He was conveyed to Savona, where he remained a prisoner in the Evêché until June 9, 1812.

The insults and cruelties heaped on the Sovereign Pontiff during these years are almost beyond credence. All who maintained the independence of the spiritual power, all who could sympathize with or console the august captive, were carefully kept at a distance. Meanwhile Napoleon, excommunicated as he was by the Bull *Quum Memorandum* (though his name was not mentioned in it), in June, 1808, continued to play the part of "Summus Pontifex" in a way that, apart from its abominable sacrilege and tyranny, can hardly fail to raise a smile. He interfered with obscure parish priests as readily as with bishops; he struck the feast of Pope St. Gregory VII. out of the calendar, and ordered the substitution of another saint on May 25; he confiscated episcopal and religious property without scruple; he suppressed the spiritual conferences at St. Sulpice as possibly dangerous to the State. In fact, he showed himself a kind of combination of Henry VIII., of England, and the Emperor Joseph II. Ferocity and meanness met in his distorted character.

By way of augmenting the splendor of his Court, and also of having within his reach the natural councillors of the Holy See, in the autumn of 1809 he summoned to Paris all the Cardinals who were able to travel. At this time he was arranging with Austria for a "marriage" with the Archduchess Marie Louise, having procured a civil divorce from Josephine. The greatest royal house in Europe was prepared to abase itself (it is to be supposed in abject fear) before a mushroom royalty, and the heir of the Holy Roman Empire

to ally himself with an excommunicated enemy of the Holy See.

Twenty-seven Cardinals were assembled in Paris. Fourteen were Napoleon's men; thirteen (of whom Consalvi was the most eminent) were devoted to the interests of the Church and her imprisoned Head. At the marriage ceremony between the Emperor and the Archduchess, these thirteen loyal Princes of the Church declined to assist. Napoleon forbade them to wear their scarlet, and they became known as the "Black Cardinals." He also confiscated their official revenues and their private property, and exiled them to various towns, where they lived on the alms of the faithful.

The Emperor proceeded to intrude bishops into various Sees, in defiance both of Pope and Chapters. In order to bolster up his iniquitous programme, he convoked what he termed a National Council, which met in Paris on June 17, 1811. After declaring inviolable fidelity to the Apostolic See, the Council (not without courageous exceptions) finally submitted to pass certain articles which struck at the right of the Pope to confirm bishops on their nomination to vacant Sees. Napoleon gave the assembled prelates the choice of submission to the imperial will or rigorous imprisonment. With the hope of coercing the Pontiff, he sent to Savona a deputation of five "Red Cardinals" and eight bishops. By misrepresentation of the facts, they obtained a Brief which, while it went to the extreme of concession, failed to satisfy the Emperor; and, in order to have the Pope more immediately within his control, he ordered the removal of Pius from Savona to Fontainebleau.

Another most painful journey led to a palace which was none the less a prison. Here the last assaults on the Holy Father's patience and generous heart were made unsparingly. The loyal Cardinals were all dispersed,

almost all in confinement; Napoleon contrived to bend the rest to his will, so that their united influence was pressed without remorse upon the Pontiff in his loneliness and physical weakness. The Emperor himself came to Fontainebleau in January, 1813, and engaged him in constant discussions, characterized by extraordinary longanimity on the one side, and insolent contempt on the other. The result, which was gained through duplicity and persecution, was the Pope's signature to what is known as the Concordat of Fontainebleau, and was published as such; though the Cardinals had represented it as a mere preliminary, and Pius VII. himself wrote to the Emperor that he supposed it was "the basis of a future treaty."

As soon as he had signed, however, the Pope was seized with remorse, and in a letter to Napoleon entirely retracted his adhesion to the so-called Concordat, which struck deeply at the liberties of the Church, and placed her to a large extent at the mercy of the secular Government. The Emperor now tried to persuade the French bishops to go to Fontainebleau to congratulate the Pope on the conclusion of the Concordat and to beg him to maintain it. But this time he met with no compliance, except from Cardinal Maury, the intruding Archbishop of Paris. More persecution naturally followed; the Pope's captivity was made more rigorous; even Cardinal Fesch, the Primate of France, pliant as he had been, was in quasi-exile in consequence of the warnings he had given to his imperial nephew.

But the measure of his tyrannies was almost full. With the Russian disaster of the preceding year, his star had begun to decline. Now a strong European coalition was in arms against him; and in August, 1814, even the Emperor Francis changed sides. Napoleon, knowing that the Allies, if successful,

would insist on the restoration of the Papal States to their rightful sovereign, began to approach the Pope indirectly, with a view to their restitution being his work and not that of his enemies. Pius, however, declined to enter into any negotiations while still a prisoner. In January, 1814, the Emperor directed the Holy Father's removal from Fontainebleau. If the imperial arms were triumphant, he was to return to imprisonment at Savona; otherwise to be conducted to Rome. Pressed by ill fortune, on the 10th of March the Emperor decreed the Pope's restoration; and he was informed at Savona: "Your Holiness is free, and can start for Rome to-morrow." Napoleon's campaign against the Church and her Supreme Pastor was ended.

It does not come within the scope of this article to describe the Pope's triumphal return to his city, nor the re-establishment of the peace and order of the disturbed and persecuted Christendom, of which the fallen Emperor had designed to be master in both the spiritual and temporal domain. Years afterwards the Holy Father sent two priests to St. Helena, in view of Napoleon's, fast-approaching end. We may cherish a hope that he died something more than a nominal Catholic. For a great part of his life he had scarcely been even that.

When we consider—merely in outline, as this short paper has tried to do—the relations of the Emperor to the Church, it is impossible not to realize how much he might have done for religion and for France which he hopelessly failed to do. There were in him qualities that, properly developed, might have fitted him to take his place beside Theodosius, Charlemagne, and St. Stephen of Hungary, as a true "Defensor Fidei." But his whole life, his ambitions and his interests, revolved round one centre; and that centre, Napoleon Buonaparte. He was the

instrument by which his country was delivered from the slough of professed atheism and social chaos; he had gifts that mark him as one of the Olympian figures of human history; and he was possessed of a strange attraction and fascination (as none knew better than the Pontiff whom he persecuted so relentlessly) which might have won him the hearts of his people and given France a century of peace and stable government.

Yet his failure was one of the most stupendous failures the world has seen, because he was guided by no principle except the lust of military glory and absolute mastery in every department of the State. "*Non serviam!*" was the very motto of his life; and he who will not serve never learns to rule aright, and merely forges the fetters of his own servitude. The lonely rock in mid-Atlantic was the logical as well as the dramatic goal of that meteoric career of transient splendor.

Yet if Napoleon had kept his hand from touching the sacred Ark, who can tell how much might have been secured for him, as well as saved for France? When Governments outrage a people's religion they prepare their own downfall. The French Revolution, in its incredible folly, split on the rock of the nation's Faith, and so turned what should have been for freedom and deliverance into the vilest of tyrannies. The First Empire went down largely through the same reckless failure to gauge the might of spiritual forces. If the present Republic had persevered in the anti-religious madness of two decades since, it is hard to doubt that a weakened and defenceless France would to-day be lying at the feet of the Teuton conqueror.

Why do not the kings and rulers learn the lessons of history? Proscribe the Christian Faith, make it high treason to say Mass or shelter a Christian priest, yet the penal statutes will

miss their mark: the altars will be built again and the Faith be free once more. Drive the Supreme Pontiff from his city, dispossess him of his right, pretend that there is no Father of Christendom, yet the storm will pass, and, as Cardinal Manning wrote, the old man will be found still saying Mass over the Tomb of the Apostle. To fight the Church must ever be a losing battle. No truth is written more luminously than this across the page of history that records the glories and the triumphs—and the utter downfall—of Napoleon Buonaparte, Emperor of the French, master of Europe, and prisoner of St. Helena.

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XI.



AURETTE had visited the studio of M. Hallé several times; had conferred with him, and met his wife, who was charmed with her beauty and sweetness. With great misgiving but entire good will, he had promised to speak to her father, although up to that time he had never exchanged a word with Hamelin the elder.

"All depends upon taking hold of a thing at the proper time," he said. "We must wait for the auspicious moment, if it comes. And I promise you that I shall do my best. It is all in the hands of God."

"That is what Aunt Dorothea said the other day," she replied; "and it is true. If it is God who calls me, He will see that His holy will is accomplished."

Laurette had grown more serious lately. Her father noticed it, and thought it might be due to the approaching loss of her brother, soon to marry Mademoiselle Victorine and live with the Dumonts, who would not consent to part with their only child. M.

Dumont and Hamelin had had a most satisfactory interview; the baker was deeply appreciative of the honor of an alliance with the jeweler's family, and finally admitted that it was the privilege of his son to choose his own career.

At a dinner given at the house of the parents of the newly betrothed, both families assembled in peace and joyous harmony. The wedding was set for May. Mademoiselle Victorine and Laurette became more intimate than they had ever been; while Madame Dumont and Aunt Dorothea were deep in the preparations for the trousseau, which was to be as elegant and lavish as befitted a young lady of the bourgeoisie,—one, moreover, whose parents were willing to spare no expense in her bridal outfit.

One morning, as the old painter was arranging his palette for the day's work, M. Lancret was ushered in by Catau. Hallé had not seen him since the day he had made his request that the painter pass judgment on the picture of "The Golden Fleece"; and had not troubled his mind as to any ulterior motive the wily Lancret might have had, or still have, in the transaction. Madame Hallé, however, maintained the opinion that there had been something "behind it all," which would yet appear at the proper moment.

"You will see, Claude," she would say. "Some day that fellow will reveal himself by coming to ask you a favor in return for that which he thinks he has conferred upon you."

"It was merely a compliment," answered Hallé. "He might have gone to others more in the public eye than I am. I fancy he thought of me first, that is all."

"And do you really believe that it was only the wish to benefit young Hamelin that caused him to do it? Oh, no! You will see,—you will see one of these days."

Consequently, Hallé could not forbear an inward smile when Lancret entered the studio. His face wore a serious aspect, and his first words were equally so.

"Hallé," he said, after he had taken a seat near the fire, "I wish to ask you to do me another favor."

"With pleasure, if it is possible," replied Hallé.

"I have recently suffered a keen disappointment," continued Lancret. "For some time I had cherished the hope of an alliance with the Dumont family, and I will confess that I endeavored to make use of my relations with young Hamelin to further my intentions. In short, I wished to become a suitor for the hand of Mademoiselle Victorine. She is young, pretty, unspoiled, and she will have money. The jeweler is a keen man of business; he has feathered his nest well. An alliance with me, with my connections, would, on the other hand, be a lift for that family. As you doubtless are aware, M. Deshorties is a cousin of Madame Dumont. I had hoped through his influence, if the picture sufficiently pleased him, to get a hearing there. No doubt the old man may have heard some rather bad things of me; but the word of a wealthy relative, you know, is generally all-powerful. An old man and a relative, it is but natural to suppose that Madame Dumont and her young daughter would be his heirs."

"M. Deshorties has been married twice, and has several children," observed Hallé.

"Ah, I did not know it! I thought him a bachelor. However, it makes no difference now. Well, the picture accepted and paid for, the reputation of young Hamelin improved thereby,—a consummation in which I, his teacher, was entitled to some credit. I felt that the time was ripe for my proposal. But, to my great chagrin, I learned that the girl has recently been betrothed to the

painter himself, and that through your negotiation. Now, friend Hallé, I take no issue with you for that; you have a perfect right to assist your friends,—and I understand young Hamelin may be called one."

"And so he is," replied Hallé, dryly. "I think also that he has talent, which, under the proper direction, and perseverance on his part, will ensure him both money and reputation. It was on this account—because I like him—that I undertook the negotiation you mention. I take no credit to myself for the outcome, Lancret. I found M. Dumont in a most amiable and responsive mood regarding the matter. He has known Charles all his life, and admires him; besides, he is a sensible man, who would always prefer to give his daughter to one of her own age and rank rather than sacrifice her to a marriage which could bring her neither wealth nor happiness."

"I thank you, Hallé!" rejoined Lancret sarcastically, with a bow. "But I was inclined to think otherwise. I have been a rolling stone; it is my intention at last to settle down. If this boy had not forestalled me, I would have had a fair chance."

"To have ceased being a rolling stone is, of course, commendable, Lancret," replied Hallé. "But, marriage with Mademoiselle Dumont being out of the question, what favor have you to ask of me?"

Lancret stroked his chin meditatively and gazed into the fire. At length he said:

"I am anxious to marry, Hallé. At my age and with my experience, it is quite unnecessary to pretend that love has anything to do with this desire. Since Mademoiselle Dumont is not for me, I have an eye on another young lady. Hamelin has a pretty sister,—as innocent of folly, coquetry or worldly intrigue as her intended sister-in-law, Mademoiselle Victorine. True, one

does not much relish a pastry cook for a father-in-law; but I would see to it that he would stand very much in the background—after we were married and the *dot* secured. Hallé, I ask you to approach the elder Hamelin on the subject,—to propose me as a suitor for the hand of his daughter. Will you do it?"

Hallé bit his lip, rubbed his hands together, and rose to his feet.

"Lancret," he said seriously, "in the first place, you know very well that with the elder Hamelin the thought of a painter is like a red rag to a bull. He has never been satisfied with his son's choice of a profession. Do you think, then, that he would be willing to give his daughter in marriage to one of the despised craft?"

"But—I am not an ordinary painter, Hallé. Surely he knows that I am the exponent of a new and progressive school,—that I am first of my *confrères* in the good graces of the King. Do you not see that he would feel honored by the alliance; while for me it would—but for an empty purse and other circumstances—be somewhat of a *mésalliance*?"

"Lancret," replied Hallé, advancing a step nearer and looking his visitor full in the eyes, "all that would count for nothing in the mind of a man who considers his own craft—humble though it may appear in your eyes—superior to yours, which in his opinion is only one way of amusing oneself. But, admitting that things were otherwise, do you think for one moment that I would lend myself to a proposition which would be sure to wreck the happiness and mar the whole life of an innocent young girl, whose shoe (with your past reputation) you are not worthy to loose? No, Lancret, not for worlds would I endeavor to further such a scheme—even were Mademoiselle Laurette free."

"Not free?" exclaimed Lancret. "I pass over your insinuations, Hallé, as not to be taken the least notice of, assuring you once more that my life is now entirely above all reproach. Do you mean that Mademoiselle Laurette is also affianced?"

"That is precisely what I mean."

Lancret got on his feet.

"Your reputation for truth and honorable dealing is too well known for me to doubt any assertion you may make on the subject," he said. "I see that I shall have to go elsewhere for a wife, if the baker's daughter is already promised."

"I am afraid you will," replied Hallé, very deliberately.

"I bid you good-day!" he said. "I much regret my intrusion."

"Good-day!" responded the old man in the same tone.

The door had scarcely closed upon him when Madame Hallé burst into the studio.

"Now, what did I tell you, Claude? Was I not right?"

"What do you mean, my dear?" inquired her husband.

"That Lancret had fish of his own to fry. I heard every word that was said, behind the crack of the door, which you did not close tightly when you left the dining room."

"Was that an honorable thing to do?" observed Hallé, with frowning brow.

"Honorable! Why not? You know very well that with decent and honorable people one has no desire to listen to secrets; but with a man like Lancret, who would take every advantage of you that he could—a thing which I had every right to fear and expect,—no loyal wife could have done otherwise. But I am glad and proud to-day, Claude, that this time he did not get the better of you,—that you upheld your principles and gave him his due. Yes, Claude, I am proud of you."

The Last Royal Stuart.*

BY G. M. HORT.

THE halo of romance that surrounds the personality of Prince Charles Edward Stuart ("Bonnie Prince Charlie") has, for many people, obscured the really nobler figure of his younger brother, Henry Benedict, Cardinal York; the Stuart Prince who was ordained priest and made a Cardinal in his early twenties; and who, though he claimed, after his brother's death, the title, in his turn, of King of England, never asked that a blow should be struck or a life laid down for that claim.

No Stuart of them all believed more firmly in his hereditary right than Henry. His was no meek and colorless nature. In youth he was passionate and warlike; and even in his peaceable old age, intensely and inexorably proud. But he had higher ideals, to which at heart he was persistently true; and when his detractors contemptuously spoke of him as an "Italian priest who had never set foot on the land he claimed to rule," they were really paying tribute to the independent spirit which enabled him to take his own path and live his own life, in spite of an inherited bias to sacrifice everything to the vain hope of a Stuart restoration.

The future Cardinal-King, like his elder brother, was born in Rome. Shortly after the unsuccessful Jacobite rebellion of 1715, his father, Prince James Edward (who to the Jacobites was James the Third of England and the Eighth of Scotland), returning sadly into his European exile, had found himself no longer a welcome guest at the Court of France. The long

reign of Louis XIV., the generous host of James II., had at last come to an end; and the Duke of Orleans, who was acting as regent for the old King's great-grandson, though he continued to give shelter to the widowed Mary of Modena, was not willing to take the responsibility of that political storm-centre, her son.

After a sojourn in Spain, and at the Papal city of Avignon, James, with his new-made wife, Princess Clementina Sobieski, of Poland, turned towards what was to prove his last, and lasting, place of refuge—the kindly "Shadow of Peter." Pope Clement XI. was a firm friend to the Stuart cause, and, moreover, was less troubled by questions of diplomacy than the temporal sovereigns, his neighbors. We are told that James received in Rome all the honors of a reigning monarch, and that the Papal cuirassiers mounted daily guard at the doors of his residence, the Palazzo Muti,—an old, rather gloomy-looking mansion which still stands in the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, hard by a church dedicated to the Apostles, Saints Philip and James, from which the Piazza takes its name.

In the midst of the beautiful and cultured city, the little Jacobite Court was a somewhat melancholy spot. Kings in exile tend to be pathetic figures, and to surround themselves with figures more pathetic still,—with loyal followers, ruined and fugitive for their sakes.

James' marriage, too, had not been of the happiest. His wife, Princess Clementina, was considerably younger than her husband; and her fervid Polish temperament was chilled by his undemonstrative and reticent character, and by his continual preoccupation with political schemes.

There was great domestic rejoicing, however, at the end of the year 1720, at the birth of a little "Prince of Wales"; and the coming of a second

* Among many other authorities, I wish to acknowledge special indebtedness to A. Vitteleschi's "Court in Exile," H. M. Vaughan's "Last of the Royal Stuarts," Miss Alice Shield's "Henry Stuart, Cardinal of York, and His Times," and Andrew Lang's "King Over the Water."

son, a little more than four years later, was no less an occasion for delight and thanksgiving among all loyal Jacobites.

James himself presented the baby to the then Pope Benedict XIII., with the request that his Holiness "would make the Duke of York a Christian." And a Christian the little Duke of York was speedily made by the Pope's own hands, in the private Chapel of the Palazzo, where his brother also had been baptized, and where was a miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mercy, which in years to come was to look down on other sacred and happy events of Henry's life. The child, as his second name implies, was the Pope's godson. He grew up a handsome, sprightly boy, somewhat delicate, but sturdy and well-built.

One great sorrow—the death of their mother—came in Henry's tenth year; but Queen Clementina had long been in very ill health, and was nerve-worn by her sufferings. James, soured and depressed by his troubles, had not always, perhaps, been the most sympathetic of husbands; but now he mourned her sincerely, and roused himself to show a solicitous affection for her children.

Everybody admired the two handsome, well-bred boys. English visitors to Rome, stoutly Hanoverian as most of them were, could not restrain their enthusiasm for the courteous manners and graceful bearing of the "Pretend-ers" sons. Something of their charm in youth can be guessed from their portraits, in the National Gallery of London and elsewhere. In particular, few more delightful child-faces than Henry's ever looked out of a canvas. Prince Charles was fair; but his brother was dark, and was said strongly to resemble his gallant Polish ancestors. Eye-witnesses spoke of him, in early youth, as even more spirited than the sufficiently spirited Charles.

Both the brothers greatly loved music, and, in accordance with the

custom of cultured, high-born Rome, gave little concerts of their own, at which Charles played the violincello, and Henry sang Italian ballads. Equally skilled in dancing, they were familiar figures at the great masquerade balls of Carnival and other seasons, where they wore Old English costumes as fancy dress, and led the Old English country dances, which they had taught to the Roman ladies. They were fond, too, of outdoor sports, and hunted frequently on the Campagna, and on the hills around the city, where the Pope had given their father a country-villa not very far from his own. It is a pleasant record of what must have been a very happy youth.

The Rome of that time has been justly called the most cosmopolitan city of Europe. The very character of the Papal Court was hostile to a narrow nationalism. But the exiled Stuart Prince was pathetically eager to give his sons "an English education." In spite of his Italian mother and French upbringing, he was, in many ways, very English himself, with the reticence and self-control which have always been, rightly or wrongly, associated with the English character, and that strong love of country so often seen in the exile.

He always spoke English with his sons, and spoke often, too, of English matters,—of the inheritance of which he had been deprived, and the ambitious hopes which might yet be realized by those who were young and strong and full of courage. The boys responded eagerly to his exhortations. Henry, we are given to understand, was, if anything, the more eager of the two; so that people were fond of comparing him with his great ancestor, John Sobieski, the famous soldier-king of Poland.

There was a very strong affection between the brothers, but they were both hot-tempered; and Henry, as Charles reproachfully observes in a

letter to his father, was not fond of being contradicted. The reproach is significant. It is probable that Charles presumed a good deal on his right to contradict a younger brother. Besides, he was Henry's future king! Henry, in theory, fully agreed that Charles was the superior, to whom special deference was due; but in practice his own strong individuality often prevailed.

And here we may note that, though both the brothers had had the same religious training, and careful grounding in the Faith of their ancestors,* it had been already observed by an eye-witness that Charles was less *devoted* to his religion than Henry. The fact seems to be that the elder brother, his father's heir, soon came to regard the Catholic Faith as something which *stood between* the Stuarts and their inheritance; while, in the mind of the other, it was always *linked up inseparably* with that inheritance. The return of the Stuarts to England seems always to have meant for Henry the return of England to the Faith. It is doubtful whether he ever really envisaged the one without the other.

This was a difference in mental outlook which, as the years went on, was to make a great wedge of division between the brothers; and even in their early boyhood it must have been perceptible as a disturbing force. It is this difference, indeed, which explains much that would otherwise be inexplicable; for instance, how a Stuart prince, so full of the typical Stuart ambitions as Henry was, could have dealt those ambitions such a blow, and withdrawn himself so completely from them.

But Henry's pride and fraternal loyalty flamed high enough in the late summer of 1745, when, as a lad of twenty, he yearned to follow his brother in the ill-fated expedition to the

Highlands. "He can not endure," wrote James to the King of France, "to remain in Rome while his brother is in Scotland"; and Henry himself writes to Charles that he feels, without his dearest brother, "like a fish out of water." Accordingly, he left Rome and eagerly made his way to Paris.

At Versailles, Louis XV. received the young Duke kindly enough; and, brimming over with hope and ardor, Henry passed on to the command of the forces assembled on the coast, awaiting a favorable opportunity to set sail for Scotland. But the British Navy kept indefatigable watch on the French ports, and the French officers were lukewarm in a cause that was not their own. The adventure, so long expected, lacked and dragged. Henry had to bear the misery of inaction, and of anxiety for his brother, and to be still further depressed by the sense of his personal unpopularity with his companions in camp. The Duc de Richelieu openly sneered at him as "an Italian bigot" who wasted time at unprofitable prayers. "You may win the Kingdom of Heaven by hearing Mass, but not the Kingdom of Great Britain!" Nominally in command, the sensitive, inexperienced boy was really disregarded and despised. That long, weary, and, as it proved, useless, waiting in the midst of uncongenial company, must have been the beginning of disillusionment.

A portrait of Henry at this period shows him as a slender, boyish figure, clad in heavy-looking mail, a sword at his side, and his hands resting on a marshal's baton. The keen dark eyes seem alive and earnest in the rather expressionless face. It is probable that those eyes, young as their owner was, had already begun to see the shadowiness and unreality of "the worldly hope men set their hearts upon." At any rate, we know that Richelieu's taunts quite missed their mark, so far as weaning him from piety went. The

* James Edward was a sincere Catholic, though not demonstrative in religious matters; and Clementina's fervent piety is well known.

terrible news of the routing of the Prince's forces at Culloden was brought to the Prince's brother when he was on his knees in church.

There followed a period of dreadful uncertainty as to Charles' personal safety. Where was he? Did he even still live? *We* know that the fugitive, though with a great price set upon his head, was safeguarded by the love and loyalty of his ever-devoted Highlanders. But for six months, neither James nor Henry knew it; and the latter, leaving the Flemish coast at once, hastened back to Paris, to stir up his friends at Court to send boats to bring away the Prince and other fugitives. At length, in the autumn of 1746, the brothers met again, in a house at Clichy, near Paris, which the French King had assigned to the Duke as a temporary home.

In view of Richelieu's low opinion of Henry as a soldier (he obviously thought the young man's piety a mere cloak for cowardice and inability), it is perhaps worth while to note that, in the interval, when he had done what he could for the safety of the survivors of Culloden, Henry had gained the grudging leave of the French King to join the French campaign in Flanders; and that his conspicuous bravery at the Siege of Antwerp had been remarked by no less a person than the great Marshal Saxe.

This knight-errant adventure seems to have been the last flare of warlike ardor in the proud, eager boy. He returned from it with a stronger longing than ever for a different outlet for his energies. And, through all his transports of joy in the reunion with his "dearest brother," there are not wanting proofs of his growing conviction that no brother, however dear and honored, could either fill his life or be allowed entirely to manage it for him.

Soon Charles began to complain that Henry was not "open" with him, and

that he showed a lack of enthusiasm for the (to Charles) all-important project of another expedition to Great Britain. Charles, to do him justice, was terribly distressed by the thought of the brave Highlanders who had followed him into danger, and had not been able to follow him into safety. Yet it was Henry, who had not personally known them nor been the object of their adoring love, that showed the greater grief and horror at the news of their tragic fates, and who vehemently appealed to France to remonstrate with the Hanoverian Government for its cruelties.

A letter of his, earnestly commending a refugee Jacobite, the young Duke of Perth, to the protection of the King of France, is still to be seen in the British Museum. Yet it must have cost his pride something to ask any favor of France just then,—so unpopular had the Stuart cause become; so embarrassing and unwelcome was the very presence of the Stuart princes felt to be.

It was in the spring of 1747 that Henry suddenly left France and set out for Rome, with strange secrecy and speed. At first sight, it seems rather inconsiderate of him to have given his brother no warning of his intended journey, and to have left Charles to speculate gloomily on the chances of the Duke of York's having been kidnapped by Hanoverian spies. But Charles was not the kind of person to whom one could safely confide any project of which he would disapprove. Even so favorable a biographer as Mr. Andrew Lang speaks of his "crazy self-will and self-importance"; and Henry had had much painful experience during the last few months of that domineering temper which made Charles, throughout his life, regard other people as mere cards in his own game,—as pawns on a chess-board to be moved only by his own hand.

So the younger brother broke his

bonds in a swift, decisive fashion; and after Henry's arrival in Rome, James himself wrote to his elder son, explaining the situation in a letter full of affection and good sense, the words of which have come down to us: "I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio, when I tell you that your brother will be made a Cardinal the first days of next month. Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and as we foresaw you might probably not approve of it, we thought it might be showing you more regard . . . that the thing should be done before your answer could come here."

The old King goes on to entreat Charles to take a reasonable view of the matter. He says that he himself is fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of Henry's vocation, and that he should, if he attempted to put obstacles in its way, feel that he was fighting against the will of God. Henry, he thinks, has concealed his wishes thus long on Charles' account: he has been anxious to give all possible help to Charles in the late troubles. But now, even from a worldly point of view, it may be better that he should delay no longer. There is a gentle hint that Charles' own behavior had not encouraged Henry to stay with him, or to depend on his generosity. "But let us look forward, not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here."

The indignation of Charles on receiving the news would have been ludicrous if it had not been so lamentable. He positively raved with rage over the "matchless treachery" of his younger brother,—over what he considered to be a betrayal of the Stuart cause. It was not only that Henry, whose early

and suitable marriage had been regarded by Charles as part and parcel of his duty to the succession, was now irrevocably vowed to celibacy: it was that he, a Stuart Prince, had openly shown his devotion to that unpopular Faith which Charles himself was now ready to hold no more firmly than might seem prudent.

The Protestant Jacobites of England and Scotland were a large and influential party; and, though Charles was probably wrong in believing that the sincerer spirits among them were likely to respect their Prince any more for playing fast and loose with his own religion, he certainly did believe it, and was naturally furious at what he (like Richelieu) called Henry's bigotry,—childishly furious, too! He refused, we are told, to allow the Duke's name to be included in the toasts drunk at his table, or even to be mentioned in his hearing; and to the affectionate note which Henry had enclosed in that fateful letter of his father's, and which told his brother of his own "unaltered love," he returned not a word in answer.

Half a lifetime was to pass before the brothers met again. Their opinions and habits were to differ still further; and, though Henry undoubtedly grieved over the alienation, and kept his old tenderness for Charles deep in his heart, his own interests now took up much of his thoughts. He had begun in earnest to live his own life. The gossips of Roman society, who had professed to believe that the Duke would be content with the revenues of a cardinalate and would not take upon him the vows of the priesthood, were doomed to disappointment. Henry was ordained priest on September 1, 1748; and a few days later said his first Mass in the Palazzo chapel, where two months before he had received the tonsure at the Pope's own hands.

James had been right when he de-

scribed Henry's vocation as sincere and solid. We look to him in vain, of course, for the enthusiasm of a mystic or ascetic. He was not of those who passionately seek self-abasement as necessary to their union with God. On the contrary, he sometimes gave offence to his fellow-cardinals by his insistence on precedence, and other details of etiquette which he thought due to his royal rank; and he displayed his ducal coronet upon his coat of arms, and the royal ermine on his cardinal's cappa. But, although he never forgot that he was the son of a King, he never forgot either that there were other things better worth remembrance; and duties which high rank itself should make a man more scrupulous in fulfilling.

Proud prince and prelate though he was in all outward show, he was at heart a faithful and conscientious priest, gracious and kindly to the poorer members of his flock, and abundantly charitable to their needs. In the Church of Santa Maria in Campitelli, assigned to him at his diaconate, he took a real pastoral interest. Here, with his own hands, he baptized a Jew who had been converted from Protestantism, and married him afterwards to an English wife. Here, too, we are told, he worked hard and eagerly to improve the sacred music, rehearsing with the choir, and practising Masses with his choir master, who at one time was none other than that Baldassare Galuppi, best known to some of us by the poem, "A Toccata of Galuppi's," which Browning wrote round him.

It is rather melancholy to learn that James, good man and courteous gentleman though he was, objected to Henry's familiar friendship with such social "inferiors" as Galuppi. The old King did not seem to sympathize at all, in his later years, with those musical and artistic tastes which, in the early education of his two sons, he had done so much to encourage.

One mark of his interest in his son's diaconate church remains, however, to this day, in the shape of the Mass for the Conversion of England, which is still said there every Saturday at nine o'clock. James himself instituted it, and endowed Santa Maria with money for its perpetual maintenance. We can imagine with what special devotion the Cardinal Duke would offer this Mass, which was, indeed, a practical expression and symbol of *his* only real hope of a Stuart restoration. In politics, we are told, he no longer took any interest. It would have been, just then, a painful interest at best.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Days of Youth.

BY ELLEN BECK.

'TIS, oh, to go back to the days of youth,
And a morning gay in spring;
To trust in honor and love and truth,
And the earth's bright blossoming;
To the sails wide spread on the sunlit sea,
And the song the wild birds sang;
To the new-robed trees and the daisied leas,
And the dreams we dreamt when young.

'Tis, oh, to go back to the days of youth,
And the hills we meant to climb,
And the open speech and the ways uncouth,
When we were the heirs of time;
To the sympathy with the wide world's needs,
To the strife with wrong and sin;
To achievements high, to the gallant deeds,
And the heart we hoped to win.

'Tis, oh, to go back to the springtide glad,
And the blue, unclouded skies;
To the gallant hopes of lass and lad,
Ere we worldly grew and wise;
To the scorn of wealth and the world's
applause,
To the joyous burgeoning;
To the generous thought for each losing
cause,—
To the days of youth and spring.

The Remaking of Mr. Arnold.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

"WHAT in the name of Sam Hill are you muttering about? You are paid for your services, are you not?"

The words came like a shot. The young man who was helping the speaker, an infirm old gentleman, into the automobile looked the surprise he felt. Mr. Arnold had never before so addressed him.

"I beg pardon!" he said, but he did not mean it. As he took his place beside the chauffeur, he decided that he would quit. No man should talk to him like that!

In the seat behind, anger rankled in the rich man's breast. He was paying heavily for service, and was getting nothing in return. The servants were neglectful; this young man, who had come well recommended from his physician, was assuming the attitude of bestowing a favor in attending him; his children contented themselves with telephone calls. If only his wife had lived! She would not have turned from him when his health began to fail. The old sorrow for her, burdened with pity for himself, caught him. Still he was thankful that it was he, and not she, who must meet the changing conditions that age and sickness bring.

Once in his office, however, he was not the man depending upon paid assistants. His faithful clerk came with checks to be signed. Among them was one made out to the Little Sisters of the Poor. His wife had always solicited this donation from him; after her death he had continued it.

"Silas, I am trying to recall why my wife befriended these Catholic Sisters; can you assist my memory?" he said to the clerk.

"They took in a poor old woman in whom Mrs. Arnold was interested, sir."

"I recall the circumstance now. They conduct a home for the aged. I wonder what sort of service the poor wretches get?"

"I've heard, sir, that the Sisters treat them very well."

"I wonder could that be possible, Silas? If so, it were better to be a poor old man than a rich one."

The clerk looked at his employer with pity. Mr. Arnold was unhappy again. Evidently the new attendant was proving no better than the last one.

"Silas," said Mr. Arnold, suddenly, "I will carry the check to the Sisters this time, and I wish you to come along."

The Home for the Aged was in a part of the city to which Mr. Arnold was a stranger; but as his car turned in at the gate, and he saw the well-kept grounds, gay with flowers, he realized that beauty is not wholly a matter of situation. The clerk helped him out carefully; and as he glanced back, after mounting the steps leading to the portico, he saw the river sparkling in the sunlight.

"A rather nice view, Silas!" he commented, as a Sister opened the door.

She was old; but Mr. Arnold noted that the lines on her face were written by time, not by care and worry. She conducted them to a little parlor, and left them to call the superior. She, too, was past middle life; but her step was youthful, her face fair, and her voice had fine timbre. Altogether, she impressed him as an agreeable person. She spoke with a sweet sympathy of his wife, recalled many acts of goodness from her to the old people; and the man listened with love throbbing in his heart. How like her, he thought, to single out the saddest of earth's sad ones for her charity!

"Should you like to go through the house?" asked the nun.

"Very much, Madam," he replied; and he was surprised to find how

easily he could rise from his chair.

She took him first to the chapel.

"I know you are not a Catholic," she said; "but Mrs. Arnold loved our chapel. She paid for the frescoing and bought those adoring angels on the altar."

The chapel well accounted for the appeal it had made to his spiritual-minded wife; but of more interest to him than the adoring angels were the old men and women he found there absorbed in prayer. They looked as if they might be contented, even happy. In the men's infirmary he saw a young Sister feeding a patient, and James Arnold stood still. Why, his own daughters could not have shown more love and filial devotion! In another room was a group of old women, waited on by a young Irish Sister, who radiated joy.

"They are getting their morning lunch," explained the superior. "It is too long a fast from breakfast till dinner."

A piazza ran around the rear of the convent.

"Our old people enjoy sitting out here, when the weather permits," she said.

In the yard he found a group of men sitting under a grape arbor, smoking. One was talking, and the expression on the faces of his listeners showed they were enjoying the recital.

"Jerry has been all over the world, I think," said the nun; "and his adventures are a never-ending source of entertainment for the men."

Mr. Arnold obtained a good view of Jerry's face, and fell under the Irishman's spell.

"I should like to meet Jerry," he said.

At the nun's bidding, Jerry advanced to where she and her company stood. His eyes were deeply blue, with laughter filling them. He was straight and sturdy, and a shock of white hair

framed a face that wore the ruddy glow of health. Silas knew his employer's ways, and engaged the superior in conversation, drawing her back a few paces.

"May I ask how old you are?" inquired Mr. Arnold.

"Certainly," replied Jerry. "Sixty-seven last St. John's Day."

"My own age," commented Mr. Arnold. "I take it that you have worked hard, and yet you are in good health and spirits."

"Worked hard and played hard, Mr. Arnold; made money and spent it; and here I am at last, 'home from the hill,' as Stevenson says. I met Stevenson once, talked with him, and know his books by heart."

Arnold, being well-bred, kept his astonishment to himself.

"And may I ask, do you like it here?"

"No man, sir, likes to find himself an object of charity in his old age. But I led a reckless life, as careless of my soul as if I were an animal without one. I never married; for my sister was left a widow with four children, and my money, when I had any to give, went to her. I suppose I had the idea that when I was at the trail's end, I'd find a home with her. I was laid up with a bad spell of mountain fever out in Colorado, and there was just money enough left to bring me to this city, where she lived. I found her here in this Home, Mr. Arnold. Two of her children were dead; the other two married, and, though doing fairly well, had no place for the old mother. She is a bitter woman, sir. Not even these angel Sisters can soften her. They took me in, too. I believe I make myself useful. I take care of the grounds and help work in the garden. God's good to me, sir. It is not everyone that gets my chance, after having squandered his life."

"But you seem contented, happy?" said Mr. Arnold.

"I try to be, sir. To make the best of things is a sort of religion with me. Anyhow, I owe it to the Sisters, who have made themselves the servants of the old poor,—daughters to parents whose own children have cast them off."

"Can you understand it, Silas?" asked Mr. Arnold, as they were being carried back to the office.

"I think I can, sir,—in a way at least. There is a joy in service, sir, when it is given through love. The Sisters love God and serve Him in the poor." I gathered all this from some things the Sister said while you were talking with the old man."

"Silas, how long have you been with me?" suddenly asked Mr. Arnold.

"Thirty years, sir."

"Add a dollar additional for every year to your salary, beginning with this week."

"Why, Mr. Arnold—why, sir—" stumbled the old clerk.

"You gave me good and faithful service all these years, Silas," said Mr. Arnold. "You had many obligations. I am sure you have not been able to save much. And, Silas, children sometimes are forgetful, ungrateful."

For several days Mr. Arnold was so lost in thought that he forgot to be fault-finding. Then one morning he said to his old clerk: "Silas, I am going away for a few weeks."

"I am glad of that, sir. The change will do you good."

"I am going to those Little Sisters of the Poor."

"Why, Mr. Arnold—why, sir—" Old Silas could go no further.

"You only are to know of my whereabouts, and you are to tell no one. I want to find out if it is possible to get service from the stranger. Also I want to see if it is possible to be happy and contented, like that man Jerry."

"But, Mr. Arnold, you can not get in. The Sister assured me that they accept none except the poor and the old."

"I am old, Silas; and, though I have money, there is not one in that Home more poor. You will get me in, Silas. You will ask that Sister to make room for a poor old friend of yours, one in whom Mr. Arnold is interested."

Not without some misgivings, Silas fell in with his employer's plan. The family was informed that he was going to his hunting lodge in the mountains. Instead, his beard shorn, his hair long and unkempt, his clothes poor and ill-fitting, he presented himself at the Home of the Aged. With a loving-kindness which at first made him suspicious of Silas' pledge of secrecy, he was received by the superior and introduced to the other men.

After the novelty of the adventure had worn off, his accustomed irritability returned; but instead of the sullenness it would meet with from his servants and attendant, there was some gentle or playful word to help him to forget his bad mood.

"Sure, I can imagine how ye feel, poor man!" exclaimed the Irish Sister one day. "When I'm as ould as ye, I'm afraid there'll be no standing me at all. It's the blessing of God on the community if He takes me before I'm sixty."

"You'll be an angel till your dying hour, Sister," said Jerry, who was standing by.

"I am heartily ashamed of myself, Sister," confessed Mr. Arnold, with a new humility. When she had gone on her smiling way, he continued to Jerry: "I have been here nearly a month, and I am as grouchy as when I came in."

"But you wouldn't have said you were ashamed when you came in," suggested Jerry, giving him a swift look. "And the grouchy habit was growing on you a good many years, Jim. It's only at the general judgment we'll be changed in the twinkling of an eye." And his big laugh rolled out, filling the yard.

"The training for old age ought to begin the day we are born, I am thinking, Jerry."

"A happy life you'd order for people, with the thought of old age hanging before them!" retorted Jerry. "I'd say now, train them to laugh. Look about you, and see who are the happiest here. The ones who, like myself, jollied Fortune out of her bad humor; and, if she wouldn't be jollied, made off to new scenes."

"One may be able to do that when Fortune is only in a bad humor; but when she is wicked, when she rises up to destroy you—" he stopped, and Jerry pulled on his pipe.

"I once knew a man she did that to," he then said. "A young, light-hearted fellow he was, digging for gold out in Colorado. He wanted to make his fortune in a hurry, for there was a girl back in Denver who was going to marry him; then they intended to stake a claim in Montana, stock it with cattle—oh, he dreamed big dreams—as he dug for gold! When he had enough, he went back for his girl. But her father had sold her to another man,—strange things happened in the West in those days! The young fellow found her dying. Her last breath was a prayer to him not to kill the men who had destroyed her and him. He went to the coast and became a sailor. I saw him long afterward—and he still laughed!"

Arnold's keen eyes were on the speaker. "I should like to know that man intimately," he said.

Jerry tried to keep his eyes on the morning-glories that were blooming on the garden fence; but gradually they were drawn to meet the eyes of the man by his side. Then two hands were extended and clasped in silence.

"Jerry," said Mr. Arnold, "will you come home with me?"

"I'd like to, *Mr. Arnold*; but I am useful to the Sisters—"

Then a laugh, full and clear, interrupted him. It stopped suddenly. When, Arnold asked himself, had *he* laughed like that? He laughed again, and Jerry joined him.

"Jerry is a wonder!" commented the Irish Sister mentally, pausing on her way down the veranda. "He's even got that long-faced ould man laughing at last. God bless them both! Sure if it wasn't for laughter, the Irish would have been crushed long ago."

"I knew you from the first," Jerry was saying. "I may forget a face and a name, but a voice never. I thought you had lost all your money, and that was why you had come here to the Sisters."

"It was the best thing I ever did, Jerry, to come here. I have learned, among other things, that the fault was chiefly my own, if I did not get service in my house, if my children were not loving and filial. If I had a happy home once, it was due entirely to my wife. I see I have got to remake myself, and I need you, Jerry, to help me."

"But the Sisters?" said the loyal Jerry.

"I will make it up to the Sisters," he promised.

"Then, there's my own sister. It is a comfort for me to be here with her. She can talk about her undutiful children and bewail her misfortune, you know." And the blue eyes twinkled.

"We will take her along, if you say so. She seems to be a capable person. I am sure she could run the house and manage the servants."

"Isn't it wonderful the change that has come over father?" Mr. Arnold's eldest daughter observed to her sister, a few weeks later. "He seems to derive no end of pleasure from the company of that old hunter, Jerry; and his new housekeeper is a perfect treasure. It is like home again."

"I can't keep the children away from

here," rejoined her sister. "But, candidly, I think it is as much Jerry as their grandfather they come to see."

"It is such a comfort to have father kind and affectionate again! If ever I find myself getting old and crotchety, I am also going to father's hunting-lodge in the mountains."

"Some day we'll enlighten them, Jerry," whispered Mr. Arnold, who, with his new friend, was setting out bulbs on the other side of the hedge.

The Bread of Mystery.*

ABBA DANIEL PARNAYA, the disciple of Abba Arsenius, used to tell about a man of Scete, and say that he was a man of great labors but simple in the faith; and in his ignorance he considered and declared that the bread which we receive is not in very truth the Body of Christ, but a similitude of His Body. And two of the Fathers heard this word which he spake; but because they knew of his sublime works and labors, they imagined that he had spoken it in his innocence and simple-mindedness; and they came to him and said unto him: "Father, we have heard a thing from a man which we do not believe; for he saith that this bread which we receive is not in very truth the Body of Christ, but a mere similitude." And he said unto them, "It is I who have said this thing." And they entreated him, saying: "Thou must not say thus, Father, but according to what the Holy Catholic Church hath handed down to us, even so do we be-

lieve; that is to say, this bread is the Body of Christ in very truth, and is not a mere similitude. As, in truth, God straightway took dust from the earth, and fashioned man in His image [and no man is able to say that he is not the image of God], so also was it the case of the bread of which He said, 'This is My Body'; for it is not to be regarded as a merely commemorative thing, and we believe that it is indeed the Body of Christ." And the old man said: "Unless I be convinced by the thing itself I will not hearken [to this]." Then the Fathers said unto him: "Let us pray to God for the whole week on this mystery, and we believe that He will reveal [it] unto us." And the old man agreed to this with great joy, and each one went to his cell.

Then the old man prayed unto God, saying: "O Lord, Thou knowest that it is not from wickedness that I do not believe; but in order that I may not go astray through ignorance, reveal Thou therefore unto me, O Lord Jesus Christ, this mystery." And the two other old men prayed unto God and said thus: "O Lord Jesus Christ, make Thou this old man to have knowledge concerning this mystery, and we believe that he will not destroy his labors."

And God heard the entreaty of the two Fathers; and when the week was ended they came to the church, and the three of them sat down by themselves on one seat, and the old man was between the other two; and the eyes of their understandings were opened, and when the time of the mysteries had arrived, and the bread was laid upon the holy table, there appeared to the three of them as it were a child on the table. And when the priest stretched out his hand to break the bread, behold, the angel of the Lord came down from heaven with a knife in his hand, and he slew the child and pressed out his blood into the cup. And when the priest broke off from the bread small mem-

* From "The Paradise or Garden of the Fathers, being Histories of the Anchorites, Recluses, Monks, Cenobites, and Ascetic Fathers of the Deserts of Egypt between A. D. CCL. and A. D. CCCC. circiter. Compiled by Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria; Palladius, Bishop of Helenopolis; Saint Jerome and Others." Translated out of the Syriac by Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M. A., Litt. D., D. Lit., Keeper of the Assyrian and Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum.

Notes and Remarks.

In a solemn, though stirring, appeal to all Christians of the United States to do their utmost to bring about disarmament, issued by the Society of Friends, we find this striking statement: "Since the Armistice, our Government has spent, largely for war costs, almost \$1000 for every family in the United States. More than \$4,000,000,000 have been appropriated for this year. Of this amount 68 per cent pays the expenses of past wars, 20 per cent prepares for future wars, and 12 per cent for constructive work." "There is no more inconceivable folly," Mr. Herbert Hoover is quoted as saying, "than this continued riot of expenditures on battleships at a time when great masses of humanity are dying of starvation." Commenting on this declaration, the appeal continues: "The war is over. During that period of darkness men saw their duty in many different ways. But now the duty of all is clear. From the travail of the war there has come to millions a loathing of the brutality and the futility of the whole war system; yet we go on perpetuating it. Another war seems inevitable, unless men of good will the world over take steps to prevent it. Has not the time fully come for Christians everywhere to unite on the platform that Peace is not a loose garment for them to put off or on as governmental policies and complications dictate, but that it is a vital, essential teaching of Jesus Christ, to be lived out by His followers in all their human relations? To acquiesce in an international policy based on competitive armaments is to deny the Master whom we claim to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Our Quaker friends want President Harding and his Cabinet to call without delay an international conference for the limitation of armaments. In his

first Message to Congress, the President has already expressed the entire willingness of our Government "to co-operate with other nations to approximate disarmament"; but, he was careful to add, "merest prudence forbids that we disarm alone."

A number of national pilgrimages to Lourdes are announced by Mgr. Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes. The first of these pilgrimages—that of the French-speaking Swiss—is to take place in May; and during the first week in June the English national pilgrimage will set out from London, under the direction of the Bishop of Brentwood. Belgium is to have two national pilgrimages,—one in April and the other in September. The French national pilgrimage will take place in August, as usual, and promises to be the most important of the year. Some fourteen trains have already been requisitioned to carry the vast concourse of the sick and the other pilgrims to the shrine. An immense Irish national pilgrimage, the date of which is not yet determined, will set out for Lourdes, under the leadership, it is hoped, of the venerable Cardinal Logue. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg will have its pilgrimage in September, and a national pilgrimage from Spain is scheduled for the same month. The Flemings of Belgium are to make a separate pilgrimage sometime during August.

A correspondent of a London paper declares that a familiar figure at political meetings in England is the heckler, who frequently wants to know what Gladstone said in such and such a year. The "Grand Old Man," as he was habitually called in the latter half of the nineteenth century, said many things—some of them about Ireland—which it is the misfortune of his fellow-countrymen to have disregarded; and not the least notable of his utterances

had to do with the question of divorce. In conversation with Sir Edward Russell one day Gladstone declared: "I have long ago thought that the battle of Christianity will have to be fought around the sacredness of marriage." And he solemnly added, not a prophecy but a truism, "Only Christianity can save society."

The divorce evil has grown, on both sides of the Atlantic, to enormous dimensions since Gladstone's time; and society stands in greater need of Christianity—not the humanitarianism with which much pseudo-Christianity has become identified—than when he foresaw the dangers threatening civilization. The one promising feature about present-day thought—among those who think at all—is the tendency to pay more heed to utterances from the Vatican, where the Vicar of Christ on earth sees, as from a mountain-top, the aggregate of existing evils, and with authoritative voice calls on all Christians to oppose them.

The unfortunate intolerance of opinion in this land of liberty, a matter which we have often deplored, displays few signs of contrite betterment. Recently the German-American farmers of South Dakota contributed six hundred and fifty cows for the relief of the suffering children of Central Europe. These cattle were driven together and made ready for shipment, when suddenly a group of ruffians appeared, armed and masked, to disperse the animals. Despite the alleged connivance of officers, the farmers managed to re-assemble the herd, and finally to ship the cows. What manner of men are these, one is tempted to ask, who, in a country blessed with the generous memory of leaders like Lincoln and Lee, try to prevent by actual force the doling out of alms?

A recent letter to a prominent Knight of Columbus from General Lyantey has

called forth the most venomous denunciations of the Order from various sources. Is it forbidden to receive a letter from a man of undoubted integrity because he is French? This country must dissolve into a wriggling skein of factions unless we can learn, somehow, the elemental principles of social tolerance. It is the duty of those who believe in society to impute to their opponents at least a modicum of honesty and intelligence. To do otherwise is indisputably to prepare for the downfall of democracy.

The majority of our readers probably do not need to be told that, in his comments on the report of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, the British Ambassador at Washington spoke for official England only, and not for the England of the middle class, the England of labor, or even the England of journalism. As a matter of fact, we have read in Catholic and non-Catholic papers published in England just as pronounced condemnation of atrocities in Ireland as is contained in the American Commission's report. Here is an extract from the *Manchester Guardian's* editorial article on the subject:

A few men like Sir Hamar Greenwood have landed us in the dock, without a defence, before the conscience of mankind; and the nation that in the autumn of 1914 was alive with one of the few generous national passions of modern history has been dragged by a few vicious blunderers down to the level of the old Turkey and the old Prussia. There is nothing for it. To dispute a few details, to point out a few excesses in this detestable American report, would only advertise its crushing remainder of truth. Our Government has put us in the stocks, as it were; in the marketplace of the world; and when passing strangers throw at us the dead cats and bad eggs which, on the whole, our rulers have earned us, it is hardly worth the trouble to plead that some of the cats are unfairly heavy and some of the eggs unjustly stale. We may as well keep our tempers, and take our pelting with any dignity that is left us; and not let our own mischief-makers make bad worse by

picking a quarrel with the outside world for despising us when we let contemptible things be done in our name.

Supposing the conditions reversed, that an English Commission reported in equally condemnatory terms on some condition in the United States, how many of our most reputable papers would imitate the candor of the *Guardian's* avowal?

All doubts as to President Harding's determination to fulfil the pledges made in speeches before his election and in his inaugural address have been dispelled by his Message to Congress. In every respect it is all that—even more than—was hoped for: a refreshingly vigorous exposition of American principles; a clear, full, emphatic statement of policies henceforth to be followed by the Government of the United States. Delivered in plain, well-weighed words, it gives our people a thorough understanding of the position the nation is in future to occupy in the world; and it will leave no doubt in the minds of other people regarding our attitude towards them. Of highest importance and most general interest are President Harding's declarations that "in the existing League of Nations—world governing, with its super powers—this Republic will have no part"; that American rights must be well established and American interests well safeguarded under the Treaty of Versailles, qualified by explicit reservations and necessary modifications; that peace with Central Europe must be established without further delay.

Two paragraphs of President Harding's address demand quotation in full. The first is a communication to the world; the second, a message to the American people in particular:

In rejecting the League covenant, and uttering that rejection to our own people and to the world, we make no surrender of our hope and aim for an association to promote peace, in which we would most heartily join.

We wish it to be conceived in peace and dedicated to peace, and will relinquish no effort to bring the nations of the world into such fellowship, not in the surrender of national sovereignty, but rejoicing in a nobler exercise of it, in the advancement of human activities, amid the compensations of peaceful achievements.

With the supergoverning League definitely rejected and with the world so informed, and with the status of peace proclaimed at home, we may proceed to negotiate the covenanted relationships so essential to the recognition of all the rights everywhere of our own nation, and play our full part in joining the peoples of the world in the pursuits of peace once more.

The American people have a chief executive in whom they may repose confidence. The Ship of State is again afloat in safe waters.

Something interesting on the subject of Prohibition may be expected from Mr. G. K. Chesterton when he arrives home in England. On taking leave of a swarm of reporters in New York, after praising, as all foreigners do, our good-heartedness and hospitality, and declaring that his supply of paradoxes had run short, he stated that he had discovered no out-and-out advocates of Prohibition among his American hosts. Something was, always forthcoming and in plenty wherever he went. Indeed, he didn't mind saying that he found Prohibition "somewhat of a sham." And nobody that we know of is quicker in detecting shams than the same Mr. Chesterton.

In the discussion of results in our Foreign Mission fields there have been of late years not infrequent references to the apparent meagreness of the spiritual harvest in Japan as compared with other missionary districts in the Far East. This meagreness is all the more notable because of the antiquity of our missions among the Japanese. A lucid and an authoritative statement about the matter is given in *Our*

Missions, by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Reiners, S. V. D., Prefect Apostolic of the Niigata Mission Province in Japan. At the outset he declares that the Japanese missions are at present sterile only in a relative sense,—sterile as compared with the fruitfulness that characterized them in an earlier day. He utterly refuses to countenance the suggestion that Japan is in a present condition of actual non-responsiveness to the appeals of our holy religion. The reasons which account for the comparative backwardness of the missions he declares to be these:

(1) The aversion of the Government itself to Christianity. The irreligious Government school-system in no way favors Christianity. Indeed, the school combats Christianity indirectly. Shintoism is patronized in the school. (2) The tremendous growth and the exaltation of the national consciousness. (3) The important expansion of the material welfare of the Japanese, together with the flourishing of their industries: factors that are absorbing the national attention. (4) The introduction of irreligious European and American science, whereby a strong anti-Christian tendency has been extensively spread. The Protestant falsification of historical truth is likewise exerting a harmful influence. . . . (5) The present activities of the Protestant mission. Many Protestant missionaries are still active in the spread of ideas not particularly beneficial to Japanese society, and are, consequently, provocative of the suspicion of the Government against Christianity, as such. . . .

The people of this country have been hearing not a little, of late months, about the campaign of Henry Ford's paper, the *Dearborn Independent*, against the Jews. In view of the great publicity given to the matter, many Catholics have probably been thinking what the editor of the *Guardian*, of Little Rock, thus expresses:

It has been told in the daily press that the weekly of Mr. Ford has been forbidden sale in St. Louis and some other cities. It has also been recorded that public libraries have banned the weekly because of its articles against the Jews. The writer visited Detroit

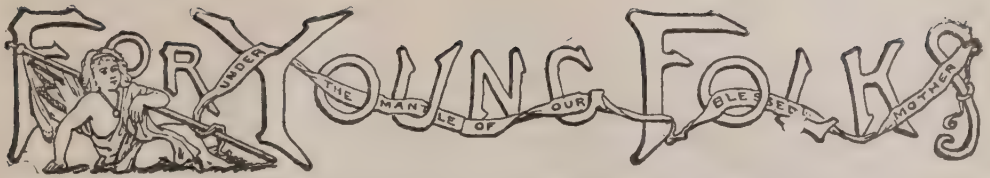
some years ago, and he was invited to purchase the *Menace* by a newsboy who peddled that scurrilous publication on the public square. The point, then, is that Catholics can be insulted and maligned without any relief, while the few Jews in the country can have periodicals banned and publications refused admittance to public libraries when articles reflect upon the race. Is it not pretty near time, in the face of the evidence, that we Catholics come to the conclusion that for some reason or other we amount to mighty little in this great nation?

In the meantime a Bill has just been introduced in the State Legislature of Michigan, creating and defining a new crime,—that of general libel. As defined, "General libel shall consist in the circulation of malicious defamations, whether by printing, signs, or pictures, tending to impeach the honesty, integrity, virtue, reputation, character or patriotism of any religious sect, thereby exposing them to public hatred, contempt, ridicule, prejudice or disfavor." Under such a law as this even the unspeakable *Menace* could be forced to cease its calumnies against the Church—or be punished for failing to do so. One is naturally inclined to favor the Bill's passage.

Others besides psychologists should be interested in the following special dispatch from Kansas City, on the 8th inst., to the *New York Herald*:

The musical qualities in men's voices was the important factor in the selection of a jury in the Wyandotte County District Court to-day. Samuel von Deman, 63, blind musical instructor, was plaintiff. As the jury was challenged, the blind professor listened to each reply. The ears trained by years of music caught every inflection of the voices, every pause and every answer. "That man has no musical softness in his voice," he said. "It is harsh. He is unsympathetic. He will not do." Another man answered the question in a soft, well-modulated voice. "He is kind. His voice shows it. He will be just. Use him," said the blind man.

The decisions of the musician, it is stated, were adhered to by the Court in each instance.



At Nighttime.

BY HERBERT HAMILTON.

WHEN nighttime comes and I must go
Up the long stairs to bed,
I fear the big black shadows there,
And cover up my head;
But these are only little scares
If I have said my morning prayers.
And when I am undressed at last,
And tucked in for the night,
And mother comes and kisses me
And turns out every light,
Not one thing in the darkness dares
To touch me if I've said my prayers.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVII.—THE BROKEN HOLD.

IN the meantime, having seen his late protégée safely out of his uncle's clutch, Bryce had thought it wise to divert suspicion from himself if possible, and escape the storm that would burst forth at the discovery of Fifi's disappearance. So, following her cautiously through the open cellar window, he paused in the garage to remove the cobwebs and dust of his late adventure, and started off for pleasanter and safer ways.

"Halloo!" called a cheery voice as he made a hasty turn of the nearest corner. "What's the hurry, Bryce?" and Tom Devlin clapped him heartily on the shoulder. "Where have you been keeping yourself? I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays."

"We don't travel the same way on Sundays, I guess," grinned Bryce.

"No, we don't, more's the pity for you," nodded Tom. "But I've been

looking after that pretty little French cousin of yours, as you asked me—"

"She is not a cousin of mine," interrupted Bryce.

"Well, the little girl at your house that comes to our church and that we take in our pew. Mother is just dead gone on her. Been talking about her all day."

"What about her?" asked Bryce, curiously.

"Oh, just her dear little looks and ways! She was kneeling in front of mother at Mass this morning, praying like an angel."

"At Mass—you mean church—this morning? She, Fifi, was at church, you say, this morning? Why, this is not Sunday!" blurted out Bryce, staring at his friend.

"No," answered Tom. "But we Catholics don't feel obliged to wait for Sunday. We have Mass every day,—two or three Masses sometimes, especially on the First Friday, when we all try to be on hand if we can. And your little Josephine Marie was there this morning with the rest."

"There with the rest," echoed Bryce,—“at church, just as she said! Your mother saw her! Gee-whil-a-kins!” and words failed the speaker's dismay.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Tom.

"Everything!" blurted out Bryce. "I've put my foot in it again. I've let that poor little kid out, and where she has skipped off the Lord only knows."

And then, in answer to Tom's questioning, the whole story came out,—the story that made Tom's honest Irish eyes blaze.

"George! but you are all a set of fools,—mean, heartless fools!" he cried hotly. "Why, anybody with half sense

would know that dear little thing couldn't lie or steal if she tried."

"That's what I thought, what I said; but no one would listen to me," declared Bryce. "You see, she strayed off somehow down to Casey's Corner—"

"Lost her way," interrupted Tom. "Casey's Corner isn't far from the church. Father Martin has been after it for years."

"And the policeman found her there," continued Bryce, "with the necklace in her pocket."

"What necklace? Whose necklace?" asked Tom, who knew very little about such "gimcracks." "Not that pink and gold thing your sister had on last night?"

"My sister had on last night!" repeated Bryce in blank amazement.

"Yes, at the Donlons' dance."

"At the Donlons' dance?" Bryce could only echo his friend's words. "My sister wore a pink and gold necklace at the Donlons' dance? You saw her?"

"Why, yes! I don't go in much for jiggling and junketing, as you know; but I'm coaching Dave Donlon in algebra this year. Of course he is too young for that push last night; but we both stopped at the door, as we went upstairs, to look in at the fun. And he pointed out your sister (I've never met her, you know),—a peach of a girl, all in white, with a pink and gold necklace,—coral, Dave called it."

"Elise," broke in Bryce,—“Elise had on that necklace last night! And she never said—she never told! Tom, I'm going home,—I'm going straight back home and have it out with her, with uncle, with everybody. He can blow me to thunder, but I don't care. We've got to find that poor little kid we have frightened off with our fool talk, and bring her back home."

"Home!" muttered Tom to himself grimly, as he watched Bryce hurry away. "A nice kind of a home for a poor friendless little kid! Home! Gee!"

And, with the indignant flash still in his Irish eyes, Tom hurried away to report Fifine's case to mother.

"The Lord have mercy on us!" cried that good woman, nearly dropping her busy flatiron in dismay. "What sort of a story is it ye're telling me, Tom? The Kings have driven that darling angel out of house and home! And where has she gone, the poor innocent? Where could she go,—she that doesn't know turn or corner of this wicked town?"

"Where indeed?" repeated Tom. "You've got me, mother. Bryce King has gone to look her up; but after the scare they gave the poor kid at that house, she'll skip from it far and fast."

"Calling her a liar! Locking her up for a thief, when she was at the Holy Mass under my very eyes!" Mrs. Devlin was fairly sobbing now. "It's up to us to look after her, Tom,—a snow-white lamb like that set down amid black wolves of heretics. I ought to have brought her home this morning as the Lord put it into my head to do. I ought to have brought her home, and this would never have happened. Nellie, Susan, bring me down my bonnet. I'm off this minute to find that darling, if she is above ground."

"Mother!" cried Tom, as the good woman began to remove her apron and smooth the ruffled waves of her pretty hair. "Where will you go, mother?"

"I don't know." The excited speaker was turning down her sleeves. "Wherever the Lord will lead,—first of all, to Father Martin at Saint Cyprian's. Maybe some good angel sent the poor frightened innocent there. At any rate, the holy man can tell me what to do."

And, hurriedly adjusting the bonnet which ten-year-old Nellie had brought down to her, the good woman was off in a flutter of mother love and fear.

Father Martin listened to her kindly.

"A little child,—a little French girl who had been at Mass this morning?" Yes, he remembered her; and then, as

the whole pitiful story came out, his face grew grave with indignant concern. "And this innocent child has been frightened off, God knows where! I must look into this right away. I will telephone to the different police stations and bid them watch out for her."

But the telephoning was in vain: no one had heard or seen anything of little Josephine Marie. The kind Devlins could only conclude hopefully that Bryce had found the little wanderer and brought her home.

But to Bryce himself there came no such comfort. He felt that little Fifine, fluttering off wildly in bewildered freedom, would never turn back into the terrors from which she had escaped. For an hour or more he tramped the neighboring streets with some vague hope of finding her and intercepting her flight, his ire rising every moment as he felt how the child had been driven beyond his help and reach.

What dunderheads they had all been,—what mean, cruel, heartless *dunderheads!*—his uncle, his mother, he himself; but, worst of all to his boyish sense of fairness, Elise,—Elise, whose treachery to the helpless little Fifine he was beginning to see, to understand. If she had worn the necklace, as Tom had said (and Tom's honest word he could not doubt), she must have taken it from Marjorie's room without her knowledge; she must have lost it on her return from the Donlon dance,—lost it where little Fifine had found it crossing the square. And, like the mean coward that she was, Elise would not tell; she had let friendless little Fifine bear all the blame, the shame, when a word from her lips would have explained everything.

But Elise should not escape. Bryce, who hitherto had side-stepped all family difficulties, was now boiling with honest indignation. He would have it out with them all, let uncle do what he might. He would "blow" the whole business,

even though it blew him out of house and home forever. He would show Elise up as the "sly cat" she was; he would confess to the smash up in the "den," and tell his uncle how Josephine Marie had escaped, and into what peril she was wandering. If Uncle Miles would not search for her, he would go to the police himself, cost what it might to meddle with his black-browed uncle's business.

Bryce had been a careless, selfish fellow all his fifteen years; but he had a kind, true heart, and that heart was stirred to its depth to-day,—stirred so that it could never be quite the same sluggish thing again. For the first time in his life he was forgetting himself, his comfort, his ease, his welfare, in the thought of another; he was blind to all things but the cruel wrong, the injustice, that had been done to little Josephine Marie. An hour ago he had been willing to sneak out of all responsibility; but now he turned back to Park Avenue, boldly resolved to face his uncle, his mother, Elise, and tell all.

And, strong in this determination, Bryce was hurrying back to his home, to ruin his prospects, perhaps, forever, when he was brought to a stop by the sight of a crowd gathered about his door. The nursemaids on the opposite square had flocked to the sidewalk, with their perambulators; and a dozen or so small boys, on tiptoe with excitement were blurting out contradictory explanations of the unusual scene.

"Dropped dead in his office!" said one.

"He didn't at all!" declared his mate. "I seen him when they took him. He was waving his hand. And there's three doctors gone in. Nobody would have three doctors for a dead man."

A sudden chill went through Bryce at the words; for his uncle's door was open, and on the steps stood a policeman waving off the pushing crowd.

"Move on there, if you please,—move

on, and don't block the sidewalk! Move on! We want things quiet here—eh? What?"—as Bryce, who had forced his way through the crowd, made a quick spring up the steps. "Stand back there, young man! You can't push in here."

"It's my house," said the boy, breathlessly. "I'm Bryce King. What's the matter?"

"It's Carter's nephew," explained a voice in the crowd.

"Oh!" said the officer, quickly making way; and Bryce pressed through the half-open door into the hall, where three doctors were grouped about a motionless figure, resting on the couch that had been pushed forward from the library.

His uncle, all his fierce strength laid low,—his uncle, grey and livid and rigid as a man of stone.

(To be continued)

The Story of Dick Whittington.

MOST English-speaking boys and girls have heard, in song or story, play or elsewhere, of the famous Dick Whittington, thrice London's Lord Mayor, and of his equally famous cat. The most commonly known version of his story is that he came to London friendless and alone, save for a cat, to which he was very much attached. He sought vainly for employment for a considerable time, but at length found work as a scullion in the household of one of the merchant-lords that were so common in London during the reigns of the Lancastrian Kings.

It seems that his master was in the habit of trading with the natives of Africa; and it was customary for each person in his employment to send, with the skippers of his vessels, some article which might be exchanged for gold dust, ivory, or the like. Poor Dick was urged by some of his fellow-servants to send his cat; but, getting up early one morning, he escaped from the house

with the intention of shaking the dust of the capital from his feet.

In Cheapside he sat down to rest; and as he sat the bells of the church of Saint Mary-le-Bow rang out. To Dick they seemed to say:

Turn round, Whittington,—turn around,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London town.

Dick returned to his work, and consigned his cat to the skipper of the next vessel of his master that sailed for Africa. In the port to which the vessel came there was a plague of rats and mice. Cats there were none, so that the skipper netted a considerable amount of valuables by hiring out the cat of the scullion. Some accounts say the cat was sold for commodities so valuable that Dick was shortly taken into partnership by his master.

Such is the legendary story of Whittington. Sober history tells us that such a personage really existed; that he was thrice chosen chief magistrate of London; that during his third mayoralty he entertained with great magnificence King Henry V. and his consort, Catherine of France. He also established several charitable foundations, one of which was a "God's House" for thirteen poor men.

In the manuscript constitutions of the Mercers' Company of London, it is laid down that all the inmates of this almshouse "shall say each morning a *Pater Noster* and an *Ave Maria* to God and Maiden Mary." Such prayers were to be offered to God for the happy repose of the souls of Sir Richard Whittington and his wife Alice; and the orisons were to conclude with the words: "God have mercy on our founders' souls and on all Christians!"

The "cat" that popular legends connect with Whittington is thought really to have been a ship which bore that name, and by trading with which he eventually acquired an immense fortune. He was knighted by Henry V., and died in 1423.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The new work by Fr. Ernest Hull, S. J., "A Practical Philosophy of Life," noticed in these pages last week, is published by the *Examiner Press*, Bombay; but it may be had in this country of the Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, 45 cents.

—Mr. W. Gordon Gorman, who is engaged upon what may be the final edition of his interesting work, "Converts to Rome," solicits corrections and additional notes, with biographical sketches. He writes from Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England.

—Moral theologies are being rapidly revised to conform in every detail with the teaching of the New Code of Canon Law. Fr. Noldin's well-known "Summa Theologiæ Moralis" has seen a complete transformation; and Fr. A. Schönegger, S. J., has done the work of revision for that author's original treatise on "Ecclesiastical Penalties." The work is exceptionally well done. The same lucid Latin which makes the "Summa" a favorite textbook is used in this new appendix. Published by the Pustet Co. Price, 50 cents.

—The most popular of the late Cardinal Gibbons' books, "The Faith of Our Fathers," written while he was missionary bishop of North Carolina, has had an exceptionally wide circulation, and been translated into several languages. The latest translation, we believe, was into Swedish. Millions of copies of this volume have been circulated, and numerous conversions to the Faith have resulted from it. "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," written in 1916, is of historic interest, and will naturally form the basis of a biography of the Cardinal. "The Ambassador of Christ" and "Our Christian Heritage," previously published books, were intended as a legacy of spiritual reading to the clergy and laity.

—The late Mr. Joseph Gillow, whose death Catholic England is mourning, was hailed by Fr. Bridgett, another able champion of the Church, as "the Plutarch of English Catholics." Their coreligionists are under a lasting debt of gratitude to both for exceptionally important services to the cause of Catholic truth and literature,—to Mr. Gillow for his great "Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics," to mention only one of his works; to Fr. Bridgett for his "Ritual of the New Testament," in particular, which of itself would entitle him to rank as a foremost Catholic polemic. It is one of the best books

of its kind in our language,—one that deserves to be better known. Mr. Gillow was a model layman, devoted to the interests of his religion, and no less single-hearted in the practice of it. *R. I. P.*

—"First Communion Days," by a Sister of Notre Dame (London: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co.), is a collection of twelve true stories for such children of six and seven years as are preparing for the Sacraments. The book is quite equal in interest and charm to the author's previous popular volume, "True Stories for First Communicants." Price, 75 cents.

—Everybody in England is said to be reading Mr. Shane Leslie's "Henry Edward Manning," and it has received a cordial welcome from the press. An American edition of this new biography of the great Cardinal will soon be issued by P. J. Kenedy & Sons,—who, by the way, are to be cordially congratulated on the frequent evidence they afford of discrimination and enterprise.

—"The Blackrobe in the Land of the Wigwam" is an attractive brochure of pictures, with some verse, to illustrate the work done among the Sioux Indians by the members of the St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. One gets a fascinating and stirring insight into really splendid efforts. Some of the Sisters have labored there for more than twenty-five years, and the diversity of their expedients for civilizing the Indians are truly marvellous. Published by the Mission.

—The late Mrs. Elizabeth Vernon Blackburn, of Crawley, Sussex, England, will be remembered by many Catholic readers in this country as an ever-welcome contributor to *Merry England*, the *Franciscan Annals*, etc.; and as editor of *Merry and Wise*, an excellent—though, sad to say, short-lived—little paper for children, in which Cardinal Manning took great interest. She is spoken of as a lady of varied attainments and enthusiasms, the most notable of which was her devotion to all things Franciscan. She was one of Francis Thompson's few friends.

—Almost as inextricably tangled a plot as that which, years ago, set at defiance the readers of "The Woman in White" is to be found in W. D. Lyell's "The House in Queen Anne Square" (Putnam's Sons). An exceptionally well written novel of mystery and personation and love and law, it will satisfy

the average reader of fiction, and should accordingly acquire a considerable degree of popularity.—Interesting in another way is "Show Down," by Julia Houston Railey, brought out by the same publishers. For a first novel, this story is distinctly worth while. It is the breezy narrative of an Arkansas young woman engaged in various forms of social welfare—State charities, correction commissions, legislative lobbying, etc.,—and is stamped with a realism which suggests first-hand knowledge.

—The third and final volume of the late Joyce Kilmer's collected works has just been issued, under the title "The Circus, and Other Essays and Fugitive Pieces." Some of these are familiar papers, first published in a kindly little book, which many of our readers will recall. Others are literary studies and lectures, displaying that fresh and manly attitude towards letters which won for the writer so many friends everywhere. That on "Francis Thompson and Swinburne" is most characteristic; for, as the discerning Mr. Holliday remarks in his Introduction, these lectures are "more in the nature of briefs for the Catholic Faith than they are of the character of disinterested literary criticism. He was talking what was to him far more than literature." Kilmer's prose has not the splendor or value of Thompson's, but it is a spontaneous and charming medium for the interesting and important things he had to say. Doran Co. Price, \$2.50.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher)." 1825-1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—IHEB., xliii. 3.

Rev. Joseph Frioli, of the diocese of Richmond; and Rev. Leo Jarecki, diocese of Detroit.

Sister M. Gertrude, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; and Sister M. Conrad, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. James Ellis, Mr. Joseph Lauer, Judge L. S. Estelle, Mr. Charles Enright, Miss Catherine Enright, Mr. Jacob Rausch, Mr. F. J. Koch, Mr. Anthony Voss, Mrs. Ann Stattery, Miss Mary Cannon, Mr. Paul Polovich, Miss Julianna Loughlin, Mr. John Kraemer, Mr. Herbert Kissel, Mrs. Mary Flahaven, Mr. Joseph McDermott, Mr. E. M. Fox, Mr. M. G. Geimer, Mr. Patrick Cuff, Mr. John Murphy, Mr. Nicholas Hartman, Mr. John Woodlock, and Mr. J. H. Moose.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34.

SATURDAY, 30.—St. Catharine of Siena, V.

May.

SUNDAY, 1.—Fifth after Easter. SS. Philip and James, Aps.

MONDAY, 2.—St. Athanasius, B. C. D. Rogation Day.

TUESDAY, 3.—Finding of the Holy Cross. Rogation Day.

WEDNESDAY, 4.—St. Monica, W. Holy English Martyrs. Rogation Day.

THURSDAY, 5.—Ascension of Our Lord. St. Pius, V., P. C.

FRIDAY, 6.—St. John before the Latin Gate. (Novena of Pentecost begins.)

SATURDAY, 7.—St. Stanislaus, B. M. St. John of Beverley, B. C.

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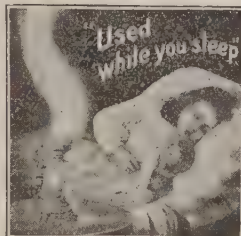
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 30, 1921.

NO. 18

[Published every Saturday. Copyright, 1921: Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C.]

Architecture.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

WHO has not seen earth's structures of renown,
From base to dome so wonderfully planned?
Stone upon steel, reared by a master-hand,
The towering sweep of strength that spells a town?

Who has not stood and marvelled, looking down
From some proud roof across Manhattan-land,
At all man's work, within his vision spanned,
Where wealth is power and business wears a crown?

But more than all of this, the human soul!
How deep, how high, how broad, how nobly fair!
Conceived by One whose mind makes planets roll—

Thought, reason, will, — what structure can compare

With souls designed immortal? God's own scroll
Is on them all for praise of Him in prayer.

Help of Christians.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.



HELP OF CHRISTIANS is among the appealing titles under which the Blessed Virgin is invoked by Catholics. Perhaps at no epoch in history has suffering humanity had greater need of looking heavenward for solace and succor than at present. Europe still reels under the shock of the greatest, most sanguinary and destructive war the world has ever witnessed. Its reverberation has been

felt in every quarter of the globe; and its aftermath has entailed upon the nations immediately involved in the gigantic clash of arms as much suffering, if not as much bloodshed, as when the deadly encounter was in progress. Instead of being followed, like other wars, with peace and a prolonged cessation of hostilities, to give the combatants time to recover from its desolating effects, it has given rise to other conflicts, in which many countries are involved.

Like subterranean fires bursting forth during a volcanic disturbance, forces which threaten the very existence of organized society have been let loose in wild revolutionary upheavals. Brute force has supplanted reason, and might seeks to overcome right. Governments in some countries, instead of basing their rule upon sound Christian ethics, have rejected the principles of justice and equity, and relied upon the pagan and barbaric system of the strongest hand uppermost. The world, in great part, is receding, not advancing. In the moral and social order, that abomination of desolation, divorce, facilitated by a legislation which intensifies instead of remedying the evil, is sapping the very foundation of Christian civilization by depriving marriage of its religious character, and degenerating and destroying the home and sundering family ties.

The Ven. Don Bosco often repeated: "Divine Providence has raised up devotion to Mary Help of Christians as a

remedy for the necessities of our time." Those needs or necessities are becoming more and more urgent; and so, proportionately, should be the earnestness with which all thoughtful Christians combine, by united prayer and action, to combat for the right, for Christian as opposed to neo-pagan ethics.

One of Don Bosco's sons, an Italian priest, Don Giulio Barberis, has published an elaborate monograph* on devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians, in commemoration of the golden jubilee of the consecration of the magnificent basilica erected in Turin in honor of "the Woman above all women glorified" by the founder of the Salesian Congregation,—who, however, always regarded Our Lady as the actual foundress, and himself as the human instrument in her hands in the carrying out of a great design. Readers of the various Lives of Don Bosco—particularly of the standard one, in two volumes, by Don G. B. Lemoyne, recently published†—know what a prodigious development devotion to Our Lady under this invocation marked the course of his eventful career. Don Barberis relates in detail the further development of this particular cult, due to the zeal of the Salesians wherever, in carrying on their fruitful missionary work, they have established themselves.

In tracing the origin of the devotion, the writer points out how the Blessed Virgin, by giving birth to the Man-God, was in a special manner the *help* of those who invoked her with confidence; how at all times, in all places, and in every way, she sustained Chris-

tendom; beginning in the Coenaculum to help the Apostles and first disciples to receive the Holy Spirit, and when they went forth, in obedience to the divine mandate, to "preach the Gospel to every creature"; how she was the *helper* of the nascent Church, which she mothered as she had mothered the Infant Christ. "The experience of twenty centuries," he says, "shows us in a luminous manner how Mary has always continued in heaven with still greater power and goodness, if one may say so, the mission initiated when she was yet on earth. During the first three centuries of struggles and persecutions, when Christians were in hourly fear of falling into the hands of the executioners, the Blessed Virgin, in frequent apparitions, accounts of which have come down to us, put courage into the hearts of the martyrs, rendering them superior to every torture and to death itself. In the Catacombs are to be seen depicted in various places the image of Mary, indicating the devotion of the first faithful to her."

It was the same oversight and guidance which helped the Church all the way down through history. When St. Gregory Thaumaturgus was reluctant, through motives of self-distrust, to accept the bishopric of Neocæsarea, to which the popular voice called him, it was the Madonna who, in a vision, encouraged him to shoulder the burden of the episcopate, and helped him to sustain it; so that the large, populous and corrupt city, which on his accession contained only seventeen Christians, at his death in 270 numbered only seventeen pagans among its inhabitants. In the time of the Iconoclasts, when the Lower Empire in Constantinople carried on a violent persecution of Catholics, it was she who helped St. John Damascene to combat by his writings (in which he enunciated the Catholic doctrine of the veneration of sacred images) the heretics, who, in

* Il Culto di Maria Ausiliatrice. Monografia reddata in occasione del primo cinquantenario della Consecrazione del suo Santuario-Basilica eretto in Torino-Valdocco dal Venerabile Don Giovanni Bosco, 1868-1918.

† Sac Giovanni Battista Lemoyne. Vita del Venerabile Servo di Dio Giovanni Bosco, Fondatore della Pia Società Salesiana dell'Istituto delle Figlie di Maria Ausiliatrice e dei Cooperatori Salesiani.

revenge, cut off his right hand, which she restored.

It was Mary's image, borne processionally round the walls of Constantinople in 718, which liberated that city from the Saracens, after it had undergone a three years' siege. When the enemy were preparing to enter it in triumph, they saw over the Bosphorus gate the Blessed Virgin in the act of repulsing them, and were mysteriously impelled to raise the siege. It was with her manifest help that Andrea, the general of the Emperor Basil, overcame the Saracens in 867, and reduced them for a long time to impotence; and that in 1128 the three thousand Crusaders in Ascalon (a maritime city on the southern coast of Palestine), besieged by forty thousand of the same enemy of the Christians, were liberated and gained a brilliant victory, after a solemn triduum, during which they supplicated the Mother of God to come to their assistance.

The Blessed Virgin's image was the standard Alfonso VIII. carried in his war against the Moors, over whom, in 1212, he achieved a glorious victory that ended the Mahomedan dominion in Castile. That standard is religiously preserved in the Church of Toledo. A few years afterwards, with the help of Our Lady, Alfonso IX., King of Spain, inflicted a similar defeat upon the Saracens, and James I. of Aragon wrested from them three kingdoms, and in gratitude raised three temples in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Spain's liberation from the yoke of the Saracens, which weighed heavily upon it for several centuries, may be attributed to the great confidence of the Spaniards in Mary as the Help of Christians, whom they continually invoked. These and many similar incidents are recorded by ecclesiastical historians.

But the title Mary Help of Christians was not yet officially recognized or pro-

claimed by the Church; by no public act was it sanctioned, and no feast was as yet established to honor Our Lady under this invocation. The title, as is well known, was authoritatively given to her for the first time by the Dominican Pope, St. Pius V., in gratitude for the famous victory over the Turks in the battle of Lepanto in 1581; and the feast itself was fixed only in 1815, by Pius VII., in thanksgiving for his liberation from the captivity in which he was held by Napoleon I.

The Turks, marching from victory to victory had, in 1453, taken Constantinople and effaced the Lower Empire. Emboldened by his series of successes, Mahomet II. swore to exterminate all the Christians, and to bring Europe, including Italy and Rome, under his subjection. Then, as since, the European Powers were not in accord, and the efforts of the Popes to unite them were unsuccessful. The danger was imminent. The Sultan, profiting by the dissensions of the Christian Powers, besieged Belgrade (1456); but the celebrated Hunyady, seconded by the zealous aid of St. John Capistrano, who fervently urged the beleaguered garrison to resistance, and to put their confidence in Mary, compelled the enemy to raise the siege. The Turks shortly afterwards sent a fleet of 160 vessels to seize upon Rhodes, but the vigorous resistance of the Rodiotti and the valor of the grandmaster, Peter Abusson, helped by another Franciscan religious, Antonio Fradin, who encouraged the Knights by exalting the power and goodness of the Blessed Virgin, enabled them to put the besiegers to flight with great loss. This Mahomedan Attila, who had ruined two Empires, conquered twelve kingdoms, and taken more than two hundred cities from the Christians, was preparing another formidable expedition, at which all Europe trembled, when death removed him.

The same perilous position for Christian Europe, and its rescue from the dangers that threatened it through appeals to the Blessed Virgin, marked the reign of Solyman II., who, intent on seizing on Malta, sent against it 159 ships of war; but Giovanni Lavalletta, superior of the Knights, invoking her who was always the help of Christians, opposed the enemy with such valor as to cause them to lose over 30,000 men (1565).

Such was the state of things when Pius V., with great difficulty, brought about, on May 20, 1571, a triple alliance against the Turks, between the Holy See, Philip II. of Spain, and the Republic of Venice. Selim II. had sent out the most formidable fleet that up to that time had been seen, consisting of 245 large galleys and 87 transport vessels. To oppose them, the Triple Alliance had only 207 galleys and 37 transports. Realizing the gravity of the crisis, and knowing that the fate of Christendom and Western Europe was at stake, the Pope ordered prayers—particularly the Rosary—to be said everywhere; a three days' fast preceding the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin (September 8), when all the Christian forces went to confession and Holy Communion.

Invoking the Most Holy Trinity and the Blessed Virgin, as Pius V. had directed, the fateful battle of Lepanto was fought and won on October 7, 1571. The rout of the Turks was general; they lost 30,000 men, 244 ships of war, 16,000 prisoners, 116 large cannon and 156 of medium calibre; while the victorious Christians lost only fifteen galleys and liberated 15,000 Christians. The celebrated Spanish author, Cervantes, took part in the engagement, and lost his left arm. According to the unanimous opinion of all historians, this victory was the most complete and signal ever gained over the Turks. The saintly Pontiff had supernatural knowl-

edge of the fact at the very moment the battle was won. He was engaged with the Papal Treasurer, Mgr. Bartolomeo Borsotti da Bibbiena, when all at once he imposed silence by a gesture, rose, went to the window, opened it, and remained for some minutes in a contemplative mood, his countenance and attitude manifesting deep emotion. Then he exclaimed to the assembled prelates: "Let us speak no more of business! This is not the time for it. Let us hasten to the church to return thanks to God; for at this moment our fleet has gained the victory. He first went into his oratory to offer thanksgiving to Our Lady for her help; while the prelates, witnesses of this miraculous incident, spread the news throughout Rome. Three days afterwards couriers from Lepanto confirmed the coincidence of the victory and its revelation.

Don John of Austria, who had had supreme command of the fleet, paid the tribute of his gratitude to Our Lady by making a pilgrimage to her sanctuary at Loreto; Mark Antonio Colonna, commander of the Pontifical navy, erected, as a memorial, a magnificent monument in the Church of Ara Cœli in Rome; and the Venetian Senate thus announced the victory to the people: "It is not valor nor arms nor forces, but Mary who has made us victorious." The Pope greeted Don John of Austria with the words, "*Fuit homo missus a Deo, cui nomen erat Joannes*," decreed the honors of a solemn triumph to Colonna; ordered thanksgivings; established the feast of Our Lady of Victories; recommended to everyone the ejaculation, "Mary Help of Christians, pray for us"; and added to the Litany of Loreto the invocation, "*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*."

Christendom was again saved from the Turkish peril under the pontificate of Innocent XI., at whose invitation the chivalrous King of Catholic Poland,

John Sobieski, marched to the relief of Vienna, which was on the point of capitulating after a three months' siege; the Court, in terror, having fled from the city, leaving the government to the valorous Count von Starheimberg, and the command of an army of 33,000 men to Duke Charles of Lorraine. The appearance of 20,000 Polish troops on Mount Kalemberg, on the 9th of September, 1683, put renewed hope and heart into the garrison. Although the relief forces were inferior in number to those of the besiegers, the former, trusting in the help and protection of the Blessed Virgin, prepared for battle early on the morning of the 12th.

They assisted at Mass, celebrated by the saintly Capuchin friar, the Ven. Mark of Aviano,* in the cause of whose beatification Pius X. took the deepest interest, as they were both born in the same country—Venetia, in North Italy. The Mass was served by the religious King of Poland, who received Holy Communion. Then, addressing his troops, who had been blessed by the officiating priest, he said: "Soldiers, for the glory of Poland, for the liberation of Vienna, and for the salvation of all Christendom, under the protection of Mary, we may with confidence march against the enemy, certain that the victory will be ours." A brilliant victory over the Turks, who were completely routed, was the result. All agreed in attributing it to the powerful help of the Blessed Virgin.

Sobieski himself was astounded at his extraordinary success. Full of gratitude, he repaired at once to the cathedral, and prostrated himself face downwards in the Lady Chapel; then, rising, he intoned the *Te Deum*, in which he was joined by all the people

with great devotion. He was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm by the whole population,—by the Emperor, who embraced him; by the princes, the generals, all the officials, who sought to kiss his hands, his garments, even his feet, exclaiming: "Long live our deliverer! *Viva Maria!*" At the solemn thanksgiving service, Mark of Aviano, who had harangued the troops from the battlements, preached, taking as his text the words of Sacred Writ with which Pius V. had greeted Don John of Austria: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." The heroic Polish sovereign laid on the Lady altar of the cathedral the captured standard of the grand vizier; and that of Mahomet, so prized by the Turks, was given to the Pope, who had it placed in the Church of St. John Lateran.

The Pontiff, profoundly moved by the visible protection of the Blessed Virgin, and desirous of perpetuating the remembrance of the heavenly help which had succored Christendom, directed that the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, then observed in some places, should in future be celebrated throughout the whole Church on the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The decadence of the Porte as a maritime Power dates from Lepanto; as a military Power, from the liberation of Vienna.

Pius VII. believed that he owed his liberation from the thralldom in which Napoleon I. had held that saintly and gentle Pontiff to the intervention of Our Lady, to whom he cherished a great devotion. One of the few wishes the august prisoner expressed during his compulsory sojourn at Savona was that he might be permitted to visit the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of Mercy in the valley of St. Bernard, a short distance from that city. He had a special veneration for that shrine, from which he brought away an image,

* A new biography of this remarkable man, a great wonder-worker, by Father Ernest Marie Lescure, a French Capuchin, will shortly be published. He is entombed in Vienna among Hapsburg royalties.

fully persuaded that Mary would release him from his captivity; and promising that, if she restored him to liberty, he would, with his own hand, crown her statue and institute a special feast in her honor. On leaving Savona, he said to General Chabrol: "You may write to your Emperor that his arms have ceased to conquer. Mary, who, up till now, has given us the gift of patience, henceforth will give us that of victory."

When threatened with excommunication, the proud conqueror of kingdoms and overthrower of dynasties, said defiantly: "Does the Pope think that the world has gone back a thousand years, and that at his word the arms will fall from my soldiers' hands?" They did so fall from the nerveless hands of his troops during the retreat from Moscow. In the Castle of Fontainebleau, where the aged Pope was imprisoned and treated with indignity, and upon the very table where the Pontiff was constrained to sign the Concordat—to which Napoleon added the Organic Articles designed to fetter the action of the Holy Father,—Napoleon was obliged to sign his own abdication.

The long-suffering Pope was no longer his prisoner; and on the 24th of May, 1814, he returned to Rome, which he entered in triumph. On his way he stopped at Ancona to crown the image of the Blessed Virgin, venerated there under the title of Queen of Saints; and at Loreto, where, in the Holy House, he fervently made his thanksgiving to Our Lady for his liberation.

By the Brief of December 16, 1814, instituting the feast of Mary Help of Christians, he explicitly declared his belief that it was by the help of the Blessed Virgin he had been sustained during the trials of all kinds which he had endured for five years, and that he owed to her intercession his return to the Holy City. On April 10, 1815, he

fulfilled his promise to Our Lady of Mercy; and, surrounded by ten Cardinals, and in presence of an immense assemblage, solemnly crowned the image of Our Lady at Savona. The memorable pontificate of Pius VII., which has not yet found an historian to do full justice to it,* will ever be associated with devotion to Mary Help of Christians.

Even before Lepanto and the relief of Vienna, she was so invoked and honored. It was in a chapel in Orléans dedicated to Our Lady of Help (which, of course, implies Help of Christians), and built in the thirteenth century, that St. Joan of Arc prayed in 1429 before giving battle,—a battle that saved France as a Catholic nation, led to the expulsion of the English, and inflicted upon their nation the most humiliating defeat it ever sustained in all its history: the proud victors of Agincourt being routed by a peasant girl from Domremy. Up to the time of the French Revolution, it was customary to make pilgrimages of thanksgiving to that sanctuary. They should be revived, if any memorial exists there to mark a spot that should be sacrosanct in the eyes of all the French people, who owe their very existence as a nation to the liberatrix of their country in the fifteenth century, now raised to the highest honors of the Church's altars.

* The late Rev. Dr. Russell, president of Maynooth College, had projected a history of it, for which he had gathered much material. Not satisfied with second-hand authorities, he wanted to study it in the original sources; but he was denied access to certain Continental archives, and therefore abandoned the design. Those were, no doubt, the archives of the First Empire, and, in the hands of an able and honest historian, would disclose facts that would not redound to the credit of its founder, and would be embarrassing to his putative nephew, Napoleon III. But the Second Empire has passed away like the First, beyond the possibility of a revival; and the archives in question should now be accessible to scholars, intent on writing history as it should be written.

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XII.

VICTORINE'S wedding was over; the young couple were happily established in the Dumont household, and Charles was steadily increasing his patronage in the world of art. He had removed to Hallé's studio (which was large enough for two), and was constantly benefiting by the advice of his kind and disinterested friend. Madame Hallé seemed to have adopted him and Victorine into her own family; and this patronage was shared by her married daughter and the twins, who lived close by.

Laurette also often formed one of this pleasant and united company, though the increasing gravity of her demeanor caused not only her friends but her father to speculate upon its cause. In reality, she had grown weary of waiting for the opportunity which Hallé had advised, but which never presented itself. One day she remarked to him:

"M. Hallé, do you not think it might be well to approach my father soon? I do not wish to bring a shadow of pain into his life, but I am anxious to know how he feels on the subject."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "I have been thinking that, whatever I may have accomplished with the others, in your case I am *de trop*. The more I consider it, the more I am inclined to believe that you or your aunt should speak to him. No argument or persuasion which I, an outsider, could bring to bear upon the subject would have the force or effect of one coming from your own lips or those of your kind aunt, or both. Such is the conclusion to which I have come."

"If that is so, I am ready to follow your advice, Monsieur," answered the

young girl. "You are so kind, so sensible, that you must surely know what is best."

"You will probably meet with not only great but violent opposition," said Hallé. "Prepare yourself for it, my child; and never forget that it is natural for a parent to wish to deny his only and well-beloved daughter the privilege of leaving him forever to become a cloistered nun. It will be hard beyond belief for him; and who can blame him? Much as I admire your choice and your steadfastness concerning it, there are moments when I almost feel that it would not be well to leave your father as you propose to do."

"Still, if I married, Monsieur?"

"That would be different. You must realize it."

"I do; but there will be Aunt Dorothea."

"A fine woman, but no substitute for Hamelin's beloved daughter."

"I grant it, Monsieur. But I must go: God calls me."

"You have your rights, I know. If God is calling you, He will make things straight for you, *chérie!*"

"Thank you, Monsieur!" answered the girl. "And pray for me."

"Remember, Laurette, that your father is not a pious man," said the painter. "He will see only one side of it. Nor is he a patient man, though kind."

"I will remember, Monsieur," Laurette replied.

That very night the opportunity came. Aunt Dorothea had gone to bed with a headache. Laurette and her father were seated in the little parlor behind the shop,—she sewing, he smoking silently. Now and then she would look up from her work with a smile, in which he missed the oldtime brightness, and thought he perceived a certain wistfulness, which worried him.

"*Chérie,*" he said at last, very de-

liberately, "you are not like yourself."

"How, papa?"

"You are so much more quiet,—not singing through the house as formerly, not mischievous any longer. Are you not feeling well?"

"Yes, papa, very well."

"Is anything troubling you? Do you, perhaps, find it too confining in the shop?"

"Oh, no, papa! As long as I am here, I shall consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to do all I can to help you."

"As long as you are here? Of course some day you will marry, and then I shall have to get another assistant."

Hamelin spoke gayly, but Laurette's face was very pale and grave. He could not fail to perceive it.

"You surely look strange, Laurette!" he said, "something is wrong."

"Papa," the young girl replied, laying down her work and coming to stand beside him, "I shall never marry."

"What! Never marry? Indeed you will, child! You are only nineteen."

"I do not wish to marry."

"Not wish to marry? *Chérie*, an old maid is the saddest thing in the world. I do not count nuns, of course, in that catalogue; for they are a cheerful lot. Still, they are old maids, all the same."

"That is what I wish to be, papa,—a Sister of the Visitation."

"What do I hear?" cried the baker, springing to his feet. "Who has put that nonsense into your head? Oh, why did I ever send you to that fearsome place?"

"It is a heavenly place, papa, and no one has put it into my head but God. Since the first day I entered the convent as a pupil I have had the desire. It has never left me for a moment. Far from encouraging me, *Mère Mathilde* (whom I loved dearly, as you know) and the chaplain, *Père Moulau*, have told me not to act hurriedly, to reflect well, and to let some time pass before deciding. But I decided long ago. It is what I

want—what Our Lord wishes me to do,—and I only await your permission to enter the convent.

"And that you shall never have!" cried the baker,—"never, as long as there is a breath of life in my body, a particle of understanding left in my mind! This is final, understand! Do not speak of it to me again,—not a word! Do you hear? Never mention the subject as long as we both live."

Throwing his pipe into the fireplace, where it broke into fifty pieces, the baker now strode from the room. A moment later Laurette heard him talking in a loud voice to Aunt Dorothea; and, still later, in the same fashion to Charlot, who had come in for a little visit. When Hamelin had exhausted his reproaches and invectives, he went to his own room, closing the door with a loud slam; and Charlot sought his sister.

"Laurette," he said, "this is a sad state of affairs. I thought you would have given up your intention before this,—rather, to tell the truth, lately I had not thought of it at all. I am sure Victorine, and her parents as well, will agree with me that it is a foolish thing to do. I am afraid you will not find any of the family upholding you, except, perhaps, Aunt Dorothea, who, in spite of her age and plain appearance, has always been somewhat romantic."

"Charlot, in this matter I am not deferring to the opinion of our family or connections," rejoined Laurette, hurt by her brother's attitude. "Papa, of course, counts for a great deal. I do not want to oppose him. But nothing can change my resolution, though I may be hindered in putting it into execution. Let us speak of it no more."

Turning away, she left the room and went to her own. She found Aunt Dorothea praying beside her bed. When she, too, had said her prayers, and the light extinguished, they lay quietly in the darkness, Aunt Dorothea said:

"*Chérie*, I have promised not to speak of it to you at all, since I would *not* promise to try to change your mind. Why, he nearly turned me into the street in his blind rage! God bless you, my dear,—God bless you, and keep a brave heart! Trust in our Blessed Mother. Leave all in her hands. She will not fail you."

The next morning Laurette was surprised to see that her father had recovered his usual genial manner; and, for all further allusion which was made to Laurette's resolve, the occurrence of that night might have been a dream. Following his lead, Laurette preserved her own cheerful composure.

A week later she sought M. Hallé and said to him:

"Monsieur, you were right: my father was terribly angry. I feel certain he will never give his consent to my leaving him, unless the good God should hear my prayers. I have seen Mère Mathilde and the chaplain, and they both tell me to wait. I shall do so, feeling that in God's good time all will be accomplished as I desire—if He desires it."

The angel of both houses, Laurette flitted to and fro, full of cheer. Hamelin never again referred to the disagreeable subject, and the old affectionate relations went on as before. But sometimes, as the three sat together in the evening, he would catch an expression on the face of his daughter,—a fleeting sadness or longing which disturbed and perhaps reproached him.

One morning when Laurette, always the first to arise, called her aunt, she did not answer. Surprised, she approached the bedside.

"Are you ill, Aunt Dorothea?" she inquired, laying her hand upon her forehead. It was very cold,—she had died in the night.

Thenceforward Laurette and her

father lived on together for some time uneventfully. Step by step the ties that had bound Hamelin to his occupation became loosened, relaxed, and altered. Pajot had died; two or three others of the old employees followed him; the baker suffered several severe attacks of rheumatism which rendered him almost helpless and kept Laurette constantly at his side.

There could be found no shopwoman to take Aunt Dorothea's place behind the counter. Hamelin, reluctantly obliged to admit that his once flourishing business was falling off, entered into negotiations with a man who for some time had been desirous of purchasing it. When the affair was about settled, the baker suffered a stroke of paralysis on his left side, which greatly interfered with his speech, although his intellect seemed to be as keen as ever. Depressed and irritable, he rendered Laurette's life anything but comfortable; though she never complained, giving him every moment of her time and every service in her power.

Her old friend Hallé, ever solicitous for her health and happiness, and realizing more than any of her family the devoted sacrifice of her faithful heart, resolved to make an effort in her behalf. By this time he had become quite intimate with Hamelin the elder, whose sturdy honesty and simplicity he admired; while the baker, on his part, fully alive to the good qualities of the old painter, felt honored, as well he might, by the friendship.

Once in a great while, relieved temporarily of her onerous duties by Cleophine, the old servant, Laurette would steal out for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, there to pour forth her heart and seek consolation. And yet that which she craved could hardly be called consolation: she had given herself up so entirely to the duties which claimed her that she never

thought of repining. Often at night, before retiring, she would draw aside the curtain of her window and gaze wistfully at the steady light which burned in the tower of the convent; and it became to her a beacon of hope, a star of promise, on which, dear as it was, she seldom permitted herself to dwell. She was doing God's will, and that sufficed her for the present. Hers was one of those admirable natures which are contented with the never-failing portion of "daily bread."

One evening, when her father was feeling comparatively well, Laurette crossed from the church to the street where M. Hallé lived; she had not seen or heard of the family for several days. On arriving there, she found that Madame Hallé had been suffering from a severe cold, but was now better.

"I have been playing nurse, like yourself, Mademoiselle Laurette," said M. Hallé. "And I assure you it is no easy task, though my wife here is quite a patient invalid."

"And he is a very good nurse," said Madame Hallé. "I like no one else to wait on me when I am ill."

"That speaks well for you both," answered Laurette. "And how about you, Madame, when Monsieur is ill? Are you also a good nurse?"

"I have never been ill," said the old man,—*"never."*

"And you had better not be," replied his wife, taking his hand in hers. "I should lose my head if so strange and dreadful a thing were to happen."

The painter and Laurette could not help laughing at her tone of alarm.

"Do not worry. I do not mean to give you the chance of being frightened," he said.

When Laurette rose to go, he followed her to the door.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "these days that I have been in the house attending to my wife I have been thinking a great

deal, and not the least serious of my thoughts have been of you."

"Of me!" exclaimed the girl, looking up at him with her large, clear, beautiful eyes. "I am doing very well, however, Monsieur."

"Yes, in a way. But let me ask you something. If things were different, if it were possible, would you still entertain the thought of entering the convent?"

"It is my undying wish," she replied, "and always will be—unless—unless I become too old. And, in that case, I feel that God will accept the intention for the deed."

"So I have surmised," said the painter. "And I believe I have come near to solving your problem."

"There is only one way, Monsieur," she said gravely; "and that waits upon God's own time."

"There is another way," rejoined Hallé. "Do you remember how, a few years ago, you wanted me to approach your father on that subject, and I declined, thinking, as I still think, it beyond my province,—that you were the one who should take the initiative there?"

"I well remember it, Monsieur; and you were right. No one, either by argument or persuasion, could have changed my father's decision at that time; and now it is too late."

"It is not too late," said the old man. "I am almost certain of it. I have a project which presents itself most favorably under the circumstances. Let me broach the subject the next time I go to see your father. Something tells me I shall succeed."

"But will you not tell me first, M. Hallé?"

"No: it is better that you should learn it afterwards. He will then see that it does not come from you—this proposition."

"Did I not know beyond doubt, Monsieur, that you could not possibly

do or say anything unwise; did I not believe that Almighty God, to whom you turn in everything you do in life, directs your inspirations, I would not consent to any project the nature of which I had not previously learned. But I have such confidence in your judgment that I shall not question you any further, nor oppose you in the least. Do as you wish, Monsieur. I shall be satisfied, whatever the result."

"My wife and I have consulted together about it," replied the painter. "You know her,—what a kind heart she has; how her quick, sarcastic speech often belies its purest gold. She thinks my plan admirable. She is very fond of you, Mademoiselle, and believes with me that the future holds good in store,—that your long-cherished wish is probably on the eve of accomplishment."

"You mystify me, Monsieur," said Laurette, a little sadly. "I see no way out. But God is good."

As she hurried home through the fast-gathering twilight, she felt an elation of spirit to which she had long been a stranger. When her father saw her he said jestingly:

"Your eyes are as bright and your cheeks are as pink as though you had just been saying adieu to an adoring lover. To-night you look like my little flower of five years ago."

(Conclusion next week.)

After Confession.

BY S. M. ST. JOHN.

MY sinful self is cleansed again,
 God's kiss of peace is on my brow;
 I still must bear the purging pain,—
 But pain and I are wedded now.
 And grace a healing balm begets,—
 God's saving grace is ever so;
 His love obscures the past, and sets
 A shining way for me to go.

The Last Royal Stuart.

BY G. M. HORT.

(CONCLUSION.)

IN 1750 there was another abortive attempt on the part of Charles to recover his inheritance; and it was rumored that this time he had, whilst in England, made a profession of Protestantism as a desperate bid for success. In other ways, too, Charles had wandered far enough from what had been best in his early training; but the melancholy story, so often told, concerns us here only so far as it relates to Henry.

To his brother, the prodigal never wrote; and to his father, so seldom and so briefly that James did not always know even where he was. By an irony not uncommon in such cases, Charles seems to have remained the favorite son; and Henry, the dutiful and honorable, had often, in those long years, a good deal to bear from his querulous, ageing parent.

The Cardinal continued to live in the old Palazzo; and from his large revenues contributed materially to its strained resources. Yet the old King insisted on treating his grown-up son as a child, to be scolded and dictated to. Of his objection to Henry's musical friendships, we have already spoken; and there were other causes of dispute and disagreement. James claimed, for instance, authority to choose Henry's attendants and servants, and reproached him for his supposed preference for Italians over Englishmen. Henry was not always patient with this unreasonable interference, and now and then his hot temper flamed out. But his filial affection and firm sense of duty prevailed; and James' gradual decline and last, lingering illness were cheered by the filial devotion of at least one son.

In the summer of 1761, the Pope ap-

pointed the Cardinal-Duke to the bishopric of Frascati, a beautiful little town in the Alban Hills, about fourteen miles to the southeast of Rome, and the reputed site of the ancient Tusculum, the beloved retreat of Cicero. Of all his ecclesiastical preferments, this was the one which was most congenial to Henry, and was to become most completely part of his personal life and interests.

He was welcomed there with great rejoicings, the whole of the little town being *en fête* to greet its new bishop, and its poorer folk collecting at its gates to receive him. After the ceremony of enthronement, there were general festivities, in which everyone shared. The fountains in the Piazza ran wine; meat and drink were freely distributed; music, dancing, and bon-fires went on till long after dark. It was a royal reception. And if Frascati was willing to show such kingly honors to its bishop, the Cardinal-Duke, on his part, was willing to show that his chief duty and his chief happiness would be in his people.

But the death of his father, at the beginning of the year 1766, by reviving the old thorny question of the recognition of the Stuart claims, laid upon Henry a new and irksome responsibility. Charles himself appeared in Rome, determined to be acknowledged as "His Majesty Charles III."; and Henry, faithful to what he conceived to be his duty, at once approached the Pope on the matter.

Clement XIII., the then Pontiff, had been a kind friend to the exiled Stuarts, and he was, personally, quite willing to remain so. But public official recognition, such as the brothers demanded, was another thing. The policy of the Holy See had, perforce, been altered with the years; and the Pope did not feel free to commit himself to a course which would exasperate afresh the English Government against the great

body of English Catholics, who now, under George III., had a chance of being treated with at least leniency. Charles saw nothing in this broader view of the case but direct insult to himself and his House; and, though Henry was much more reasonable, he, too, was deeply hurt.

There was more substantial cause for distress in Charles' own conduct. The meeting between the brothers, after their long separation, had been affectionate indeed, but could not but have been very painful to Henry. Both of them had altered with the years. While Henry's character had grown steadier and stronger with maturity, Charles' had grievously deteriorated. His violent temper had become almost maniacal in its outbursts; and the sordid vices that had stained his life and destroyed every trace of his youthful good looks were peculiarly repugnant to Henry.

A letter of the Cardinal's to an unknown friend expresses, with touching dignity, his feeling about the well-nigh hopeless case. Charles' drunken habits were evidently gaining on him, and Henry's remonstrances were without avail: "I am seriously afflicted . . . when I reflect on his dismal situation, a thousand times worse than the situation in which his enemies have tried to place him. But there is no remedy except a miracle, which may be kept at last for his eternal salvation; but surely nothing else."

Early in 1772, Charles, without consulting his brother, contracted a marriage with the young German princess, Louise of Stolberg; and two years later went to reside with her in Florence. The marriage, unsuitable in more ways than one, turned out most unhappily, and was to be the cause of more scandal and annoyance to Henry, to whose sense of justice and practical kindness both parties were to appeal in time of need. But for the present the removal of Charles from Rome must

have been a relief to the Cardinal, who was left the freer to devote himself to his *diletta Frascati*,—his beloved Frascati. Henry's title "Duke of York" had always been an empty one. He had never so much as seen the little English town on the edge of the Yorkshire moors, from which that title was derived; and the chances are that, even to the loyal Jacobites who formed a portion of its inhabitants, he would have seemed a stranger and a foreigner. But in the little Italian town on the Alban Hills he had found his true dukedom. One who knew him there said that he combined the generous ideas of a beneficent ruler with the zeal of a holy pastor; and the very magnificence of his style of living (a magnificence which, we must remember, seemed to him less of a self-indulgence than of a simple duty to his rank) increased the love and gratitude of his flock to one who, though so great a man, chose to live and work among the lowly.

The old episcopal palace, which had been a Mediæval hill-stronghold, and which was now very dilapidated and even actually unsafe, was rebuilt by the new Bishop. He raised a Passionist church and convent on the site of a temple of Jupiter; and also founded a seminary for the education of secular priests, in which he himself took the keenest interest, endowing it with a splendid library, and visiting it every day. In this seminary was educated the future Cardinal Consalvi, a protégé of the Duke, and later his devoted friend and confidant. For Henry, unlike Charles, had a genius for that real kind of friendship which is founded on mutual regard and kindred tastes.

A deep and lasting attachment also existed between him and Don Angelo Cesarini, who, in 1769, had become his secretary, and was to be his faithful comrade and helper to the very end. Cesarini was made rector of the semi-

nary, and shared the Duke's interest in its welfare. Altogether the life at Frascati must have been a very happy life, and all the happier because of a firm sense of duty and responsibility.

He was much beloved by the poor, and with reason. Hearing of the poverty and ignorance of a district known as the Molara, inhabited by a little colony of laborers, who had come to Frascati from other parts of the country and never fraternized with their fellow-townsmen, the Bishop arranged a procession of the Blessed Sacrament to traverse the despised place. He himself, a splendid and imposing figure, carried the sacred Host, spoke with fatherly kindness to the wondering folk, and soon took practical measures to relieve their needs, spiritual and physical.

A church was built, a chaplain appointed, teaching for the neglected children provided, and the whole poverty-stricken Molara lived to bless the good Bishop's name. The saying afterwards current among these grateful people—"Our Bishop, the Cardinal-Duke, would rather sell the diamond cross on his breast than let us or our children starve again"—was probably an echo of words Henry himself had used. For Henry spoke often in this generous, impulsive fashion; and once, when some one had presumed to lament, in conversation with him, that he, a Stuart prince, would die childless, he had flung back the spirited answer: "*My children are the souls I save.*"

There is a sense in which the graceless Charles himself may be counted among those souls. At any rate, Henry was one of the good angels of his brother's unhappy life; and before its close his unwearied affection was to be, in some degree, rewarded. Late in the year 1785, the prodigal returned to his old home, a broken man; and two years later died there in comparative peace, surrounded to the last by loving care,

and by a measure of that strange devotion which, with all his grave faults, he was able to inspire in natures nobler than his own.

The Cardinal's generosity had for years provided for the maintenance and education of his brother's natural daughter; so that, humanly speaking, Charles owed to Henry that she had grown up a virtuous, sweet-natured girl, willing to become her father's devoted nurse. Charles himself seemed more or less conscious at last of his debt of gratitude. There was a gleam of light at eventide. The old affectionate intercourse was renewed between the brothers, and Henry grieved deeply when the last parting came.

Apart from the fraternal sorrow it caused him, the death of Charles laid a new burden on the Cardinal. From his point of view, there was now no choice for him but to assert his right as "true, last and legitimate heir of the Royal House" to which he belonged; and he had already, when Charles' recovery was no longer to be expected, drawn up a manifesto of his claims. Those claims were peaceable, but quite uncompromising. The medals which he caused to be struck, with his dignified, though uncrowned, head upon them, gave him the title of "Henry IX. of Great Britain"; and described him as "King by the will of God, though not by the desire of man."

Henceforth his own household addressed him as "Majesty"; and, though his love and reverence for the Holy See remained unaltered, he thought it his duty to make a formal protest against the alliance into which Pius VI. had found it necessary to enter with the Hanoverian Government. As part of that protest, he declared his intention henceforth to avoid Rome, and to spend the rest of his days in retirement in his own diocese, among his own people.

The terrible storm of the French Revolution, however, modified his at-

titude towards the Pope's policy; and later, in the Napoleonic troubles, when the conqueror forced the Papal States to pay a stupendous indemnity as the price of non-invasion, none gave more generously and ungrudgingly than the Cardinal-King, who at once offered the Pope all his heirloom jewels, both of the Stuarts and the Sobieskis (including the famous "Great Ruby of Poland"), to help keep the conqueror from the gates of Rome. It was, as we know, only a postponement of the evil day. In 1798 the French occupied the Eternal City, flew the tricolor from the Castle Sant' Angelo, and carried the Supreme Pontiff into the captivity in which he was to die.

The storm broke, too, over peaceful Frascati; and the Bishop, with a few faithful friends and retainers, had to flee from his beloved home, to find a temporary shelter first at Naples, and then at Venice, where he was reduced to great straits.

It was a painful experience for an old and delicately-bred man, and his health suffered materially under the physical strain. His generous spirit, too, was particularly irked by a poverty which prevented his fulfilling his charitable obligations. His income had long been burdened with yearly pensions, carefully paid to his brother's widow and to other victims of Charles' selfish vices. No one in distress had ever appealed to him in vain. Now he had to become, in his turn, the pensioner of others.

It is good to know that he had friends who spared him the mortification of himself asking for charity. Cardinal Borgia pleaded his cause, with the greatest tact and dignity, to Sir John Hippisley, British Envoy at Rome; and soon from the kindly though slow-witted George III. came assurances of his sympathy with his royal kinsman's necessities, and the offer of a pension of four thousand pounds a year.

The Cardinal acknowledged and accepted the gift with dignified gratitude; and, though it was fully understood on both sides that the taking of the Hanoverian pension carried with it no acknowledgment of the Hanoverian right, yet, none the less, the compact sealed the peace, and must have been the cause of much general satisfaction. There would be no more of those fruitless and heartrending Jacobite risings to bring new penalties on the unoffending heads of British Catholics. The last of the Stuarts, grown old in an office higher than mere kingship, was content to be king in name only.

Slowly the political sky cleared. The new Pope entered Rome in state; and the Cardinal, with enthusiastic rejoicings, was welcomed back to Frascati, which, though he was made Bishop of Ostia and Velletri in 1803, and had fresh honors heaped upon him, was to remain to the end his chosen home and the happy centre of his interests.

His life resumed its even tenor. Diminished strength and advancing years narrowed its activities; but it was still a very full, enjoyable life. We hear how he kept his old friends and helpers around him, did a little literary work, and retained his love of the arts. The seminary was still a source of keen interest; and, besides their more serious occupations, its younger inmates found time to rehearse little plays, and scenes from plays, to be presented before their critical but appreciative patron. There were occasional journeys to Rome to take part in ceremonial functions; and the Pope himself visited Frascati, on one occasion bringing with him the King of Sardinia, a distant kinsman of the Stuart prince and heir to the uncrowned kingship. The Cardinal continued those lavish charities which had earned for him, among the people of Frascati, the name of "Protector of the Poor"; and, though his income was much diminished, he

still kept house in the old princely fashion. Visitors from Great Britain, Jacobite or otherwise, who found their way to Frascati, were sure of a kindly welcome; and the story goes that the Duke of Sussex, the sixth son of George III., when residing at Rome, often visited the little hill-town, and was on the most friendly terms with his venerable kinsman.

On one occasion, being told that the grandfather of one of his guests (a Scotch gentleman named Forsyth) had fallen fighting for the Stuart cause, his eyes filled with tears; and, as a mark of regard, he made Forsyth sit next to him at dinner.* This same Forsyth tells a quaint little story of a stray dog which the Cardinal had adopted and made a special favorite. One day, when the Cardinal was in Rome, this dog had followed him as he came out of St. Peter's, and had refused to leave him. This was because (the Cardinal told his guest) it was a King Charles spaniel, a breed of dog supposed to have an instinctive attachment for those of royal blood. So it had been taken home to Frascati, to fulfil its rightful vocation—as a king's dog.

A more serious token of the Cardinal's enduring sense of his own kingship was his occasional practice of the old royal rite known, since the time of St. Edward the Confessor as "Touching for the King's Evil." Legitimate successors of the royal saint were the reputed inheritors of his power to heal persons afflicted with scrofula. The ceremonial touch of the royal hand was accompanied by special prayers and benediction, and by the hanging round the sick person's neck of a little silver coin, stamped with an image of St. Michael trampling the dragon, and known as "a touch-piece." All the exiled Stuarts had continued this ancient and

* The Cardinal's guests, we are told, were served on silver, while he himself always ate from earthenware.

beautiful custom; but the Cardinal's sacred office and known exemplary life must have added a good deal to its impressiveness and meaning. Some of the little silver touch-pieces used by him were carefully preserved in the families of their recipients, and are still extant,—interesting and characteristic relics of an uncrowned but surely not unworthy monarch.

Death came to the aged Cardinal-King as he must have wished that it would come,—in his beloved Frascati, surrounded by his friends and affectionate servitors. The summer of 1807 was an especially hot and trying one even in the hill-country, and the old man caught a feverish chill from which he never rallied. During his short illness, his one expressed anxiety was for the welfare of his dependents when he should be taken from them. His close friend, Cardinal Cesarini, was with him to the end, and administered the last Sacraments. On July 13 (the forty-sixth anniversary of his consecration to the bishopric of Frascati), he peacefully passed away. The embalmed body of the last of the Stuarts was borne to Rome, to be laid beside those of his father and brother in the crypt of St. Peter's; and there was great mourning in Frascati at the loss of a benefactor and father in God.

It has been rightly said of Henry Stuart that, whatever else of royalty was denied him, he had the royal heart of benevolence and generosity. He had also the heart of a sincere Christian; and, though he did not consider himself called to a life of austerity or outward contempt of rank and wealth, he was not really a worldling, nor one whom the world, even if it had fulfilled all his ambitions, could ever have satisfied.

Under all his outward arrogance and punctilious thought of etiquette, his true self yearned towards the things of God; and the world was only a passing show, to which he gave a passing at-

tention.* The fact that St. Augustine was his favorite among the Fathers is a significant side-light on his personality. His soul, though on so different an intellectual level, must have had a certain affinity with the soul of the great saint and theologian. He, too, desired a City of God rather than a city of men, and knew that the only true rest for human hearts is in the God who made them.

Felicia's "Fond Thing."

BY JUDITH F. SMITH.

"JUST like fairies!" said Felicia under her breath, as she rounded the bend of the shadowed drive, and caught sight of the lilies dancing on the lawn in the twilight.

The little group of school-children halted shyly before the hall door. There was a sound of nervous scuffling and giggling: it was an awesome thing to pull the rectory bell. But great ends are not attained without great efforts. Mr. Cardew had told them to come, and had promised to show them the treasures which he had brought back from the Holy Land,—just by themselves alone. With one accord, the others made way for Felicia. Had she not just won a scholarship to the High School? It was right that she should shoulder the responsibilities of her position. Felicia stepped forward and rang the bell.

All shyness vanished when the rector met them in the hall and ushered them into his study. He and his school-children were real friends, and they had not met for three long months—except when he came into school yesterday and told them to come

* We have the testimony of those who knew him for "the fervor with which he said his Mass, and his tenderly given Communions"; and for that "serene faith of the just" which lit up his dying face.

to-night; not the "tinies" (they were too young to be interested), but the boys and girls of his Sunday-school class. He had been thinking of them all through his short visit to Palestine,—buying a photograph here, a curio there; lightening his all too slender purse, but storing his mind with those vivid pictures which made his lessons such a joy.

The children were very happy and interested in all he had to show and tell them, and keenly sensitive to the loving reverence in his look and tone. This journey to the Holy Land had been the realization of a lifelong dream. Among the things which he had brought back were two Rosaries made of olive stones from the trees on the Mount of Olives; each with a little mother-of-pearl cross, on which was carved a crude Figure of Byzantine design. Felicia took up one of these.

"What a pretty necklace!" she said.

"It isn't a necklace," Mr. Cardew told her. "These are stones from the olive trees which grow in the Garden of Gethsemane,—perhaps the very trees which sheltered Our Lord, or at least descendants of them."

The light in the child's eyes answered the light in the man's. Both could see that holy scene; both touched the little brown stones with reverence.

"Stay behind, Felicia, while I send the others away," the rector said. "I want to ask you about the scholarship which I hear you have won."

When he had sent away the other children, Mr. Cardew returned, to find Felicia still holding the Rosary.

"Would you like to have that one for your very own?" he asked, moved by the intense longing on the childish face.

"Oh, please, sir, I can't tell you how much I should love to have it!" Felicia's cheeks flamed and her eyes shone.

"But it's not to be used, you know," he said,—and then saw his mistake.

"Used, sir?" Felicia was puzzled. "Not worn as a necklace, do you mean?" Oh, no! I couldn't think of doing that. It is too holy."

"Yes, my child, it is holy; for it came from the Holy Land. Keep it always in remembrance of our dear Lord's sufferings for us beneath the olive trees."

The study door opened and a maid announced, "Mr. Gosforth to see you, sir."

"I've just heard you were back, Cardew," said the newcomer, "and I came round at once. Welcome home! I've missed you sorely. Ah, I see you've brought home some trophies from your travels!"

"Yes; I've been showing them to the school-children," Mr. Cardew answered, and the two friends began to talk about the objects before them.

Robert Cardew, rector of Little Eaton, and Charles Gosforth, rector of Long Eaton, were the exact opposites of each other, though they had been friends since their Cambridge days. They both belonged to the Evangelical school; but Mr. Cardew was a Protestant from circumstances alone, unconsciously suffering all his life from the deprivation of his rightful heritage; whereas Mr. Gosforth was an out-and-out follower of Luther, and would probably have started a "Reformation" of his own had he not found matters so happily arranged for him.

Felicia had drawn back into a corner when the visitor arrived. The two men were between her and the door, and she could only stand shyly by, awaiting notice.

Presently Mr. Gosforth picked up the other Rosary.

"Really, Cardew," he said, "what do you mean by bringing home this relic of Popish superstition?"

"No superstitious use need be made of it," his friend answered gently; "and it is hallowed by its associations."

"That is as it may be," the other replied; "but it is a fond thing vainly invented."

Then Mr. Cardew saw Felicia in her corner; and, with apologies and a kind farewell, sent the child away.

"'A fond thing,'" Felicia repeated to herself, clasping her Rosary. "He called it 'a fond thing'! I suppose that means a thing of which you're very fond."

"What have you got there, Lizzie?" her mother asked when she arrived home. "Ah, I see! A necklace. Very pretty; but I don't like that cross on it; it's too Popish. We'll have a nice little horseshoe for luck put on instead."

"Oh, no, mother! Mr. Cardew said it wasn't a necklace; it is not to be worn; it's holy; it came from the Holy Land."

"Well, just as you like, child; but I don't see what good it is if you can't do anything with it."

Felicia's mother was nothing if not practical. Her husband was the village carpenter, a hard-working man; and she herself was a thrifty woman, keeping the house spotless, and lavishing all her love and devoted care on her husband and child. Felicia's name (shortened for everyday use to Lizzie) represented the one spark of romance in Mrs. Briggs' life. It was the name of the young lady at the Hall, in the village of her childhood, who used to have a Bible class and sewing meeting for the village girls, and was adored by them for her gentleness and courtesy and beauty. Her tragic fate but enhanced the romance that surrounded her. She went away one summer and never came back. All that was known was that "the Pope had got her."

Felicia was never tired of hearing about her namesake; and she used to catch her breath and grow round-eyed with horror when her mother told in solemn tones of her mysterious and melancholy end. The mystery was

partially explained by the perusal of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," given her as a Sunday-school prize: "I saw in my dream . . . a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. . . . But, I have learnt since, that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, . . . grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he can not come at them."

Twenty years later the rectors of Long and Little Eaton were spending an evening together, as was their weekly custom. Mr. Cardew was getting very feeble; but his friend, of a more robust constitution, showed little sign of his seventy years.

"You have done me a great kindness, Charles, in attending to that matter of Felicia Briggs," Mr. Cardew was saying. "I love the child, and have always had the greatest respect for the family. Their trouble has been a great grief to me. It was a terrible thing,—Briggs dying so suddenly, and then Mrs. Briggs' paralytic stroke. A village carpenter, however industrious, can't save much money; but, happily, he had bought his house; and, now that you have given Felicia the headship of your school, they will get on very well. Of course, in a worldly sense, it is a loss to her to leave the large school she was in; but she is a good, unselfish girl, and she knows that her mother would never be happy away from all her neighbors and friends."

"Felicia Briggs' references are excellent. I'm sure she is a very good teacher; and, having been brought up under your eye, Robert, I do not fear those foolish notions which so many

girls get into their heads nowadays. I would never have anybody who called herself a 'Catholic' in my school. Why, Brown's schoolmistress wears a great medal with some idolatrous device on it!"

"Don't let us be too hard on them, Charles. Perhaps these outward forms are a real help to some souls. I must say that I think they are often very beautiful," the old man added wistfully.

"For shame, Robert! No Christian ought to tolerate pagan symbols and ceremonies. The Open Bible—"

"Yes, yes, Charles! I am with you, you know. But now tell me about your chess tournament."

Mr. Cardew had no taste to-night for a heated theological discussion. He was drawing near to that Land where the mists of earth are dissolved in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

Felicia the woman was very like Felicia the child. Her soul was still athirst for beauty, and her mind for knowledge; for she had drunk of the fountain of perpetual youth, which is the Well of Wonder. This type of mind makes the ideal teacher, and the girl had brains. She had won a scholarship from the High School to a training college, and had done extremely well. Everyone expected her to gain some desirable post; but when the call came to sacrifice her career to her mother's happiness, she did not hesitate.

About six months after Felicia had come home, Mr. Cardew died. His successor was a keen young man of the "Anglo-Catholic" school, who felt that it was his mission to revolutionize the village. The older inhabitants were shocked and bewildered at this complete reversal of the teaching of a lifetime; and those with sufficient spiritual and physical vigor walked over to Long Eaton on Sunday mornings. Mr. Rayden's congregation consisted almost wholly of the young, who were attracted by the novelty and dramatic

interest of his methods; with a sprinkling of maturer minds, who were alive to the young rector's evident spirituality and fervor. Among these was Felicia Briggs.

One Sunday Mr. Rayden preached a fervent sermon on devotion to Our Lady, which set Felicia thinking hard. Lingered by the shelf of booklets which the rector had recently installed in the church, she found a copy of Keble's poem to "Our Mother out of sight," and a little book about the Rosary. Felicia dropped her pennies in the box and took home these two books. Of course she had long known the identity of her "fond thing"; and she had also studied the Thirty-nine Articles; so far as she could see, they claimed her assent. But now for the first time she realized both the beauty and reasonableness of devotion to Our Lady. Clearly, there could be nothing idolatrous in making one's own the Angelic Salutation; and if Holy Mary could hear our reverent praise, surely she could likewise hear our humble prayer. Felicia began to use her Rosary; and the depths of spiritual meaning in this devotion so grew upon her that in a few months it became her regular daily practice.

One morning Mr. Gosforth came into school to speak to Felicia about some parochial matter. He had his hand on her desk as he talked, and, in turning round, his sleeve caught a little vase of flowers which the children had placed there. Felicia pulled out her handkerchief to mop up the water, and as she did so her Rosary fell on the floor. For a moment neither Felicia nor the rector moved; then he picked up the Rosary, and, holding it gingerly as if it were some poisonous thing, he asked sternly:

"Do you *use* this thing, Miss Briggs, or did you merely bring it to school to show the children as a curio?"

Felicia knew perfectly well all that

her reply would entail, but she looked up at the rector and said quietly:

"I use my Rosary, sir, for prayer; but I do not show it to the children. It was in my pocket by accident this morning."

"A fortunate accident!" he said grimly. "I will have no Romanizer in my school, corrupting my innocent children. Come to me after school this afternoon, Miss Briggs."

Felicia was on her way to the station after a long day's shopping in the market town. It was a dull day of heavy showers, and she was feeling tired and disheartened. Of course she had been dismissed from Long Eaton school: the rector had all the other managers on his side at a word. Felicia was faced with the problem of two years before. She could get another post, no doubt; though a damaging reference from her last school might be a serious obstacle. But would it be right to move her mother? The poor old lady's chief interest lay in the visits of kindly neighbors, and she was intensely attached to the house where she had passed her happy married life. Felicia resolved that she should stay there. She would earn money somehow; she would take in washing, go out as a daily help,—anything to keep the home together.

A very heavy shower, sudden and soaking, interrupted her thoughts. Her hands were full of parcels, and she looked round for shelter. She was passing a church,—the Catholic church: "Our Lady Help of Christians." "Our Lady, help me!" Felicia prayed, and went in. She had never been in it before, and the first thing she noticed was a beautiful statue of Our Lady with a Rosary twined around her uplifted hands. Felicia knelt on the bench before the statue and poured out her heart to her Heavenly Mother.

Presently she rose from her knees

and went across to a pew. There was over an hour before her train went; she would wait here instead of at the station. It was good to be here. She knew the significance of the lamp which burned before the altar. In two years Mr. Rayden had taught his congregation many things; for their sakes, he told them, he was prepared to defy his bishop and start "Reservation" and other "Western uses." Felicia had kept an open mind on these vexed questions, seeking the truth but trying the spirits. And now, in this quiet church where she felt so strangely close to God, she considered the matter calmly. On the one hand, she was told that the Church of England was as truly Catholic as the Church of Rome; on the other hand, she had lost her livelihood by practising a Catholic devotion. There was some wide discrepancy somewhere. Surely it would be worth while to sift this matter to the bottom, and there was only one fair way of doing it. Mr. Rayden would be delighted to give her a course of instruction on the exact tenets of his school.

The lamp shone softly in the gloom, and beckoned to her like some Star of Bethlehem. She went and knelt at the altar rail for a few minutes, and then left the church. At the presbytery door she hesitated a moment, with a queer remembrance of her childish awe at ringing the rectory bell; then she found the button, and heard the answering whir.

On a May morning five years later Felicia was in the garden, singing a duet with the thrush on the apple tree, and, incidentally, "hanging out the clothes." She wore a blue cotton frock, and the sun touched her hair to gold; her round white arms were stretched high above her head as she pegged a sheet to the line, and a big linen basket at her feet held a blur of soft colors,—lilacs and pinks and greys. Seen

closely, her hands were rough and toil-worn, and there was grey in her hair; but her eyes were those of a child.

For the past five years Felicia had supported her mother and herself by the work of her hands. She toiled early and late, and in her attendance on her mother she heard ceaseless complaints; for Mrs. Briggs had never forgiven her for "throwing away a good living, just for silly fancies." Yet Felicia was utterly and completely happy. Her search for truth had been speedily rewarded, and she was received into the Church a few months after her first inquiries. In the light of faith, her otherwise hard lot shone with heavenly radiance.

To-day she was more keenly alive to spiritual values than ever; for yesterday (Sunday), after Mass, she had been invested in Our Lady's livery, the Scapular of Mount Carmel. A Carmelite! What were her daily hardships compared with the austerities of those saintly lives! In her humble way she would try to be worthy of them.

Swinging her empty basket, Felicia came down the garden path. The baker's cart stopped at the gate, and she went to take the bread. Little Eaton had no baker of its own, but the Long Eaton baker called twice a week.

"It's sad news we've heard this mornin', Miss," said the man.

"What is that?" asked Felicia.

"About the Reverend Gosforth," her informant continued, with the relish of the rustic who has bad news to tell. "He fell down dead in his study last ev'nin', just after church; and a powerful sermon he preached, they do say, all about the goin's on in this here parish, which he never could abide. They say as how it affected his heart."

Felicia walked slowly back to the house. She put her loaves in the pantry and went up to her room. She had been up since five o'clock; her washing was all hung out, and now she might

rest for a little while. Poor old Mr. Gosforth! She could picture the funeral service. They would sing "Now the laborer's task is o'er," and "Oh, what the joy and the glory must be!" The officiating minister would state that "The souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity." Throughout the whole service there would be never a prayer for the departed soul.

Felicia took up her Rosary,—the one which she had had from childhood, but which long had since been fully indulged.

"He won't think it 'a fond thing vainly invented' now!" she murmured; and, kneeling down, she said the Sorrowful Mysteries for him.

A Royal Joke.

SOME years before his assassination (July 29, 1900), King Humbert of Italy began to grow quite grey. Queen Marguerite did not relish this evidence of advancing years, and advised him to dye his hair and mustache. The King, however, did not readily assent. He is said to have detested dissimulation in all such things; so his hair continued to grow whiter instead of blacker. Not wishing to offend the Queen, he did not absolutely refuse her request, but he put off the granting of it indefinitely. Queen Marguerite then had recourse to stratagem. She sent to Paris for a bottle of excellent hair-dye, and placed it, with the directions for use in a conspicuous place in the King's bedchamber. Several days went by, and Humbert's hair underwent no change of color. The Queen was beginning to despair about the success of her stratagem when, one morning, there entered her room her favorite white spaniel which had become transformed into a perfectly black spaniel. King Humbert had found a use for the hair-dye.

Europe and the Church.

THE position of the Church in Europe is a matter of burning interest; for it becomes clearer each day that she is the only source from which moral unity can come. M. René Pinon, an able student of this and kindred subjects, has contributed to *Le Correspondant* for March 25 a paper of outstanding significance, from which we shall draw a few very appealing thoughts. "Great crises and periods of suffering," says M. Pinon, "arouse people to an examination of the intellectual and moral conscience. For a Catholic, war, the fratricidal struggle which sets Christians against Christians, Catholics against Catholics, is the consequence of original sin, the fruit of evil on earth; it is, therefore, in his case a powerful incentive to examine the roots of evil for the purpose of destroying them and preparing for better conditions. By reason of his principles, he has confidence in the social efficacy of a return to religious faith and law; he judges events, according to his ability, *sub specie aeternitatis*, and does not weary of hoping in a society that shall be nearer perfection than the present."

"During this conflict," he continues, "the opinion of civilized peoples felt that what is wanting in Europe to-day is a force not so much international as supranational, a high tribunal empowered to lay down the law and to prevent conflicts. This need for an authority superior to that of any nation gave great vogue, during the war, to the idea of a League of Nations and to the political theory of President Wilson. This League of Nations assumed, for the multitudes who suffered, the aspect of a noble and puissant institution, which, taking shape in the mists enshrouding the future, would render impossible forever any repetition of the

horrors of the present and the past,—would establish the reign of peace through justice. It was a benevolent dream! When it came to the practical matter of putting the scheme into operation, however, a series of national interests stood in the way, and it was seen that an institution of this sort can not be reared in a day by the will of a congress of diplomats. That which the League of Nations lacked is precisely the quality which gives, in the political world, such great power to the Papacy: a long tradition, centuries of good deeds. For the Catholic Church is, herself, a league of nations, the oldest and most venerable in the history of the world."

The peace of Europe seems, therefore, to be dependent upon the increase of influence obtained by the Catholic idea. Can we hope, from the present state of affairs in the world, that this idea has gained in prestige since the close of the disastrous conflict? M. Pinon believes that numerous social portents indicate a great revival of the Papal power, and presents a comprehensive view of the present European situation that is no less careful than it is reassuring.

It is, perhaps, too early for any prediction concerning the religious future of Russia. Nevertheless, while the Church was practically tied hand and foot under the Czar's régime, many obstacles in the way of her development have now disappeared. Whatever political changes the future may involve for Russia, the old State religion will probably never be re-established under its ancient monopoly.

Conditions in other Slavic countries, particularly those formed out of the ancient empire of Austria-Hungary, are too complex for consideration here. It may be stated, however, that the collapse of the Hapsburgs does not necessarily imply a loss for the Church. Too often the disaffected peoples under their

rule were induced to connect Catholicism with a Government which they disliked; and, while this feeling has led to the outbreak of local schisms since the war, present conditions point to an unrestricted field of activity for the Church. Moreover, with the rise of the new Poland, unified again after so many centuries of disruption, an old and Christian people once more takes its rightful place among the nations that march under the spiritual banner of the Popes.

Catholicism in Germany has been intensified and purified by the war. The congress at Würzburg last December emphasized strongly the mission of the Church as the support of moral standards; numerous associations of young people have been formed for the study of the Faith; and the political prominence of Catholics, the return of the Jesuits, and the Romeward movement of men like Dr. Albani, are signs of coming victory. Never before, either, has the Church of England held so closely and so steadily before the eyes of its members the vision of the Catholic creed and reunion with Rome. In the typically Catholic countries—Italy, Spain, France and Belgium—the years following the war have seen a remarkable advance in the prestige of the Papacy and in the courageous defence of the traditional Faith.

"The word religion," our author says in conclusion, "has the same root as the word re-bind. After a conflict which has broken so many of the bonds between peoples, religion, the force which binds, is essentially creative of order,—order within each nation, order in the relations which one nation has to another. Thus viewed, it is an outstanding fact that observant men everywhere have seen the light of the Catholic teaching that nations are not ends unto themselves, and that there is a law higher than the interests of individual Governments."

Notes and Remarks.

Considering that there were as many as sixty-one cases of lynching in the United States last year, most of them of Negroes, every worthy citizen will agree with President Harding's declaration that "Congress ought to wipe the stain of barbaric lynching from the banner of a free and orderly representative democracy." Everybody must see, however, that the task would be attended with great difficulty, for the simple reason that there is little regard for legal procedure in communities where lynchings occur. Orderly government does not prevail in all parts of the country. We hear of districts where as yet no serious efforts have been made to enforce Prohibition, though this measure is a Constitutional one. Until reverence for law is more general, and the punishment of all classes of criminals is rendered prompt and adequate, it is to be feared that any efforts made by Congress to suppress lynching will be to a large extent in vain.

There was no mistake in attributing to the *Manchester Guardian*, one of the best and most influential of English journals, the subjoined paragraph of an article on the report of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, which was quoted by us last week. It is from an editorial in the *Guardian*, entitled "What the World Thinks of Us," in its issue for the 1st inst.:

A few men like Sir Hamar Greenwood have landed us in the dock, without a defence, before the conscience of mankind; and the nation that in the autumn of 1914 was alive with one of the few generous national passions of modern history has been dragged by a few vicious blunderers down to the level of the old Turkey and the old Prussia. There is nothing for it. To dispute a few details, to point out a few excesses in this detestable American report, would only advertise its crushing remainder of truth. Our Government has put us in the stocks, as it were; in the market-

place of the world; and when passing strangers throw at us the dead cats and bad eggs which, on the whole, our rulers have earned us, it is hardly worth the trouble to plead that some of the cats are unfairly heavy and some of the eggs unjustly stale. We may as well keep our tempers, and take our pelting with any dignity that is left us; and not let our own mischief-makers make bad worse by picking a quarrel with the outside world for despising us when we let contemptible things be done in our name.

Some other downright words of the English editor, no less creditable to his candor, occurring in the same editorial, may also be quoted:

One's first instinctive pang of miserable resentment is against the outsider who comes to judge and condemn the evil we have done at our own hearth. To be so detached a philosopher as to find such an investigation anything but unwelcome and wounding, one would have to be short of one of the natural affections. But that resentment quickly passes into a stronger and more bitter one against those whose unfaithfulness has laid us open to an impeachment so galling because so unanswerable.

It is very unlikely that any considerable number of English-speaking Catholics anywhere will agree to the suggestion made by a correspondent of the London *Tablet*, signing himself "an Old English Catholic," that only priests of religious Orders be called "Father." The "Mister" of Penal times in England and of early years in this country is a nonentity. We should consider the subject undeserving of notice were it not for the replies of two other correspondents of the *Tablet* to "an Old English Catholic." One of them, after reminding him that Cardinal Manning wished the diocesan as well as the regular clergy to be called "Father," asks: "Does 'an Old English Catholic,' I wonder, when making his confession, use the form, 'I confess, etc., and to you, Mister'?" The other dissenter (Mr. James Britten), in combating the assertion of "an Old English Catholic" that the custom of calling

secular priests "Father" was an importation from Ireland, quotes some words of the late Bishop Ward in reference to the immigration of the Irish to England at the time of the potato famine. "They remained," and still remain, amongst us to give numbers and importance to our Catholic congregations; and their presence has contributed more than any cause to the progress of Catholicism in this country." "On the other hand," remarks Mr. Britten, "I can recall no English importation which has proved beneficial to Ireland, except the Catholic Truth Society, in the establishment of which in England two Irish priests took part."

Sensation in athletic circles, and consternation in the classic halls of Santa Clara University, California, have been caused by the announcement of the president, the Very Rev. Timothy Murphy, S. J.; that in future no intercollegiate athletic contests will take place at Santa Clara. The sensation will pass quickly; the consternation had already begun to subside when Fr. Murphy explained his decision, saying, as reported in the newspapers:

Intercollegiate athletics have reached a point where undue prominence is demanded. A great amount of time and thought is required for conferences, rules, and schedules. This tends to minimize the real purpose for which a student enters an institution of learning. Serious application thus becomes a side-show of the main attraction. Adding to this craving for social life, novelty, and excitement prevalent among students generally, we are faced by a problem. Which shall prevail—athletic prowess or class-room effort? Santa Clara has ever striven for a high standard of scholastic excellence. In order that this high standard might not be lowered, I have seen fit to remove what threatened to be a hindrance. Athletics have not been entirely abandoned, but the importance they seem to demand has been denied them. Studies must come first.

It is a case of a studies *vs.* sports. Being an educator, Fr. Murphy has what to athletics and "fans" seems a

perverted notion—viz., that class-work holds first place, pastimes a secondary one. He insists that in educational institutions a spirit of study should prevail rather than an atmosphere of sport. Fr. Murphy will, of course, be informed that intercollegiate athletics have undergone a great reform, and assured that they are a help instead of being a hindrance. To which he will most probably answer that he hasn't observed the reform, and is not convinced of the help.

The lamented death of the venerable Archbishop of Dublin is being commented on, and naturally so, as a national loss to Ireland. As a builder of churches and schools he had no equal there during the past half century, and his advocacy of higher education was not more notable than the spontaneous generosity with which he emptied his purse for the advancement of that cause. To the younger generation of our readers it may be something of a surprise to learn of the various fields in which Dr. Walsh attained eminence. His theological scholarship was, of course, attested by his choice, while still a young man, as president of Maynooth; but he was also exceptionally well versed in common and statute law, having in his time written a number of learned articles on various legal points. In addition to his works on land acts, education, and Grégorian subjects, he wrote a treatise on bimetallism and mono-metallism. It is interesting to note that, some thirty-six years ago, when the death of Cardinal Cullen left the archiepiscopal See of Dublin vacant, considerable influence was exerted by the British Government to prevent the selection of Dr. Walsh as his successor. Mr. Shane Leslie's new *Life of Cardinal Manning* gives evidence that this influence was opposed by the English Cardinal, who never regretted his efforts to have Dr. Walsh appointed. On

the other hand, in view of the active part taken by Dublin's new Archbishop in his country's legitimate efforts for better treatment from the British Government, it is safe to say that England regretted only that her influence against him had not prevailed. It is natural for his friends to say that if he had been less of a patriot and more of a diplomatist, he would have become a Cardinal. *R. I. P.*

The London *Times*, in summing up the career of Cardinal Gibbons—"a unique career in America,"—pays this tribute to him: "The secret of his success was a sweet temperance in all matters save of vital principle, appeal to which alone tempered his diplomatic temperament. His American popularity was due to his poverty both of wealth and ambition. He did not fear opposition, but he preferred compromise and peace. He bowed before attack and disarmed criticism, and, by outliving both, generally secured the acceptance of his views. He became a legend in his lifetime in a country which is more disposed to hero-worship than canonization, and a force where the strenuous is generally preferred to the saintly."

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of this country is not the only advocate of a "Blue Sunday," or the only enemy of the "Continental Sunday." Out in Bombay, India, there are other ultra-pious and perfervid friends of a rigorously strict observance of the Sabbath. One of them has been discouraging in the press about the cosmopolitan way in which Bombay observes the Sunday, and is quietly taken to task by Father Hull, editor of the *Examiner*, in this fashion:

As regards the "Continental Sunday," we would point out that under Catholic conditions the Sunday begins by the whole population attending Mass; and only after that duty is

over do they give themselves to enjoyment. The "Continental Sunday" (speaking broadly of the cities) is certainly rather overdone in the way of excitement. It stands in marked contrast to the opposite extreme of Puritanical England in past generations, in which even the reading of a newspaper was looked upon as an unpardonable profanity. The Church's idea of Sunday takes the golden mean. It is meant as a break in the toil and turmoil of the week's business, especially for the hard-working masses of the people; with the twofold object of giving leisure to attend to religion, and leisure for rest and refreshment. How the twofold principle is interpreted and applied differs according to custom of different places, and racial temperaments. The Church has no objection to any form of amusement, provided it is innocent and does not cut out the due observance of religious worship.

On so wholly sensible and very judicious a statement of the case, comment is quite superfluous.

The excellent effect produced on the non-Catholics of this country by the whole-hearted patriotism manifested by Catholics during the late war has been notably increased by the post-war pastoral letter of the American hierarchy, and by the various activities of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Habitual readers of the more important of our secular journals can not but have noticed the appreciative terms in which they render tribute to the Council's work in contributing to the better citizenship of Americans generally. As one notable instance of such appreciation, we quote an extract from a recent editorial in the *Post-Intelligencer*, of Seattle, Washington:

It is assuring to other religionists and provocative of public confidence to be assured that the Americanization work of the Welfare Council is free from denominationalism of any kind; that the Council is planning in the most constructive way that it can devise to make Americans, actual and potential, realize that good citizenship is a matter of great concern to them not only on election day, but on every other day. It is held, in a general way, that conscience or religion should form the foundation of our civic activities; and that in all teaching of civics the thought should be

kept in mind that religious conscience, rather than self-interest or fear of punishment, supplies the noblest motives for the discharge of civic obligations.

But beyond the immediate work of the Welfare Council is the assurance that the effective machinery of the Roman Catholic Church is exerting its great influence, in these fretful days of reconstruction, in the direction of better Americanism and better citizenship. The Church itself is international, but its hierarchy and its membership in America are American. This speaks in many ways, but in none more plainly and forcibly than in the work of the Catholic Welfare Council.

Such praise, apart from the gratification which it naturally affords the members of the Council, is an incentive to American Catholics as a body to co-operate in every good work proposed and fostered by the National Catholic Welfare Council. It will be a permanent success only in such measure as individual Catholics in this country become interested in and, to the extent of their personal power, promote its manifold activities.

Very willingly do we comply with a request to "pass on" the following extract from an unnamed secular journal. It contains a very good and a very much-needed lesson, one that we have frequently emphasized:

A woman, accompanied by her two children (little girls), was coming out of one of the down-town motion-picture houses recently, and, on gaining the sidewalk, met a friend, to whom she said: "I think it's perfectly awful that the censors let such a picture as that pass. It is not fit for children to see."—"What was the picture?" asked her friend.—"Is Marriage a Furnace?" was the answer.—"Well, it seems to me," said the other, "that you are at fault and not the censors. The title of that picture should have told you not to take the children to see it. No mother could think a picture thus entitled suitable for children. Mothers are more to blame than any one else when they do not find out the kind of pictures they take their children to. Not all books are suited to children, but you do not exclude them from your library on that account. Think it over," the outspoken friend said, as she moved on.



Sanctuary Lamp.

BY T. E. B.

○ LITTLE light, I'd be
A flame of love like thee,
Burning before His throne;
Proclaiming far and near,
Behold! our God is here
And waiteth for His own.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVIII.—A DARK OUTLOOK.

AS Bryce stood mute and motionless with dismay, a sudden shudder convulsed his uncle's rigid form; his eyes opened in a wild, frightened stare; there was a hoarse, rattling gasp for breath, and all was still.

"Gone!" said the doctor, who was holding his pulse.

"Are you sure?" asked another quickly. "There is still a chance—we might try—"

And there was a whispered consultation, that Bryce, hurrying from the terrible scene, did not hear. He had caught the sound of hysterical sobbing in the library, where the servants had gathered in an excited group. His mother lay back in a great armchair, with Miss Marshall pressing a restorative to her trembling lips; and Elise was crying wildly beside her.

"It is only a stroke," soothed Miss Marshall, in the professional purr that always maddened Marjorie into tantrums. "Men of your brother's build are subject to such attacks; they pass under proper treatment with little harm. The doctors are doing everything they can.

Another spoonful of this bromide; it will quiet your nerves."

"He is dying,—he is dying, I know!" was the despairing answer. "I saw it in his face. And, oh, what will become of me,—of me and of my children? I warned him, I pleaded with him, but he would not listen to me. O Miles! Miles! Miles!"

"There, there, mother!" Bryce laid his hand tenderly on her arm, and there was a new tone in the boyish voice. "You mustn't break down like this. Uncle may pull through yet. The doctors are working hard for him. And if he doesn't," added Bryce, with a thought of what he had seen and heard just now in the hall, "you've got us yet. You must brace up for us, mother."

"You—you!" cried the hapless woman, wildly. "What can you do but drag me down into deeper depths? You—you—you!"

And even as she wailed out the words one of the doctors stepped to the open door and made a signal to Miss Marshall. She bowed her head in answer, and then turned to the servants with new authority in her voice.

"You will please all go back quietly to your work. Mrs. King can have no further excitement. My dear Madam, you must come with me to your room. Your children will comfort you. You can do nothing more for your brother: all is over with him."

Then Mrs. Carter-King's hysterics burst forth afresh, and for the moment all things were forgotten in the grim mastery of Death.

It was not until some hours later that Gregg, who, armed with new importance, had assumed control of the establishment below stairs, ventured to

break the tidings of Fifine's escape to his mistress.

"She busted out, ma'am,—how I don't know; but when I took the master's key and opened the door, I found the bookcases and statos all a-shaken and smashed and the child gone."

"Some villain must have helped her," gasped the lady, rousing into new excitement. "What did they take?"

"Nothing, mamma," answered Bryce, quietly. "I am the villain: I let the poor little kid out through the closet under the stairs."

"You! You dared to meddle again!" cried his mother, angrily. "To set that little thief free!"

"She was no thief, mother. All that she said was true. She was at church this morning: Tom Devlin's mother saw her there. And as for the necklace,—tell the truth, Elise! You wore it to the Donlon dance last night. Tom Devlin saw you. You lost it in the Square on your way home, and poor little Josephine picked it up to bring back to Marjorie. And you let every-one believe she was a liar, a thief."

"And she is,—she is!" burst forth Elise, pale with fear. "If I did wear it, she was running off with it."

"You know she was not," said the young judge, sternly. "I know it, mother knows it, and I guess Uncle Miles knows it now, too. But you all turned on her,—you worst of all, Elise."

"I never said a word about the little wretch," answered his sister, breathless with passion. "I never opened my mouth about her."

"You lied all the same," declared Bryce, hotly,—*"the meanest, dirtiest kind of a lie. You would have let uncle send her to jail, the reform, and never 'opened your mouth.' Gee, but you are a coward and a cad, Elise!"*

"There, there, there! Stop your quarrelling, or you will drive me mad!" cried the mother, despairingly. "If the

little beggar is gone, let her go. We are well rid of her. I have trouble enough,—trouble enough. And two selfish, heartless children on my hands, who have no feeling for me, none for the poor uncle who has gone from us forever—forever!"

Gone forever indeed, as Bryce realized when he turned from his mother's room into the chilly silence of the great house. The black brows had knit forever in their unchanging frown; the silent lips had closed over the secrets they had so long guarded; Marjorie's guardian had rendered up his accounts to a Judge to whom he had given no thought on earth.

As the rigid form was borne away to its last resting-place, Bryce woke to the truth that his despairing mother had already guessed. Miles Carter's life had gone out in shame and disgrace. In his stubborn pride and self-confidence he had ruined himself and all who had put trust in him.

The day after his uncle's funeral Bryce learned all.

"We are beggars," said his mother,—*"worse than beggars. Mr. Veerhoff was here to-day and did not mince matters with me. This house and everything in it must go. We shall not have a place to lay our heads."*

"But there is Marjorie, mother!" put in Elise, eagerly.

"Marjorie!" echoed Mrs. Carter-King, bitterly. "Marjorie! You foolish girl, do you suppose your uncle let her escape? It has been Marjorie's money that kept him up for years; Marjorie's money that he thought would turn the tide and save him; Marjorie's money that he has been speculating with so madly, rashly, desperately. That is why he watched her, humored her, tried to keep her alive. Do you suppose, you silly child, that it was *love* that made him so anxious about Marjorie?" asked Mrs. Carter-King, with a harsh laugh. "Why, he loathed the

sight of the child, as he often told me. He has beggared Marjorie with the rest of us."

"And—and," broke in Bryce, who had been listening in bewildered dismay, "who will take care of her now?"

"I don't know," replied his mother, shortly. "Not I, you may be sure. I have had enough of her."

"But all—all her beautiful things, mamma!" said Elise, breathlessly.

"Unpaid for," was the grim answer. "Your uncle made bills for her everywhere. She owes for everything she has. Oh, it is a fine lookout for her,—for all of us!" concluded the lady.

"For all of us, yes," said Bryce, bravely. "But we have legs and arms and strength to go to work. Poor little Marjorie hasn't. Does she know, mother?"

"I don't suppose she does," was the careless answer. "But she will learn soon enough. The story is all over the town, you may be sure. Gregg has given me notice already. He can't afford to be out of a place, he says. And Miss Marshall must go at once, of course; keeping her is quite out of the question. We will have to give up the house the first of the month—oh, oh, oh!" the speaker broke off in a tempest of tears. "It is all maddening, maddening, *maddening!*"

And, as Elise's selfish sobbing swelled the storm, Bryce was glad to make his escape from the house on which had fallen so dark a doom,—a doom that, the boy felt in his wakening soul, this heartless home deserved. With his hands thrust into his pockets, Bryce strayed out moodily into the Square, where the frost had touched the late flowers, and the trees stood brown and bare. Only the evergreen hedges bordering the paths were untouched; and as he dropped into a seat they sheltered, Bryce could hear the nursemaids near by gossiping over their perambulators.

"It will be an awful come-down for the Carter-Kings. I heard my folks a-talking about it last night,—how there wasn't a dollar left; and old Carter had spent all that crippled girl's money, which was downright robbery, and would have sent him to jail if he hadn't dropped dead. And the poor girl that can't walk or do nothing for herself, and has had maids and nurses waiting on her all her life, hasn't got a cent now, and what's to become of her nobody knows."

The words found a hopeless echo in the listener's heart, as Bryce stared through the leafless trees at the great house opposite, in whose false splendor Marjorie had lived like a fairy queen. But with her golden wand broken, her throne and palace gone, with no wings to upbear her through a cold, heartless world, things looked bad for Marjorie indeed. Bryce felt a big choking lump rising in his throat as he thought of his uncle's ward. It was *poor* little Marjorie now, for sure.

"Halloo, old chap!" a cheery voice broke in upon his gloomy reveries, and Tom Devlin dropped into the seat beside him. "I have been hanging around here these three afternoons looking for you. Didn't like to intrude on your folks, you know; but I wanted to see you and tell you how sorry mother and all of us are at your trouble."

Tom was evidently stumbling over delicate ground; for the trouble was "town talk" of a not very complimentary nature just at present.

"Yes, we've struck things pretty bad," said Bryce, grimly.

"And I've been thinking," continued Tom, veering to a more comfortable topic, "that I talked to you pretty rough the other day about that little girl you lost."

"Josephine Marie?" said Bryce. "I wonder where she went, poor little kid."

"Oh, we found her!" replied Tom.

cheerily. "Father Martin tracked her. He is not the man to 'let up' when there is a lost lamb bleating anywhere. It seems that while he was out on a sick call that day, a little girl fainted at the church door, and was picked up by some grand French lady and carried off in her limousine. Father Martin looked her up and found it was your little Josephine Marie. And she is all right,—dead right indeed; for it seems this grand lady was a friend of her family, and is living in her aunt's house, and has taken in the little girl—for keeps," grinned Tom, who felt his friend needed light treatment just now. "So there she is, safe and sound with Madame Somebody—Marceron."

"Madame Marceron!" repeated Bryce, recalling his visit to the old house in Monroe Place. "And Josephine Marie is there—in her Tante Louise's home, with her Tante Louise's old friend, while we have all gone to smash here! Gee!" Bryce drew a long breath of amazement. "She struck luck, for sure."

"Well, that's one way of putting it," laughed Tom, cheerily. "My mother says it was the angels guiding her. At any rate, she is there for good and all, I guess. So you need not worry about her."

"No, I needn't," said Bryce. "The worry is all on the other side of the house now. Only I'd like her and the folks she is with to know that we've found out all about the necklace and her going to church in the morning, and that nobody blames her; and—and that she is lucky to be done with the whole fool bunch of us," he concluded bitterly.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" cheered Tom, kindly. "Sometimes these knock-outs are the very best things that can happen to a fellow, Bryce—make him pull himself up square and take a fresh start. A chap gets flabby when things are too soft and easy for him. With a

rich uncle behind a boy, he doesn't need either brains or brawn."

"And I've got neither," said Bryce, gloomily.

"You've got both," nodded Tom; "but you've never had to use them. If you'll let me give it to you raw and rough, Bryce, you were a number one first-class fellow going to the dogs fast, and you're lucky to be knocked down on the road."

"Can't see the luck of it," said Bryce. "In fact, I can't see anything much now, but black night. But I've got to stand up to it somehow for mother and Elise, and, more than all, for poor little Marjorie."

And in the speaker's eyes there was a new look that told Tom his friend was taking a turn in the road.

"What is to become of poor, little, crippled, beggared Marjorie I don't know," muttered Bryce.

(To be continued.)

Young Daniel Webster.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S father had great difficulty in teaching the principles of farming to the son, who afterward became so distinguished in other occupations. One day, when the two were in the hayfield, Daniel found it impossible to manage his scythe. It hung too far out or too far in; and the patient father, coming to the rescue, tried his best to adjust it to suit the boy. Finally, losing patience, Mr. Webster said: "Nothing suits you, Daniel. Hang the scythe any way you wish."—"Then, father," replied the future statesman, "I think I'll hang it on a tree." And thereupon he left the hayfield, to the disgust of the parent, who sighed as he said: "That boy, I fear, will never amount to a row of pins." But he found out in time that his son Daniel could "work like a beaver" if he pleased, although he never took to haymaking.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new collection of short stories by Agnes and Egerton Castle is announced. It is entitled "Romances in Red." The stories deal with Revolutionary France of the later eighteenth century.

—Dr. Paget Toynbee's new volume of "Dante Studies" is to be supplemented by a list of English translations from, and outstanding references to, Dante from Chaucer to the present day.

—From the press of the *Franciscan Herald*, Chicago, we have received two pamphlets: "Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV. on the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order," and "The Great Reform." The latter contains Papal pronouncements on the Third Order Secular of St. Francis,—that is, two encyclicals of Leo XIII. and the recent one of the present Pope. In view of the forthcoming national convention of Franciscan Tertiaries, announced by the National Catholic Welfare Council, these publications are as timely as they are interesting.

—One of the latest additions to the series "Helps for Students of History," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, is "Ecclesiastical Records," a series of three lectures by Dr. Claude Jenkins. The purpose of this little book is to show how much interesting and important historical information may be gathered from the records kept by the clergy since the origin of Christendom. Dr. Jenkins' lecture on the Ecclesiastical Scribe is the most fascinating: it is a clear, informing and sympathetic introduction to a technical but illuminating subject. The price of this little book is 1s. 9d.

—In his brief introduction to "The Control of Parenthood," the Anglican Bishop of Birmingham writes, "No one can be doubtful as to the usefulness of this book." Its usefulness to the mature and self-controlled may be granted; but the nature of the subject discussed, however reverent and scientific the discussion, necessarily restricts the number of its legitimate readers. The volume is a symposium in which some nine authors—ecclesiastics, scientists, physicians (of both sexes), and sociologists—treat of the biological, the economic, the social and religious, and the imperial and racial aspects of the question. While we find no Catholic name among these various writers, it must be said that the Catholic attitude on the subject of parent-

hood is quite fairly presented and is apparently approved by several of the authors. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale University, discussing the comparative merit of contemporary British and American authors, gives the palm to the former; but he thus consoles the American public:

If any Americans feel bad because English authors sell better in the United States than American authors do in England, one should remember that national boundaries have nothing whatever to do with art. If British authors sell better in America, it is because they write better books. This would prove, then, that American readers are good judges of what is best in literature and know how to appreciate it.

—"The American University" is a scholarly and interesting study of our higher educational system by an antipodean, Prof. E. R. Holme, of Sydney, N. S. W. On the whole, his impressions, gained on a personal tour of inspection, are surprisingly laudatory, although his criticism is trenchant where offered. The Australasian mind is evidently very eager for education, and has been duly impressed with our magnificent establishments. Americans who are interested in the subject will find Prof. Holme's book well worth looking into. Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, N. S. W. Price, 7s. 6d.

—The International Publishing Company of Amsterdam, Holland, has issued an unusual book on State monopoly of insurance, by A. F. Breedenbeek, a leading authority on this subject. He is led to believe, from a careful examination of evidence, that insurance can not thrive under governmental management, and that private companies should conduct the business under the law. This conclusion is applied by the author in attacking the whole Socialist scheme and in suggesting a theory of social reform that is substantially what the N. C. W. C. champions in our own country. The book is carefully written, and all economists familiar with German will find it worth while. Price, 12 shillings.

—The ever-increasing number of clients of Our Lady of Lourdes and of pilgrims to her far-famed sanctuary should cause a general demand for Dr. F. de Grandmaison's able work, "Twenty Miracles of Lourdes Medically Discussed." There is an excellent translation of it by two Benedictine monks, with a preface by Sir Bertram Windle. (Herder Book Co., publishers; price, \$2.60.) For those who treat the cures of Lourdes with incredulity,

medical men in particular, this is perhaps the best book on the subject that has yet appeared. Dr. Grandmaison's ranks high in his profession, and the twenty cases he deals with are viewed from the purely medical standpoint. The translators furnish a fairly good index to the work; and Dr. George Cox, K. S. G., of the Lourdes Medical Bureau, contributes a sketch of his colleague, the famous Dr. Boissarie.

—"The McCarthys in Early American History," by Michael J. O'Brien, reveals another "hidden phase" of our nation's annals. In a previous scholarly work, the author disclosed the fact that thirty-eight per cent (nearly 4 in 10) of the Continental Army were men of Irish extraction; in the present treatise he shows that the creative forces which fashioned America during pre-Revolutionary days—the practical forces which founded settlements and opened up the country; the spiritual forces which grew into the soul of '76—were in a marked degree of Irish origin. For more than a hundred years prior to the Declaration of Independence, sons and daughters of Erin established themselves as "first families" not only of Virginia but of every other Colonial State. Witness the clan McCarthy, the record of whose fortunes and achievements fills the 320 pages of this book. Painstaking research was required to lay hold of the sources of such a history; yet the reader is satisfied that the author has shirked no necessary labor, and that first-hand investigation of this particular subject will not have to be repeated. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Francis Mary Lescher)." 1825-1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"The Art of Interesting." Francis P. Donnelly, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons.) \$1.75.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God." Same author and publishers. \$1.25.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien. (Maunsell & Co.) 16s.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Most Rev. James Walsh, D. D., archbishop of Dublin; and Rev. James Gray, of the diocese of Brooklyn.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Paulinus, Sisters I. H. M.; Sister M. Brendan, Sister M. Pelagia, and Sister M. Alphonso, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. John Lee, Mr. Alexander Moir, Mr. John Cook, Mrs. Rebecca Buckley, Mr. Lewis Mazerall, Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw, Mr. Samuel Reid, Mrs. A. J. Maerz, Mr. William Troke, Mrs. E. C. Lampe, Mr. Joseph Bertrand, Mr. Timothy O'Connell, Mrs. Ellen O'Connell, Mr. Francis Dault, Mr. William Russell, and Mr. Arthur Peterson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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et Dominum J. C. eius perfectis actibus
Pius P. X.*

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These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work.

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PIUS PP. IX.

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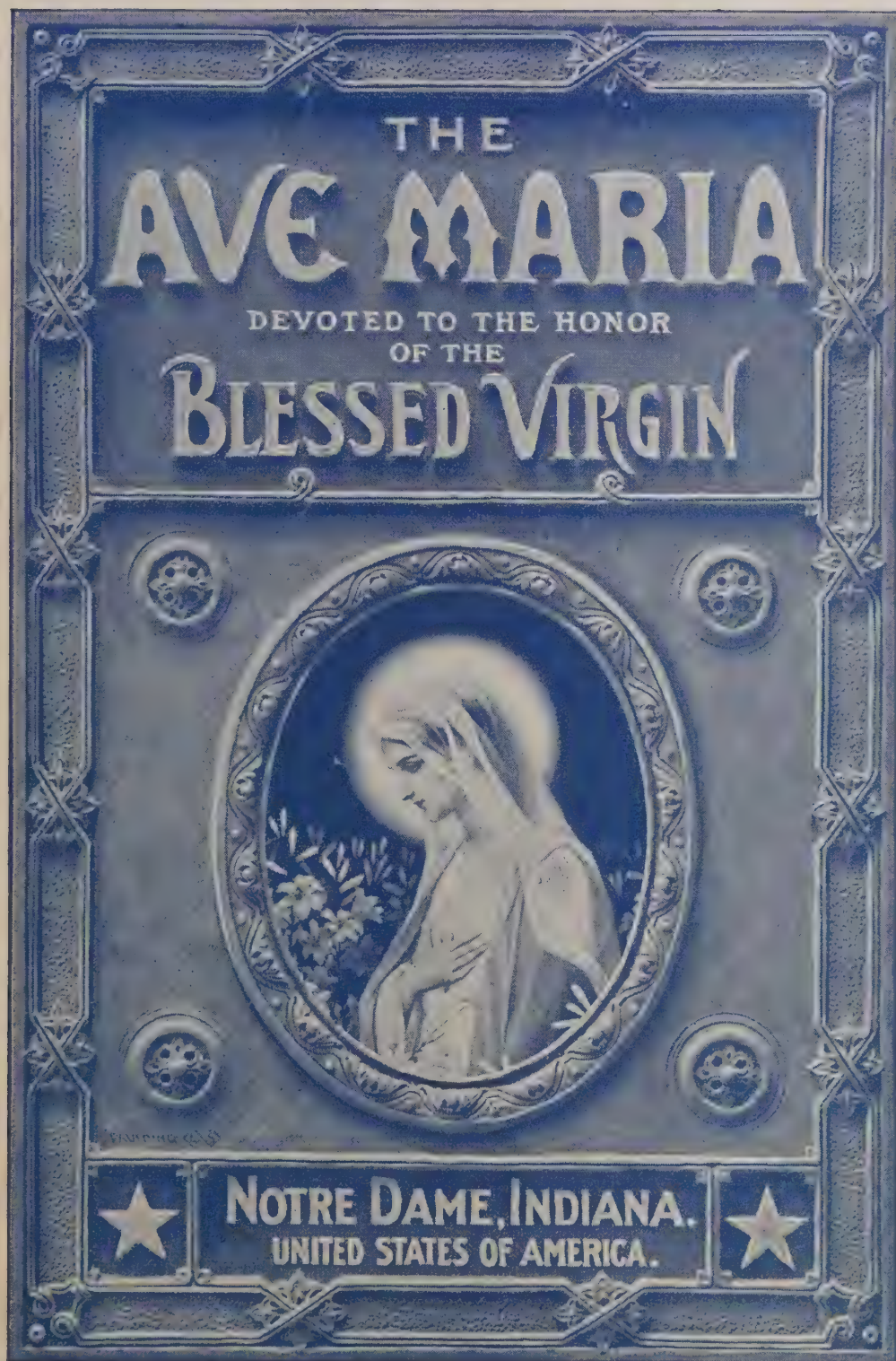
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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34.

SATURDAY, 7.—St. Stanislaus, B. M. St. John of Beverley, B. C.	WEDNESDAY, 11.—St. Francis Jerome, C. St. Erkenwald, B. C.
SUNDAY, 8.—(Within the Octave of the Ascension) SIXTH AFTER EASTER. The Apparition of St. Michael.	THURSDAY, 12.—Octave of the Ascension. SS. Nereus and Achilles, MM.
MONDAY, 9.—St. Gregory of Nazianzen, B. C. D.	FRIDAY, 13.—Bl. Carthusian Martyrs.
TUESDAY, 10.—St. Antoninus, B. C.	SATURDAY, 14.—St. Boniface, M. Vigil of Pentecost. <i>Fast.</i>

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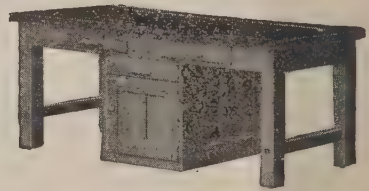


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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 7, 1921.

NO. 19

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The Baltimore Oriole.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

O, the orioles are back,
 Clad in orange and in black,
 Bringing to our Northern eyes
 Something of the Southern skies;
 Bringing to us many a song
 That to softer scenes belong,
 Where the Southern airs are bland
 Blowing over Maryland!
 Lo, the orioles are here,
 Weaving, as for many a year,
 In those elms across the way
 Hammock-homes that softly sway;
 Singing at the dawn's first blush,
 Singing in the evening's flush;
 Ever flashing, golden-bright,
 Through the leaves like beams of light.
 Aureolus, Bird of Gold!
 Well and truly named of old.
 Catholic settlers, when they came,
 Added to your ancient name;
 For your black and orange coat
 Was the same in color note
 As the liveried servants wore
 Of the House of Baltimore.
 So they named you for their lord,
 As the early tales record.
 And whenever now I see
 Orioles nesting in a tree,
 I imagine I behold
 Cecil Calvert's black and gold,
 And the noble-hearted band
 Who first came to Maryland.

Mary, Our Model.



THE month of May, by common consent of the faithful, is specially devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin,—to the study of her life and virtues. It is the most beautiful month of the year, and for this reason is appropriately dedicated to her who is the most beautiful among created beings—the Lily of Israel, the Mystical Rose, the Rose of Sharon. In this month neither heat nor cold predominates; all nature is in bloom; the skies, the fields, the birds, the flowers, are in harmony,—a figure of the eternal spring of heaven. The beautiful words of St. Bernard are appropriate:

"Toward Mary, as toward the centre of creation, as toward the Ark of God, the Cause of all things, are turned the regards of those that have gone before us, of us who now are, and of those that will follow, and of their children and their children's children. . . . Behold why all generations shall call thee blessed, O Mother of God, O Mistress of the world, O Queen of Heaven! Yes, all generations, those of heaven and those of earth, will call thee blessed, because to all thou hast given birth to life and to glory. With reason, then, do the eyes of all creatures turn to thee, since through thee and from thee the gentle hand of the Almighty has restored all that He had created."

Thus does this devout client of Mary

sing her praises. He never could grow weary of speaking of her, for the subject is inexhaustible. His eagle-wings carried him aloft, and never seemed to tire, and his pure eye hardly seemed to be dazzled by looking at her brightness. But for us there is a lowlier task. We walk upon the earth, and it may be as well for us to study Mary as a woman upon earth. There is something very attractive in trying to be familiar with her as Queen in heaven; and yet, when we pause to reflect, do we not feel that the other view more nearly concerns us, and will be more profitable? For it is not chiefly by calling on Mary that we shall be known as her children; as it is not those that say, "Lord! Lord!" that shall be saved, but those that do the will of God. It is well to call on Mary, and St. Bernard assures us that no one ever invoked her in vain; but it is our duty also to try to copy her life.

But how may we study Our Lady's life with the few details that are given us by the Evangelists? May we mingle surmises and probabilities with the little that is certain? And why not? Domestic customs in the East change much less than with us, and many traces still remain of the Biblical details familiar to us, and reaching to an age further back than that of Our Lord. Definite example is much more of a help to us than the general resolve to imitate Our Lady's gentleness, obedience or patience; and it will be of the greatest comfort to us to have before our eyes a picture of the Blessed Virgin pursuing her household duties, and coming in contact with circumstances practically the same as our own. This will be a great help to *realize* what it is to imitate Mary.

The Holy Family were poor, and evidently lived like the masses of their countrymen. It was the custom for the women to draw the water from the well, to cook the meals, to wait on their husbands at table; to keep everything

about the house clean and in its place; to perform every domestic and servile duty connected with the humblest household. They washed the clothes by the streams and at the fountains, as they do at the present day; they mended the clothes, the nets, and other articles for the household use; they literally served their lords, and yet were not mere drudges, except where personal circumstances made them so, as may be the case in our own day.

The mother and mistress of the family was none the less honored because such work fell to her share. Not that this service is intended as inseparably part of the example for Christian families, but it teaches that each one should do his appointed duty in small things in the way that is directed by present custom. Where we are put is where God means us to be, and the circumstances that surround us are those within which He means us to work. We are not to waste our time wishing for heroic deeds and romantic opportunities. If these latter were presented to us, very likely we should not take advantage of them; for no one that does not faithfully use the opportunities near at hand would be capable of performing great and heroic deeds when they came unexpectedly in his way. The Master has assured us that he who is unfaithful in that which is least will be unfaithful also in that which is greater.

Here and now are the two great lessons that life is intended to teach us. Our lives may be dreary, our lot barren and prosaic, our duties monotonous and commonplace; but so were those of the Blessed Virgin to outward eyes. Even her journeys, recorded in the Gospels, were made by necessity, under painful circumstances, or else were the result of charity or devotion. They were not undertaken for the sake of mere pleasure. She once went to visit her cousin Elizabeth, and it is said that

she went "in haste," which of itself implies inconvenience, perhaps hardship. Her sublime *Magnificat* shows how her mind was taken up with the mysteries which the angel had just revealed to her, and how very far from her was the idea of mere enjoyment, relaxation, idleness or gossip. Her visit was a long one—three months; and, being a relative, she would naturally help Elizabeth in the domestic work as long as she stayed under her roof.

Her journey to Bethlehem was more arduous. True, the fact of there being "no room at the inn" does not imply the same suffering which the words would suggest under the modern circumstances of travel amongst us; for the inn itself was only a caravansary, or tent, and afforded nothing more than a shelter under which travellers spread their own sleeping-mats and cooked their own food. Still, the fatigue and delay in finding the cave were hardships in themselves. Her journeys into and from Egypt were undertaken in haste and fear, at a moment's notice; and her stay in that strange land was attended with difficulties and sufferings which it will not be hard for us to picture to ourselves, and from which we can learn those lessons of patience and resignation to the will of God which we are so often called upon to practise. Her pilgrimages to Jerusalem, when she presented her Son in the Temple as an infant, and when she found Him asking questions of the doctors, were both performed in the common way of the time and country, on foot. Those journeys that are implied in the fact of her being one day on the outskirts of the crowd and asking to see Him, and of her being present at the feast of Cana, could hardly have been journeys of pleasure.

Each step we take, and each hour we spend in work, has its counterpart in the life of our Blessed Lady. She lived in a small village of no great

reputation: "Can anything of good come out of Nazareth?" She passed her days among petty but human interests, in which her heart must have taken part, to pity, to advise, to comfort, and to help. Women met her at the well with sad tales of the cruelty of husbands and the disobedience of sons, or with merry gossip and curiosity about local affairs; for human nature is the same everywhere. Poor fare awaited her at home, and the hours that we often picture her as spending in contemplation were more likely passed in minute carefulness for the comfort of her husband and her Son, or in working to help her poor neighbors. The deeds themselves were meditations and prayers; her life itself, in its regularity, its unselfish devotion to others, and its scrupulousness as to details, was a prayer and a sacrifice. It was not only because her Son was divine that she felt the coarse details to be sanctified and elevated; it was because this life was her duty, as it was that of every woman of her station.

What is said of St. Joseph, the "just man," who would not expose her to disgrace, even before any explanation was given him of the mystery of the Incarnation, tells what a grave and self-restrained character his must have been; while her confidence in him and submission to him were simply and touchingly expressed in her words when she found her Son in the Temple: "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing." She chose to stay in the background, in the traditional secondary position of a woman. The same submission to St. Joseph is testified in her unquestioning obedience when called up in the night and directed to prepare for the journey into Egypt. To St. Joseph, the head of the family, the angelical messenger makes known the will of God; and from St. Joseph Mary hears this will, and accepts it.

There is much comfort, doubtless, in

looking up to Mary as a powerful intercessor, but is there not more in this regarding her as an everyday model? The home life of Nazareth was perfection; but not that vague perfection which we might picture to ourselves in moments of sentimentality, surrounded with a halo of gracefulness, and different from the home life of its neighborhood. On the contrary, no one going into the house of Joseph would have seen anything specially remarkable in the bare floor and walls, the rolled-up mats on the slightly raised platform running round the walls, and the few cooking utensils hung on pegs. The hours, the meals, the duties, the daily family reading of the Law, the work at a trade—for it was a rule, never wholly lost sight of, that every Jewish boy, no matter what his descent, should be taught some handicraft—were all to be found alike in other households; only the spirit was different. No impatience, no hurry, no ill temper disturbed the peace of home; no useless words wasted time and created misunderstandings.

We are apt to see in our own home all its prosaic surroundings. Life can never be a poem to those who are living it, though it may sometimes appear so to mere lookers-on. But we must remember that as we see the petty details of each day's work in a long recurrence of monotonous years, so the Blessed Virgin saw each day the same petty duties to be performed, the same round of apparently insignificant trifles to be gone through. There was no tragedy in her existence, until the news of her Son's apprehension in Jerusalem and her presence near the Cross on Calvary. These supreme moments of her life were short. The fearful and the joyful experiences of the Passion and the Resurrection were crowded into a few days; while her common life, which we can make an everyday pattern, lasted for more than half a century.

In the Shadow of St. Sulpice.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XIII.

CLAUDE HALLE came the next evening; and, obedient to a sign from him, Laurette left the room. When the two men had lighted their pipes and were comfortably smoking—the painter in an easy-chair, and Hamelin on the *chaise longue*, where, half-reclining, he now spent the greater part of the day, Hallé said:

"When do the new people come in, *mon ami*?"

"In a fortnight."

"They take over the dwelling house also?"

"Yes, finally; but they will give us ample time to find another lodging."

"It must be very hard for you to give up this apartment, where you have lived nearly all your life."

"No," replied Hamelin, indifferently. "Some time ago I would have thought so, but since my illness all places seem alike to me, so long as I am comfortable."

"And Laurette? How does she feel?"

"She says nothing, but goes about as cheerfully as ever. I do not think she will mind, so that we are not far from the church. And, of course, we are not likely to leave the neighborhood. I should not want to do that myself."

"Have you a place in view?"

"Not exactly. There are several, but there's some objection to all of them. One is too large, one too small, one too dark, and so on. But we shall find a place."

For some moments Hallé sat ruminatively, smoking. Finally, taking the pipe from his mouth, he cleared the bowl, wiped it, and, putting it in its case, restored it to his pocket. Then he stood up.

"You are not going!" exclaimed the baker. "It is very early."

"No, I am not going yet," was the reply. "But I have something to say, and I can talk better standing;—something relative to your future abode, Hamelin. And, before beginning, I want you to promise me not to get excited; above all things, not to allow yourself to grow angry. You know what the doctors have said about excitement."

"I know very well, and I am very particular. For myself I do not care, but I am not in a hurry to leave my poor Laurette alone; for alone she will be when I am gone,—well off enough, to be sure; still, alone. Charlot, not a bad fellow, is wrapped up in his own little family."

"I am glad you realize this," said the painter. "You have given me an opening for what I want to say."

"You make me curious," rejoined the other. "What is it, friend Hallé?"

"Hamelin," the old man began slowly, "I wonder if you realize what your daughter has been to you,—has done for you?"

"I certainly do," said Hamelin. "She is one girl in ten thousand,—a pearl beyond price, the brightest jewel in the 'Quartier' which has many jeweler's shops; always cheerful, always anticipating my every want; untiring, resourceful; never out of humor with the fancies and whims of a sick old man; unfailingly gentle and kind. I appreciate her so well that I am almost tempted to resent your question, Hallé. It seems in some sort a reproach, and an unmerited one."

"You promised not to get excited, Hamelin," replied the painter, calmly; "and you are already beginning to break your word. Control yourself now for a moment while I ask you another question. Has it ever occurred to you that your daughter is leading a life of perpetual sacrifice?"

"Of perpetual sacrifice?" exclaimed Hamelin. "Certainly not. She is kept

closely at home, it is true; but she does not care to go out, except once in a while to your house or Charlot's, and to Mass every morning, and often to pray a little in church in the afternoon. And in that respect I never cross her, Hallé."

"These are but incidents in her life, *mon ami*. Have you forgotten that, at your bidding, she renounced her intention and hope of becoming a religious?"

"Oh, that was but a girlish fancy!" answered the baker. "She has never spoken of it since."

"Because you commanded her not to do so. She has been an obedient daughter. In her heart she has never wavered from that first intention."

"How do you know?"

"Not long ago I asked her."

"And she still has that desire?"

"Cherished as deeply as ever."

"Well—she will soon be able to realize it, Hallé," said the baker, with some asperity. "My life can be a matter of only a few years—now."

"A few years!" replied Hallé. "Is there not something selfish in that declaration, Hamelin? Meanwhile she is not growing younger, and very soon she will be too old."

"Well, what are you aiming at, M. Hallé?" cried the baker, growing formal as the conversation proceeded in lines not relished by himself. "Do you think she should leave me helpless and alone, a slave to the caprices and clumsiness of some cruel or stupid attendant?"

"Now, now, you are getting excited! I will come to the point. I have a proposition to make to you. If you do not approve at first, at least promise to reflect upon it. Otherwise, I shall consider you a harsh, selfish, and unkind father."

"You are noted for your good sense," answered the baker, in a milder tone. "I do not believe you ever did or said a foolish thing in all your life. What have you 'up your sleeve'?"

"Simply this," answered the painter. "I suppose you are aware that the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul have established a Home for poor old men and women in the Rue H——"

"Yes, I know it very well; for we send them all the stale bread we can spare, as well as other things that are more than a day old. And they are very welcome to all they receive. Their charity is wonderful."

"Perhaps you are also aware that, in order to help provide for these unfortunate poor old people, they have concluded to accommodate a limited number of persons who, without relatives or other ties, are able to pay for their board in a place where they will be well taken care of in every possible way?"

"No, I was not aware of it," replied the baker.

"It is true, notwithstanding. They have opened a house adjacent to the Home,—a good property, given them by the rich Widow Montcalm, who has herself become an inmate. It is only two blocks from the convent of the Daughters of Mary,—the children of St. Jane de Chantal and St. Francis de Sales. Not to waste time or words, I will at once state my proposition. It is that, when you leave your house, you take up your residence there, paying a reasonable sum (which you can well afford) for your board and maintenance and for good treatment and care in sickness. Your children and grandchildren, as well as your friends, may visit you there. From time to time, should you desire it, you may also pay them visits. And though our little Laurette in her cloister may not be, will not be, permitted to go to you, every week of your life, while you are able, you will be permitted to pay her a visit. And when you can no longer do so, she will have the consolation of knowing that you will have every care, temporal and spiritual, that you desire or need until

the end. You will have there the society of others situated like yourself, if you desire it; if not, the privacy of your own room. Hamelin, what do you say?"

"How do you know all this?" asked the baker, quietly.

"I have been at pains to inform myself. I have also observed that Laurette is no longer a young girl,—that she is entitled to a voice in arranging her own life; and I have learned that, except in extraordinary cases, the Daughters of Mary do not receive subjects after the age of twenty-five."

"She is twenty-four," remarked Hamelin, thoughtfully. Then he asked: "Does she know of this?"

"Nothing, in so far as I am concerned. I do not believe that she is yet aware of the existence of this new Institute."

"Will you call her?" asked Hamelin.

In a moment the girl, composed and smiling, was standing before the two men.

"Laurette," inquired her father, abruptly, "have you still an idea of entering the convent?"

"Oh, no, father!" she replied at once. "That would be impossible: my place is here."

"And you are happy?"

"Yes, father; you must know that,—as happy as possible, considering your infirmity."

"But if I were gone—say in two or three years from now—would you again consider the matter?"

She hesitated a moment and then replied:

"No, father: in two or three years I should be too old."

"Ah, I see! Go, my good little girl! That will do."

Bending over, she kissed him affectionately; and, casting a puzzled glance at Hallé, left the room.

When she had gone, the baker turned to the old painter.

"You were right," he said: "she

suspects nothing. I am a selfish pig. She is a little saint. Make all the arrangements, Hallé. I consent to everything. The hand of God is in it. I shall have time, I hope, to repent of my sins and to feel that I have done one thing in my life acceptable to Almighty God. And, Hallé, you, too, are very close to being a saint. Tut, tut,—not a word! I insist upon it: you are almost a saint."

At first Charlot did not fall in with the plan. Afterwards, when its advantages were represented to him, he began to perceive them and made no further protest.

A little more than a month later everything had been arranged, the business disposed of, Hamelin's affairs placed in competent hands,—he to retain control of all his possessions as long as he lived. The good man, kind and generous as he was, although he had never heard of King Lear, had seen enough in his day of the folly of parting with one's entire fortune during one's lifetime,—a resolve which was most agreeable to his children. Laurette's dowry secured, her small trousseau prepared, and an arrangement made for a pleasant room at the Institute of St. Vincent de Paul, the final step was all that remained to be taken.

One afternoon, about four o'clock, a fiacre drew up in front of the baker's residence. The previous day, surrounded by a crowd of women, children, and several idle men, a van had conveyed to his new abode such furniture as he wished to retain. And now again a small crowd had collected; but this time it was composed of the sorrowing neighbors and friends of this remnant of the family, now to be dispersed, who had dwelt among them for so many years.

A quantity of luggage was piled on top of the cab; the baker and Laurette,

followed by M. Hallé, took their places inside. Hamelin and his daughter smiled and bowed their adieus, until, overcome by their feelings, both were obliged to turn away their gaze, amidst murmurs of regret and benediction.

A short drive brought them to the Institute of St. Vincent de Paul, a large old mansion set in the midst of a pleasant garden, where Laurette waited to see her father installed in his room, with its four large windows, and home furniture comfortably and tastefully placed.

A tender, lingering farewell, and she re-entered the fiacre, accompanied by the old painter. A few moments' drive brought them to the Convent of the Visitation, where, after having the luggage brought to the door, Hallé dismissed the cab.

"I shall walk home," he said to Laurette. "It is but a short distance."

"Monsieur," she whispered, while they waited admittance, "there are some little curtains in the tray of my father's trunk which I forgot to say are for his windows. I made them myself; he will like them for that. And they will give a finishing touch to the room. Will you see to it that they are hung up?"

"Indeed, yes,—to-morrow," replied Hallé. "For, until he is well established and a little over his homesickness, I intend to visit him every day."

"You are so good, Monsieur,—so good!" she said. "How can I ever pray for you enough? And there is something else. From the bay-window in the corner, I caught, this afternoon, a glimpse of the tower. I am sure the perpetual light can always be seen from that window. His armchair might be placed there, Monsieur?"

"I shall attend to it," answered the painter.

Then the chains were withdrawn and the portals swung open to admit them.

When Hallé found himself once more

upon the broad stone threshold with the convent door closed, locked and chained behind him, it was with a confused remembrance of Laurette standing beside the superior with her hand in that of the welcoming nun; then of seeing her upon her knees, clasping his hands and kissing them repeatedly, while tears glistened on his cheeks and hers, as well as those of the calm religious, to whom such scenes must long have been familiar. And as he stood there for a moment wiping his eyes, his lips murmured half-aloud: "I will go unto the altar of God; to God, who giveth joy to my youth."

Although he might easily have gone another way, he could not resist the impulse to pass the Hamelin dwelling, which he probably never would enter again. Two little curly heads were leaning over the window-sill of what had been Laurette's room. The curtains of the parlors had been taken down and were airing on the balustrade above. Two strange women stood behind the counter of the shop; and the new proprietor, with a neighboring carpenter, was taking measurements for the enlargement of door and show-windows. Hallé's gaze did not linger on any of these things, where change had so quickly begun. Dropping his eyes, he walked slowly homeward in the spring twilight, happy in the thought that God had so blessed his efforts to benefit others.*

* Adapted from the French of Mme. Lavergne.

(The End.)

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, . . . have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry, why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.—*Shakespeare*.

The City of St. Cuthbert.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

I.—THE TOMB OF VENERABLE BEDE.

DURHAM is the City of St. Cuthbert. Its stately cathedral, where his relics were enshrined, was for hundreds of years, in Catholic days, a centre of pilgrimage and the scene of not infrequent miracles. The shrine was levelled and despoiled in the time of the so-called Reformation; but the body of the saint is entombed somewhere beneath the pavement of his cathedral, and the whole vast edifice is his monument, though there is no certainty as to the spot where his body lies awaiting the resurrection. There is another tomb at Durham which holds the relics of a great saint, St. Bæda, still remembered best by his traditional title of the Venerable Bede. So, though its altars have long been thrown down, Durham cathedral is still the shrine of saints,—a great church, too, memorable for the fact that, of all the old cathedrals of England, Durham is that in which the Holy Mass was last offered, years after the Holy Sacrifice and the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord had been banished from all the rest.

The cathedral gives Durham the rank of a city; otherwise, it might be classed as only a small country town. It stands not far from the old frontier line that so long marked the boundary between Scotland and England, when the Scots and the Northern English were frequently at war. And even in times of peace the borderers on both sides seem to have been quarrelsome people, prone to indulge in cattle-driving and other irregular raids upon one another's property. The Percys of Northumberland were the wardens of the English Border, keeping garrisons in their castles to protect the country from such raids in time of peace, and invasion in time of war. These Earls of Nor-

thumberland were almost independent princes. South of their County of Northumberland lay the County of Durham, whose feudal chief in Mediæval days was the bishop, at once a prelate of the Church and a great temporal lord,—the king's representative in civil affairs.

The cathedral of Durham is a record in stone of this state of affairs. Walter Scott has described it as—

Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot.

Its very site was chosen for defence. A great part of the County of Durham is a high table-land, through which in process of time the rivers have cut deep gorges. The River Wear, which flows by Durham in a narrow, ravine-like valley, makes a sharp bend near the city, enclosing in its curve a hill with steep, wooded sides. The bend is so sharp that the course of the river makes a horseshoe curve, almost closing on itself. In the wide part of the ground thus enclosed were built the great cathedral and the Benedictine monastery. The cathedral forms one mass of buildings, with a strong castle, placed so as to close the narrow opening of the horseshoe curve. Few churches have a more splendid site. Its massive towers rise over the low woods on the hill slopes, and the bend of the river forms a moat of running water round three sides of it. It completely dominates the city,—a small place, originally nestling at the foot of the castle walls, with its main street crossing the loops of the Wear by two bridges, but now extending into suburbs on both sides of the bend.

In the old cathedrals of England, the Lady chapel is usually to be found at the east end, behind the choir and its high altar. At Durham there is a peculiar arrangement, which, so far as I know, occurs nowhere else in the world. The Lady chapel is at the west end of the cathedral. (It is locally

known as the "Galilee," why I can not say; perhaps one may hazard a conjecture that it was so called in Catholic days because her Divine Son spent most of His life with our Blessed Lady in the home at Nazareth in Galilee.) The chapel forms a kind of vestibule to the whole building. Our Lady's altar and statue are there no longer, but the chapel holds the tomb of one who was her devout client in life more than twelve hundred years ago. For a Catholic, who knows the glorious history of the Church and the lives of God's saints, the past lives still in such a sanctuary. Here is the tomb of Bede, the monk of Jarrow,—a simple monument such as we may well imagine the gentle, humble saint would have chosen. It is strangely devoid of all ornament,—a large slab of stone, raised about three feet from the ground by the four square walls that support it and enclose the coffin. It has an inscription hardly worthy of the great scholar it commemorates:

HAC SUNT IN FOSSA
BÆDÆ VENERABILIS OSSA.*

According to the Bollandist writer of the Life of St. Bede, Whittingham, Dean of Durham in Queen Elizabeth's days, disinterred the remains of the saint and scattered them. But for once the Bollandist is wrong. The tomb was opened and examined in 1831, and there was found in it a full-sized coffin, much decayed, containing the bones of a fair-sized man,—skull, shoulder-blades and breast-bone, a forearm, thigh bones, and eight small bones of the feet. The rest had crumbled into dust. The probability is that when Whittingham was busy destroying all tokens of the old Faith in the desecrated cathedral, the very obscurity of St. Bede's monument saved it from his sacrilegious rage. The epitaph speaks truly: the bones of the saint still lie in Our Lady's chapel. Like

* "In this grave are the bones of Venerable Bede."

the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster, his tomb escaped the ravages of the miscalled Reformation.

It is a place in which to kneel and pray to the great teacher of the Anglo-Saxon Church, and think of his wonderful life in the far-off centuries, when Northern England was still in the first fervor of its new allegiance to Christ and His Vicar. Bede had borne the yoke of Christ from his very boyhood. God's house was his home from the day when he came as an orphan boy of seven years to the monastery of Monkwearmouth. He passed from the school to the novitiate. At thirty he received the priesthood from the hands of another great saint, John of Beverley, Bishop of Hexham. Then for half a century he was a student, teacher, writer,—the doctor of the Anglo-Saxon Church. One wonders, as one turns over the pages of his voluminous writings, not only at his industry, but also at his learning. He used Latin as if it were a living language. He was a master of Greek and Hebrew.

He is chiefly known by his "Ecclesiastical History of the English People," a book that gives far more than its title promises; for it is the story of the early Saxon centuries, the basis of most of what we know of them, "composed," writes the saint, "so far as I could gather it, either from ancient documents or from the traditions of the elders, or from my own knowledge." It is full of delightful pages, written with true "realism," that makes the men of the time live again as he tells their story. When he deals with his own times, the picture of the old England of the eighth century is especially vivid. He calls it an "ecclesiastical history," but it is the story of the people of England in an age of vigorous Catholic life, written by one who felt that the growth of God's Kingdom was the greatest fact that the historian could deal with.

Let me venture to say that we Cath-

olics are strangely ignorant of the treasures of our own Catholic literature. In our schools and colleges, the books that are held up to the student as the world's masterpieces are mostly selected in deference to the tradition of educational programmes dictated by non-Catholics. Otherwise, this masterpiece of the eighth century would long ago have taken its place as a book that every educated Catholic should know. It has been left to a non-Catholic publisher to produce an English version of it in a popular form, but I wonder how many of us have ever read even a few pages of it.

His history was only one of his many works. He wrote on grammar, prosody, music, and chronology; he composed hymns and Lives of saints, sermons and commentaries on the Fathers of the Church. But his chief industry was devoted to translating, explaining, and composing commentaries on the Holy Scriptures. In his fifty-ninth year he noted down a list of what he had so far written, placing it at the end of his history, and adding this prayer: "I pray Thee, gentle Jesus, that, as Thou hast graciously given me to drink in with delight the words of Thy knowledge, so Thou wouldst mercifully grant me to attain one day to Thee, the Fountain of all wisdom, and to appear forever before Thy face."

For twenty-one years more he worked on,—he was a worker to the last moments of his long life. An old man of eighty (an exceptional age for the men of his time), he was busy upon an Anglo-Saxon version of St. John's Gospel. The monk Cuthbert, one of his disciples, tells us that, as he lay ill and dying at Jarrow, he made his scholars still read to him and write at his dictation. It was the vigil of the Ascension in the year 735 when, in the evening, the end came. Twenty chapters of the Gospel had been completed. There still remained the last with its

record of the meeting of Our Lord with His disciples by the Lake, and the last charge to Peter. The monks had gone to the evening Office, and Bede was alone with a boy, Wilbert, who acted as his secretary. Bede had not told them the end was so near, but he was anxious to finish the work, though Wilbert affectionately protested to his "dearest master" that he would find the task too wearisome in his illness. "No: it is easy," said the saint. "Take thy pen and write quickly." At last Wilbert looked up from his writing and said: "There is still one sentence, dear master, unwritten." Bede dictated the last verse, and the boy laid down his pen and said, "Now it is finished." And the biographer continues: "'Thou hast spoken truly,' Bede answered: 'it is finished. Support my head with thy hands; for it delights me to sit before the holy place where I used to pray, that, so sitting, I may call upon my Father.' And then in his cell, singing, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and the rest, he peacefully breathed his last breath."

(To be continued.)

Repentance.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CASA, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

WHO have gone so far and long astray,
 Adding to primal guilt the mountains high
 Of trespass day by day, as if to try
 Thy long forbearance, still for mercy pray,—
 For mercy even yet. Look ere Thou slay,
 Great God, upon my tears; look where I lie
 Repentant. Give, O give before I die
 Thy grace, and guide my feet along Thy way.
 Reveal Thy sufferings, Thy blood and sweat—
 Short is my time,—reveal Thy bitter cross
 To my dark eyes, all used to other sight.
 Quench, O my God, all that unhallowed heat
 Of former life, which now I count but loss!
 Lord, Thou hast ne'er despised a heart
 contrite.

An Idyll in Lace.

BY MARY SIDNEY.

THE house stood on a slight eminence overlooking the sea; and the afternoon sun was pouring its warmth and cheerfulness into one of the rooms, embellishing in its wondrous way every picture and decoration there. It was a room of many colors, but they were happily blended, and the sunshine kissed them till they glowed like flowers. One felt instinctively that each picture and every little object had some special claim to be there,—that nothing was hung on the walls or placed on the tables that had not some particular message for the-occupant, or was not there as a guardian of some past memory.

A little old lady sat half hidden in the depths of an armchair by the window, with a small parcel on her lap. Such a Dresden china bit of old-ladyhood! The old-fashioned widow's cap rested on the white hair, which still waved softly back over her ears, making a fitting frame for the sweet old face, with its faded tints of once blooming color. The black silk dress had beautiful lace at the neck and wrists, and over her shoulders was thrown a white silk shawl.

Mrs. Tracy was an officer's widow. After her husband had retired from the service, they had made their home in this Canadian city on the coast of the Pacific, so that they might be near their youngest son, who had already settled here with his family. The old people had seen too many changes, had lived in too many outposts of the Empire, not to settle down at once, happily and comfortably, in what they hoped would be their final dwelling place.

Ten years had passed since she was left a widow, and she had chosen to remain in the house where she and her husband had lived together in such

perfect comradeship that the memory of it alone was help and comfort in the lonely years that followed his death. Her affectionate son and his kind wife had pleaded with her that she should make her home with them; but they ceased to press it when they saw how every memory connected with the place was as balm to the cruel wound of widowhood.

Her fingers began to untie slowly the strings of the parcel. It seemed as if the directing brain paid but little heed to its task. Unwrapping the paper, she shook out of its folds a filmy creation of tulle and lace,—her own wedding veil, edged with the lace she had made herself so many years ago. Next week, Elsie, her son's only daughter and her own dearest grandchild, was to be married, and "Granny" had promised her the wedding veil.

After three years of active service in France, Elsie's fiancé had come home, and her dream of happiness was soon to become a blissful reality. The veil was once again to cover the head of a soldier's bride, as it had covered the golden hair of a soldier's bride fifty years ago.

The scent of lavender filled the room, as sprays of the sweet herb fell from between the folds. The sunbeams seemed to take a delight in its exquisite beauty, as they played between the meshes; and the old lady gazed on it with eyes soft with the happiness of half a century ago.

She lifted it in her hands, and, fold by fold, examined the lace as if searching for something; and at last, nearly hidden in the fulness, she found what she looked for. The pattern here was marred by broken and twisted threads. The sight brought no cloud to the old face, but instead a little smile, as if it had raised some happy memory. It is a wide country, the Land of Memory; but Mrs. Tracy knew her way well through its highroads and bypaths.

Her thoughts sped swiftly back to May-time in England fifty years ago.

The Applebys' cottage garden was a delight to the eye. A haze of forget-me-nots crept between daffodils and wallflowers in full bloom. Tulips and bachelor's-buttons smiled cheerfully up at the white lilac trees; and purple pansies, with their wistful little faces, peeped from between the stones that edged the pathway.

At the door sat Mrs. Appleby, with her lace pillow on her knees, and her fingers busy amongst the multitudinous bobbins. Their gentle tinkle mingled with the song of the birds and the hum of the bees, while the lace pins sparkled in the sunshine like fairy spears. By her side, with its bobbins all pinned up ready for use, lay another pillow waiting—but not for long. There was a click as the gate latch was lifted, and down the narrow path, guarded by pansy sentinels, came a young girl, with hair like the sunshine and dancing blue eyes.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Appleby!" she said. "Did you think I was not coming?"

"Aye, Miss Pearl. Appleby told me as you had company up at the Hall, and we thought that maybe—you wouldna be able to come for your lace lesson to-day."

"Oh, I had to come, because the time is getting short, and I want to get the lace finished! In fact, this may be my last lesson." She flushed a little as she continued. "Captain Tracy's boat arrives at Southampton early next week, and after he comes I shan't have much time for lace-making."

She spoke slowly and softly, as if the joy of even saying such words was too great for them to be slurred over quickly; and Mrs. Appleby nodded her old head in sympathy.

"And glad I am to hear it, Missie. Captain Tracy is well liked in the

village, and we do think that he be the only man good enough for our young lady. There is your pillow, and I've set the bobbins all ready for you to start off. You've a tidy bit of lace made, and it will surely look fine on your wedding veil."

For some time the old cottage woman and the Squire's young daughter worked on in silence, each deep in thought. One dreamed of the happiness so soon to be hers; and the other, perhaps, of the days when Appleby, now a bent old man, had been the handsomest lad around, and she was the village belle. She raised her eyes from her work and glanced at him as he sat under the apple tree at the bottom of the garden. In her eyes Time had done him no harm.

After a little while the music of the bobbins was interrupted by the sound of the girl's voice inquiring after Mrs. Appleby's numerous family. The old woman's various daughters-in-law were as so many thorns in her side, and Pearl Dacre was soon listening attentively to a long recital of their delinquencies. They were suddenly startled by a man's voice saying:

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Appleby! I am sorry to interrupt you, but—" he got no further; for, with a little cry of joy, the girl jumped to her feet.

"Dick,—O Dick!" she gasped, and held out both hands in glad welcome, while her poor lace pillow fell unheeded to the ground. It rolled sadly down the brick step and onto the path, where it lay unnoticed,—a mass of tangled bobbins. "I didn't expect you yet," she continued, all aglow with joy and a pretty confusion.

"That's what I wanted," he replied, with a smile. "I took the overland route from Marseilles so as to arrive earlier. I didn't find you at the Hall, but I saw your mother, who told me you were here, and sent me to fetch you home."

Mrs. Appleby stood by, a silent onlooker, but with her keen old eyes glancing from one to the other with sympathetic interest. As she herself had remarked, her approval of the match had been passed some time ago, and she took an honest pleasure in the young people's happiness. She saw that lace, lace pillow, and even herself, had faded from their view; and she felt it her duty to recall the lovers to the realities of life.

"Never trouble about the pillow, Missie," which indeed was a thing "Missie" was very far from doing. "Appleby will bring it up to the Hall this evening. You'll be able to finish yon bit of pattern alone now."

"Thank you!" answered the girl, with a happy lilt in her voice. "I shall just do that, and then it will be finished." She was anxious to be gone. Her Dick was looking at her with eyes that implored her to come away, and her own heart was adding its pleading. "Good-bye!" she said to the old woman. "I will come to see you again soon, but I must go now."

With her hand drawn through her lover's arm, they passed down the path between the peeping pansies, but they were not yet free to escape. At the gate old Appleby met them, holding in his hand a few sprays of the lily of the valley, which he presented to Pearl, with a pull at his forelock.

"I saw the Cap'n coming down the lane afore you did, Missie," he announced, with a chuckle. "And I made so bold as to pick these 'ere lilies for you, if so be as you will accept of 'em."

"Thank you, Mr. Appleby! They are beautiful, and it was so nice of you to pick them for me! They are the first I have seen this year; and now when I see lilies of the valley I shall always be reminded of your garden—and of my happiness," she added shyly.

They passed through the gate, leaving the old people gazing after them

with gentle, sympathetic eyes. At last the lovers were alone together. As they walked down the lane, between the flowering hawthorn bushes, the sunshine enfolded them in a golden veil, and the song of the birds sounded sweeter in their ears than it had ever done before.

A week later, Pearl Dacre, the Squire's daughter, became Pearl Tracy, the soldier's wife; and the whole village rejoiced in the event. Arches were built across the street, and the little Catholic chapel (built some years ago by the bride's father) was lined with children waiting to throw the sweet spring blossoms before the young couple.

The Dacres belonged to the Old Faith and so did many of the villagers; but the Applebys were staunch Baptists, and looked with loyal but disapproving eyes on the chapel and its attendants. Pearl felt, therefore, when she saw Mrs. Appleby within its doors, that the old woman had indeed risen to an heroic height of toleration in her desire to do honor to the wedding. Perhaps also she wished for a nearer view of the veil, with which she had been so closely connected.

Down the path they came, Pearl leaning on her husband's arm; and the air rained flowers as they passed between the rows of smiling children. The sun shone on them, and the birds sang their wedding hymn; but nothing could equal the song of happiness or the sunshine of love that filled the bride's heart. Another moment and they were driving away down the village street, under the triumphal arches, between the sweet country hedges, to the old Hall.

Neither spoke for a few minutes. The happiness was too wonderful, the joy too sweet, to be broken hastily. But broken at last it was; and Captain Tracy in after years would say, laugh-

ingly, that his wife's first words to him had been a reproof. A little breeze fluttered the bride's veil, spreading open one of the folds, and disclosing to her eyes a flaw in the lace edging, where the threads were twisted and awry.

"Look, dear! That was your fault," she said, pointing to the damaged spot. "That was done the day you came back to me and I dropped my lace pillow in my surprise."

Her husband looked down at the mischief he had wrought, and his smile was very tender as he slipped his hand over hers.

"May you never suffer any greater harm through my fault, sweetheart!" he said; and the smile that answered his was fearless in its boundless confidence.

The path through the Land of Memory was dipping now into the hollow, and dark clouds were rising above the horizon. Still the widow's thoughts sped bravely down that road, till they stopped at a point forty years further on, separated by only ten years from the Land of the Present.

Another June day was drawing to its close,—not an English June now, but a Canadian; holding perhaps less of the fragrance of its English brother, but surpassing it in brilliancy and buoyancy.

In the same room in which the widow now sat, lost in her memories, were two people—Colonel Tracy and his wife. They were spending together one of the few remaining days left to them in this world. The old soldier was fighting his last fight,—a fight in which he knew he would be defeated; and yet the knowledge of that defeat brought no bitterness, but rather a glad and quiet acquiescence.

In the morning Father Denby would bring him the great Captain, under whose banner he had fought so many

years; and his wife had been busy preparing the room for that coming. Moved by a longing to win yet again their Lord's blessing on that sweet human love that had been so perfect, she had draped the little altar with her own veil.

Her husband lay with closed eyes; and she, after seeing that everything was in readiness, sat down in the arm-chair by the window. From there she could watch both his face and the snow-capped peaks across the bay. The evening was very still. Nature herself seemed to be sharing in her watching, striving to comfort her by the sight of such marvellous beauty. It was as if that gentle mother was striving to lift her thoughts to the contemplation of the Supreme Beauty on whom her beloved would so soon be gazing with adoring eyes.

The setting sun shone on the little altar, with its crucifix and flowers, and on the lace that wreathed it round. It rested as if intentionally on one fold that showed a flaw in the design. But Mrs. Tracy's eyes were fixed on the mountains, and she did not see. The sun sank lower and lower in the sky; but always a point of light remained on the veil, as if a golden finger pointed it out. As the sunlight shone on her face, she turned away from the window, and her eyes left the mountains to come to rest on the little altar; and there she saw the golden light, and understood the sunbeam's message.

"May you never suffer any greater harm through my fault!" had been her bridegroom's wish, and her heart leaped up to bear witness to the loyalty with which he had kept his promise. Life had had its full share of burdens for them. In more than one strange land, little graves testified to the anguish with which part of their hearts had been buried there. There had been long days and nights of almost maddening anxiety for her husband, when he

was absent on some punitive expedition amongst rebellious tribes; long years of separation from her children, where the climate had been noxious to young lives. Besides these trials, there had been the hardships and uncongenial relationships which an officer's wife must face if she would be a comrade as well as wife. Yet none of these trials had been of his making; always he had been to her a rock of strength and a shield from the darts of life. But now very soon she would be left alone. The thought of the lonely, desolate years yet to come filled her mind with terror. She forced it away from her. She must be brave now; there would be plenty of time for terror and tears later.

She turned to look at her husband, and met his eyes watching her; and, as if reading her thoughts, he held out his hand. In answer to that mute appeal, she crossed the room and knelt by his bedside, covering his hand with both of hers.

"Sweetheart," he whispered, "it will be only 'Good-night!' not 'Good-bye!'"

She dared not trust herself to speak, but, with her face pressed against his fingers, knelt on in silence. Softly the twilight crept over the sea and across the land, dropping a veil over the sorrows of the day, and filling the sick room with its quiet.

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The tears that fell softly on her hands and on the wedding veil on her lap recalled Mrs. Tracy to the present. She wiped her eyes with a decisive little gesture, almost as if chiding herself. Again taking up the veil, she looked it over carefully to see it was in good repair. Then, taking a pair of scissors, she began to cut the tiny stitches that fastened the lace to the tulle in the fold which hid the flaw. Carefully she cut off that part, and mended the join with swift, neat stitches. In the fulness of the lace, the tiny theft was not noticeable.

The work finished, the veil was lovingly folded and wrapt again in tissue paper. Rising from her chair, with the scrap of lace in her hand, she crossed the room to where, above the crucifix, hung her husband's photograph.

"Dear," she whispered, "I am a very foolish and a very sentimental old woman; but you will remember and understand."

She took up his prayer-book, which lay on her prie-dieu, and slipped the fragment of lace between the pages. Then she went out of the room to telephone to Elsie.

Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BELGRADE.

BY E. CHRISTITCH.

AMONG the momentous changes brought about by the Great War is that which transforms Serbia, with its four millions, into Yugoslavia (Southern Slavdom), a State of about fourteen millions. It is easy to understand that no census is as yet forthcoming for the whole kingdom; but we know that Belgrade, from a city of eighty thousand, has suddenly grown to one of two hundred thousand citizens, and that the housing problem is acute. Even the remarkable efforts at reconstruction (the fine harvest evolved from ravaged lands won praise from Mr. Hoover) have not been able to supply the myriad wants of a people engaged in war since 1912. Keeping to Belgrade as the indicator of general conditions, and the spot where exact data is more obtainable, we note that there are five thousand students at the University, which formerly counted seven hundred. Croats and Slovenes are thronging to their new capital as Parliamentary deputies, Government officials, merchants, professionals of all callings.

These newcomers are for the most part Catholics, and it is a crying anomaly that Belgrade possesses no place of Catholic worship except a small chapel that was once a dependency of the Austrian Legation. The Government, indeed, has offered to provide a site, and eventually to build a temple of proper dimensions; but, in the present stress of multiple demands for pressing material necessities, it is difficult to foresee the date for this undertaking. Meantime a society has been formed by the Catholic citizens of Belgrade, who are mostly of those not over-blessed with this world's goods, and collections are being made throughout Yugoslavia.

His Holiness Pope Benedict, whose solicitude extends from Brazil to Japan, has been the very first donor to the Fund for erecting a Catholic church in what is now the chief town of the foremost Balkan State; and an Irish parish priest of Limerick, frequent contributor to the pages of *THE AVE MARIA*, was the second. An Irish cardinal and Irish bishops have, in the midst of the martyrdom of their own land, found time to approve and bless the work of collecting in Europe and America. Cardinals Bourne, Mercier, and Dubois are patrons of the Fund; and the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, has given a letter of warm recommendation to an Envoy (now in the United States) of the Committee, whose president is Mgr. Bauer, Archbishop of Croatia.

Needless to say that the sainted prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, although in failing health, some months ago found time and energy to interest himself in the question of a new church in the Balkans, and gave his blessing and approval to the messenger from Yugoslavia. In like manner Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop Hayes, and many other bishops, as well as the heads of the Jesuit Order, have given help,

advice, and encouragement to the promoters of the scheme for inviting American Catholics to further spiritual as well as they have generously furthered material enterprise in Serbia.

At present Serbia is in the fermenting process, endeavoring to conciliate the new elements which have joined with her, because they are of her very race and kin, but are not prepared to yield a single one of the rights or privileges wrung from Austria and Hungary during long centuries of subjection, fearing that their individuality might be merged in that of the victorious State which played the chief rôle in the struggle for deliverance and unity. The Croats are of a milder, more conservative temperament. They would fain continue in certain old paths, and preserve their special traditions while enjoying the freedom from alien rule that hampered them so long.

This attitude may well be a safeguard against Serbia's too eager disposition to copy largely from the West. Since a century ago that she started, single-handed, to wrest liberty, bit by bit, from the Turks, her social and political development has gone forward by leaps and bounds. The blood of her sons was shed freely for Christian Faith and Fatherland. She passed through scathing crises, and is inured to change and revolutions. It is more natural that Serbia should throw off lightly all that had been imposed on her by Turkish oppression than that the Croats should part with laws and customs slowly imbibed from Austrian civilization. Between two branches of a people, it is invidious to discriminate. Serbia brought away from her bondage the religion she had so doggedly preserved; and Croatia can point with pride to the nationality she preserved in a protracted constitutional struggle and as many desperate rebellions as in Ireland. Both peoples gave proofs of

heroism and endurance; and the success of the Serbians gives them, perhaps, a spirit of self-reliance and sense of superiority unpalatable to the late subjects of Austria-Hungary.

There seems a mutual mistrust with regard to who shall have the predominant rôle in the new kingdom. The Croats and Slovenes, conscious of an older and more intensive culture, claim a more comprehensive system of local autonomy than Serbia wishes to see established in the State she hopes to consolidate quickly by a strongly centralistic form of government. Then, too, there is the very name of the new kingdom, to be decided so as to give no undue supremacy to any of the three branches of Southern Slavs that compose it. In this instance it is the Serbs who preach uniformity, that object to the word "Yugoslavia" (Slavs of the South), reluctant to part with their name, honorably known to-day throughout the civilized world. For the present, therefore, the new, aggrandized State is officially recognized as "the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes." In a similar manner, the Central Slavs of Europe have called their new Republic "Czecho-Slovakia," because it is formed of the Chechs and the Slovaks, branches long separated of an identical race.

It is a notable fact that there is far less rivalry between the Serbs of Serbia and the Croats and Slovenes than between these and their neighbors, fellow-subjects of the former Hapsburg Empire, the Serbs of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Siriem, Banat, etc. Austria's domination was mainly founded on the dissension she carefully nurtured, especially on religious grounds, between the Serbs and Croats within her dominion. The Serbs consider that the Croats, as Catholics, had been favored, and are now eager to equalize, if not exactly reverse, the position. They gladly clothe themselves with the glory of Serbia proper, and those who talk

loudest are not the men who fled to join the gallant Serbian army when facing tremendous odds.

The claims of Croatia (and when we write "Croatia" let it include that fount of Catholicism and culture, Slovenia) are not to be lightly overlooked. While Serbia's 'greatest men have been military leaders, Croatia's most distinguished patriots have been bishops. It was the famous Bishop Strossmayer who first dared to draw up the programme of union for all Southern Slavs, irrespective of creed. "It is not as if they were Protestants and aliens," he said: "they are our kith and kin; and if we dwell on the religious aspect of our union, remember the great truths that we share, and how very little divides us." The late Bishop Mahnic, after having endowed his country with magnificent cultural and religious organizations, died in the struggle to preserve his diocese from Italian encroachment. Zagreb (German: Agram), with its University, Academy of Art, its recognized literary, moral, philosophical and intellectual pre-eminence, should have little to fear from Centralism. A shrewd Serbian peasant soldier, after listening to the great advantages of Southern Slav union, remarked thoughtfully: "Aye, but where will we, poor fighters, be, now that the war is over, when all these learned men from the other side of the rivers [Sava and Danube] come here to mix with us? We shall have to hide from them, our fine brothers, or start going to school like children." In Slovenia the poorest peasant is educated, thanks to the wonderful organization of Father Krek; and the percentage of illiterates is, of course, immeasurably higher in Serbia than in Croatia.

Although all parties are insistent on their perfect religious tolerance, it is certain that different conceptions of what religion really means must give

rise to lively discussions in the Assembly now sitting in Belgrade to draft the Constitution. The proposed law entrusting religious instruction in schools to ordinary secular teachers, with no guarantee of their own private belief, can not be tolerated by Catholics. Supineness in this respect has been the cause of religious indifference, and worse, among the Orthodox population; and the clergy of Croatia are determined to keep their schools free from State control. Again, the project of rewarding the clergy of all creeds for "national services" will be hotly opposed by the Croats; for they consider it would tempt the weaker souls to seek in the first place the favor of the Government.

Unfortunately, the Croats, owing to their own divisions, form a numerically small force in the Constituent Assembly, so are powerless to enforce their opinions. A peasant leader named Radic secured a large following for his idea of a little Croat Republic (he translated the foreign word "republic" as "Peace"!); and this group refuses to attend the Assembly at Belgrade, thus lessening the chances of Croatia for a better hearing. Nevertheless, the Catholic element, however handicapped by the defection of its natural adherents, is valiantly vindicating its position as chief defender of high moral standards.

May this article, which has only glanced at a few of the many aspects of Southern Slav cohesion in one corporate whole, convey to the reader the paramount importance—if Catholics are to hold their own—of a Catholic church in Belgrade!

It is a momentous fact that a man may be *good* or he may be *bad*; his life may be *true* or it may be *false*; it may be either a shame or a glory to him. The good man builds up, the bad man destroys himself.—*Thoreau*.

A Lesson in Equality.

THERE is a patent moral in the story told by a French *curé* in a little village of the Drôme district. The organ-blower in the parish church, a simple fellow named Jean-Pierre, had been persuaded by some Liberal "philosophers" of the village that all men had at long last become equal in every sense of the word.

The organ-blower forthwith proceeded to the presbytery, knocked at the door, and, on the pastor's presenting himself, began to stammer in a somewhat embarrassed style:

"Father, I—I—"

"Well, Jean-Pierre, what is it?"

"It is—it is, Father, that the thing appears to me contrary to the rules of what we call equality."

"Explain yourself, Jean-Pierre. What thing?"

"Oh," said the organ-blower, growing bolder, "running the bellows of the organ! It's real hard work, Father, and it's very poorly paid. Just two hundred francs a year; and M. Talbert" (this was the organist's name) "gets fifteen-hundred. Me! I bend and shift, now to the right, now to the left, and always standing up, while M. Talbert is comfortably seated, and contents himself with making his fingers go, like this, over the keyboard. I want to have my salary raised."

"Well, perhaps you are right, after all, Jean-Pierre. I'll reflect on your request, I promise you."

Several days later the *curé* met the organ-blower, and accosted him.

"Jean-Pierre," said he, "I've been talking matters over with M. Talbert. He is young, you are getting old; and he finds that the situation is not conformable to the rules of equality. Now, here is what he proposes. He'll take your place at the bellows, and you his at the keyboard, where you'll have

nothing to do but 'make your fingers go,' while comfortably seated."

"But," replied Jean-Pierre, slightly confused,—“but I don't know how to make the fingers go."

"Oh," said the pastor, as if greatly astonished,—“oh, then that makes a difference! But who would ever have imagined that you couldn't make your fingers go just as M. Talbert does his? Why, that's entirely opposed to the rules of equality!"

And Jean-Pierre's salary was not at that time increased.

Great Deeds vs. Common Duties.

THE Abbot Paphnutius, who was noted for his sanctity, one day expressed a desire to know from Our Lord whether he had any real merit in His eyes. He received the reply that he had gained equal merit with a certain nobleman, whose name was given. The Abbot immediately visited this gentleman, by whom he was kindly received and hospitably entertained. In the course of their conversation, the guest begged his host to tell him what was his manner of life. At first the nobleman excused himself on the plea that he did not possess any but the most ordinary virtues. After many entreaties, however, he declared that he was careful to entertain pilgrims and provide them with whatever might be necessary for their journey; that he helped the poor in their need as much as he could; that he administered justice equitably, always trying to render honest decisions; that he never oppressed his subjects; that he never offended or slandered any one, and endeavored, as much as possible, to promote peace and harmony.

"On hearing this," concludes the old chronicle, "the Abbot was greatly edified, and understood that true perfection consists not in great deeds but in the fulfilment of common duties."

A Devotion of the Early Ages of the Church.

THE prominent position accorded to the Blessed Virgin in Catholic devotion gives rise to objections on the part of many religious Protestants,—objections which are very serious from their point of view, and should be met with consideration by us. Thus they will assert that our religion is not that of Jesus, but “the religion of Mary”; that, although His image is indeed to be found in all our churches, He is oftenest represented as a Child in His Mother’s arms.

The Catacombs of Rome are evidence of incontrovertible authenticity concerning the belief and practice of the earliest ages of the Church. This is admitted by all who have seriously studied them. “The art of the Catacombs,” says the Rev. A. Henderson (Anglican), “is the expression of doctrinal truth.” In his recently published book, “The Lesson of the Catacombs” (pp. 53, 54), he writes:

Of the saints, members of the Church Triumphant, first in honor stands Mary. . . . Mary appears in several large frescoes, sometimes alone, but generally with the Holy Child. She is seen standing with her arms extended in an attitude of supplication, or sitting on a throne with the Infant Jesus clasped to her bosom. The oldest and most important of these frescoes is found in the Catacomb of St. Priscilla, which dates from Apostolic times. It is to be seen in the vaulted roof of a *loculus*, and represents the Blessed Virgin seated, her head partially covered by a short light veil, and with the Holy Child in her arms. Over her hovers the Star of Bethlehem; and before her stands a man, clothed in a pallium, holding a scroll in his left hand, and with his right pointing to the Star. He is probably Isaiah, the Prophet of the Divine Maternity. We are here in the presence of a picture upon which Apostolic eyes have looked.

The Wise Men from the East are the types of Gentile Christianity. They were drawn to Christ from afar by the light He gave them, and came to adore Him and surrender themselves to Him.

And how did they find Him? “Entering into the house, they saw the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him.” It is, then, no real difficulty if those who come into the Church from without—perhaps from long distances, and across many mountain ranges of prejudice and wide deserts of error—should find there the Child, not alone, but with Mary His Mother. The image of the Madonna and Child is the symbol of the Incarnation, and the prophetic story of the Magi shows that devotion to the Virgin Mother is especially fitting for Gentile Christians.

It may also relieve the sense of incongruity which even Catholics occasionally experience when, at Benediction, with our Blessed Lord solemnly exposed for adoration, we occupy a part of the time in singing the Litany of Loreto. In so doing are we not unconsciously copying the Wise Men of old, our forefathers in the Faith? We see not the Child only, but “the Child with Mary His Mother”; and, while offering to Him our prayers and homage, we invoke that Mother, just as they must have addressed her.

Do we ever stop to think that it must have been through the Blessed Virgin’s hands that the mysterious gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh were offered? Believing as they did in the divinity of the Infant she held, how deep must have been the veneration of the Eastern Kings for the Mother!

But if our separated brethren prefer to contemplate the last scene in the drama of Redemption, there again does the Blessed Virgin appear. “Now, there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother.” “Our fall,” says St. John Chrysostom, “was brought about by the intervention of a woman and a tree—that of the knowledge of good and evil. In our redemption also there was the intervention of a woman—The Virgin Mary; and of a tree, the Cross.”

Notes and Remarks.

Some other words of the Cardinal Archbishop of Breslau on the press, besides those already quoted in these pages, deserve attentive consideration by the Catholic public everywhere. Enlarging on his declaration that the press has become the mightiest weapon of every sort of propaganda, his Eminence adds: "Never was complaint so bitter over the moral decadence of literature as it is in our day. It seems that with the breakdown of industrial prosperity, and with the decivilizing influence of the war, much came to destroy delicacy of moral feeling and the sense of honor. Writers and publishers without number have placed themselves beyond the pale of common decency. Under the weight of this immorality, ethical energy has fallen; and real, earnest intellectual effort is in danger of death. No scourge that can afflict a people is conceivably worse than the danger of sinking from a spiritual level laboriously attained. To nullify this great danger is one of the noblest tasks both of the Catholic writer and his readers."

That non-Catholics are fully aware of the importance of devotion to the Mother of our Redeemer in normal Catholic life is demonstrated by the invariable practice of Protestant proselytizers at home or abroad. They are shrewd enough to understand that their hold on a perverted Catholic will be anything but secure so long as such a Catholic entertains sentiments of reverence and love for the Blessed Virgin, or preserves about his person or in his home objects which foster these sentiments. In Mexico, in French Canada, among the Italian immigrants in this country, in South America,—everywhere the sectarian emissary wages ceaseless warfare against Marian de-

votion, as an integral factor in genuine Catholic life. That this policy is still being pursued in the Philippines is vouched for by the Rev. T. A. Murphy, C. SS. R., of Cebu. "The proselytizer," he writes, "seeks almost invariably to root out of the hearts of his 'converts' the love of our Blessed Lady. When you enter a house in the Philippines, you can very often tell if the proselytizer has been at work by a mere glance at the walls. In Catholic homes, the pictures of the saints, and especially that of the Queen of Saints, have an honored place. . . . But when the Protestant proselytizer goes to work, one of his first cares is to have the picture of God's Mother destroyed."

A pertinent comment on the foregoing would seem to be that Catholics generally should cultivate devotion to Our Lady, habitually wear her scapular and carry her beads, place in their homes statues or pictures of the Madonna and Child, and employ all other means of intensifying their love for God's Mother, as a certain mark of love for God Himself.

The unprecedented reception accorded to Cardinal Dougherty on his arrival in his home city—a reception actively taken part in by half a million of citizens—was something more than a perfunctory outburst of gratified local pride. To the student of men and affairs, the man who looks beneath the surface emotions of the crowd and discerns the underlying sentiments which explain these emotions, the reception was an event of more significance than the casual reader of the glowing accounts thereof probably took cognizance of. In a thoughtful editorial article, Philadelphia's Catholic paper, the *Standard and Times*, discusses the true meaning of the event, saying among other wise words:

Divested of the personal aspects, on which we have dwelt at some length, and to which

we have given proper emphasis, the event bears eloquent testimony to three things which need accentuation in our days. These three things are the value of the spiritual, the power of religion, and the respect which legitimate authority is capable of eliciting in the hearts of men. Upon these three great factors depends the salvation of society. That they are alive and full of vigor has been amply demonstrated by the magnificence of the celebration of which our beloved city was the theatre. That realization is very heartening, and makes the future look brighter and more promising. If evil forces are at work to bring about the destruction of society, it must not be forgotten that there are powers equally alert to offset and counteract these pernicious and destructive influences.

All of which is quite as true as it is gratifying to meditate upon in troubled times like these.

For many years enlightened friends of our educational system have foreseen interference by the State in the control of our parish schools, especially in the matter of requiring the teachers to secure the same certification as the teachers in the public schools. At the annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association, held in St. Louis in 1919, the following statement was made by a prominent member of that body: "Certification is to-day a matter of vital importance, of life and death, for our parish and high schools. It is of no less great significance for the women's colleges, because they must realize that they can not hold their position long if the high schools and academies are legislated out of existence. The problem, therefore, has a certain selfish importance for us; and anything that we do to assist in its solution will, in the last analysis, be to our own advantage. There can be no question of the fact that State certification will soon be a *sine qua non* in every school and academy in the Middle West."

At the present moment the question has reached such a stage as to justify the bureau of education of the National

Catholic Welfare Council in supplying all those immediately interested in the management of our schools with printed matter relative to the certification of teachers in the various States. Without at all soliciting State interference of any kind in our school system, and without admitting for a moment that our own teachers are less competent than are those of the public schools, ordinary prudence suggests that our teachers be made ready to pass, if required, any examination to which the State may see fit at any time to subject them.

A fair-minded, outspoken man is Mr. G. H. Wilson, of the Universities Mission to Central Africa. Writing in the *East and the West*, an English quarterly review for the study of missionary problems, about forced labor in Africa, he expresses anxiety lest the policy adopted in some of the British colonies be generally followed. He does not conceal his conviction that forced labor for private advantage is wrong in principle. He believes that the native could learn to produce from his own land and rise in the scale of civilization, just as other races have done, and win for himself a respected place among free men; and that it is not justice to force him to live as "a drudge and helot in his own country for the benefit of an alien and conquering race." "Not justice"? Infamous injustice was what Mr. Wilson probably meant to say.

A story illustrating the Scottish love of justice, which, if old, has had a sufficiently long rest to make it seem quite new, is related by one whose stock of anecdotes is said to be as inexhaustible as it is varied:

An old couple, who had never been in a railway train in all their lives before, took seats in one leaving Perth for Glasgow, for the purpose of visiting

their son in the latter city. They became highly excited and interested at their rapid flight, and nothing would satisfy the old man but that at every station he must needs get out to gaze around in admiration and wonder, to the evident alarm and uneasiness of his gudewife Janet, who would not move from her seat. The train at length moved off, leaving the old man on the station platform, gazing helplessly at the receding face of his wife. When she saw her gudeman thus left behind, she reached her head out of the window, and, to the amusement of her fellow-travellers, exclaimed: "There, noo, Saunders! Ye've dune for yersel' at last,—wi' yer thrawnness! Weel, weel!" she continued, settling down in her seat. "I'm kinna glad o't tae; for he's aye been craikin' a' along, 'Jenny, haste ye here, an' haste ye there: ye'll be late for the kirk'; or, 'Ye'll no hae the work dune.' An' noo he's gane an' got left himsel'. Od! I'm glad o't. It's a lesson he'll no forget in a hurry. It's plain joostice."

Pointing to the condition of the nations to-day, some one asked, in a letter to a New York newspaper, "What has Christianity done towards civilizing the world?" Admiral Mahan, the well-known naval expert, answered the question in the next issue of the same paper, saying: "There is no such thing as 'Christian Europe' or a Christian State. There is a Europe, and there are States in which exists a large body of persons who hold the Christian Faith, and earnestly, if imperfectly, try to practise it in their lives. The presence of these through the centuries has been the leaven which has effected what is called Christian civilization. The result, Christian civilization, is found only where the Christian leaven is found; from which may certainly be inferred that to this cause it is due."

Quoting these words, a writer in

the *Minneapolis Journal*, who believes—in spite of the world's present sad condition, in spite of all the forebodings of the pessimists—that something of the leaven of which the Admiral spoke is to be found everywhere, thoughtfully observes: "The student of history or of Revelation, if he looks aright, may clearly enough see the blue behind the dark clouds of the present, and take courage. Storms are for a day, but good weather is the rule. Courage and confidence in the divine plan need not be lost, no matter how serious the outlook. We are altogether too near the present situation to see it in its proper perspective."

No resident of Oregon was ever known to admit that, even for frequency of rain, his State was surpassed by any other in the American Union. There grow the largest trees, the most delicious fruit, the most abundant harvests of hops, etc.; there trout and salmon of extraordinary size are so innumerable that you could cross the rivers by means of them—if they would only remain stationary long enough. And so on and so forth. Talk about prunes! The Oregonians lately shipped 1,500,000 pounds of them (at least that amount, we feel positive). And the Italian prune used to be considered a semi-tropical fruit. It shows what Oregon is capable of.

Many years ago, Lewis and Clark spoke hopefully for the future of that part of the Pacific Coast; and the dwellers there have been speaking enthusiastically (never boastfully) of its present ever since. But, then, that great traveller and author, Gen. Sir William Butler, K. C. B., refers to Oregon as "the fairest State in the American Union." ("The Wild North Land," Commonwealth Library edition, page 317.) We give the reference, though we oughtn't to do so,—our Oregonian friends, judging from their conversa-

tion at all times, being already sufficiently convinced that the region in which they are so fortunate as to dwell is the richest, fairest, and most magnificent on this continent.

The Archbishop of Chicago is quite as happy when he quotes others as when he speaks for himself. In his ringing letter welcoming to Chicago the delegates to the first national convention of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic, he cited the following words of the immortal Washington, and declared them to be as timely now as when first uttered. They were addressed to the French Minister to the United States on January 1, 1796: "Born in a land of liberty, having early learned its value, having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it,—having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country, my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are excited whenever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banner of freedom."

It was a distinct service to the cause of Ireland to recall this noble declaration. It will be echoed round the world, and do much to stifle the cry that it is disloyal to America to speak in behalf of Ireland. The Irish people have good reason to regard Archbishop Mundelein as their best friend in the United States.

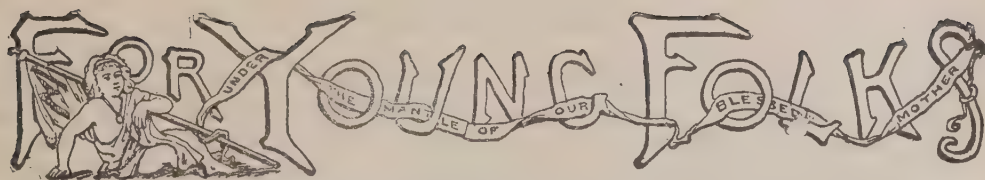
Recent attempts in Europe to begin international organization among Catholics have broken down rather completely. There can be no doubt that such union is eminently desirable, but evidently very many persons want it "with reservations." The meeting for a Catholic World League, called by Dr. Steger, was attended by French, Belgian and Polish delegates, who were averse to admitting Germans, even

those who, as priests, have been actively promoting similar movements for many years. On the other hand, there are Germans who resolutely oppose any community of action with Catholics in enemy countries. Naturally it is difficult to forget at once the bitterness of a long war, but surely the necessity for determined action should breed charity among the disciples of the Prince of Peace. Much better success is being met with by the effort towards internationalization that is being put forward by the Italian Popular Party and the Spanish Agricultural League. The breadth and insight of Italy are especially worth noting: there the influence of the Pope has been felt and has fostered harmony.

Our well-informed contemporary, the *Universe*, of London, takes occasion to correct some extravagant reports, circulated in the secular press, as to religious conditions in some parts of Central Europe. It says:

These reports concern the position in Czecho-Slovakia, and they talk vaguely and variously of a million or two million people "leaving the Church," the figure 80,000 being mentioned for Prague alone. Efforts are also made to insinuate that these people join the new schism. There are just three things to be said about this. Firstly, distressing though the position undoubtedly is, the numbers are most grossly exaggerated. Secondly, the schism is a complete failure; people who "leave the Church" do not join it, but become ordinary anti-clericals of the well-known Continental type. Thirdly, the trouble is almost entirely confined to Bohemia properly so-called; the German-speaking districts of Bohemia retain their Faith, and so do the admirable Catholics of Slovakia.

It is well nowadays to discount sensational news of all kinds coming to us from over the ocean; and it is wise, especially, to wait for authoritative Catholic opinion before yielding credence to reports concerning the Church and her position in the reconstructed nations of Europe.



Our Lady's Call.

BY E. MERRYWEATHER.

HARK, dear little children,—harken
To Our Lady's call!

She would have you gather daily

Round her, children all,—

Sing her praises loud and sweet,

Lay your flowers at her feet.

She would have you copy her

Through her month of May,

That you may like Jesus grow,—

Gentler, kindlier every day.

Nothing pleases her like this,

Nothing brings her greater bliss.

Sweeter mother never smiled

As she sees you like her Child.

The Fox and the Snuffbox.

BY NEALE MANN.

IF any of our young readers ever travel through Southern France, they will find considerable surprise, if not amusement, in the queer-sounding names of places and people; and, as this story has to do with a little farm halfway between Montauban and Villemur in that part of France, the proper names found in it will, of course, be rather unusual. The farm was a rented one, and the proprietor was an honest and sturdy widow, Madame Pourtanel, whose family consisted of two children.

Had you been in that neighborhood one morning in August last, this is what you would have seen: Madame seated in the doorway, peeling fruit that she was going to preserve; her eleven-year-old daughter, Delaide, sitting by her side and knitting a woollen stocking; and her son, Zidore, about

thirteen years of age, who was indulging in his favorite game,—that of being a hunter.

With a broomstick under his arm, and followed by Blanquette, the intelligent pointer which his deceased father had trained as a retriever, he was running under the acacias planted in the farm garden, looking for game. Sometimes he would stop, bring the broomstick to his shoulder, take aim at a pebble, and cry, "Bang!" Then Blanquette would spring forward, and, seizing the pebble, bring it to her young master.

Zidore played until about nine o'clock; and then, his pocket full of stones, he seated himself on an up-turned tub and fell asleep.

While Zidore was dreaming he all at once heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw a woman coming towards the house. She was pretty old, judging by her wrinkled face and grey hair; but she was straight as an arrow, walked sturdily, and was carrying on her arm a basket covered with canvas.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Zidore, joyously. "Here's Anilh coming in."

His mother got up and went out to meet the newcomer.

"Good-day to you!" said she. "Why, it's ages, Anilh, since I've seen you! How is that? You haven't been sick, I hope?"

"Goodness, no! My health is all right, thank God!"

"And you are still servant at the Cantomerlette farm with Major Lajacasse? Ah, you have a fine place there! Your master is one of the richest of all our farmers, and those whom he employs are well fed and well paid."

Anilh sighed deeply; a tear trembled on her eyelids, and her voice shook as she answered:

"I am no longer at the Major's: he has discharged me."

"Discharged you? What for?"

"Oh, it's quite a story! You know, Madame Pourtanel, that the Major has long taken pride in his fine silver snuff-box. Though he himself doesn't take snuff, he prized this box very much, seeing that it was given to his great-grandfather, drum major of the Grenadiers, by the Emperor Napoleon himself. Money couldn't have bought it from Major Lajacasse. Four or five weeks ago, this box disappeared from the drawer in which it was kept. Cibade, one of the men servants, who has a dislike to me for some reason, accused me of having stolen the snuff-box; and Major Lajacasse—a good man, though too credulous—turned me off. Just think of my sorrow! To lose in one moment both my means of living and my reputation as an honest woman!"

At the conclusion of this recital, Zidore struck one of the trees a vicious blow with his broomstick, saying: "I wish it was Cibade!" Delaide wiped her eyes with the stocking she was knitting; and good Madame Pourtanel inquired sympathetically:

"But how have you managed since then, my poor Anilh, to earn your daily bread and to live?"

"I'll show you."

So saying, she took the canvas off her basket, disclosing a sort of cage, inside of which appeared a reddish-colored animal.

"It's a fox,—a young fox given to me by the woodmen in the forest of Montech. I take it to the different county fairs, and exhibit to people for a penny a look. A poor business, no doubt, and one of which I am ashamed; it's so much like begging! All the same, it's my fox that has kept me from dying from hunger."

The conversation ended there. Madame Pourtanel, who had to feed her

rabbits, went off, after inviting Anilh to remain for dinner; and the old woman said she would take a rest in the barn meantime.

There now remained in the farmyard just four individuals: the fox, the dog Blanquette, Delaide, and Zidore. The last-mentioned went up to the cage, looked at its inmate for some time, and finally said to his sister:

"Say, Delaide, suppose we lift the cover a little? We'd be able to see much better."

"But if the fox should escape?"

"There's no danger. I'll open it just a little."

But the little was enough: the fox shot through the opening, and made off through the farmyard gate.

Brother and sister were astounded. Both of them thought of Anilh's despair at losing the means of earning her livelihood, and they set out in pursuit of the fox with the greatest ardor possible. Blanquette had started after the fugitive just as soon as he had escaped, and was not far behind the flying animal. As the ground was as level as a floor, with no hillocks or bushes to hide him from the sight of his pursuers, the fox tried in vain to throw them off the scent. His progress was not very swift, either; for his long confinement in the cage had made his leg muscles somewhat flabby.

At first he followed the bank of the River Tarn; then, turning suddenly, he crossed a meadow, went through a garden, and took the road leading to the Cantomerlette farm. He soon wished to leave that road, but Blanquette was close behind him. There was nothing left for the poor animal but to go straight ahead. He went, and soon came upon an open gate, — that of Major Lajacasse. Through the gate went the fox, and after him went Blanquette and finally the two children.

Now, at Cantomerlette that day wheat was being threshed. Around a

steam thrasher all the household and not a few neighbors were gathered, working with a will. In addition there were in the farmyard hens and chickens, ducks and drakes, geese, turkeys, to say nothing of a whole family of cats and dogs. Can you imagine the sensation made among all these by the sudden appearance of the fox? Hens and chickens soon scattered; ducks quacked, and geese honked; the cats disappeared in a twinkling, and the dogs barked in unison with Blanquette.

All this time the fox had been, in a distracted fashion, circling the steam thrasher. At last he saw an opening in the side of the barn through which he might reach the fields. He made for it. Some one (it was the villain Cibade) barred his way. Then, reduced to despair, the hunted animal flew at his enemy, bit him on the thigh, and tore away his trouser pocket. A small, shining object fell to the barn floor. . . . Cibade drew back, very pale. The fox slipped lightly through the opening. He hasn't been heard from since then.

As for the shining object which had fallen from Cibade's pocket, it is needless to say that it was the snuffbox given to the Grenadiers' drum major by Napoleon. Major Lajacasse picked up the heirloom; then, seizing Cibade, he proceeded to kick that miserable thief all the way out to the road. This being done, he exclaimed:

"I want my good old servant, Anilh. Some one go find her."

"I'll go," said Zidore; and, with the words, he was off, hand in hand with Delaide. He reached his home just as the old woman was coming out of the barn after her refreshing nap.

"Good news, Anilh," cried the boy. "Your fox has escaped!"

"Good news? What a *misfortune!*" sighed the old woman.

"Yes, he's gone for good, fast enough; but you've got your old place at Cantomerlette back again."

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIX.—DARKENED WAYS.

WHAT, indeed, was to become of poor, little, crippled Marjorie? Even cheery, sturdy Tom was staggered by the question, and was forced to leave it unanswered when he bade his friend good-bye and started off to his own pleasant home, leaving Bryce to face the grim situation as best he could. There were "jobs" Tom had suggested—fairly paying jobs—for boys of fifteen; but Bryce knew nothing about stenography or typewriting, and had shirked mathematics in every form, except that of rapid substraction from his weekly allowance of pocket money; so even the "job" outlook was by no means promising.

And Tom agreed to keep his eyes open and see what could be done; for that Bryce must go to work was a sternly certain fact. Altogether, the new road into which he had turned looked very dark just now for Bryce as he re-entered his home. To avoid further domestic storms, he was passing up Marjorie's back staircase to his own room, when a pitiful little sobbing cry reached his ear.

"Oh, please don't leave me, Nurse Marshall! It's getting dark and I'm afraid,—I'm afraid. My heart is beating so fast and queer! I'm afraid I'll drop dead like Guardy did."

"That's all nonsense, my dear!" There was a new tone in the purring voice that replied. "You're just nervous and excited, which is quite natural. I am obliged to leave you for a while. I have an engagement to meet a lady at five o'clock."

"But you ought not to leave me." Marjorie's tone grew shriller. "You're my nurse and ought to stay with me. You never left me alone before, Miss Marshall. And Ellen brought me my

supper all cold and horrid, and no cream for my tea." (The peevish little cry held Bryce an indignant listener.) "It is because poor Guardy is dead," Marjorie went on. "He made everybody treat me right." And the speaker burst into a passion of childish tears.

"I'm sorry, my dear." (It was surprising how hard and cold Miss Marshall's voice had grown.) "But things have changed, as you say: I am no longer your nurse. Mrs. Carter-King has told me that she has no longer a place for me, so I am leaving to-morrow."

"Leaving to-morrow! For good and all!" gasped Marjorie. "O Miss Marshall, you can't,—you mustn't! I won't let you. Who will take care of me if you go away? I'm afraid to be here by myself. I tell you I'm afraid, Miss Marshall. Oh, please don't leave me!" The words rose into a cry that made Bryce burst into the half-open door and face the departing lady indignantly.

"Get out if you must!" he said briefly. "I'll stay with Marjorie."

And while the late nurse hurried eagerly away, he stepped to the bed where, with white, drawn face and wild eyes, Fifine's poor little godmother lay trembling pitifully.

"There, there! Don't cry, kiddy!" he soothed; and the boyish tone was soft with a new tenderness. "Let the old tabby cat go. I'll look out for you."

"Oh, will you,—will you, Bryce?" Two little feverish hands clutched desperately at the friendly arm. "Oh, I'm afraid to be all alone,—afraid of Guardy," added Marjorie, breathlessly. "I heard Ellen tell Miss Marshall that the Lord would not let him rest in his grave, she knew."

"Pooh!" scoffed Bryce, with a grim understanding of Ellen's gruesome words. "Ellen hasn't got good sense. There,—stop shaking and sobbing, or you'll make yourself sick. What is that I heard you say about supper?"

"Oh, it wasn't good at all!" fretted the broken-winged little princess. "The tea was too strong. Dr. Newton said I must always have it half cream. And Miss Marshall didn't care a bit. Nobody has been treating me right since Guardy died—nobody treats me right at all. And Fifine, my dear little Fifine,—oh, I can't believe she was a thief!"

"She wasn't!" blurted out Bryce. "Haven't you heard that it was all a lie? Elise wore your necklace to a dance and lost it on the way home. Josephine was going to church that morning and found it, as she said. Your Fifine is all right,—a regular little true-blue, as I always said," concluded Bryce, quite forgetful of his own passing doubts of Marjorie's goddaughter.

"Oh, I'm glad,—I'm glad!" The weazened little face brightened joyfully. "I knew my little Fifine could not be a thief. Tell me all about it, Bryce."

And, clasping Marjorie's hot little hands, Bryce told the story of Fifine's escape from the "den" and all that followed it.

"And she has gone,—gone from me for good,—gone to her Tante Louise's friends, to her Tante Louise's home!" said his listener, mournfully,—"gone for good and all!"

"Well, it looks that way," Bryce admitted. "You see, it was rather tough on her here, to be taken for a little thief and liar."

"But I loved her all the time," Marjorie went on eagerly. "I cried after her every night, Bryce. Miss Marshall got real cross about it. She has been cross and mean every day. Everybody has been cross and mean to me since Guardy died."

"I have not," said Bryce, his heart full of new pity for this forsaken little princess. "I'm right on hand to do anything you say. I'm going downstairs to get you a good supper—"

"No, no!" interrupted Marjorie. "I

don't want any supper. Only just stay by me, so I won't—won't see Guardy frowning in the corners. You are very good to me, Bryce," sighed the little speaker, gratefully. "Everybody else has been so—so queer. Are they all queer downstairs, too?"

"Well, rather," answered Bryce, wondering how he could best explain the "queerness" to this hapless little victim. "You see, uncle's death changed things a lot for everybody."

"Oh, yes!" Marjorie gave an assenting little shudder. "It always does. When mamma and papa died I had to come here, and now—now Guardy is dead and everything is different again. Who will be my guardian now, Bryce?"

"Who, indeed?" thought Bryce, but he answered evasively: "I haven't heard yet. You see, Uncle Miles went off so suddenly."

"Oh, I know,—I know!" she said, shivering. "I get all cold when I think of it, Bryce. I thought that first night I would die myself. I couldn't sleep a wink, and Miss Marshall was real cross, and said I must learn to bear things and not be a spoiled baby. She never talked that way before, Bryce."

"No, I don't suppose she did," was the grim reply. "She was a wise old cat that kept the fur over her claws. And now—" Bryce paused again, wondering how he could tell why the "fur" had been withdrawn.

"I'm scared of dead people," continued Marjorie, breathlessly. "Fifine wasn't. There were so many people died at Saint Celeste. Fifine used to tell me about them,—how they just went to sleep out of the hurt and pain, and woke up happy and glad and *well*. There was little Angèle, only ten years old, that wanted to go. She wore my old white dress, Fifine said, when she went to heaven. Fifine told me so many beautiful things about heaven," sighed the speaker softly. "And she said they were not stories but real and true. Do

you think they were real and true, Bryce?"

"I don't know," answered Bryce, feeling he was getting on very uncertain ground. "I suppose she thought so. And no doubt she wanted to amuse you."

"Oh, she did,—she did!" said Marjorie. "I'd like to think so, too, Bryce,—that there is a good God who is my Father, and who ~~loves~~ little children who have no fathers or mothers, and sends angels to take care of them and keep them from harm; and when they die He takes them in His arms, and they are not afraid at all. Oh, I can't tell you all the wonderful things Fifine told me, Bryce,—things I never heard of before she came! She used to steal into my bed at night, when I couldn't sleep and my heart was jumping and my head ached, and tell me all those beautiful stories, that she said were real and true. And then she would 'cross' my forehead, like Nurse Norah that Guardy sent away; and I would fall off to sleep, holding her dear little hand. Oh, if I could only get my Fifine back, Bryce! But I never, never will." And Marjorie burst into tempestuous tears, that her pitying listener could find no words to calm.

"Bryce!" came the sharp call of his mother in the hall without. "Bryce, where are you? The fire is out and Gregg has gone off, heaven knows where, and you'll have to come and see what you can do."

"Coming, mother!" answered Bryce, stepping to the open door. "I just dropped in to chirk up this poor little kid here. Miss Marshall has gone out, you see."

"Aye, yes, I see!" said the lady, bitterly,—“looking out for herself like the rest. Rats deserting the sinking ship and scurrying to safety and comfort. You must come and see to the fire, or we shall all get our death. What's the matter with you, Marjorie?"

and the speaker turned impatiently to the sobbing child on the bed.

"Oh, I'm afraid, Cousin Marcia,—I'm afraid! Don't take Bryce away. I want some one to stay with me, Cousin Marcia."

"I'll send Elise up here to you," was the cold answer.

"Oh, I don't want Elise!" cried Marjorie, petulantly. "She took my necklace and let ~~E~~fine be blamed and sent away. She isn't nice and kind like Bryce. I want him to stay with me until Miss Marshall comes. I want Bryce,—I want Bryce!"

"Well, you can't have him," said Mrs. Carter-King, stirred into fierce anger by poor Marjorie's most unwise words. "And it is no time for tantrums. I won't stand them, as you may as well learn first as last."

"Mother!" pleaded Bryce, feeling the heartless shock that was coming. "Ease it up for the poor little kid, mother."

"It has been eased up long enough," continued the irate lady. "You might just as well know, Marjorie, this spoiled baby business must end. I can't and won't have it kept up any longer."

"Cousin Marcia!" Marjorie gulped down her sobs and stared with widening eyes at the speaker. (When had Cousin Marcia's voice taken that tone before?) "What makes you so—so cross, Cousin Marcia?" was the bewildered question.

"What makes me so cross?" repeated Mrs. Carter-King, bitterly. "As if I had not everything to make me *crazed*, you foolish child! Don't try to stop me, Bryce, because she has got to know that she can't be humored and petted and pampered any longer; that she can't have maids and nurses and doctors and everybody standing for her tantrums and her whims; that she is no longer Marjorie Morse, the heiress of millions, but a *beggar*"—the speaker's voice rose sharp and pitiless as a knife blade,—*"a beggar like the rest of us."*

"A beggar!" faltered Marjorie, uncomprehendingly,—*"a beggar! You talk so queer, Cousin Marcia! I don't know what you mean. Papa left me lots of money—lots and lots,—more than I could ever spend."*

"Well, it's spent now," said Mrs. Carter-King, with pitiless frankness. "Your guardian has spent, lost, robbed you—since you must know the whole truth,—and left you on my hands without a cent. We've all got to stand it the best we can. And all your whims and tantrums and spoiled baby ways must stop right now and here. So come along, Bryce, and attend to the fire, or we'll all freeze to death. You can't stay humoring Marjorie now."

And Bryce went; for what he could say to that stunned little girl looking up at him with wide, bewildered eyes he really did not know. His mother had answered all questions. Marjorie understood now—vaguely indeed, but with growing comprehension—what all the change, the neglect, the "queerness" of the last few days meant. The fairy wand that had ruled this heartless home was broken; the fairy power that no one had dared to brave was gone. She was no longer Marjorie Vincent Morse, the young mistress of millions, but a crippled, beggared little girl left on Cousin Marcia's hands.

(To be continued.)

Jelly-Fish.

We are accustomed to think of the jelly-fish as one of the most helpless creatures in existence; but in the South Pacific there is a jelly-fish that not only knows where it wants to go, but is provided with the means to go there, having a transparent little sail attached to its body, with which it moves in any desired direction. With this sail it navigates quite as well as any pilot, avoiding all obstructions both above and below the water.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of lectures on the Council of Trent, by Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, author of "Salve Mater," is announced for early publication by Longmans, Green & Co.

—"The Song of Lourdes" is an attempt by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., to tell in rhymed couplets, the full story of that world-famed sanctuary. The facts set forth in the poem are matter of history. Some of the more felicitous interludes have already appeared in print. The book is appropriately bound in blue cloth. Benziger Brothers are the American publishers.

—It is interesting to find a Catholic priest, the Rev. John Hungerford Pollen, S. J., among authors whose works are published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A new book by him—"Sources for the History of Roman Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland, from the Reformation Period to that of the Emancipation, 1533 to 1795"—has been added to the Society's "Helps for Students of History."

—A useful book in convenient size is "Repetitorium Theologiæ Fundamentalis," by P. Virgil Wass, O. M. Cap. The student preparing for examination will find it a real guide. There is an analytical index of twenty-four pages, and an alphabetical one of thirty pages. The whole book contains as many as 328, judiciously printed in different kinds of type. The quotations are carefully selected. Modernistic errors come in for their share of refutation. A learned little book and withal a readable one. Its evident purpose is brevity. Pustet Co.; price, \$1.25.

—Two unusual volumes of verse are sponsored by the Putnams. Under a dainty, if conventional, cover of blue and gold, one finds the fastidious and conservative art of David Morton, "Ships in Harbor." (Price, \$1.75.) Sonnets are much in evidence, and some of them are hauntingly good, like "Wooden Ships," "remembering forests where they grew." Mr. Morton is a quiet, careful singer, whose perfect mastery of form and sense of word-value does not blunt the edge of his hearty and masculine spirit. This is a book that will please every lover of poetry, despite its monotony of theme.—While Theodosia Garrison's "As the Larks Rise" does not equal as a collection the piece entitled "The Joy o' Life," it has the same spontaneous lyricism, the same imaginative verve. Some of the poems are

real songs. Among them we note a war ballad entitled "The Soul of Jeanne d'Arc," stirring and tender, and the title poem. Miss Garrison certainly has vision and melody, and these are matters to be deeply grateful for nowadays. Price, \$1.75.

—A translation of "Manuale Scholarium," which first appeared in 1481, and is a leading source of information regarding Mediæval universities, has been made by Robert F. Seybolt, and will be issued by the Harvard University Press.

—A book that will interest those who feel a kinship with men engaged in Catholic social work is "Précurseurs," by Georges Goyau. (Perrin, Paris.) The eminent editor of *Deux-Mondes* narrates sympathetically the careers of Chaminade, Ozanam, and other contemporary polemics.

—"Memoir of the Rev. Father Muard" and "Some Fell Among Thorns" are recent issues of the Catholic Truth Society of Canada. The first pamphlet is an interesting account of the founder of the Benedictines of the Monastery at Pierre-qui-Vire, France, as also of the Fathers of St. Edmund of Pontigny. The second pamphlet, by the Rev. M. V. Kelly, C. S. B., consists of a series of open letters to a farmer, and is a thoroughly practical discussion of questions of industry, economics, and applied sociology.

—"The Psalms Made Easy" is the title of a booklet by the Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., designed to clear up difficult places in the Latin version of the Psalms. It consists of brief explanatory notes on selected verses, taken in the order of the Psalms as they stand in the new Roman Psalterium. This dainty booklet—a small 24mo of 106 pages, bound in leatherette—is published by Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, London; and Benziger Brothers, New York. It is a pity that the price of so useful a work (one dollar for the American edition) should be prohibitory for most persons.

—A Dante memorial volume in preparation by the London University Press will contain a series of special contributions by leading Dante students. Among these may be mentioned a translation, by Laurence Binyon, of "The Voyage of Ulysses"; an essay on "Dante as a Literary Critic," by Prof. Gardner; a translation of "Farinata," by H. E. Goad; essays on "Dante and the Troubadours," by

A. G. Ferrers Howell; "Myth and Allegory," by Prof. Ker; "The Italy of Virgil and Dante," by Prof. J. W. Mackail; "Oxford and Dante," by Dr. Paget Toynbee; and "Dante and the Latin Poets," by Philip Wicksteed. Contributions will also be included by Lord Bryce, Prof. Cippico, Signor Benedetto Croce, and Prof. C. Foligno.

—Before attempting to write short stories, young authors would do well to make a study of the *contes* of François Coppée. He is one of the masters of this form of fiction, in which the French have always excelled. Many of his tales have been translated into English, with all the required skill and painstaking. In an Introduction to one collection of them, Mr. Brander Matthews says:

Fiction is more consciously an art in France than anywhere else,—perhaps partly because the French are now foremost in nearly all forms of artistic endeavor. In the short story especially, in the tale, in the *conte*, their supremacy is incontestable; and their skill is shown and their æsthetic instinct exemplified partly in the sense of form, in the constructive method, which underlies the best short stories, however trifling these may appear to be; and partly in the rigorous suppression of non-essentials, due in a measure, it may be, to the example of Mérimée. That is an example we in America may study to advantage; and from the men who are writing fiction in France we may gain much. From the British fiction of this last quarter of the nineteenth century little can be learned by any one, less by us Americans, in whom the English tradition is still dominant. When we look to France, we may find a model of value; but when we copy an Englishman, we are but echoing our own faults.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1825-1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The New Jerusalem." G. K. Chesterton. (Doran.) \$3.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"The School of Love." Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, bishop of Ogdensburg; Very Rev. Leopold Pycke, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. William Keating, archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Meinrad Epp, O. S. B.; and Rev. A. J. Renaud, C. S. C.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34.

SATURDAY, 14.—St. Boniface, M. Vigil of Pentecost. <i>Fast.</i>	WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Venantius, M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 15.—PENTECOST SUNDAY. St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.	THURSDAY, 19.—St. Peter Celestine, P. C. St. Pudentiana, V.
MONDAY, 16.—WHIT-MONDAY. St. John Nepomucen, M.	FRIDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 17.—WHIT-TUESDAY. St. Paschal Baylon, C.	SATURDAY, 21.—St. Felix of Cantalice, C. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>

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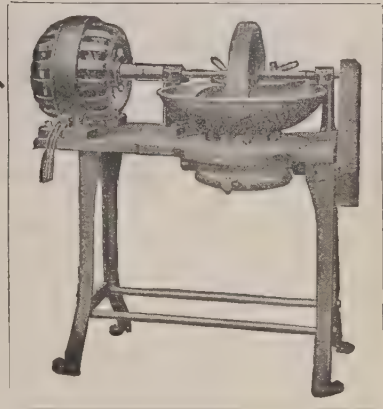
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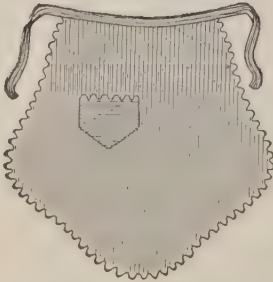
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A Sequence of the Holy Ghost. *

COMFORTER, Thou uncreated Fire,
Who dost each living thing with life
inspire!

Holy art Thou, to quicken all the creatures
Thou hast made;

Holy art Thou, to sorely broken hearts
affording aid;

Holy art Thou, to cleanse the wounds of souls
by sin betrayed.

O Breath of Holiness, O Fire of Love,
Sweet Savour in our breasts, who there dost
move,

Infusing virtue's fragrant odours from above.

O Purest Fount, reflected in whose streams
We see (enlightened by Truth's radiant
beams)

How God brings in the aliens, and the lost
redeems.

Armour of life, and Hope of unity,
Cheering each member in distress,
Thou Corner-stone of righteousness,

O save the blessed souls that wait on Thee,
And rescue those who in a living grave
Are prisoned by the ancient foe;

Unloose their bonds, and let them go;
For godly might is Thine, and will to save!

O Thou sure Way, who, passing up the steep
Of heaven, o'er earth, and through the lowest
deep,

Combinest each with each, and dost in union
keep;

By Thee are clouds upborne, the breezes blow,

The rocks drink moisture, and the waters flow
In streams, and smiling earth with verdure is
aglow.

And Thou dost teach the wise yet more and
more,

Making them glad with Thy celestial lore.

Therefore to Thee be praise, who art the
music of all praise,

The joy of life, and hope, and glory passing
mortal gaze;

Giver of light that shines above through ever-
lasting days.

A Great Prelate and Patriot.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

YOU may always turn to me with
confidence, not only in your
spiritual concerns, but in your
temporal troubles and difficulties
as well; making me in all things with-
out reserve the patron of your sorrows
as well as of your joys," were the words
addressed to the people of Ireland, over
a quarter of a century ago, by the late
Archbishop of Dublin on the occasion
of his solemn induction. Even the most
casual glance at his career shows how
well he kept his word and how true the
great churchman was to his trust.

The father of the future Archbishop
was a native of Kerry, who established
himself in Dublin as a watchmaker and
jeweller; and it was in his house on
Essex Quay that his son William Joseph
was born on the 30th of January, 1841.
As was the custom at that period, the
baby was baptized at home; and the
fact is recorded in the register pre-

* Ascribed to St. Hildegard, Abbess of Bingen (died 1197). From a Latin MS. at Wiesbaden, written probably during her lifetime. The original is not in metre, but in a sort of rhythmical prose, abounding with rhymes and assonances. This present version is by the Rev. T. G. Crippen, of Boston Spa, England.

served in the church of St. Michael and St. John. One of the earliest recollections of the child was that of being taken by his father to see Daniel O'Connell, who patted him kindly on the head. The boy was then about five years old.

He began his education at a school kept by Mr. Fitzpatrick in Peter Street, Dublin; and continued it at the seminary of St. Laurence O'Toole in Harcourt Street. The seminary was then under the direction of Dr. Quinn, who eventually became Bishop of Brisbane. Later on, young Walsh entered the Catholic University, where he studied under Cardinal Newman for a few years; and in 1859 he went to Maynooth College, where he had for fellow-students Dr. Carr, afterwards Archbishop of Melbourne; Cardinal Logue; and Dr. O'Dwyer, the future Bishop of Limerick. At Maynooth, William Joseph Walsh distinguished himself from the outset, and it was in recognition of his talents that the president, Dr. Russell, caused him to be made assistant librarian. He also frequently took charge of Dr. Neville's theology class, when, owing to ill health, the latter was unable to conduct it in person; and, upon the Doctor's retirement, succeeded to his vacant chair. In 1878 Dr. Walsh became vice-president of Maynooth; and in 1881, president, a position he retained until he was made Archbishop of Dublin in 1885, in the room of Cardinal MacCabe.

The Irish bishops chose him for the vacant See without one dissenting voice; but his election was unpopular in England, where he was rightly regarded as an uncompromising Nationalist. Sir George Errington—or, rather, Mr. Errington, as he then was—received a commission to go as the English emissary to the Vatican, with a view to bringing every possible influence to bear to prevent the consecration of Dr. Walsh. But a greater and

more broad-minded Englishman than Errington appeared upon the scene, and left no stone unturned to advance the cause of the patriotic prelate, whose election met with the sympathy and approval of the people of Ireland. This great Englishman was Cardinal Manning, who explained to the Pope that, although Mr. Errington might represent the English Government, he certainly did not represent the Irish people.

Furthermore, and at the request of Dr. Croke, the Cardinal—loyal Englishman though he was—urged upon the Holy See “the supreme danger of ever seeming to be swayed from London”; pointing out that Dr. Walsh was chosen by the united voices of the Irish bishops, that the Irish people had set their hearts upon his election, and that he well deserved their love and confidence. The publication in *United Ireland* of a letter written by Errington to Granville at this period, destroyed beyond hope of redemption whatever influence that emissary may have had, and completed the triumph of Dr. Walsh. The Pope took the whole affair out of the hands of the Propaganda, and himself appointed William Joseph Walsh to fill the vacant See of Dublin.

In the course of his famous letter to Granville, Mr. Errington said: “The Dublin archbishopric being still undecided, I must continue to keep the Vatican in good humor about you, and keep up communication with them generally as much as possible. . . . The matter must, therefore, be most carefully watched, so that the strong pressure I can still command may be used at the right moment, and not too soon or unnecessarily; for too much pressure is as dangerous as too little.”

The news of the appointment of Archbishop Walsh was welcomed with the wildest enthusiasm in Dublin, and the applause it awakened there was echoed and re-echoed all over Ireland.

Congratulatory cards and telegrams poured in at the archiepiscopal residence, then in Rutland Square. The church bells rang, and at night the windows of every house were illuminated, whilst bands paraded the streets to the music of triumphant strains.

The news of the nomination of Dr. Walsh reached Dublin on the 24th of June, 1885; and on the 2d of August of the same year he was solemnly consecrated in Rome by his celebrated countryman, Cardinal Moran, who was assisted by Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, and Monsignor Kirby, Bishop of Lita. The ceremony took place in the church of St. Agatha, which is attached to the Irish College. The journey home to Ireland was a veritable triumphal progress, the newly anointed Archbishop being made the object of enthusiastic demonstrations all along the route. On his way through France he visited the grave of St. Laurence O'Toole, one of his predecessors in the See of Dublin.

Dr. Walsh arrived at Dun Laoghaire on the 4th of September, and on the 7th his solemn induction took place in the pro-cathedral. At a meeting held there of the clergy and laity, under the presidency of Dean Lee, there was an address of welcome, which contained the following striking passage: "We rejoice in a special manner that your appointment has put an end, and we hope forever, to any attempt to revive discussion on the hateful question of the veto on which the bishops, priests, and people of Ireland had, with the concurrence of the Sovereign Pontiff, pronounced an emphatic and, we had hoped, a lasting condemnation nearly seventy years ago."

That Leo XIII. had chosen wisely when he decided on the nomination of Dr. Walsh has been abundantly proved by his Grace's record ever since. His Holiness had an intellectual man's admiration for intellect, and was quick to

discern it. Whether the point at issue seemed small or great, nothing that could advance the interests of those confided to his charge was neglected by their new Archbishop. Churches were built, restored, or enlarged, in several parts of his diocese. He had the electric light installed at his own expense in his diocesan seminary, Holy Cross College, Clonliffe. He evinced a particular interest in the Sacred Heart Home, Drumcondra, whose object is the protection of poor Catholic children who are in danger of becoming the prey of proselyting agents, lying in wait for them; and he assisted and encouraged the efforts made by charitable societies to relieve the victims of poverty or disease.

One of his most important works was started in 1902, when, at the request of the Irish bishops, he undertook to present at Rome the *prima facie* case of the Irish priests and laymen who died for the Faith between the years 1537 and 1710; and it was at his house that the first session of the informative process in connection with the proceedings was held on the 18th of February, 1904. The result of the inquiry was that no fewer than two hundred and ninety-two names were presented to the Holy See as worthy of consideration. An average of three sessions a week have been held since then under Archbishop Walsh's direction, and, as a rule, in his presence. The very day before he was removed to the hospital where he died, he presided at a session. The first portion of the evidence regarding these Irish martyrs has been presented to the Holy See, and the concluding portion is in course of preparation. The name of the dead Archbishop will live forever beside those of this band of glorious Irish martyrs.

Dr. Walsh had the education of the people deeply at heart; and at the very outset of his career declared that, much as Dublin needed a cathedral to replace

that taken from her by the English and handed over to Protestants, not one stone of it should be laid till the diocese was supplied with suitable schools for the poor Catholic children. It may be, however, that, with the dawn of happier days for Ireland, the Protestants will have the good taste and the good sense to restore to the Catholics the cathedral that is theirs by right, and in which a Protestant congregation is as lost as "a needle in a bundle of hay," as can be seen for himself by any visitor who cares to look in of a Sunday during the hours of service; whereas, should the same visitor go to the pro-cathedral, he will see the Catholics unable to find standing room within the sacred building, and obliged to remain in crowds outside the doors in order to hear Mass.

In connection with the recent appointment of a Catholic Viceroy as a successor to Lord French, it is interesting to know that when Lord Ripon was mentioned as a successor to Lord Carnarvon, then Viceroy of Ireland, Dr. Walsh wrote to Cardinal Manning that, in his opinion, such an appointment would be disastrous, as it would tend to foster the apprehension that Home Rule meant an intolerant Catholic ascendancy.

In January, 1888, Dr. Walsh was again in Rome, whither he and Bishop O'Callaghan had been invited by Leo XIII. to discuss the Irish question. Describing, in a letter to Cardinal Manning, the interview that followed, the Archbishop wrote: "It was marvellous to see how he [the Pope] entered into everything; one would think that, outside the shores of Ireland, there was nothing in the world that he took the smallest interest in. We were with him for nearly two hours, and his sole anxiety at the end seemed to be whether there was anything else we wished him to understand. At the end he charged us to draw up a *relatio*

on the whole question of the land—Home Rule he understands fully, and needs no information about it."

Dr. Walsh was still in Rome when the condemnation of boycotting and the plan of campaign by the Holy Office was made known in Ireland, through the Roman correspondent of the *London Times*. In a letter to Cardinal Manning in connection with the subject, the Archbishop of Dublin said: "If the Holy Father had waited for another week, when my information would have been in his hands, the Decree could not have been issued in its present form. But then I should have felt some responsibility in the matter. As things stand, I am quite clear."

The late Archbishop possessed considerable skill in the art of deciphering code telegrams, and in detecting forgeries. "It was his Grace," said a writer in a recent issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, "who deciphered an important code telegram to Soames (the *Times*' solicitor) from one of his agents in America, which enabled Parnell and his colleagues to circumvent a sinister move that was being prepared on the other side of the Atlantic. He also furnished Sir Charles Russell with letters which Pigott had written to his Grace immediately before the publication of the first of the forged letters in the *Times*, which left no doubt as to Pigott's foreknowledge of the bomb-shell that was being prepared for the Irish leader." Alluding to the Archbishop's deciphering of the code telegram to Soames, Michael Davitt spoke of his Grace as "a learned embodiment of all the sciences," who was "an authority upon almost everything." It was the production of Pigott's letters to Dr. Walsh that turned the scale completely against him and proved his forgeries. When he felt "the game was up," he wrote to his housekeeper: "Our worthy Archbishop has ruined me and my children."

The Archbishop was a prominent figure in the anti-conscription campaign of 1918, which, as all the world now knows, resulted in a dazzling victory for Ireland. No one who was in the country that day can forget how the churches were thronged. It seemed as if the entire population of the "Island of Saints" was prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament—as, indeed, it practically was. And thus, and—thank God!—without the shedding of one drop of blood, the Irish people won for Ireland and for civilization the greatest victory of the age.

Law and mathematics had an absorbing interest for Archbishop Walsh, and he was a valuable authority on church music, and the author of "The Grammar of Gregorian Chant." He favored the introduction in the pro-cathedral of Dublin of the Palestrina Choir endowed by Mr. Edward Martyn. Besides his more important works, he wrote a pamphlet on Bimetallism, which was extensively used during one of the presidential campaigns in America; and when Mr. W. J. Bryan visited Dublin he had a long and interesting conversation on the subject with the distinguished author.


The Archbishop was a good linguist, and had a fair knowledge of the Irish language; wrote shorthand, rode the bicycle, took photographs, of which he kept a fine collection; was one of the best and brightest conversationalists of his day; and, in spite of his eighty-one years and his ill health, he conserved his youthful energy and youthful interest in what was going on around him to the last.

He passed away peacefully, in a private nursing home attached to the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, on the 9th of April, filled with confidence in God and the Blessed Virgin, and with a heart full of gratitude to the nuns who watched his dying hours, and the physicians who attended him.

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

I.

F it had not happened that on the same day, in late October of the year 1691, two men came over to the gently rolling hill country beyond Salem, and that chance, or destiny, led them both to the same house, the incidents related in this tale might never have taken place. As it was, their coming had far-reaching consequences.

The first to arrive was Israel Osborn, an Englishman from the County of Essex, where, as is asserted on the best authority, all true Englishmen are born and bred. With his mother, Hagar Osborn, and his brother Reuben, Israel emigrated to the Puritan colony of New England, and, together with other colonists, settled in northern Massachusetts, on the banks of the Merrimac River, not far from where it empties into the Atlantic. Here they had lived for a year, until accident brought to young Osborn, a student by choice and a farmer by necessity, the offer of a position as school-teacher in the settlement farther south, that was known as Salem. A Puritan divine, the Rev. Mr. Parris, of Salem, having enjoyed the hospitality of the Osborn farm, and having departed for Boston, had heard that a teacher was needed in Salem. Remembering his host, he at once mentioned him, recommending him so strongly for the position that a messenger was hastily dispatched with a letter to the young farmer.

Mrs. Osborn, a Catholic from Lancashire, had brought up her sons in the Faith. But, in Puritan New England, the fact that they were Catholics was not known. Only at long intervals, when a priest from Canada secretly visited that region, were they able to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments.

The salary offered to Israel Osborn was fair; so, leaving his brother to tend the farm that they had jointly laid out, and which already gave promise of prospering, Israel departed for Salem township. Reuben, he considered, was a born farmer; and with their mother's help (she having been used to country life from her girlhood) all would go very well.

It was just about dusk of a lovely October day when the prospective school-teacher reached the summit of a low-lying hill near Salem, and saw, in the wide valley below, a building that he rightly surmised was the district school-house.

Built of logs, it stood in a small clearing, and on land that at first seemed isolated, until the keen eyes of the traveller noticed here and there among the surrounding trees, and beyond the crests of other and lower hills, some of which were mere elevations of the ground, the houses that formed the Puritan settlement of Salem. The full moon was just rising over Massachusetts Bay, and near the coast he noticed that the houses increased in number.

A lover of nature, he paused for a few moments longer to enjoy the beauty of the view. Then, sensing the fact that he was hungry, that it was getting late, and that he still had to find a lodging for the night, he began to stride quickly over the hill. Halfway down the hill he came to a sudden halt, and an exclamation was added to another sound that had arrested his footsteps. Somewhere near by, a musician was playing on the flageolet; and the mellow notes, borne in his direction by the soft evening wind, were surpassingly sweet.

Surprise had brought him to a standstill, and now curiosity made him deviate from his course. So, turning quickly to the right, he followed the sound until presently another low exclamation escaped him. He had come

out on an open stretch of level land where stood an old house. Built of wood and painted white, it had a high, sloping roof, and was more substantially constructed than most houses of the time. Behind this dwelling place was a grove of trees; to one side of it was a meadow; on the other side, a vegetable garden; and in the distance stretched wide fields, presumably grazing ground, or perhaps devoted to the raising of wheat and other grain.

He had approached the building from the front, where stretched a grassy plateau. Across the width of the house, a few flowers bloomed in carefully laid-out flower beds, which showed intelligent cultivation. There was no sign of life as the traveller drew nearer, but the music plainly came from the woods behind the house. For a moment the newcomer paused; then his resolution was taken: he would apply at this house for a night's lodging. It was still a good two miles, or more, to Salem proper. He had the letter that would establish his identity, should the inhabitants of the house require proof that he was really the new school-master. Buttoning up his coat, and setting his hat squarely on his head, without further hesitation he advanced across the grass, and, ascending the low, wide steps that led to the entrance, he knocked on the door.

Almost sooner than he expected, it was opened, and a slender, girlish figure, holding a candle high above her head, was framed in the dusk of the hall. What she saw was a tall, well-set-up youth, with a sunburned face, frank blue eyes, aquiline nose, fair hair, and a pleasant smile,—a typically English countenance. What he beheld was a beautiful young face, outlined by jet-black hair, which contrasted markedly with the fair, rosy skin. Her eyes, which he afterwards found were very dark blue, looked black in the twilight. Her frock of grey homespun fitted

closely a graceful, well-rounded young figure; and her voice, when she addressed him, was unusually low and sweet.

By all rights of procedure, he should have spoken first; but for once he was dumb, so it was she who addressed him.

"You want my grandfather?" she asked.

And then he smiled, showing white, even teeth, that made him singularly attractive.

"I crave your pardon," he said. "I do not even know your grandfather by name. But, coming across the hills, I heard music; and, being in search of a night's lodging, I have ventured to stop here. My name is Israel Osborn, and I am the new schoolmaster for Salem township."

"Ah, then come in! My grandfather, Martin Pendleton, will make you welcome."

She, too, was smiling now as she led the way to a room on the right-hand side of the hall. Lighting a candle that stood on a rough oak table in the center of the room, she vanished, carrying her own light with her.

Left alone, Israel glanced around. The room was scrupulously neat and clean, with only a few articles of furniture. On the table, besides the candle already mentioned, were two books bound in leather,—the only books in the room. Picking up one of them, he knit his brows, then gave an amused smile; for both volumes were in Gaelic. Totally unfamiliar with the language, he, nevertheless, was able to make out that they were annals of Ulster; and, becoming interested, he examined the quaint pictures that added to the charm of the printed page. Who were these people, with an English name, who possessed this treasure of Irish literature? •

His meditations were interrupted by a step in the hall. The door opened ere he had time to place the volume he was

holding with its companion on the table; and a tall, powerfully built old man, in age about sixty years, entered the room. Keen blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows, that were still dark in contrast to the white hair, met those of the newcomer; and what the older man saw seemed to satisfy him, for he advanced with outstretched hand.

"You are welcome!" he said. "My granddaughter is making ready a room for you; but first you must come to the kitchen and sup."

The younger man smiled, a smile that irradiated his whole face.

"Had I not better first establish my identity?" he said. "See, here are my letters from the committee in Boston, appointing me schoolmaster of Salem township; perhaps you had better read them before accepting me for what I claim to be."

But the old man waved the proffered letters aside.

"In my country," he said, "we receive without question strangers who claim our hospitality. Put up your papers, son, and come with me."

Taking the candle off the table, he preceded Israel out of the room, and down a narrow hall until he reached a door on the left-hand side of the passage. Opening it, he entered; and, following him, the younger man found himself in a long, wide kitchen, with an enormous fireplace, a heavily beamed ceiling, and four windows set with small diamond panes. These windows looked north and west, the western ones taking in the woods. Drawing a chair up to the table that stood in the center of the room, the hospitable host speedily placed a substantial meal before his hungry guest. Why food, hot and ready to serve, was available in a house whose occupants had plainly already partaken of their evening meal, was a question that the newcomer asked himself and could not answer. Later he learned that such was the invariable

custom of the house,—plainly a survival of earlier and patriarchal times in some far-distant country.

Was this tall old farmer—who, confronted by a perfect stranger, trusted more to his own empirical knowledge than to letters patent giving the newcomer an introduction—an Englishman like himself? Israel Osborn decided that he was not: Englishmen, as a rule, were not prone to such unquestioning and unsuspecting hospitality. These thoughts and others chased their way through his mind as he ate his supper; his host meanwhile sitting opposite to him, talking. His conversation, Israel noticed, was impersonal. He discussed his farm, the fact that the season just passed had yielded abundant crops; the development of the country in general; the growing fisheries trade; but he asked no questions in relation to his guest, and imparted no information regarding himself, except to say that he had lived in Salem about thirty years, and on his present farm for twenty years.

The younger man was more communicative, and had just finished telling his host about his farm on the Merrimac River when the door opened and the young girl who had admitted him came into the room, followed by a small boy, who looked as if he were eight years of age. Summoned by his grandfather, and told to shake hands with the new school-teacher, he advanced without any shyness. Plainly, he liked the appearance of the schoolmaster, nor did it take Israel Osborn more than a moment to decide that he was going to like the boy.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"John Pendleton."

"And you have been to school before?"

"For two years."

"And you like school?"

The boy knit his brows.

"I like school well enough, but I did

not like the last teacher," he answered.

"Well, John, I hope you will like me. To-morrow you must tell me something about this school, the boys and girls I shall have to teach, and your studies. I am sure a talk with you will tell me a lot I want to know."

The boy's eyes sparkled, and involuntarily he drew nearer to this pleasant-faced schoolmaster, so different from Master Borum, who had ruled over the school of Salem township for two long years. Then, seeing his sister's eyes fixed on him, and mindful of his manners, he drew up his sturdy little figure.

"Thank you, sir!" he said.

The grandfather arose from his chair; and, lighting another candle that his granddaughter had placed on the table, he handed it to his guest.

"And now, Mr. Osborn," he said, "I will show you to your room. We rise early and retire early in this house."

Once more he preceded Israel, leading him through the passage from the kitchen across the hall and up the narrow stairway, until he reached a door at the far end of the upper hall. The room into which he ushered the schoolmaster was small but clean, and neatly, if sparsely, furnished. Putting the candle on a small deal table, he wished his guest a cheery good-night and departed. Some one—the boy probably—had placed his bundle in the room. The bed had also been opened; and, tired by his journey and long walk, the newcomer was soon in bed and sound asleep. What little thinking he did before sleep overcame him was of a soothing and comfortable kind,—gratitude that Providence had led him to so hospitable a shelter, and that the future seemed to promise fair.

Sometime about midnight he awoke to hear voices in the hall and to see a light under his door. He sat up and listened. Was he needed? Was any one ill? A door opened, apparently into

a room opposite his. He heard the voice of Martin Pendleton,—a deep bass that there was no mistaking; and then a strange voice, mellow and sonorous,—clearly the voice of another man; but the words he could not distinguish. A moment later the door closed, the light visible under his door became more and more dim, and he heard the heavy tread of his host receding up the hall until he reached his own room at the opposite end. Entering, he shut the door, and the light vanished.

Evidently there had been a late arrival at the house; but whether it was a member of the family or some wayfarer like himself seeking shelter, Israel could not tell. Then, his conscience being serene and untroubled, he lay down again and was soon once more fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

May Days.

BY WILLIAM V. DOYLE, S. J.

FREE-TOPS rock to festal singing,
 Draped in fairest robes of green;
 Yellow butterflies are winging
 Purpled lilac-fronds between.
 Golden bees poise quite contented
 'Mid the smiling garden flowers;
 All the air is sweetly scented,
 Lately washed by April showers.
 Joyful humming-birds, swift minions,
 Haunt the honeysuckle vine,
 Sipping, on their rainbow pinions,
 Chalice of dewy wine.
 Lazy clouds, with peaceful motion,
 Sail before a gentle breeze,
 On the wide cerulean ocean,
 Like white ships in summer seas.
 To the soul's eye it is given
 Greater wonders to behold;
 Far beyond the blue of heaven
 Lie God's palaces of gold.
 In those courts where shadows never
 Darken everlasting day,
 Reigns the Virgin, Queen forever,
 And the time is always May.

The City of St. Cuthbert.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

II.—THE SAINT'S SHRINE.

IT is sometimes said that the great St. Cuthbert was one of St. Bede's disciples; but St. Cuthbert's life closed in 687, when Bede was a boy of fourteen in the monastery of Monkwearmouth. The error arises from confusing the famous bishop with that other Cuthbert, to whom we owe the beautiful story of Bede's last hours,—a monk of Jarrow and afterwards Abbot of Monkwearmouth. St. Cuthbert, the future bishop, was born in the borderland, at a time when Saxon Northumbria extended northwards beyond what was afterwards the frontier line between England and Scotland. He was a shepherd on the border hills when in 651, at the age of sixteen, he saw in a vision the heavens open and angels ascending and bearing with them the soul of St. Aidan, the Irish apostle of Northumbria, who that night had died in the Holy Isle of Lindisfarne.

Cuthbert then resolved to become a monk like Aidan, but four years passed before he could fulfil his resolution. Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, invaded Northumbria to destroy its new Christendom with the sword, and Cuthbert was called to bear arms on the side of the Christian North. It was after the victory of Winwaed, when Penda was slain and the Mercians routed, that Cuthbert, still bearing his spear, rode across the Cheviots to be admitted as a novice at Melrose, then a Columban, afterwards a famous Benedictine Abbey. His life record tells how he became one of the great pastors of the Northumbrian Church. He took part in the Synod of Whitby, and was sent as abbot to Lindisfarne to secure the observance of its decrees in St. Aidan's monastery.

His work done there, he left it to live

for some time as a hermit on one of the rocky islands of the Northumbrian coast. He was fleeing from his own fame as a worker of miracles, a man with the gift of prophecy. Reluctantly he left his solitude at the call of St. Theodore of Tarsus, the Greek monk whom Pope Vitalian had made Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop had secured his appointment to the See of Lindisfarne, which then held jurisdiction over Northumberland and Durham. Cuthbert occupied the See for only about two years, when, feeling his last illness approaching, he withdrew to die in his island hermitage in 687. Popular tradition even among non-Catholics still remembers him as one of the heroic figures of the Saxon Church.

His body was entombed at Lindisfarne, and his tomb was soon famous for the miracles wrought at it by his intercession. In the Danish wars his shrine was removed from the island; for seven years it was hidden, now here, now there, on the mainland, and at last placed in the church of Chester-le-Street, near Durham. In the tenth century, under the fear of another Danish invasion, it was removed from the church and borne by the monks of Chester-le-Street, to be hidden in the wood within the loop of the Wear, where Durham cathedral now stands. A little chapel of tree trunks and branches was erected to shelter the shrine, and then a wooden building and finally a stone church replaced this first temporary structure.

The See of Lindisfarne had accompanied the wanderings of St. Cuthbert's shrine. It was for ninety years at Chester-le-Street, and in 955 was transferred to Durham, which became, after York, the chief bishopric of Northern England. The county was known as the "Land of St. Cuthbert." The bishop was practically the ruler of the district under the king. He convened the courts of justice; he had his own mint and

struck coins bearing his initial; he could grant pardons and even suspend the local application of laws passed by Parliament; also he was the feudal landlord of the county, all other landholders deriving their rights from him and paying him service.

We can form some idea of the splendor of the cathedral in Catholic days from the facts set forth in a manuscript now in the episcopal library at Durham, dated 1593, and entitled, "A Description or brief Declaration of all the ancient Monuments, Rites and Customs belonging or being within the Monasticall Church of Durham before the Suppression." The "suppression" was that of the monasteries under Henry VIII., which included the breaking up of the Benedictine community attached to the cathedral. The account of its condition in Catholic times is evidently composed of information supplied by those who then knew the place; and it has even been conjectured that the manuscript is copied from an account written by one of the expelled monks.

In order to understand some points, we must note the general plan of the cathedral. From the Galilee or Lady chapel already described, one enters the west door, on both sides of which rise the two western towers. There is a third tower over the junction of nave and transept. The ground plan of the church is of the usual cruciform type, with this difference: at the east end of the choir there is a second transept; so that, instead of an east window behind and above the place of the high altar, there is an arch opening from the choir into what is really another large church, placed at right angles to the centre line of the main building. The eastern wall of this second transept has nine lofty and wide traceried windows, divided from each other only by narrow strips of masonry, which are really the inner sides of the buttresses that bear

up the roof. The transept is thus almost walled with glass. It is still known as the "Chapel of the Nine Altars," and one can plainly see the places where this long range of altars stood against the eastern wall. The central altar and window were opposite the arch opening on the choir. The lower part of this arch is closed by a stone screen of delicate carved work, with many pinnacles and niches, that once held statuettes of the saints. Before the screen a raised platform of stone shows where St. Cuthbert's shrine once stood. The main transept of the cathedral is crossed from north to south by piers and arches; and there is obvious evidence here that there were once six more altars,—three on each side of the choir arch. There were other altars in the aisles and in the main body of the church. Several of these were chantry altars, where Mass was said daily for the repose of the soul of some pious founder. Thus in the southern aisle there was the chantry chapel erected by the great Northern house of the Nevilles of Westmoreland.

The architecture of the cathedral is mainly in the massive Norman style, with heavy pillars, many of them adorned with zigzag lines of carving, or spirals running round the shaft from base to capital. There is a vaulted stone roof. The general effect of the building is somewhat lightened by the large windows in the choir and transepts (inserted at a later date), the upper part of them filled with perpendicular tracery. On the south side of the cathedral, most of the buildings of the old Benedictine priory of Durham still remain.

With the help of the particulars noted in the "Description or brief Declaration" one can form some idea of what the cathedral must have looked like to a pilgrim of Catholic days, before Henry VIII. began to despoil it. Enter-

ing by the west door, he would see the long arcade of the nave closed some 200 feet away by the choir screen, of carved and gilded woodwork, under the arch of the central tower. To right and left in the aisles and transepts there were the chantry altars, each with its silken curtains, and crucifix and candlesticks of bright brass or polished silver. To the right, near the screen, was the Neville Chantry, with (hanging above it in the arch) the Scottish standard taken at the battle of Neville's Cross and the banner borne beside the Earl of Westmoreland in the fight. Above the choir screen was a gallery or rood loft, with its great crucifix and the statues of our Blessed Lady and St. John, and beside the rood a little altar where Mass was said on certain feast-days.

Looking into the choir through the arches of the rood screen; one would see the high altar, backed by the white marble screen erected by Neville, the victor of Neville's Cross. The altar was of alabaster, with curtains of rich brocade hanging from gilded iron poles on either side. The writer of the "Description" mentions a tabernacle of gilded bronze; but, though tabernacles began to come into use before the Reformation, it would seem from what he says that at Durham the Blessed Sacrament was still, according to an older custom, reserved in a pyx hung above the altar. He tells how, over the altar, there were hooks set in the arch and covered with gold; and over these ran strong cords of silk, secured to a staple at the side, so as to hold up (and allow to be lowered and raised) "a rich and most sumptuous canopie, for the Blessed Sacrament to hang within it." The "canopie" appears to have been a silver framework, square and surmounted by an image in silver of the pelican feeding its young with its blood. Within it was the pyx "of pure gold most curiously wrought." Around it hung down a veil "of fine white lawn,

all embroidered and wrought about with gold; and round knobs of gold, marvellous and cunningly wrought, with great tassels of gold and red silk hanging at them and at the four corners of the white lawn cloth."

On the high altar stood six candlesticks of gold, shaped like tall lilies. In Paschal Time another such lily-shaped candlestick, of enormous size and also of gold, held the Paschal candle beside the altar. At one side of the choir were three pictures on an alabaster support. In the middle was that of Our Lady, and on each side St. Cuthbert and St. Oswald of Northumbria. Lamps burned before them day and night. On the other side were three organs, "said to be the fairest in England," with their pipes "most fairly gilded, and painted with the I. H. S., the lily and the rose."

The sacristy opened from the south aisle of the choir,—a treasure house where, through the Catholic centuries, there had been gathered offerings of everything that pious art could produce to make the solemn worship of the altar beautiful. There were the two silver thuribles used on ordinary days at the High Mass, and also the twelve thuribles of gold and silver for the greater feasts, with the twelve gold and silver boats to hold the incense. There were hundreds of candlesticks, large and small, many of them of precious metal. There were statues of Our Lady, St. Cuthbert, St. Bede, and other saints adorned with silver and gold; and there were numbers of chalices and patens, many of them marvels of the goldsmith's art. There was, for instance, a chalice, the work of a Flemish artist, embossed with four medallions showing the Passion of Our Lord, with some fifty figures, none more than half an inch in height,—“a marvel of bewtie.”

Passing along the side aisle of the choir, one entered the great “Chapel of the Nine Altars.” To the right was the long range of altars, bright with

precious metal and brodered silk, with the stained glass in the tall traceried windows above them. On the opposite side of the chapel, on a raised platform of stone, was St. Cuthbert's shrine. It stood against the white marble screen that closed the choir arch at the back of the altar. The niches of the screen (now empty) held then more than a hundred statuettes of the saints. The outer casing of the shrine was of green marble, adorned with gilding and surrounded with a wrought-iron screen. Twelve silver lamps burned before it day and night. On the screen were hung numbers of ex-votos in gold, silver, and jewels. Still more of these were ranged in two cupboards, one on each side of the platform, “finely painted over and gilded with little images, very seemly and beautiful to behold.”

Beside the shrine was a small altar, where Mass was said on St. Cuthbert's feast. On this and on some other great occasions the gilded wooden roof or cover of the shrine was raised by means of a rope and a pulley fixed in the arch above. The pilgrims could then see the inner shrine or coffin of the saint, resting on a block of green marble. This coffin was of wood, adorned with color, carving, and gold. At one end of it was painted “Our Lord sitting upon a rainbow to give judgment”; at the other, “Our Ladye with Our Saviour on her knee”; and on the cover was “the most fyne carved worke cutt out with dragons and other beasts, most artificially wrought,” a description which suggests the work of a Keltic artist, with these animal figures involved in interwoven lines of sculptured relief.

St. Cuthbert's feast was one of the great days of the year. Pilgrims crowded to the shrine; all the North held festival, and it centred around the cathedral of Durham. The treasures of the sacristy adorned the altars. Hour

after hour the stream of pilgrims passed through the eastern transept. But there was even a greater festival on Corpus Christi Day. The Blessed Sacrament, placed in a little golden shrine, was borne through the streets of the city. Children dressed as angels strewed flowers along the street before it, and more flowers fell in showers from roof and balcony as the procession passed by, with the silver bells tinkling on the canopy borne by four barons of the North, and the clouds of incense going up from the twelve golden censers. In the procession marched all the guilds of the town, with their banners displayed. Crowds from all the country-side lined the streets. It was a whole city rejoicing and worshipping at the same time.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mr. Bryant's Find.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

AFTER hesitating for several minutes whether to attend to a certain matter of business that afternoon, or to let it wait until the following morning, Mr. Bryant decided that he was tired enough to rest, and hailed a car going in the direction of his hotel. After paying his fare, he paused on the platform to ask the conductor to call Washington Avenue, he being a stranger in the city and unfamiliar with the streets; and in his smile and manner there was something so friendly and attractive that the weary old conductor forgot his habitual sulkiness, and promised, with a grin, and even a feeble attempt to be jocose.

On entering the car, Mr. Bryant noted that the only other passengers were an old woman and a young one, side by side, in a seat near the door, and a colored boy who sat across the aisle from them. He took a place directly before the women; and, open-

ing his paper, began to read a detailed account of a political campaign which he was following closely.

Deeply as he was interested, however, and little as he was concerned about his fellow-passengers, he happened to notice that the colored boy soon left the car, and to overhear a thin, cracked, old voice behind him ask if it was far to Locust Street. And he heard the answer: "Not more than three-quarters of a mile. I will tell you when we reach it. I, too, am going to get off there." The second voice was rich and sweet, and Mr. Bryant listened to hear its low tones again; but the girl said no more; and, after staring absently from the window for a few moments, he turned back to his paper and was soon lost again in his half-finished article.

It was not long before the car stopped, and Mr. Bryant was conscious that the women behind him were leaving it. Hardly had it started again before the conductor thrust his head through the doorway and shouted at him:

"Washington Avenue! Next stop, Washington Avenue!"

As Mr. Bryant went slowly toward the platform he saw that something small and black lay in the aisle; and, picking it up, found it to be a lady's purse,—a fine one, of soft seal leather, with a silver clasp. He knew at once that it must belong to one of the women who had just left the car, and almost certainly to the younger of the two; for the purse was costly and in good taste, and the old woman's voice had been unquestionably that of a toiler, poor and uneducated. His first impulse was to give it to the conductor; his second, after a glance at the man's frowning face, to drop it into his own pocket, with a determination to take every pains to find its owner. The car had hardly left him in the crowded street, however, before he regretted his decision. "Suppose the old fellow had

kept it: it wouldn't have been my affair," he thought, in his irritation.

As soon as he reached his room, Mr. Bryant opened the purse, devoutly hoping that it contained a card with the name and address of the owner, so he would be able to mail it to her at once, and be done with the matter. What he found was a one-dollar bill, two or three dollars in silver, a Rosary with a Miraculous Medal attached to the cross, and a card on which was written in pencil an address on a boulevard which Mr. Bryant had heard mentioned as being new and very beautiful. There was no name on the card, nor anything else in the purse, he thought, until, on looking through each compartment a second time, he found what at first glance he took to be a slip of paper. It proved to be a kodak picture of a little, laughing, barefoot boy, with frowzy blond hair and a grimy face.

Mr. Bryant stared at the picture for a moment, with a look of utter amazement on his face. He carried it to a window and examined it closely, wondering; for—it was a picture of himself. It had been taken fifteen years before, in the yard behind his father's house. He remembered well the day and all the circumstances.

Mr. Bryant re-examined the contents of the purse, but found nothing more; and, after a little deliberation, determined to try to find its owner at the address scribbled on the card. That she might have time to reach home, he read for a little while and wrote two letters before he started. Afterward he did not remember a word of what he had read, and thanked Providence that he had not mailed the letters at once; for, in glancing over them, he found that they were as verbose and incoherent as two business letters could well be.

At half-past four o'clock Mr. Bryant hailed a taxi, gave the chauffeur the

address he had seen on the card, and, leaning back in the cab, vainly tried to expect nothing,—neither to hope nor to fear. A hundred explanations of the presence of the kodak picture crossed his mind, but all of them seemed to him fantastic; a hundred possibilities, but not one seemed plausible. When the car stopped before a fine new mansion he jumped out, telling the chauffeur to wait for him.

"Does Miss Miriam Clayton live here?" he inquired of the maid who answered the bell.

"She is visiting here," the girl told him.

"Is she at home?"

"I think so. I think she came in about half an hour ago. Come in and I'll see," she said, showing Mr. Bryant into a small reception room to the left.

"No name,—a man on business," Mr. Bryant directed.

A minute later he heard a light step on the stairs, and in an instant a girl stood in the doorway,—the girl who had sat behind him on the car: small and slight, with a sweet, bright face, and blue eyes that, ordinarily, were very merry. Just now they looked a little startled or afraid—or was it only serious?

If Miss Clayton was surprised to see Mr. Bryant she did not say so. She gave him her hand, neither coldly nor cordially, and asked how long he had been in St. Louis.

"I came yesterday and am going away to-morrow," he said. "I was called here on business,—something connected with my father's affairs. And you—you are visiting here?" It was evident from his nervous manner that he felt ill at ease, a thing most unusual in Mr. Bryant.

Miss Clayton was perfectly self-possessed.

"Yes, I have been with my aunt, Mrs. Monypenny, for three months; but I, too, am leaving to-morrow. I'm sorry

that Aunt Margaret is not at home this afternoon. You must remember her. She used to give picnics for us when we were little."

"Remember her? Indeed I do!" And Mr. Bryant laughed. "Such chicken and such sandwiches as she used to have for us! And how much of them! It seemed to me when I was a youngster that the only time in the year I had all I wanted to eat was when your Aunt Margaret gave us a picnic." Then, after a short pause, he drew the purse from his pocket, and went on, more stiffly: "I—I shouldn't have troubled you to-day, I shouldn't even have suspected that you are here, if I had not chanced to find this purse on a street car early this afternoon. The address of this house was on a card—and it is yours, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is mine. How careless of me to drop it! It is good of you to take the trouble to bring it to me. Thank you very much!" Miss Clayton said.

"I noticed that there is a Rosary in it. I heard a year ago that you had become a Catholic. I was very glad."

"Yes; I made my First Communion a year and a half ago."

"I am very glad," Mr. Bryant repeated.

"Thank you!" Miss Clayton said quietly.

There was nothing in her words or manner to indicate that she desired Mr. Bryant to prolong his call; so, with evident reluctance, he rose to go. She did not try to detain him; but when he went close to her to give her the purse, and looked down into her sweet face, he felt that he could not leave her without a word. With a strong note of tenderness in his voice (it had been quite impersonal before), he said jerkily:

"We're old friends, Miriam. We used to be close friends. I saw the picture in your purse,—the little picture you took the day your father gave you your first kodak."

Miss Clayton's face flushed a little, but she laughed lightly.

"Oh, that picture! Was it in my purse? What a grimy little rascal you were in those days! 'Weary waggie,' your father used to call you."

"So the old tie means nothing to her. It's little better than a joke," Mr. Bryant thought bitterly; and he took a few steps toward the door.

"It was kind of you to bring my purse," Miss Clayton repeated, putting out her hand.

Mr. Bryant's face was white as he took it, but she could not have known that; for she did not glance at him until he asked, in desperation: "Is it always to be 'No,' Miriam?"

She looked up at him, and slowly nodded her head. "Yes," she whispered.

Quickly turning away, Mr. Bryant left the room. He had reached the front door before she ran into the hall and called softly:

"John, come back for a minute,—only for a minute! I—I—O John, are you certain, *certain*, that I haven't simply thrust myself upon you?"

Mr. Bryant laughed bitterly.

"Thrust yourself upon me, Miriam! What are you saying? You refused me unconditionally, and sent me away. You would not see me when I called afterward. You did not answer my letters, and now you act as if you hardly remember me. Thrust yourself upon me! And still, Miriam, what did it mean,—the picture in your purse?"

"I have always carried it. It's the only picture of you that I have. I think perhaps it would be better if I'd tell you all about—about things. You have not understood. How could you? You see—you see, a long time ago I thought you—liked me, and were going to tell me so; and I knew, John,—I knew what I would say. And then one morning I heard your mother and Mrs. Sullivan talking about us. They agreed that you loved me; they thought I loved

you, and they thought it all a great pity, because you were a devout Catholic; and I, an Episcopalian, could never make you happy. So I said, 'No,' John. I was young and giddy, but I did want you to be happy. Afterwards I never dared to see you, because I was afraid I might say, 'Yes.' After a month or two you went away, and I was lonely; and then I remembered how your mother and Mrs. Sullivan had talked about the joy and beauty of the Faith, the preciousness of it, and how much it meant to them and to you. I thought about it a great deal, and read some books, and I—prayed; and so I became a Catholic myself."

"I did not know that I had anything to do with it, even remotely," Mr. Bryant said, going nearer to her.

"Oh, I didn't do it for you, John! I thought it was too late then for us ever to be friends again; and, besides, it wouldn't have been right for me to do that for any one, even for *you*. But, John—" Her face flushed crimson, and she kept her eyes away from his, as she went on bravely: "But it's only honest to tell you that I—did drop my purse on purpose. I hoped you would find it and bring it to me. I heard you speak to the conductor as you got on the car, and knew your voice instantly. Then you took the seat before me, and I looked at you,—oh, I did look at you, John, and I could not—*could* not do nothing! I got off the car at Locust Street, and dropped my purse in the aisle. I had nothing to do on Locust Street, but I knew you were to get off at the next square. There was no one else in the car, so I thought—I hoped—"

She held out both hands, and Mr. Bryant clasped them tenderly.

"So if you're certain, John, that I have not forced you to—"

"O Miriam! Miriam!" he cried.

IDLENESS is the second original sin.

—*Father Pardow, S. J.*

A Memory of Adelaide Ristori.

THIS notice of the great Italian actress, who once visited the United States, and who will doubtless be remembered by many of our readers, is reproduced, with permission, from Mrs. Hugh Fraser's delightful work, "*A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands.*" We doubt if a finer tribute to Madame Ristori, who was no less remarkable for the nobility of her character than for the perfection of her art, has ever been paid.

* * *

Another friend who meant a great deal to me at that time was Adelaide Ristori, the Marchesa del Grillo, although I was some years younger than her own daughter. From the first moment of our acquaintance I conceived a profound respect and liking for the great actress, who was such a devoted wife and mother; such a Christian in every way; such a gentle, suave woman of the world, and who yet, as Medea or Phædra, could lay the fear of death on thousands of hearts by the terrific force of her tragedy. Where she was concerned I was stage struck indeed; and she, as gracious as she was great, took me at that ardent moment of life and taught me what it all meant, the underlying dignity of supreme passion,—how even its aberrations testified to the grandeur of the human heart; and how *love*—lover's love, wife's love, mother's love—was the key to every earthly harmony.

When she was preparing to act "*Phædra*" for the first time in Rome, she read the whole tragedy aloud to us—my mother and sister were with me,—explaining it as she read, her wonderful voice giving the immortal lines with as much care in her quiet drawing-room as in the theatre. She did the same when about to produce her "*Maria Stuarda*," and in both plays her reading was so true that the mere

accidents of staging and costume added but little to my enjoyment when I saw them. Even at that age she was a very beautiful woman, with the perfect features, dark rippling hair and graceful carriage of the class from which she sprang,—the Roman peasant class, the only one which has kept its distinctive characteristics unspoiled and undiminished through succeeding ages, during which the nobles have intermarried with foreigners so constantly that they have no type which does not more or less belong to some other nationality.

My stepfather had seen Ristori's début, an event which he classed in importance—fortunate man—with his memories of Rachel. Adelaide Ristori had not managed to get past the doors of a regular theatre, and began her career by acting at the "Mausoleo," the Mausoleum of Augustus, utilized for an open-air theatre in the summer, and much frequented by the poorer classes. A rough awning sheltered the audience from the sun; lemonade and *bruscolini* (toasted water-melon seeds) were passed round between the acts; there was only the cold daylight for inspiration and the roughest of mounting for background.

On this unpromising stage a slender, dark-eyed girl, dressed exactly like one of the poor women in the audience, appeared in a piece called "La Donna del Popolo" (The Woman of the People). The play turned on the heroine's affection for her child,—the latter represented by a doll, which, till Adelaide Ristori began to talk to it and handle it, was the most arrant wooden doll ever put on the market. But my stepfather said that in her arms it came to life; it was torn away from her, and the spectators shrieked with horror, it died, and they burst into tears, men and women sobbing as if their hearts would break.

From that day the Romans were crazy about her, and her success was

assured. A long and dazzling career followed,—prolonged indeed beyond its due time in order to offset the extravagance of her husband, and provide for the son and daughter whose future was her one great preoccupation. In their babyhood she was so afraid of leaving them to the care of domestics during her enforced absences, that the nurse had to accompany her to the theatre and lay the little ones to rest in her dressing-room till she herself could go home with them. . . .

Madame del Grillo was often called "La Marquise d'Hiver," because during the season she lived in her palace and took her charming daughter out into the world like other society mothers, while the summer would see her travel away to earn the money to pay her husband's debts. The silly mockings never disturbed her peace of mind; from first to last she used her great gifts as she believed Heaven meant them to be used, and she carried with her into retirement the consoling consciousness of duties splendidly fulfilled and of a reputation as spotless as it was world-wide.

An Episcopal Friend.

A NOTABLE figure in the episcopate of France about the middle of the last century was Mgr. Sibour, Bishop of Digne. The following authentic incident in his life is as illuminative as would be the lengthiest biography.

Having spent the evening on one occasion at the Prefecture, he returned to his palace at a late hour. His secretary at once told him that a young woman had called to see him twice during the evening; and that, the second time, she appeared so agitated and begged so earnestly to see the Bishop that he had taken it upon himself to bid her wait Monseigneur's return in the reception room.

Bishop Sibour, somewhat surprised,

sought his visitor, and found her to be the daughter of one of the principal business men of the town. The young girl threw herself at his feet, weeping distractedly. He raised her, soothed her, and encouraged her to tell him her trouble. Her story was to the effect that unexpected losses had come upon her father, that he had heavy payments to make the following day and could not possibly meet them. In face of this certain dishonor he was so unmannered that his wife and daughter had watched him and discovered that he intended to commit suicide. The girl added that she had come to seek the Bishop as the only one capable of turning her father from this fatal step.

Ten minutes later the Bishop was at the despairing merchant's side. At first the threatened bankrupt denied everything; but, moved by the prelate's touching exhortations, he speedily confessed that he found it impossible to survive his dishonor. Notwithstanding this statement, however, the words of Mgr. Sibour so affected him that at last he solemnly promised to suffer with courage and put away all thoughts of self-destruction.

When the Bishop had brought him to this point, he asked how large a sum was needed to tide him over his difficulties.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," replied the merchant.

"Well, take courage. Those twenty-five thousand francs I am possessed of, and I shall give them to you."

One may easily imagine the joy of the afflicted family, and the warmth of their gratitude to the generous prelate.

Bishop Sibour attached only one condition to the gift—that the merchant should preserve absolute silence with regard to it.

"You understand," said he, with exquisite delicacy, "that if you were to speak of it your credit would be seriously injured."

"Better that a Millstone—"

THERE can be no doubt of the genuine grievousness of a sin concerning the perpetrator of which the gentle Saviour of mankind did not hesitate to say, "It were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." This sin, indeed, seems to have been singled out for special denunciation by Our Lord, since He declares, "Woe to the world because of scandal!" Notwithstanding these awful pronouncements, however, there are not wanting numbers of Christians, numbers of Catholics even, who apparently attach but little importance to the practical bearing of these texts on their daily lives, and the various activities, of business or of leisure, with which these lives are filled.

It may be well, at the outset, to remark that, as "scandal" and "slander" are both derived from the same root, a word meaning a stumbling-block or trap, classic English authors and modern lexicographers use scandal as a synonym, not only for discredit, disrepute, dishonor, but also for backbiting, slander, calumny, and detraction. This secondary use of the word is not employed in the Catholic catechism or in larger treatises on theology. In the Catholic sense, by the sin of scandal is meant any unbecoming word or act that is the occasion of spiritual ruin to another. The terms of this definition make sufficiently obvious the mistake of those who imagine that, to become guilty of scandal, one must commit some great public sin, such as would entail loss of character. We are all inclined to minimize the gravity of our violations of the moral law; and it is very probable that a good many of us accuse ourselves in confession of having "disedified" our neighbor, implying a venial sin or imperfection, when in

reality we have scandalized that neighbor,—an unequivocal mortal sin.

Scandal is given by words in a variety of ways: by speaking, for instance, against religion, against charity, against chastity; or, by blasphemy, by derision, by detraction, by foul speech; or by sowing the seeds of discord. The same guilt is contracted by those who sell or distribute or lend to others bad books or pamphlets, or printed matter of any kind that is likely to prove a stumbling-block to virtue. Of unbecoming acts which constitute scandal we may mention, for instance, the corruption of youth by seductive words or promises or threats; leading the young into bad company, getting them to perform sinful works, enticing or encouraging them to look at dangerous spectacles or objects, taking them to immoral "movies" or allowing those in our charge to attend such shows; again, by bad example,—eating meat openly on Friday, omitting attendance at Mass on Sunday, doing servile work on that day, behaving indecorously in church, wearing clothes that spread a snare for the feet of innocence.

The spiritual ruin—that is, the sin—of which the scandalous word or act is the occasion is either intended by the scandal-giver, or it is not. If intended, the scandal is direct, or, as it is called by theologians, diabolical, since it is the intention of ruin for ruin's sake. When the spiritual ruin is not intended, the scandal is called indirect; but it does not for that reason cease to be genuine scandal, and as such to come under the anathemas pronounced by our Divine Lord. And why should it not? If, for instance, a man in a crowded street draws a revolver and proceeds to discharge it at random, will not the law and every person of common-sense hold him responsible for any death that may ensue?

It is obvious that the gravity of scandal depends not a little on the

character, the prestige, the social standing of the person who gives it, as on the youth, weakness, and innocence of those who are scandalized. The swearing or cursing of a priest or a religious in the presence of children would, for instance, be a much more grievous sin than similar unbecoming words in the mouth of a day-laborer among other men of his own age. Scandalous words or acts of fathers and mothers in the presence of their children are clearly more heinous than would be the same words or acts in the presence of mature persons. So scandal given by a judge on the bench is greater than it would be if given by the prisoner at the bar.

According to all the principles of Catholic theology, he who has inflicted an injury on his neighbor is bound to repair that injury in so far as he can, under penalty of being refused absolution by his confessor and forgiveness by God. It is considerably easier, of course, to give a wound than to heal it, to start a fire than to put it out; it is immeasurably easier to give scandal than to make due reparation therefor. Mere repentance is certainly not sufficient. Sorrow for having been the occasion of sin in others is well enough, so far as it goes; but it stops short of what is essential. If we have given scandal to our neighbor, or led him into sin, we must genuinely strive to counteract the evil consequences by edifying that neighbor, by giving a good example, by prayer, by instruction whenever the occasion arises, by manifesting as much zeal for the saving and sanctifying of souls as the devil and his worldly lieutenants show for the ruin and damnation of those souls. Hope to wipe out the evil occasioned by past scandal given can be rationally entertained only by him who lets the light of his faith and good works so shine before the world that they will glorify our Father who is in heaven.

Notes and Remarks.

The appointment of Lord Edmund Talbot as Viceroy of Ireland in place of Sir Hamar Greenwood, inspires hope in a great many others besides Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, of the London *Daily News*, that the English Government will henceforth follow a different policy in dealing with Ireland. The grounds of this hope—"this desperate hope"—are placed in Lord Edmund's character, of which Mr. Masterman says: "All who have had the pleasure personally of knowing Lord Edmund Talbot will be glad to testify to his high qualities of character. In a difficult position in the House of Commons he made no enemies on either side. His sincerity, his honesty, his veracity, are unimpeachable. He has never been a self-seeker or self-advertiser. His religion has been a real thing to him, and his conception of life has been disinterested service for the public good. He represents in every element of character the exact antithesis of Sir Hamar Greenwood, who, in his squalid year of office, has created a record whose highest hope must be that it may be some day forgotten. It is inconceivable that the two men could act together. It is inconceivable that the mendacities and secrecies and sham insinuations and noise and violence and exaltation of evil which have distinguished the Greenwood régime could be continued by the new Viceroy, if he is really being given power to pursue a policy of honesty and reconciliation."

While the progress of Catholic education in this country has undoubtedly been rapid, present conditions are not all that could be wished. Our school system has reached a development calculated to afford not a little gratification; but any undue elation over such development may well be qualified by the

statement made a few years ago at a meeting of the Catholic Educational Association held in St. Paul: "It seems that over half our Catholic children, perhaps fifty-five per cent, are outside the Catholic schools." Equally unsatisfactory news is given out by the chaplain to the Catholic students in the University of Illinois. Basing his figures on the replies to six hundred letters sent out to secular institutions requesting information on the subject of Catholic attendance, he states that approximately forty thousand Catholic students are enrolled in five hundred and fifty-four non-Catholic institutions of higher learning in the United States.

This is obviously a condition calculated to depress rather than gratify all who have the interests of our religion at heart. Given the agnostic beliefs prevalent in no small number of our State universities, and the materialistic philosophy that dominates so many members of their faculties, the Catholic student is assuredly exposed to genuine danger to his Faith. The moral to be drawn from the figures given by the chaplain in question, the Rev. J. A. O'Brien, Ph. D., is this: "The study reveals that we now have a very large number of Catholics in attendance at State universities and different normal schools, especially the former. It shows, to my mind at least, the necessity of recognizing this fact, and of endeavoring to formulate means to take care of the situation."

Reliable news from France emphasizes the indomitable efforts made in that country to recover from the ravages of the war, particularly in the methods adopted to encourage parenthood by giving special privileges to large families. Among the direct and indirect measures taken to foster an increase in the size of French families may be mentioned gratuities to such as are large and poor; free medical in-

spection of school-children and free advice to pregnant and nursing mothers; reduction in taxes and local rates allowed in respect to the number of children in each family; increase of the amount of military pensions according to the size of the family benefited thereby; substantial reductions in railway fares allowed to every member of a family that includes three children under the age of eighteen; and special bonuses paid by many employers to increase the wages of fathers of numerous children.

Another direct encouragement, of a moral kind, is given by the passage, a year ago, of the law which awards the *Médaille de Famille* to "the French mothers of families who, by their enlightened solicitude, their untiring industry, and their devotion, have constantly labored to inspire in their children, under the best possible conditions of physical and moral health, the love of work, and of rectitude, and a sense of responsibility towards their social and patriotic duties." In consideration of these virtues, the French Government presents a bronze medal to all French mothers who have had at least five children all living at the same time, a silver medal for eight children, and a gold medal for ten.

If such a law as this were passed in New France, as the Province of Quebec used to be called, it is safe to say that the number of gold medals required would be largely in excess of that which will be found quite sufficient in the old country.

Charitably disposed persons are urged to bear in mind that the distress in China and Austria still continues. In the former country, millions of people are starving in spite of all the food that has been shipped there. Recent letters from our missionaries in the famine districts report that the unfortunate natives are trying to subsist on leaves

and the bark of trees. Although the weather has moderated, many are suffering from lack of clothing as well as of nourishment. Until the grain crop is harvested, some weeks from now, millions of Chinese will be dependent on other peoples for aid, without which they must surely die. There are so many children in Austria at present suffering from the ravages of under-nourishment during the war that, unless proper food in abundance is supplied to them, the greater number will either die of diseases to which they are subject, or become crippled or stunted for life. The resources of the priests and Sisters who are caring as best they can for these unfortunate children, as well as for thousands of orphans, aged poor, etc., are taxed to the uttermost. For Christ's sake, they beg a continuance of the aid that has been coming to them from prosperous countries like the United States, their own being ruined and impoverished.

Not a few of our clerical readers will be interested in an opinion expressed by the writer of "Canon Law Notes" in the London *Catholic Gazette*. Quoting a correspondent who said of a decree of the Consistorial Congregation, "The publication and enforcing of such decrees depends on the bishops," the writer replies: "Here I beg to differ. The publication and enforcing of such decrees does *not* depend on the bishops. Whatever legislation is published in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis* comes into force automatically three months after insertion in that periodical, whether the bishops say anything about it or not; while decrees which merely condemn abuses, or reprobate customs contrary to law, come into force at once, without waiting for the three months to expire. Insertion in the *Acta* is alone sufficient to make the decrees obligatory; and all who have sure knowledge of them, from whatever source, are bound to obey

them, unless they are excused for other reasons. It is not necessary for a bishop to call the attention of his flock to every single decree published in Rome. People have other easy means of finding out—e. g., from the Catholic press, or from those who keep in touch with recent legislation. The bishops will certainly remind the clergy and faithful of the Church's laws whenever they think it necessary or expedient; but the laws themselves bind in any case; nor is it permissible to wait for an official intimation from the bishop of one's diocese if one already knows that a law is in force."

That appears to be consonant with sound reason and enlightened common-sense. The people naturally look to their pastors, and the pastors to their bishops, for instruction as to the Church's legislation; but, given that such legislation is known with certainty from other reliable sources, the obligation to comply therewith appears to be altogether obvious.

The author of *Ecclesiasticus* tells us that "The number of the days of men at the most are a hundred years," and a distinguished English physician has declared that "Every man is entitled to his century"; but, notwithstanding these statements, centenarians are comparatively rare. The most reliable statistics show that only one person in one hundred and twenty-seven thousand ever attains the age of one hundred years. As for the longevity of priests in particular, the great majority on this side of the Atlantic die a little before, or a little after, they reach their three-score years. A very notable exception to this general rule was the late Father Damase Dandurand, O. M. I. Born in 1819, the year that witnessed the first passage of the Atlantic by a steam vessel, the discovery of electromagnetism, and the cession of Florida by Spain, he died only some three weeks

ago, in his one hundred and third year. The story of his life is in large part the story of the splendid missionary work of the Oblate Fathers in Northwestern Canada. Father Dandurand's name has long been one to conjure with among both Catholics and Protestants in that portion of the neighboring Dominion; and the tale of his labors in the pioneer missionary era is a veritable epic of faith-inspired heroism and invincible fortitude. As the oldest priest in the world—a distinction which he enjoyed of late years,—he was naturally asked not infrequently to what he attributed his exceptional longevity. His invariable reply was: "Oh, the good Lord just wished me to live that long; that's all." His mind remained clear up to the day of his death, and his last words were an expression of joy that he was to die on the Solemnity of St. Joseph. *R. I. P.*

Notwithstanding the reiterated refutation of the oldtime charge that Religion and Science are contradictory—refutations made by Catholic apologists for centuries past,—uneducated and half-educated agnostics and materialists still have the hardihood to put forward the charge as true. A transatlantic lecturer, the Rev. John E. Wickham, discussing the question recently, asserted and proved that twenty-seven universities, founded between 1303 and 1489, were based on charters issued on the Holy See's own impulse, and were guaranteed against financial concern by the Sovereign Pontiffs, who gave every possible encouragement to scientific investigation. "Italy," said Father Wickham, "saw the rise of Perugia in 1303, of Pisa in 1343, of Pavia in 1389, of Turin in 1405. France beheld the beginnings of Avignon in 1303, and of Bordeaux in 1441. Spain rejoiced in Coimbra in 1308, in Valladolid in 1308, in Valencia in 1410, in Saragossa in 1474, in Avila in 1482. England and

Scotland saw the erection of Cambridge in 1318, St. Andrews in 1418, Glasgow in 1460, Aberdeen in 1494. The Empire was provided with Prague in 1347, with Heidelberg in 1385, with Erfurt in 1388, with Cologne in 1388, with Leipsic in 1409, with Griefswalde in 1456, with Freiburg in 1456, with Basle in 1460, with Ingolstadt in 1472, with Turingen in 1482. The Netherlands saw Louvain in 1425, and Hungary saw Preburg in 1467. Papal confirmation encouraged Cracow in 1364, Vienna in 1365, Upsala in 1467, and, finally, Copenhagen in 1479."

No, the Church has never been in the past, and is not now, opposed to Science. On the contrary, she has ever been, as she is at present, true Science's best friend and advocate. Only pseudo-scientists have ever had to complain of her failure to encourage their many fads and fallacies.

Given the Catholic Press month, with its reiterated appeal to the Catholic clergy and laity in behalf of our own periodicals, it was inevitable that reference would once more be made to the notable meagreness of the supply of Catholic literature, classic or ephemeral, on the shelves of our public libraries. We have more than once called the attention of our readers to the fact that we have only ourselves to blame for such meagreness. The Brooklyn *Tablet* says of the matter:

Fair-minded Catholics are tiring of hearing that Catholics can not obtain Catholic works from our public libraries. It is not our duty to remind such people that we are American citizens, paying our taxes, and claiming as much ownership over the public libraries as any other division of our civic body. The proportion of Catholic books on the shelves of the average public library to the books that defame the Church or espouse opinions the very opposite of those upheld by the Church, is admittedly shameful to Catholics. However, the state of affairs is not to be attributed to bigotry on the part of library officials, but to indifference on the part of educated Cath-

olics. If a real demand for Catholic works were served on the officials, the works would be put on the shelves.

Should the Catholics of any given community, city, town, or village, be inclined to doubt this statement, they are quite competent to put it to the proof. Let several score of them ask at their respective libraries, in the course of a single week, for two or three Catholic books; and then observe whether the librarians will not place such titles on their lists of books to be procured. Very often it is not bigotry at all, but our own negligence or supineness, that accounts for conditions which we condemn.

Perhaps it is only occasionally that we realize how marvellously the mandate to 'preach the Gospel to all nations' is being fulfilled by our missionaries. In the very centre of Equatorial Africa, near Lake Albert, there is a pagan tribe that not more than thirty years ago was debased by a religious superstition that called for human sacrifice and engaged in widespread slave traffic. Since then the White Fathers have come: many thousands among the natives have been baptized, and other thousands are receiving instruction. Chapels and schools dot the region, and native priests and Sisters have charge of the religious welfare of their brethren. In the midst of that tropical serenity, where the voice of nature lulls many a strong white man to moral desuetude, an intensely religious life is testified to by the surprising number of Communion received every year. By no stretch of the imagination can we picture to ourselves the hardships and privations of the pioneer missionaries to which this great revival is due; but their fruits are visible to our eyes, and we know that our duty towards their preservation is emphatically a most sacred one.

Notable New Books.

How France Built Her Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. Harper and Brothers.

"I believe," said Ruskin, "that the French nation in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was the greatest nation in the world; and that the French not only invented Gothic architecture, but carried it to its noblest developments." It is of the cathedrals erected in the centuries mentioned that Miss O'Reilly writes; and France was then in the truest sense the greatest of nations, believing herself to be an instrument in the hands of God for the advancement of His Kingdom on earth; and, with this conviction, employing her best resources and exerting her noblest energies. "Her cathedrals were symbols of the Kingdom of God in her midst, the *pons saeculorum* whereby man passed beyond the bourne of his narrow life. They were solaces in his hours of misery, in his delinquencies; they stood for justice alike to serf and baron; they were the Sermon on the Mount made visible, the *Biblia pauperum* wherein lettered and unlettered read the same lessons; they were the *Credo* chanted by men who believed in Christ, Son of the Living God and Son of the Immaculate Virgin." (Page 579.)

Miss O'Reilly's book is one of genuine scholarship and exceptional interest. Though learned, it is nevertheless eminently readable; for in giving, as she does, a complete history of all the greater French cathedrals and describing them in detail, she tells of the famous men in Church and State with whom their memory is associated. A different plan would have rendered the work less valuable to students and far less attractive to general readers. As it is, both will be thoroughly satisfied. Everything important relating to each of the cathedrals would seem to have been laid under contribution, and no pains spared to secure completeness and accuracy. Bibliography and index will afford abundant proof of this statement.

As illustrating the author's painstaking, and showing the interest of the volume, created by the vast amount of incidental information presented, we may cite a footnote on page 352: "In the nave of the cathedral [Bordeaux] is the neo-classic tomb of Cardinal de Cheverus, who died, Archbishop of Bordeaux, in 1836. Driven out of France at the time of the Revolution, he founded the See of Boston, Massachusetts, in the United States." In the chapter dealing with the Gothic art of Burgundy we find this passage: "There is a book of interior consolation,

precious to humanity, which has preserved for us intact the spiritual teachings of this Cistercian abbot who led the twelfth century. Scholars say that 'The Imitation of Christ' bears the direct impress of St. Bernard's spirit, that it reproduced and analyzed his writings. Whoever its author, his prayer *Da mihi nesciri* has been answered. Those who have been comforted by the book which, next to the Bible, has been chief solace for the stricken heart, have leaned unaware on the purpose, the faith, and the purity of the greatest saint of the Middle Ages,—the man who made Burgundy as illustrious by its Cistercian reformers and missionary builders as it had been by its Benedictines when Cluny was a world power." The book abounds in such glowing and illuminating passages.

In all respects this is a most creditable production. The illustrations—drawings by A. Paul de Leslie—are admirably done, tastefully chosen, skilfully printed, and, as is not always the case, fittingly placed. Book-lovers will admire the fair type and Mediæval initials, the symmetry of the pages, the paper, binding, etc. Messrs. Harper and Brothers are to be congratulated on the publication of a book of real worth and of rare beauty.

A Mill Town Pastor. By the Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The diocesan clergy for whom, in particular, this book was written, and to whom it is feelingly dedicated, will find it a veritable treasure, and we feel sure they will be deeply grateful to its author. It is a book of unusual interest, especial value, and distinct charm. To the more attentive readers it will afford the same kind of benefit that is derived from the Lives of the Saints. And it will give genuine pleasure to all; for it is an eminently readable book as well as an exceptionally good one. The mill town pastor, whose life story Father Conroy tells, was a man of strong character, though as simple and gentle as a child; amiably pious, wisely zealous, thoroughly self-sacrificing,—in every respect the type of priest most needed in our age and country. Like his Divine Master, he went about doing good,—doing all he could, in every way possible. The power he exercised over a great variety of characters was extraordinary, though he seemed to be quite unconscious of it.

"There is no man, perhaps, taking him as a class," as Father Conroy truly says, "who is more thoroughly unconscious of the good he does than the parish priest. There is a supernatural reason for this—and a natural. For the priest believes that, as a messenger of God's Gospel and a dispenser of God's grace

through the Sacraments, he is merely an instrument in the divine hands; and, therefore, he rightly attributes all ultimate work to God.... From a natural standpoint also, there is a reason for his unconsciousness of doing great good. The priest does not see his work. He does indeed build churches and schools; but should you make comment upon this he will tell you that it is the Sisters who are doing the good, under God, in the school; and that God, too, is fashioning the souls in the church. As for the buildings themselves, they are simply the shells within which the work is done. 'Any one can build,' he will always say."

To priests who have to face what is called the "melting pot problem"—to make Catholic people different in language, customs and traditions welcome to the Church, to the country; to overcome their shyness, conquer their antipathies, bring them together socially and religiously,—to such priests "A Mill Town Pastor" will be of inestimable service. "Socialism never got the least foothold in Mingo. The propagandists made headway in other districts near by; they tried Mingo time and again, but they flitted out as fast as they flitted in. Father Coffey watched his people with affectionate care, instructed them in groups, knew personally every individual in his parish, and thus anticipated every danger that threatened them. He was at the fountainhead of every movement in the parish."

To give a just idea of this book it is necessary to quote other passages, showing that Fr. Coffey was always himself,—that he invariably expressed his real feelings and personal convictions. He never posed.

His voice was the perfect mate to his manner. Decision was the first note of it, but instantly again one felt it permeated with intelligent sympathy. He never gushed. He spoke rapidly, but his words came "trippingly on the tongue," with such clear enunciation that every syllable was caught without effort, and every shade of humor or feeling rose easily to the surface. There was color in his speech. He never spoke loudly, not even in the church, but suited the tone to the idea, substituting intensity for a volume of sound when desiring to send home a thought. Hamlet's address to the players would be superfluous for Father Coffey. In his sermons each one of the congregation felt that he was being talked to individually. He had no sympathy for the "lion in the pulpit" style of preaching. "Whenever I am tempted to shout in a sermon," he said, "I think of the Scripture words, 'The devil goeth about as a roaring lion.' That stops me."

During one of his sermons a baby became restless and began to cry. The crying grew in volume until it filled the church, and it became plain that either Father Coffey or the baby would have to stop. "There are two of us preaching in this church at once," said he, "and I don't know which of us is giving the better sermon. When a baby cries in church, he is telling us two things: first, that there are babies in the

family; and, second, that the mother has come to Mass with her baby. On the whole, I think the baby is preaching the better sermon, and I'll let him go on with it. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And he continued the Mass.

Father Coffey's charity was by no means restricted to community emergencies. He was suspicious of what are nowadays styled "movements" or "drives." "The organized charity, scrimped and iced," found him somewhat cold. He disliked its air of condescension, its too frequent advertising of self. He believed, and taught his people, that the best form of charity is exercised by the individual in the little circle where God has placed him. "Watch that spot," he used to say, "and you'll find plenty to do without any parading."

Readers of "A Mill Town Pastor" will be conscious of having breathed a moral atmosphere that is bracing as well as wholesome; of having learned habits and methods that will prove helpful to them, and correct ideas that will inevitably influence their future conduct. It is a well and sensibly written book. With less restraint on the part of the author, it would be far less convincing. How much more effective than eulogy on Father Coffey's unselfishness is the simple statement: "His death disclosed that the only earthly possessions which were his to bequeath were his books and thirty-six dollars in money"!

The Rule of St. Benedict. A Commentary by the Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte, Abbot of Solesmes. Translated by Dom Justin McCann, Monk of Ampleforth. Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

In the biographical sketch of St. Benedict of Nursia, contributed to the Catholic Encyclopedia by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Ford, of Glastonbury, is to be found this passage: "Before studying St. Benedict's Rule it is necessary to point out that it is written for laymen, not for clerics. The saint's purpose was not to institute an Order of clerics with clerical duties and offices, but an organization and a set of rules for the domestic life of such laymen as wished to live as fully as possible the type of life presented in the Gospel." This statement is pertinent to any notice of the present portly volume, inasmuch as it will at the outset assure the lay reader that the book holds keen interest, not merely for priests and religious, but for all Christians sincerely desirous of leading a truly Christian life, or of following Christ. It is true, of course, that the Church in later years imposed the clerical state on the Benedictines; but the impress of the lay origin still remains, notwithstanding the preponderance of clerical and sacerdotal duties which that state supposes.

Another gratifying circumstance likely to be appreciated by the lay reader is that the work is not so scholarly as to be more or

less beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds,—men and women of general rather than special culture. Without entirely neglecting questions involving historical lore and critical erudition, Dom Delatte's Commentary remains what it originally was: an exposition on the Rule given in the novitiate of the Abbey of Solesmes. "The primary purpose of these studies," says the Introduction, "is neither curiosity nor historical knowledge: our concern is with the soul and with the supernatural life." As a matter of course, the book's principal appeal will be to religious, members of Orders, Congregations, and institutes, the rules of which reflect in greater or less degree the spirit which animated the life and the teaching of Benedict of Nursia, the founder of Western Monachism.

In the opinion of the author of this volume, a practical commentary on words dictated by the Spirit of God has scarcely any other task than "to spell them tenderly, to emphasize them wisely, and to put them in the clearest light." Accordingly, a paragraph from the Benedictine Rule is made the text for one or more pages of amplification and lucid exposition, with a wealth of practical and concrete illustration which can not but make the saint's intent and purpose abundantly evident to the most ordinary intelligence. Pages which it would be well not only for religious, but for the secular clergy and the laity as well, to read with especial attention and to meditate on repeatedly are those dealing with the value of work, manual labor, and study.

It may be mentioned, incidentally, that freedom in the choice of work is provided for in the Rule, and has remained a characteristic feature of Benedictine houses during the past fifteen centuries. "The members take up any work which is adapted to their peculiar circumstances,—any work which may be dictated by their necessities. Thus we find Benedictines teaching in poor schools and in the universities, practising the arts and following agriculture, undertaking the care of souls, or devoting themselves wholly to study." No work indeed is foreign to the Benedictine, provided only that it is compatible with living in community and with the recital of the Divine Office.

Of the translator's part in the production of this excellent volume, judicious criticism can scarcely be other than favorable. The work reads as if it were originally written in our vernacular; and that quality, combined with fidelity in rendering the thought of the author, is the prime merit of all good translation. Apart from a few modifications rendered necessary by the publication of the New

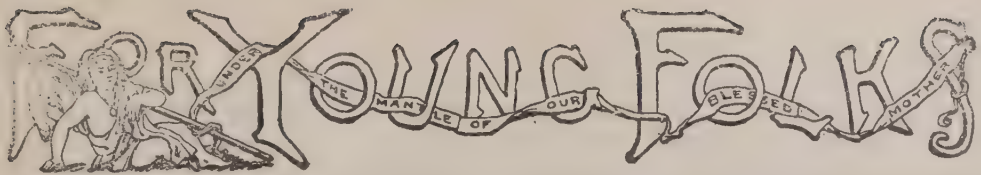
Code of Canon Law, there is no deviation from the French original. A table of contents of the seventy-three chapters is provided; and there is also an admirable index which includes authors, proper names, Latin words and phrases explained in the Commentary, and subjects. A work to place in every community library, and to serve for several months of community spiritual reading.

Hispanic Anthology. The Way of St. James.
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The large collection of poems, translated from the Spanish by English and North American poets, made by Dr. Thomas Walsh, will be welcomed by the rapidly growing number of English-speaking persons who are interested in Spanish literature, and especially by teachers of literature. The volume, which is number four of the Peninsular Series published under the auspices of the Hispanic Society of America, is handy in size, beautifully printed on good paper, and bound with a view to withstanding much use. It is illustrated with reproductions of photographs of Spain's literary celebrities, a photogravure of Cervantes serving as frontispiece.

In the close to eight hundred pages, two hundred authors are represented by selections done into English by poetry translators. These selections are prefaced by a short but extremely valuable account of each author, giving the leading incidents of his life, his rank as a poet, to what school of poetry he belongs, a statement of the most satisfactory complete edition of his writings, or, if such a compilation has not been made, in what collections his work may be found. Great care and a high standard of excellence are evident in the choice of selections. Readers who are familiar with the originals, however, will find the same soul, as it were, the same spirit, which animated the originals in the translations made by Dr. Walsh and a few of the others. "Hispanic Anthology" is certain of a large sale, for it supplies a real need.

"The Way of St. James," in three volumes, is uniform in binding and general make-up with "Hispanic Anthology." As the author sets forth in the foreword, it is an account of wanderings and places visited throughout Spain with the purpose of discovering and recording Spain's debt in architecture to other countries, more especially France, during the Middle Age. The person who begins the perusal of the account is almost certain to finish it, as the narrative is sufficiently interesting, and is sustained by a certain charm of style which only here and there evidences a straining for effect.



Merry May.

BY M. ROCK.

☉ UR LADY'S month is merry May;

For it the violets blow,
For it the lambkins sport and play.

Our Lady's month is merry May,
When all lands to Our Lady pray

For care in weal and woe.
Our Lady's month is merry May;
For it the violets blow.

Our Lady's month is merry May,
When birds sing all day long
Her praise, the while the lilacs sway.
Our Lady's month is merry May,
When crowds 'neath skies of blue or gray
Around her altars throng.

Our Lady's month is merry May,
When birds sing all day long.

God's Mother's prayers are answeréd
In heaven when May is here.
When daisies o'er the leas are spread,
God's Mother's prayers are answeréd.
When brooks with song and laugh are led
We feel that heaven's anear.
God's Mother's prayers are answeréd
In heaven when May is here.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XX.—THE NEW HOME.

THE big open fire glowed brightly on the wide hearth beneath Tante Louise's picture; the softly shaded lamplight gave to the handsome features the hue of life. Josephine Marie, seated on the Persian rug at Madame Marceron's feet, was studying with loving eyes the kindly old face. She had been in this new home for three weeks,—a happy little guest, to whom

the old Madame's warm heart grew more tender every day.

"Oh, I think she knows!" murmured Fifine, as she met the smiling gaze of the firelit picture. "She looks as if she knew; don't you think so, dear Madame?"

"Knew what, my dear?" Madame, who had nodded off a little dreamily over her "Vie Devote," roused at the softly murmured question, and laid her hand on the curly head resting against her knee.

"I am just hoping that Tante Louise knows I am here, dear Madame, so safe and happy with you," Fifine went on in her own tongue, that seemed to voice so much better than English the gladness of her heart. "Truly, as Mother Mathilde always said, the good God guides His little children in strange ways. If I had not run away sick and frightened and fainting, I should never have found you, dear Madame."

"And you would have been with those cold, cruel, evil-hearted people still," said Madame, the Chausse-Cour fire flashing into her eyes, as it always did at the mention of Fifine's late home.

"You see, they did not understand," continued Fifine. "Ah! dear Madame, I did not know there were people like the pagans in far-off lands, who have never heard of the good God,—children like poor *marraine*, for whom the story of the sweet Jesus was like a fairy tale. My poor *marraine*! She was glad to hear of Him when I talked to her at night; but she will forget it all," sighed the little speaker sadly. "There will be no one to tell her about Him now, and make the Sign of the Cross on her forehead when she can not sleep."

"*Bien, bien!* let us not talk or think about them," said the old Madame, im-

patiently. "It stirs my anger, *petite*; and to-morrow will be Our Lady's Day and I must keep in God's grace. You are happier here with me. Is it not so?"

"O dear Madame, yes, yes, yes!" was the quick reply, as the child drew the old lady's hand to her lips. "It was beautiful in *marraine's* rooms, with the toys, the dolls,—all the wonderful things; but it was never, never home, like this,—warm and sweet and holy, with the good God's blessing, with Tante Louise smiling so gladly on me, and Susanne so kind and good; and you, Madame, like a dear *grandmère* whom I can love with all my heart. Ah, they did not understand loving at *marraine's*!"

"I can readily believe that," said Madame, grimly. "You are well rid of them all, *ma petite*," continued the speaker, into whose secluded circle there had come no mention of the crashing fortunes of the Carter-Kings.

Colonel Leon Marceron was detained by important diplomatic business in Washington, and his mother lived in an Old-World atmosphere, that financial matters did not penetrate; so Fifine was in happy ignorance of the cataclysm that had shaken poor *marraine's* fairy palace and left her godmother helpless and dethroned.

"Let us talk of other pleasanter things," said the old lady. "How was it at school to-day?" For Josephine Marie had been entered the last week in a private school taught by some exiled French nuns, whom a few very select patrons had established in an old-fashioned mansion near Tante Louise's late home.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" Fifine's soft eyes sparkled into life. "And because Sister Clarisse gave us lessons every morning at Saint Celeste, I was not so behindhand as I feared. I took my place with Marie and Lorette, and the two little American girls who can not speak French. It is hard for them to

understand all the lessons; and so, as I know English myself, I said if they would bring their books to-night we would study together, if it pleases you, dear Madame. They are charming little girls whom you would like. Their mother knew my Tante Louise, and they were friends to me at once. You will be pleased to have Frances and Eleanor come?"

"*Bien*, certainly," said the old Madame, cordially. "It is my wish that you have little friends, *chérie*,—friends of your own kind and rank, not those Americans, who think only of money and show. Let your little friends come, and you can go into the sitting room, where there is the big table, also the bright lights. And I will tell Susanne to bring you some of the little nut cakes she made this morning, and the red apples she bought in the great American market. (*Ciel*, what a market it is! It looks as if it could feed a world.) So you can make for your friends a little feast. *Tiens!* I hear them in the hall! Run off, *ma petite*, and be happy; and leave the old *grandmère* to read her book."

And, thus cheerfully dismissed, Fifine darted off to meet the two little school-mates just arrived, who found their new friend and her pleasant help through the difficulties of French lessons most charming.

Though the big sitting room, with its old-fashioned furniture and heavy draperies, was a dark contrast to the fairy splendor of *marraine's* apartment, it had a cheery charm all its own. The great wood-fire blazing and crackling on the wide hearth was a much more lively affair than *marraine's* gilded radiators; and Frances and Eleanor, with their rosy cheeks and sturdy legs, were full of the life and fun that Fifine's godmother could not feel or know.

When the French verbs that the young visitors found so complicating

were disposed of satisfactorily, there was a merry romp around the big room; while Susanne delved into the mysterious recesses of a neighboring pantry, and brought out not only nut cakes such as only Susanne could make, but red apples that had still the spicy tang of the mountain air in which they had ripened; and, best of all, French bonbons such as no American money could buy.

And before the guests departed, most delightful engagements had been made for roller skating in the wide old "square" near by, a tea party, at Eleanor's, and a dancing class, which Madame Marceron would surely permit Fifine to join, as her enthusiastic friends well knew. For Tante Louise had left traditions of gracious power and wealth and kindness, which clung to her old home, and made the little grandniece who had come to live there a very important person indeed with old as well as young.

And when, after this happy evening, Fifine went upstairs, it was to kneel with the old Madame and Susanne and Nanette (another importation from *la belle France*), in Tante Louise's oratory and say the Rosary, without which no old pupil of the *Sacré Cœur* could sleep; and the night prayers, which could never be shortened or forgotten now. Then, blessed by the old Madame with holy water from the silver font, Fifine slipped away to the big four-poster bed, with its falling curtains like those of her old French home, which ever since that first night had seemed like sheltering angel wings.

There was none of the gay splendor of *marraine's* room,—no rose-hued draperies and glimmer of silver and white, no big play-room brimming with games and toys. But, oh! there was something better, as Fifine felt in the glad depths of her heart,—something safe and sweet and blessed, that all *marraine's* money could not buy. No

big boxes full of lace-trimmed finery came now; but the simple little dress and coat Madame had bought for her had an "air" that befitted little girls more than the fur or feathers of *marraine's* fashionable modiste; and Fifine's early breakfast was a big, beautiful bowl of milk and crisp French bread.

What dear Madame would say to Marjorie's whims and fancies and tantrums, Fifine could not think. Slowly but surely all the false charms of *marraine's* home were fading for Fifine: she was seeing it in its true light, as when the glare and glitter of man-made radiance is lost in the glory of the returning sun. She was beginning to understand the chill, the loss, the lack, she had felt in the midst of all the beauty and luxury that had surrounded her and for a time dazzled her childish eyes.

There was no love at *marraine's*,—no love in the soft, purring voice of Miss Marshall at her patient's bedside, in the watchful eyes beneath Uncle Miles' bushy brows, in the cold care of Mrs. Carter-King for her brother's ward; no love such as even the poorest *poilus* claimed from the tender nurses helping them to live or die as the good God willed at Saint Celeste; no love, either of God or man, except the childish spark that little Fifine had brought into her godmother's home, and that had kindled for a brief time its cold, false splendor into a rosy glow. And love is the one thing no money can buy,—the love that, even through all the fear and terror of that last day at the Carter-Kings', still burned in little Fifine's heart for her godmother. Poor *marraine!*—ah, poor, lonely, loveless *marraine!*

As Fifine lay in the safe, sweet shelter of the big four-poster, with the blessed dew of the holy water on her brow, Madame's good-night kiss on her lips, and the glow of the oratory lamp

shining like a star through the half-open door, her thoughts turned back to the suffering, sleepless, wild-eyed little girl, whose terrors had to be soothed with potions and pills given by hired hands; who had no loving arms to clasp, no loving voice to calm her now. Fifine's heart ached with tender pity for her poor godmother, even though she shivered with fear when she recalled that last, dark day in Uncle Miles' "den," the fierce voice in her ear, the clutch of the black hairy hand on her arm, the angry flame in the bushy-browed eyes. Oh, never, never, *never* could she venture near *marraine's* home again,—never, never again!

It must be as Madame said,—dear Madame who was so good to her: she must give up *marraine* forever. But she would love this dear godmother always; she would pray to the good God for poor *marraine* every day; she could never, never forget her. And the faint little sob that followed the thought reached the old Madame in the room.

"*Bien chère!* What is it, *petite*. Are you ill?" she asked anxiously.

"Ah, no, Madame! It is only that I am thinking of poor *marraine*," was the faltered answer.

"Tut! tut! tut!" called the old Madame, impatiently. "Did I not say to forget these people? They are nothing to you any more. Susanne has been telling me of the dancing class of which your little friends were talking. You shall join it, *ma petite*, to-morrow. Jean shall take us down town to buy a pretty gown and slippers. All little girls should learn to dance. You will like it, my Fifine?"

"Ah, Madame, yes, yes! You are so good to me, dear Madame!"

"*Eh bien*, then forget,—forget those people who were so bad, so cruel to you; forget them all, *ma petite*, and go to sleep."

(To be continued.)

A Useful Word.

THERE is no word, long or short, in the English language capable of performing so much labor in a clear, intelligible sense as the verb to *get*; and here is an oldtime specimen of its numerous capabilities:

"I *got* on horseback within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury, I *got* a chaise for town; but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury, and I have *got* such a cold as I shall not be able to *get* rid of in a hurry. I *got* to the Treasury about noon, but first of all I *got* shaved and dressed. I soon *got* into the secret of getting a memorial before the Board, but I could not *get* an answer then; however, I *got* intelligence from the messenger that I should, most likely, *get* one the next morning. As soon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my supper. When I *got* up in the morning, I *got* my breakfast, and then *got* myself dressed that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial. As soon as I *got* it, I *got* into the first chaise, and *got* to Canterbury by three o'clock, and about tea-time I *got* home."

The Largest Nests.

There are in Australia the largest and heaviest nests in the world. They are built by the "jungle-fowl" in great mounds, and their height averages about fifteen feet. In circumference they are enormous. They are usually found in secluded places, and are skillfully made of twigs or leaves, or whatever material the bird may be able to procure. The bush turkey constructs nests which are very similar to those of the jungle-fowl, but the turkey's homes are pyramidal, while the others are in the shape of mounds. It often requires several strong men to move one of these nests, which in some cases have been known to weigh tons.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new volume by Jean Henri Fabre, suitable for young readers, is announced by Hodder and Stoughton, London. It is named "The Story-Book of the Fields," and is intended to create or intensify youthful interest in nature subjects.

—A reprint of two stories from the *Westminster Cathedral Chronicle* has been issued in pamphlet form at twopence. "The Cardinal's Stocking," by Ernest Oldmeadow, is a capital tale; but "Who Called the Priest" is to our mind rather unconvincing.

—The Dante centenary is being observed with decorum throughout the world. In France, Catholic scholars are doing their share by issuing, through the Society of Catholic Art, a series of interesting pamphlets, which, when completed, will make up a goodly-sized volume. The price for the series is thirty francs.

—"A Visit to New Melleray Abbey" (Dubuque County, Iowa) recalls such excellent literature on monastic life as Dom Bede Camm's "A Day in a Monastery," Huysmans' "En Route," and Allen's "The White Cowl." The pamphlet referred to is a record of impressions gained by two young Americans during a twenty-four hour visit. The Catholic Printing Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

—One feature of the celebration of the 400th anniversary of Cambridge University printing, which occurs during the present year, will be the publication of a history of the press of the University, which owes its origin to John Lair of Siegburg, or John Siberch. Henry VIII., in 1534, granted letters patent to Cambridge University "to elect three stationers and printers or sellers of books, residing within the University . . . to print books of every kind that have been approved by the Chancellor."

—"Social Organization in Parishes," by the Rev. E. F. Garesché, S. J., an octavo of 240 pages (including a good table of contents and an exceptionally full index), is especially recommended by the publishers to pastors, curates, Mothers-Superior of parish schools and other educational institutions, the heads of charitable organizations, and the officers of parish sodalities, clubs, and fraternal societies generally. As might be expected from the author, the sodality is taken for the standard of organization in parishes, schools, and institutions; but the many suggestions made will

be found valuable in the working of almost any Catholic society. One drawback to the large circulation of the book, so well deserved, will be found in its price, which, notwithstanding the present cost of book-paper and binding materials, is somewhat high,—\$2.75. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Readers of "Four Years in the White North," by Donald B. MacMillan, the right-hand man of Admiral Peary when the latter made his successful dash for the North Pole, will be interested in learning that Mr. MacMillan is to start on another Arctic voyage during the month of July. The schooner in which he is to sail has just been launched in East Boothbay, Maine.

—A story which a good many children will enjoy is "Daisy," the story of a little girl who grows up and meets with adventure in the tenement district of New York. A great many interesting things happen, but there is just a little too much morality and "apologetics" for the average young person. The book is well printed, and is issued by the Burkley Printing Co., Omaha, Neb. Price, \$1.

—"Futurs Epoux," by Abbé Charles Grimaud (Pierre Téqui, Paris), is a brochure intended for "big young folks," those who need preparation for entering the state of matrimony. It will prove, however, of genuine utility to numerous persons who have already contracted marriage; and will be of inestimable value to these latter in the difficult though necessary task of giving their growing sons and daughters correct notions concerning matters physiological and psychological.—The same publisher has brought out a twelfth edition of "Vie de la Sainte Vierge," a Life based on the meditations of Catherine Emmerich. In spite of adverse criticism, this work is still holding its popularity.

—Noting the recent sale at auction, for £1750, of the manuscript of what is little more than a schoolboy essay on Political Justice by Shelley, the writer of "Et Cætera" in the *London Tablet* says: "That is the record price, in this country, for any Shelley-writing; and it promises well for the sale of the Shelley letters, among other treasures, which are to come under the hammer from Abbotsford. Sir Walter Scott kept the letters addressed to him by his contemporaries—Shelley's, Byron's, Wordsworth's, and Lamb's among them,—the number for sale now

being no fewer than five thousand. . . . All Scott's descendants are Catholics; and these assets come now into the market as a sequel to the death, last year, of his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. All Byron's descendants, too, are Catholics; and another similitude between the two families lies in the frequency of the female succession. Scott's daughter had a daughter who had a daughter, all owners of Abbotsford, where only in the fourth generation a man, Col. Walter Maxwell-Scott, is in possession. Byron had an only daughter, Ada; and for a time the second generation had for its only representative Lady Anne Blunt. Lady Wentworth represents the third generation, which, in the fourth, will become male again with Mr. Anthony Lytton. It seems to be the pure spirit of mockery," adds the writer, "that letters written when the writers were in poverty should now fetch such prices as would have relieved years of penury. Not the satirist's poet, writing his 'Ode to Riches' when the milkman was dunning at the door, presents a contrast greater than that of Stevenson, for example, hungry when he wrote a letter that now fetches a sum sufficient for the maintenance of months. And Shelley's letters, written to borrow small sums, now fetch huge ones,—all the huger, perhaps, on account of the writer's temporary impecuniosity."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.90.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1825-1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D., LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"Father Maturin: A Memoir with Selected Letters." Maisie Ward. (Longmans.) \$2.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Nicholas F. Tonner, of the archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Martin A. Heintz, archdiocese of Cincinnati; Rev. John Harks, diocese of Toledo; and Rt. Rev. Msgr. C. A. McDermott, diocese of Pittsburg.

Sister M. Veronica, of the Grey Nuns of the Cross; Sister Mary Magdalene, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Alicia, Sister M. Rosanna, and Sister Cecilia Agnes, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. George Brown, Mr. Edward Gossman, Mrs. Alice Vallily, Mrs. C. Hause, Mr. Patrick Golden, Mr. Joseph Kerner, Mr. William Megl, Mrs. Teresa Guilfoyle, Mrs. Margaret Smith, Mr. Peter Flesch, Mr. James Rohan, Mrs. Elise Dowd, Mr. A. J. Nack, Mr. Henry Schmitt, and Mr. Joseph Dezlin.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. M. K., \$10; Mrs. H. V. J., \$5; Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1. For the sufferers in Central Europe: Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1. For the Armenian Fund: Mr. and Mrs. M. D., \$1. For the Foreign Missions: B. J. M., \$14.

THE WRONG KIND OF CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL ADVERTISING

is the placing of expensive announcements in "Special Educational Numbers" of daily newspapers. Judicious and discriminating educational advertisers—those who study their advertising investments—have found this out after careful tests. And why? The daily newspaper lives but a fraction of a day (a few hours of the morning or evening of issue) their advertisements manifestly receiving but passing notice; their Catholic readership is at most but a sixth of their entire editions, while their advertising rates are based on the whole circulation resulting in *a maximum of cost for a minimum of value*. The inducement for these "special ads" seems to be the "free reading notice" offered as a bonus. Again the skilful advertiser will tell you that these "free readers" are regarded by intelligent persons as "puffs"—a bait to catch paid advertisements—and therefore valueless. So much for the wrong kind and now for

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first of all, place your announcements before its hundred and fifty thousand readers distributed over the entire country, and feel satisfied that it can serve you best of all, no matter in what part of America you are situated. Refuse the daily newspaper "bait" and plant your advertising seed in the most fertile ground. Write at once for our special rates.

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Notre Dame, Indiana

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Preparatory School.

St. Edward Hall for Boys under 13.

REV. JAMES BURNS, C. S. C., President.

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A HINT TO BUYERS.

It is often to the advantage of those purchasing goods to let dealers know where their advertisement was found. Business men always like to hear this, and publishers are never unwilling that the information should be imparted.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viiii 34

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Felix of Cantalice, C.
Ember Day. *Fast.*
SUNDAY, 22.—TRINITY SUNDAY. St. Rita, W.
MONDAY, 23.—St. John Baptist dei Rossi, C.
TUESDAY, 24.—Our Lady Help of Christians.
WEDNESDAY, 25.—St. Gregory VII., P. C. St.
Urban, P. M.

THURSDAY, 26.—CORPUS CHRISTI. St. Phillip
Neri, C.
FRIDAY, 27.—St. Bede, C.
SATURDAY, 28.—St. Augustine of Canterbury,
B. C. Bl. Margaret Pole, M.

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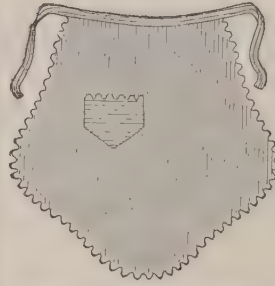
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 21, 1921.

NO. 21

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Queen of Apostles.

BY HENRY C. MCLEAN.

DEAR Mother, whom we oft invoke,
And Queen of His twelve Fisher-folk,
We hail thee ever-blessed Maid,
When in the sunshine of thy May
White as the lily leaps the spray
Upon a sea of jade.

The Twelve have power to loose or bind,
And we believe that we shall find

Forgiveness through thee, Lady fair;
Thou art the Paraclete's chaste Bride,—
Virgin, whose symbol moves the tide,
Preserve us by thy prayer.

When fall the darkness and the storm,
Mother, who gave Him human form,
Our potent Mediator be;
Grant by the Lights of Pentecost
That men He sought may not be lost
To Christ of Galilee.

Our Lady of Biltchen.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.



T was our good fortune one year to spend part of our summer holiday in one of the most diminutive but one of the happiest countries in all Europe. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is no larger than an average English county or French *département*,—its inhabitants number only 250,000; but it is, nevertheless, an independent State and a flourishing and contented country. Situated between France,

Prussia, and Belgium, it formerly belonged to the Spanish Netherlands. Then from 1839 to 1890 it was the property of William III., King of Holland, at whose death it reverted to the King's nearest kinsman in the male line—Duke Adolphus, the dispossessed sovereign of Nassau; whereas the kingdom of Holland, as the reader will remember, became the inheritance of William's only child, the girl-queen Wilhelmina.

The Grand Duke of Luxemburg, a scion of the Orange family and a descendant of William the Silent, was a Protestant; but his only son and heir, although professing the same creed, was married to one of the six beautiful daughters of Don Miguel of Braganza, the unfortunate pretender to the throne of Portugal; and the children born of this marriage were brought up Catholics, much to the satisfaction of the devout Luxemburg people. Those who are privileged to claim acquaintance with Doña Maria Anna of Braganza, hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, speak enthusiastically of her goodness and her rare charm.

When the World War broke out, Adelaide, the eldest daughter of this marriage, was on the throne. After the four years of struggle, during which she had done heroic charity work, she abdicated in favor of Charlotte, her sister; and thus had the opportunity to accomplish a long-cherished and frequently-expressed desire of entering the convent.

The Grand Duchy, although it is but a small speck on the map of Europe, can boast of much picturesque scenery. It possesses wooded hills, green pastures; clear, flowing streams, where excellent fishing may be had; large woods, ruined castles, dear to the heart of every lover of history; and a wealth of roses that bloom in Luxemburg as they do nowhere else, and form a considerable article of exportation.

Of the many charming nooks that as yet are comparatively unknown to the rush of tourists, Vianden, situated at the very extremity of the Duchy, a few minutes' walk from the Prussian frontier, is undoubtedly the most picturesque. Encased between steep hills clothed with woods, the little town seems to nestle for protection under the shadow of its great feudal castle—now, alas! a ruin,—whose noble remains on their rocky platform stand out in lonely desolation against the sky.

When we made acquaintance with Vianden on the evening of the 19th of August, the church bells of the little city were ringing a merry peal, that echoed through the valley in the still summer air; and at intervals the booming of a cannon, fired from a hill above the town, gave us to understand that some high festivity was in preparation. Soon we found that on the following day a solemn procession was to take place in honor of the patroness of the country, Our Lady of Biltchen.

Beyond the ruined castle, on the spur of a thickly wooded hill that rises above the River Our, stands a small white chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which is looked upon with loving reverence by the peasants for many miles around Vianden. The legend of Our Lady of Biltchen runs as follows.

In the tenth century some children, who were playing in the woods above the river, found a small statue of the Mother of God concealed among the boughs of a tree. The image was

carried to Vianden and placed in the parish church; but twice it was mysteriously removed by invisible hands and restored to its primitive resting-place. Here a rustic shrine was erected. At first a rough altar was made among the branches of the tree; then a niche was excavated in a neighboring rock to receive the statue; finally a small chapel was built.

According to an ancient custom, on the Sunday before the Feast of the Assumption the image of Our Lady of Biltchen is carried in state to the church of Vianden, where it remains till the following Sunday, when, with still greater pomp, it is restored to its quaint woodland sanctuary. And it was this latter function that we were privileged to witness.

The early mists still filled the valley on the 20th of August when the ringing of bells and firing of cannon began again. The little town had put on its festive raiment. Pretty garlands of evergreens and flowers adorned every house; small altars, with lighted tapers, had been erected in every available place; the national flag of the country, with orange streamers in honor of the reigning house, floated gaily in the breeze. On all sides, from the hills and valleys across the Prussian frontier, might be seen groups of peasants, who presently filled the church to overflowing. During Mass they recited the Rosary aloud, with the earnest piety characteristic of their race.

The procession took place after Vespers. It started from the dim parish church, where the ancient effigies of the crusading counts of Vianden keep guard before the Lord they served so well; and, winding up the steep street in the full sunshine, it entered the cool and shady glades beyond which stands the Biltchen chapel. We watched the different groups as they wended their way under the wide-spreading trees. From one thousand to fifteen

hundred pilgrims were present,—old men, with iron-pointed staves and dusty shoes, who had come from distant villages across the hills; little children toddling by their parent's side; babies asleep in their mother's arms; young girls with the fair hair, calm expression, and thickset figure of the German *mädchen*.

All the time the familiar accents of the Rosary, recited in German, kept up an unbroken strain of pleading invocations. The old sacristan, robed in crimson, with his staff of office in one hand and his Rosary in the other, led the prayers; and here and there in the crowd the pointed helmet and good-tempered face of a pious Prussian soldier reminded us that at barely a mile's distance begins the frontier of the German Empire.

And so the long procession passed on, through the shady wood, to the little sanctuary, where with all honor and reverence the holy image was replaced on its altar. Then the pilgrims dispersed. We watched them in groups toiling bravely up the hills and across the woods to their homes; while long, violet shadows spread through the narrow valley, over which the Biltchen chapel is set like a symbol of hope and love.

As we slowly returned home, the old fortress of Vianden stood out dark and grim against the opal-tinted sky. "It is a noble ruin, still majestic in its forlorn and shattered state. The fortress can boast of a glorious history, until, under Louis XIV., the French cannon began its destruction. The hereditary counts of Vianden were independent and powerful feudal lords. In the twelfth century one of them, Frederick II., took up the cross and fell into the hands of the Saracens. He was ransomed through the exertions of the monks of the Order of Mercy, or Trinitarians; and, in thanksgiving, his son, Count Henry, founded a monastery of the

Order at Vianden in 1248. There still exist in the parish church pictures and statues of St. John of Matha, that remind the visitor of the ties of gratitude that united the white-robed monks and the lords of the soil.

This Count Henry, the Crusader's son, married an imperial bride: Margaret, sister and daughter to the emperors of Constantinople, of the French family of Courtenay. One of their daughters, Yolande, is looked upon as a saint, and her name is specially connected with her father's Castle of Vianden. According to tradition, it was in an underground cell of the fortress that Yolande was imprisoned by her mother, to punish her for refusing an illustrious alliance in order to become a nun. Be this as it may, it is certain that the relations between mother and daughter were not always so strained; for the imperial Margaret, Countess of Vianden, ended her days near her daughter, in Yolande's convent of Marienthal, in Germany.

Another Countess of Vianden, whose stone effigy is still to be seen in the parish church, went through a somewhat similar trial. In the twelfth century Godfrey III., Count of Vianden, becoming a widower, resolved to seek comfort in the Holy War. Before starting for the Crusade, he left his two little girls, Mary and Adelaide, under the care of a knight, to whose fidelity he also entrusted his dominions. Godfrey never returned to his home: he was killed in Palestine; and his faithless friend decided to take possession of the fair lands that had been committed to his care.

In order to effect his purpose more easily, he informed his elder ward, Mary, that she must consent to marry him. The girl refused to do so: before starting for the Crusade, her father had solemnly betrothed her to the Count of Spanheim, and she firmly

declined to cancel the engagement. Enraged at her resistance, her guardian shut her up in one of the dungeons of her own castle, where she might have died of want and misery had not Providence interfered in her behalf.

The Count of Spanheim, eager to claim his bride, suddenly appeared at the castle. Amazed at her absence, and unable to obtain any satisfactory explanation from her false guardian, he was at a loss how to proceed, when his attention was attracted by Mary's favorite greyhound. In its dumb way, the animal seemed anxious to awake his interest and to lead him to a remote apartment of the castle. Yielding to its guidance, the Count quietly made his way to the young girl's prison, whence he joyfully delivered his promised bride. This adventure terminated, as all such adventures should, by a wedding. In the ancient chapel, of which the remains still exist, Countess Mary married her faithful knight. She died in 1400, and the monument erected to her memory is one of the archæological treasures of the old parish church. She is represented in quaint Medieval garb, and at her feet lies the greyhound that played so important a part in her history.

Countess Mary of Spanheim, having died without children, was succeeded as Lady of Vianden by her younger sister Adelaide, who married Otto, Count of Nassau. From this pair are descended the princes of Nassau, among whom are William the Silent, the late King of Holland, the late Grand Duke of Luxemburg, as also the beautiful young Queen Wilhelmina.

To one of these Nassau princes the Castle of Vianden owes its preservation from total destruction. Prince Henry of the Netherlands, younger brother of William III., was for some years governor of Luxemburg; and under his intelligent supervision the old home of his ancestors was saved from complete

ruin. He caused certain portions of the great castle to be partially restored, in particular the chapel.

And here we are led to muse on the fleeting character of human glory. The mighty feudal chiefs who at one time ruled the land are well-nigh forgotten,—only the lover of history or perhaps the archæological student knows their names; whereas the tiny image of the Mother of God discovered nine centuries ago is still honored in her woodland shrine of Biltchen. The memory of Mary is still a living, beloved presence, vivid in spite of the lapse of time, undimmed by oblivion or neglect.

Our last remembrance of Vianden is an early morning at the end of August. After eight days' happy stay in the valley, we mount our bicycles and turn our faces toward the German frontier. The quiet valley is still wrapt in white mist; the dark old castle, on its rugged platform, with its legends and memories, its recollections of crusading knights, white-robed monks, imprisoned heroines, stands out in its proud isolation above the valley. Beyond it lie the dark woods that lead to the Biltchen chapel; below are emerald meadows, through which the clear waters of the Our wend their course toward the Moselle.

And this external calm, that renders a stay at Vianden so restful and refreshing, is but a faithful reflex of the happy spirit of its people. "We are all content here," they often said to us; "we want nothing more." Truly the secret of happiness has been solved by those simple folks. Long may they remain thus, untouched by greed and ambition, under the motherly protection of the Liege Lady, who holds her court in the Biltchen chapel among the greenwoods!

EVERY man's life is a plan of God.

—*Horace Buchnell.*

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

II.



HE host having closed the door of his room, the late comer, in the room across the hall, quickly divested himself of his outer garments and riding boots; this done, he softly opened the east window of his room and listened, but no sound broke the deathlike silence of his isolated retreat. Closing the window as gently as he had opened it, he retired to bed and for half an hour lay awake and deep in thought. At last, with a long sigh, he turned over on his side and settled himself more comfortably. Youth and health were winging toward him the sleep which a good conscience could not sooner bring. As if to give tangible proof of his relief at a danger evaded, he at last spoke aloud:

"What a narrow escape I had! With Acadie on one trail and Père Louis on another, I was almost caught."

Saying which, Roger Gosnold, a fugitive from Ville-Marie, and sometime an officer in the army of his Majesty of France, fell asleep. It was broad daylight when he awoke, and from the position of the sun he judged it must be well toward noon. Rising, he dressed quickly and descended to the lower floor, and here he found the young mistress of the house busily engaged in her morning duties. Seeing him, she dropped a formal courtesy.

"Your breakfast is ready, sir," she said. "Pray be seated and I will serve it immediately."

Rapidly and deftly she placed before him a substantial breakfast, answering in brief monosyllables some random remarks that he made on the weather; then, opening the kitchen door, she vanished without, and he saw her walking quickly across a field until she

disappeared from view. Left alone, the guest helped himself to some fried fish, and, ere swallowing the first mouthful, he again spoke aloud:

"What a fine figure! What beautiful blue eyes! But she seems to be a prude."

The handsome youth sighed, and by way of solace attacked his fried flounders with renewed zest. He was just finishing his meal when the tall figure of his host passed by the kitchen windows, and a moment later Martin Pendleton entered the room. Mindful of his manners, the younger man arose from his seat by the table and with almost courtly grace began expressing his thanks for the hospitality he had received.

"And now," he concluded, "I crave, good sir, yet one more favor at your hands. A permanent lodging place in Salem township I must find, and, hence, make bold to ask you to direct me to some good house."

The farmer turned to his granddaughter, who had just entered the kitchen, a basket of clean clothes in her hands.

"Know you of some good boarding place for our guest, Mary? Master Gosnold would fain find a permanent lodging in our midst."

"The Widow Banks', grandfather. She has a room vacant, and will give meals if desired."

The farmer turned once more to his waiting guest.

"The Widow Banks' is just the place for you, Master Gosnold. She is neat, honest, and has a reputation in our settlement as a cook."

"And where, good sir, may this paragon be found?"

"She lives in a cottage this side of North River. You go down the hill from here and across the knoll to South River, where it is spanned by a bridge. Follow the path beyond, and it will soon lead you to North River,

where there is a settlement. The first house you come to is the residence of the Rev. Mr. Parris; beyond that is a thicket of weeping willows, and on the other side of these trees is the Widow Banks' house. You may tell her I sent you to her."

"A thousand thanks! And now, good sir, ere I go, tell me, I pray you, what I owe for your most kind hospitality in receiving the wayfarer?"

At this speech the patriarchal old man drew himself up proudly.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Master Gosnold. I want no pay for extending the hand of welcome to one in need of bed and board under my roof."

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled. So he need not part with any of the gold sewed up in his belt! His cupidity was lost on his simple host, who accepted as sincere the thanks and expressions of gratitude that Roger Gosnold poured forth. Five minutes later, having got his cloak and hat from the room he had occupied, he was downstairs again, had made a low bow to the fair young daughter of the house who, with sleeves rolled up, was engaged in sprinkling the sweet-smelling clothes she had just brought in; and then, with a handshake from the old farmer, the strange guest was gone.

Martin Pendleton re-entered the kitchen and stood for a moment looking at his granddaughter, an amused twinkle in the blue eyes so heavily shadowed by shaggy brows.

"Methinks you were very cool to our guest, Mary."

"I liked him not, grandfather. Had I encouraged him, he would have been free."

"And what think you of our other guest, the schoolmaster?"

"A very different man, grandfather, and one I liked at once."

"Right you are, my Mary! 'Tis the saints have given you the instinct to know good from evil."

Blue eyes flashed a smile at the old man, as Mary Pendleton rolled and patted the last of the garments she had been dampening; then, placing each tightly rolled piece back in the basket, she pushed it under the table, and glanced at a tall old timepiece that was ticking away in a corner of the room.

"Eleven o'clock," she said. "I must fly around and get dinner, grandfather."

Soon she was bending over the stove, whence arose appetizing odors; and punctually at noon, when Israel Osborn and John Pendleton appeared above the hill that led up from the schoolhouse, the meal was ready. How homelike it was! With a little sigh, the schoolmaster thought with regret of going elsewhere. Hence it was with delight that he heard his kindly host suggest that he take his permanent abode in their house. Money in exchange the old man would not accept; but his granddaughter, owing to her home duties, had been obliged to leave school early. Would the schoolmaster, in exchange for his bed and board, give the young girl some instruction every evening? She wished to extend her education and imbibe more knowledge.

Willingly Israel Osborn agreed to this arrangement, and at a quarter to one he departed for the schoolhouse with a light heart. The farmer went back to the fields; and, left alone, Mary Pendleton sang like a lark, the while she flew about her household tasks. At three o'clock the last dish had been put away; her bread was in the oven, and she had got out her ironing board; but, before proceeding with her day's work, she ran to a cupboard, took out four worn and much used books, and, sitting down, began to pore over them. An arithmetic and speller she hardly noticed; a history interested her more; but the fourth book claimed closest attention: it was a French grammar left behind by some refugee,

a friend of her mother's. Slowly she spelled out a sentence: "*J-e t'-a-i-m-e*," she said. "What does it mean? Well, I will e'en ask Master Osborn." Then the books were laid aside and she began her ironing,—a task which did not prevent a riot of happy thoughts in her mind at the prospect, so long deferred, of increasing the sum of her knowledge.

III.

The long, swaying branches of a mighty willow that stood near the North River in Salem were parted, making for a moment an arched framework for a slender, girlish figure; then timidly she stepped out in the sunlight and paused for a moment before proceeding farther. Very pretty she was, with curly golden hair, grey eyes, and a rose-leaf complexion. Perhaps the mouth was weak; perhaps the glance of her eye slightly shifting; but most observers would let these traits pass unnoticed, and would rather be entranced by the graceful, rounded figure, and big eyes, shaded by a tangle of golden hair.

A moment later she imitated the note of a cuckoo, repeating the sound three times; then a smile swept across her face; for along the river bank she saw, speeding toward her, a tall, dark girl of about her own age. Advancing toward this newcomer, the two soon met; and, with a low-whispered word, hand in hand like two children, they sped along the green bank of the river until they had disappeared within a leafy thicket of the weeping willows. She of the golden hair spoke first.

"I thought you were never coming, Faith."

"I could not get away sooner, Hetty. Tituba was out in the yard hanging up her clothes to dry, so I had to go across the orchard and then along the river bank."

"Well, now that you are here, I have some news."

"Something new about the practice of necromancy for our next meeting?"

"Pshaw, no! 'Tis far more interesting than that."

"Then enlighten me, I pray you."

"What would you say if I told you it concerns a man?"

Faith Parris, the dark girl, looked at her pretty companion with an amused smile.

"I am listening," she said.

"And trying not to be curious. Well, dear Coz, I will not keep you too long in suspense. Know, therefore, that this morning, soon after the noon hour, I was just putting the bread in the oven, it being our baking day, when there came a knock on the door. Thinking it was old Nellie Hood, with our daily supply of milk, I went to the door without unrolling my sleeves or wiping the flour from my face (some of it I am sure was on my hair), and there on our doorstep stood the most wondrously handsome man."

"A stranger in these parts?"

"A stranger, surely. He was decked in a tight-fitting buff coat, with riding boots and spurs; and, seeing me, he doffed his plumed hat. 'Good-day, fair mistress,' he said. 'I seek one—the Widow Banks.'—'My mother,' I answered, trying not to blush, and feeling that I was getting as red as a peony. Then I stepped back from the door and said: 'Prithee enter, good sir, and I will call my mother, anon.' So he entered, and then I hid behind the door and listened to the conversation that followed. His name, he said, was Roger Gosnold. He had come from the north of England to Ville-Marie. A naturalist by profession, he had been commissioned to come to Salem township and study the flora of the surrounding country. He had been directed to our house by Farmer Pendleton, and hence he craved a room and board."

"'Tis an interesting story, Hetty.

And so he is really going to live with you?"

"Master Gosnold is now in our house, where he is making himself at home in the best room. It seems he was shipwrecked coming down on a sailing smack from Canada, and lost all his belongings save the clothes he has on; but that, he said, would soon be remedied. He would buy what he wanted at the store. All he craves is a quiet place and retirement, so he can prosecute his work."

"And you say he is handsome?"

"So handsome, Faith, that all the other men here will be put to shame. He is tall and dark, with curling hair and ruddy color, and a military figure; while his voice is like real music."

"A military figure, and yet a naturalist!"

"Why, I thought 'twas odd myself; but he explained that he had served in the British army by his father's command. Hating the service, he resigned, and since then has devoted himself to his chosen profession."

"Well, now that you have told your news, I'll tell mine. I also have met a man; and one, I trow, as good-looking as your naturalist."

Pretty Hetty knit her brows.

"Where met you him, and who is he?" she asked.

"'Tis the new school-teacher, Mr. Osborn by name. I met him this morning when I took Hope and Robert to school at Shady Creek."

"My certes, and you say he is good-looking? Prithee, then, he is also young?"

"Probably as young as your naturalist."

Hetty Banks' blue eyes sparkled.

"I trow," she said, "'twill be most interesting to have two such gallants added to our settlement."

"And which one, think you, shall we like the better?"

A silvery laugh was the answer, as

Hetty sprang to her feet and threw wide her arms.

"I must see your school-teacher and you must see my naturalist before that question can be answered," she said; "it may even be a close choice between them. My certes, Faith, you are droll."

There was a tinkle of a bell in the distance as Hetty ceased speaking.

"Our guest is ringing for me and I must go," she said. "Mother is out, and I told him to ring if he wanted me."

With a few parting words, and promises to meet again at the same trysting place on the morrow, the friends separated.

IV.

Israel Osborn's duties as school-master of Salem township had begun happily and were continued successfully. The children liked him from the first, and speedily became attached to him. Their love and interest thus gained, the rest was comparatively easy. Israel worked diligently, and noticed with satisfaction the rapid progress of his pupils. His hours in the schoolroom, and his long walks—sometimes taken alone, and more often with some of the older boys from his school,—made the time pass swiftly. Three months after his arrival in Salem he felt as much at home as if he had lived there for three years.

Not the least absorbing part of his work were the winter evenings spent in teaching Mary Pendleton. From the first she had proved an apt pupil. Her intelligent mind readily grasped the knowledge offered her. All unconsciously and without being aware of it, the two young people were becoming daily more and more interested in each other. As yet no word had been spoken; nothing had occurred to break down the natural barriers of reserve; but perhaps it needed only some trifling incident for each to understand how the other felt. One thing, however, they had soon found out: that each was of

the true Faith, and this knowledge had cemented their friendship.

One afternoon in late February, when there had been a sudden thaw joined to bright sunshine and soft, balmy air that seemed to herald an early spring, Israel came out of the schoolhouse about four o'clock. Closing and locking the door, he dropped the key in his pocket. The children had all dispersed, but the loveliness of the afternoon tempted him to take a solitary walk. Turning south, he began to climb one of the low hills. Presently he came out on the road that was the highway to Boston; and so rapid was his quick, swinging walk that he had covered five miles, and the sun was getting low in the west, ere he turned his steps homeward.

A mile on the return walk, he came to a narrow path on his left that led to a thick copse of trees and shrubs; beyond this were some woods. He knew it was a short cut to the Pendletons' house, lessening the walk by a mile and a half; and, mindful of the fact that he would probably be late to supper if he continued his walk back by way of the road, he abandoned the highway and plunged into the copse. It was dark, but with enough light for him to see his way easily. His feet made no sound on the spongy turf; and hence he was able to come to a sudden stop, to hide behind a tree, and to stifle what would otherwise have been a sudden exclamation; so that the being who had suddenly arrested his attention was totally unaware of his presence.

Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, about thirty feet in front of him, was Mary Pendleton clad in a white woollen dress and a long, heavy coat of the same material. Her hands, slender and beautiful, held a flageolet; and just as Israel paused, spellbound, she began to draw from the instrument sounds sweet and mellow, which the listener at once

recognized as the same music that had attracted him to the Pendletons' house on the night when he arrived in Salem.

Still standing motionless, he listened until the music ceased. He was just debating whether he should go forward and make his presence known, when another sound reached his ear. He heard a light footstep in the distance,—a voice, strangely familiar, calling, "Canidia, Canidia!" and around a bend in the path appeared the real Mary Pendleton. Seeing the girl on the fallen log, she broke into a run. A moment later she had her arm around the slender, white-robed figure.

"Dearest," she said, "it is late, and you have been in the woods for two hours! Now it is time to come home."

A soft laugh was the only answer; but the musician obediently arose, and, hand in hand, the two, who were exactly alike in height and figure, turned their backs on the silent spectator and soon were out of sight.

Then Israel Osborn drew a long breath. Who was this Canidia, whom he had never seen, whose identity was a mystery? From the close resemblance, she was either a sister or possibly even a twin of Mary Pendleton. One thing was plain: his generous and kindly hosts were trying to preserve her presence in the house as a secret. It was his duty, therefore, to respect their wishes and give no sign that he had seen the young girl in the woods, or knew aught of her existence.

He was about to leave his hiding place when another sound broke the stillness of the forest. First there was a cough, hastily stifled; then a low exclamation; and in the distance which he had just traversed he saw the light of a lantern. Quickly he changed his position and hid behind the trunk of the large tree where he had come to a standstill fifteen minutes before. The soft moss underfoot enabled him to shift his position without making a

sound. Curious to know who the new-comer was, he waited.

Then suddenly the light flashed past him, and he had no difficulty in recognizing the man who carried the lantern as Roger Gosnold, the naturalist, who was boarding at the Widow Banks' home. Israel was about to come out of his hiding place to greet him as a friendly acquaintance—one who, he supposed, was pursuing his studies as a naturalist in the woods,—when the man's actions arrested his attention and made him pause.

Reaching the trunk of the fallen tree where the young musician had been seated, the man dropped on all fours, and, by the aid of his lantern, he began to look carefully at the imprint of footsteps on the damp ground surrounding the log. From here he shifted his position to the path beyond, where he studied the ground more closely. A moment later he uttered an exclamation, then said to himself:

"The footprints of two women, alike in size, but wearing different shoes. One is Mary Pendleton beyond a doubt; the other?"

Rising from the ground, the man remained for several moments in deep thought; then, picking up his lantern, he again spoke aloud:

"Enough for to-night! I must find out more from that little simpleton at the Widow Banks' before I can plan further."

Swinging the lantern before him, the intruder turned back in the direction of Salem township; and not until the light had vanished, and the last sound of his footstep could be heard by keen listening ears, did Israel Osborn come out of his hiding place. Drawing a long breath, the school-teacher walked rapidly in the direction taken by the young girls. In ten minutes he came out on an open clearing; and then he noticed, what he had not seen before, that a little to the west of where he

stood there was a long arbor leading from the back of the Pendleton house to the woods. It was so cleverly concealed by trees, shrubs, and vines, that at a distance, or from the road beyond, it would not be noticed or suspected. Not unless one came out from the woods and were close to it, would its use as a passageway, or arbor, be revealed.

Without pause, but deeply stirred by all he had seen and heard, Israel hurried toward the house, thankful to find that he was not, after all, late for the evening meal. Neither did his host or hostess show any perturbation. Supper passed off cheerfully; and an hour later, when the dishes were washed and put away, Mary Pendleton brought out her books, and soon teacher and pupil were so deep in study that for the time being Israel forgot his adventure in the woods.

It was not until he had put out his lamp, and had sat down by the fire in his room before retiring for the night, that he let his mind recur to the events of the day. Nor did he fall asleep easily that night. That Roger Gosnold was no naturalist, but a spy, he felt certain; why or with what purpose he could not guess. He determined to keep his own counsel, and meanwhile watch the man as well as he could. If necessary, he could tell all to Martin Pendleton and put him on his guard. The mere fact, however, that the mystery in the house was being kept from himself as well as from the outside world made it a delicate matter for him to speak.

(To be continued.)

Martha and Mary.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

WHEN Light is dead, the busied Day
Folds weary hands and glides away;
While Night outspreads her starry hair
Upon His grave, and worships there.

The City of St. Cuthbert.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

III.—THE DESOLATION OF DURHAM.

THEN came the days when all this glory of Catholic Durham passed away, and the darkness of the so-called "Reformation" gradually eclipsed the brightness of Catholic days. When what the Protestant historian, Dr. Jessop, has aptly named "The Great Pillage" began under Henry VIII., the Benedictine priory of Durham was suppressed and the pilgrimage forbidden; St. Cuthbert's shrine was plundered of its treasures; the official robbers also stripping the rest of the cathedral of much of its church plate, sacred vessels, and gold and silver ornaments.

In 1537 the King's Commissioners, Dr. Lee, Dr. Henley, and Mr. Blythman, with a party of workmen, opened the outer shrine and took from it the inner shrine, or coffin. This was broken open, and to their wonder they found the body of the saint still flexible and incorrupt after eight hundred years. The coffin was removed to the sacristy and left there all night, while the Commissioners decided what was to be done with the body of the saint. Next morning they had it buried under the pavement of the platform, from which the shrine, with all its precious ornaments and ex-votos, had been removed. It is quite certain that on that morning a coffin containing what the Commissioners believed to be the body of St. Cuthbert was so interred.

In 1827 the tomb was opened by the cathedral authorities, and there were found in it not an incorrupt body, but a skeleton. The grave was closed down, and the official account of the discovery was that the bones of St. Cuthbert had been found. Dr. Lingard at once challenged this statement, basing his argument mainly on the Benedictine tradition that, in the night after the

desecration of the shrine, the monks of Durham had taken the incorrupt body of the saint from the coffin, replaced it by another dead body dressed in the bishop's robes, wrapping a linen cloth around the face, so that the Commissioners next morning thought that the body still lay as they had left it in the sacristy the evening before. Meanwhile the body of the saint had been secretly buried somewhere under the cathedral pavement.

The tradition of this hiding of the relics of St. Cuthbert is very widespread, and certainly dates back to an early time, but Catholic authorities are not unanimous in accepting it. If this version of what happened is correct, the truth is known only to three men, who, it is said, hand on the knowledge to another when one of them passes away. So the secret is kept, in hopeful expectation of the day when the cathedral will again pass into Catholic hands, and St. Cuthbert's body will be placed in a new shrine in the Chapel of the Nine Altars.

There are some undoubted historical instances of the body of a saint being saved from irreverent treatment by this device of placing another body in the menaced shrine and hiding away the real relics. This was done at Annecy, when the French Republican army invaded Savoy and there were fears that the shrine of St. Francis de Sales would be violated.

The late Fr. John Morris, S. J., who had a marvellous knowledge of all the lore connected with the relics of the English saints and martyrs, once told me a curious story about an attempt to bring the body of St. Cuthbert away from Durham some fifty years ago. A pious Catholic layman, who had a great devotion to the saint, thought he had found out the place where the body was hidden, and resolved to remove it by night and place it secretly in Catholic hands. He told no one of his project.

He was a man of means and leisure, and he stayed some months at Durham, working out his plans, and spending much time in the cathedral, where he became known to the vergers as an ardent student of its architecture and history. They thought he was perhaps "a bit of a crank," but he was open-handed and ready to reward any courtesy they showed him and any information they could give. He was often with them at locking-up time in the middle of the day and in the evening. Sometimes he had the keys in his hands for a moment, and he thought of making a mould or pressing of them, but feared to do so, lest he might arouse suspicion. He was able, however, to measure them roughly with his fingers, and studied them so carefully that he could make drawings of their wards.

Then he left Durham for a while. At first he thought of having keys made from his sketches, but he gave up the idea. The keys seemed to him to be so peculiar that any person who made one for him would be a likely witness against him if suspicion were aroused. So he became a collector of old keys. He might, he thought, get something like the Durham keys and file it down to the correct form. In this way he obtained a number of keys more or less like what he sought. One of them, which he found in the lumber of a curiosity shop in the south of England, seemed to him just what he wanted. He went back to Durham, hid himself one evening in the cathedral and was locked in. He tried his key after dark on one of the doors, and found he could open it. He went out, relocked the door, and started next day on the second stage of his enterprise.

He took a master mason into his confidence, so far as to tell him he had discovered where a treasure was buried under the cathedral pavement. He promised him a round sum of money for his help in an attempt to dig it up

secretly,—this to be paid whatever was the result, and a still larger sum in case of success. The mason entered into the plan. It was the time of the long winter nights. The "treasure hunter" was to hide in the cathedral again, be locked in, and come to one of the doors at an appointed hour when all was quiet. Outside, the mason was to be waiting with three or four workmen, who were to be led to believe that they were employed on this midnight work with the consent of the cathedral authorities, but that it was a confidential business. They were to bring with them tools and shaded lanterns.

At first all went well. The searcher hid himself, admitted the mason and his party, and led them to where the pavement was to be opened and an excavation driven under a wall. But then the mason absolutely refused to put his men to work. He said it would be impossible to break into the heavy masonry of floor and wall, and replace everything before morning. In vain his employer urged him at least to see how far the work could be pushed in an hour or two. The attempt had to be abandoned. It was well for the employer that the mason had refused to act on his wild idea; for years after some restoration work carried out at this very spot showed that there was nothing but the solid masonry of the foundations below the place.

The last of the Catholic bishops of Durham was Cuthbert Tunstall, expelled from his See by Queen Elizabeth. He died a prisoner for the Faith, even though his captivity was only a mitigated custody under the charge of the Protestant Archbishop Parker. The Queen appointed as first Protestant Bishop of St. Cuthbert's See a certain James Pilkington, who had been a refugee at Geneva in Queen Mary's reign, and had there become a thoroughgoing Calvinist. He chose as

his Dean William Whittingham, who had been with him at Geneva, and had there married Calvin's sister. The dean had never received Orders of any kind, beyond a call to the Calvinist ministry; but the Elisabethan "Reformers" were not particular about Orders. The appointment of the Crown was enough for them.

The strange theory of the continuity of "the Protestant religion as by law established" with the Catholicity of Saxon and Mediæval England had not yet been invented. Pilkington and Whittingham were quite decided that there must be a complete break with the past. The altars of Durham were thrown down; a plain table on trestles was placed in the choir; every reminder of the old Faith was removed or destroyed. But most of the men of Northern England still clung to that old Faith. In 1569 they assembled in arms, under the leadership of Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and Neville, Earl of Westmoreland. They proclaimed that the Queen was in the hands of evil advisers, who had set up "a new-found religion and heresy contrary to God's word"; and among their demands was the restoration of the "Holy Mass in Latin" instead of the newfangled English service of Common Prayer. They marched on Durham. The Protestant bishop and dean and their friends fled, and the insurgents occupied the city. The altar was re-erected in the cathedral choir, and Mass was said again.

Their success, however, did not last long. On the advance of the royal army, they dispersed after some insignificant skirmishes. The Earls had been able to muster and equip only 1700 horse and 4000 foot, and they were heavily outnumbered by the force arrayed against them under the Earl of Sussex. The victor took a cruel vengeance. Sussex boasted that there was not a village from Newcastle to

Yorkshire without its gallows and its dead. In Durham city he hanged sixty-seven of his prisoners. Neville escaped to the Continent. Percy took refuge in Scotland, but three years after he was handed over to Elisabeth and beheaded at York. As Blessed Thomas Percy, he is numbered among the beatified martyrs of England.

For the sake of a contemporary testimony against the strange theory held by some Anglicans in England and Episcopalians in America (but unknown to the rest of the world, and unheard of till the last century), that the Reformation Church of England was one with the Catholic Church of earlier centuries, it is worth while to quote the martyred Earl's words at the place of execution on August 22, 1572.

"It is the custom," he said, "for those undergoing this kind of punishment to address some words to the bystanders as to the cause of their being put to death. Know, therefore, that from my earliest years down to this present day, I have held the Faith of that Church which, throughout the whole Christian world, is knit and bound together; and in this same Faith I am about to end this unhappy life. But as for this new Church of England, I do not acknowledge it."

Here a Protestant minister interrupted him, crying out in a loud voice: "I see that you are dying an obstinate Papist,—a member not of the Catholic but of the Roman Church."

And the Earl replied: "That which you call the Roman Church is the Catholic Church, which was founded on the teaching of the Holy Apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being its corner stone; strengthened by the blood of martyrs; honored by the recognition of the Holy Father. And it continues always the same, being the Church against which, as Christ our Saviour said, the gates of hell shall not prevail."

The martyr who bore this testimony

to the old Faith of England had a good right to protest that the "new Church of England" had no link with it. He was born in days when England was still Catholic. His father, another Earl of Northumberland, had also died for the old Faith, executed by Henry VIII. as one of the leaders of an earlier rising of the North—the "Pilgrimage of Grace"—when he went out to make a fight "for God, Our Lady, and the Catholic Faith." So Thomas Percy gave his life, as his father had done, in protest even unto blood against the still more deadly onslaught on the old Faith directed by Henry's daughter Elisabeth. He declared that the true Church of God was "always the same." In a little more than forty years of life, he had seen the changes of the new religion. Under Henry it was a revolt against the supremacy of the Holy See. Under Elisabeth it had gone further, and the Mass was banned. And the changes have been going on ever since.

In our own day, while one group of Anglicans is trying to introduce into the Established Church doctrines and practices of Catholicism, another has abandoned the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. One of the leaders of this school is now installed, as Protestant Bishop of Durham, in St. Cuthbert's cathedral. It is safe to say that the doctrine he teaches, and has taught for years, would have been repudiated not only by all the Catholic bishops from St. Cuthbert down to Cuthbert Tunstall, but also by all the Protestant bishops, from the Calvinist Pilkington in Elisabeth's days down to the High Churchman Lightfoot in Queen Victoria's.

For Dr. Hensley Henson does not regard the Scriptures as the written word of God; counts Christ as a mere man; and has once at least preached in so many words that the chapters of St. Luke's Gospel which tell the story of Nazareth and Bethlehem are not even

reliable human history, but only a beautiful poetic legend. The "new Church of England" has surely travelled far on the downward grade since Sussex overthrew the altar in Durham choir, and Percy died on the scaffold at York. It is a new desolation for the city of St. Cuthbert that such a prelate should be enthroned in its cathedral.

Let me end with a note of consolation. Almost under the shadow of the cathedral towers, a Catholic church, where the Holy Sacrifice banished from St. Cuthbert's choir is daily offered, witnesses that the old Faith lives on, "always the same." And a few miles away, in the hills that look down on St. Cuthbert's city, there is the College of St. Cuthbert, at Ushaw, which has given many hundreds of priests to the Church. It is, as Cardinal Wiseman wrote, the heir of the sacred memories linked with—

Holy Cuthbert's rifled shrine
And Bede's yet hallowed tomb.
(The End.)

An Idyl in France.

BY CHARLES H. MACKENZIE.

SHE knelt there alone, Rosary in hand, in the gloom of the shell-pierced church. Through those very doors she had brought him, her little babe, in her arms. His great blue eyes had rounded, when she knelt with him before the shrine. His little face had lit up at the wonder of it all. His baby voice had hushed, and he had kept very still; it had seemed as though he knew that he was in the house of God.

This holy place, filled with happy memories, brought back to her mind dim pictures of the past: the cherubic smile of her little one; his prattle throughout the long, happy days; his lisping prayers at her knee when night had come and he was sleepy-eyed,—

simple peasant prayers they were, handed down from generation to generation, and taught to countless children before the great open fireplaces of the poor; trustful prayers, sanctified and consecrated by the faith and the hope and the love of a thousand years.

All too soon had passed the years of helplessness. All too soon came the day when he left the protection of her loving arms, and manfully, yet unsteadily, went forth to seek what adventures might lie in wait for him in the unexplored nooks and corners of the little garden. Yes, his footsteps grew sure all too soon. Oh, that he could always have been but a little child!

Those were joyous years, of mutual love and adoration. He filled her lonely life. She saw in him a gift, as it were, from God, her greatest blessing, her one mission in life. As he grew older, hours of separation had to come. He went to school with the other children of the town; but, then, his absence made her delight more and more in his company. He would come running home to her, and they would greet each other as though they had been parted for a week. He would tell her the story of his day, and she would listen and marvel at his simple little tale. How good God had been!

Through those arched doors they used to come to pay homage to their Lord, often in the afternoon, and sometimes in the falling dusk of evening. On Sunday mornings he would take her by the hand and together they would join the solemn little procession of the good country-folk on their way to Holy Mass. And then, perhaps, the good curé would meet them, and would stop and lay his hand on the little golden head, and tell her what a man her son was growing to be. How proud of him she was, her little Joseph! How she thanked God for the comfort of her life! And now—

These broken walls had witnessed many happy moments. At this altar railing, now bruised and broken by the desecrating hand of war, had come to her and to him the greatest joy of all. Here God had come and dwelt with them. The day of First Communion,—the happiest and most memorable day in the life of the French Catholic: she remembered it as though it were only yesterday,—the little boys and girls receiving for the first time the Sacred Host from the hands of the priest, and among them her Joseph. He had confided to her then that he wished always to serve his Eucharistic King; and she had smiled at his ardor, and her heart was glad. She knew now that Joseph loved Him more than her, but she was content.

And then, not long after, he came home one day to tell her that the curé was going to teach him to serve Mass. Together they puzzled over the strange Latin words, and she learned the responses for the Mass with him. She began to feel in earnest now that he was growing to need her less and less.

One bright Sunday, in the springtime of the year, she sat in her time-stained pew, here in the church, and watched her little son, her little Joseph, enter the sanctuary with the silver-haired priest, to serve Mass for the first time. It seemed impossible. How her heart fluttered. Perhaps he would forget! But no! With the solemn gravity of boyhood, he performed his simple duties without mistake. She watched him, proud of him, hopeful, and yet half fearful of what the coming years might bring. All was so bright then—

Then came the sickness. He was very near death. His face was flushed and wasted with the fever. For days he knew none but her. The doctor came, shook his head sadly, and turned away from the bedside; he told her that God alone could save Joseph for her. Then the venerable curé had

come, bringing with him the Bread of Life and the sacred oils. Oh, how she had watched and suffered and prayed! If God would only spare him to her!

A change came one day. The doctor said it was a miracle. From that time on he grew steadily better. He was given back to her, as it were, as one from the dead. Many weeks passed before the ruddy glow of health returned to his cheeks. How good it was to have him well again!

But now, it seemed, he was no longer the merry, care-free little fellow of old. He went about his play as usual, it is true, and he continued to do a thousand little things to lighten her duties; but in some way he seemed to be less and less the child, and more and more the man.

She would never forget—he was thirteen then,—he came to her one evening, shortly after the bishop had confirmed him, and she kissed him as was her wont.

"My son, what is it?"

"Maman" (rather shyly), "I want to be a priest."

Her heart leaped. Her son a priest? Her little Joseph? Her little child? Was it possible? She kissed him again, and after a few moments of silence they went to the feet of Our Lord, here in this holy place. And here she poured forth her *Magnificat* of praise and thanksgiving and gladness to the God who had so blessed her. It seemed that he must have been spared from death for this. She made him her offering to God.

How often they had come to this little church. In joy and in sorrow it had been a place of comfort and solace. What memories these broken walls enclosed,—holy memories, her last bond of union to happier days!

Perhaps she had been too happy with him, too proud of him; but he was her only treasure. And the saintly curé

told her that she might well be proud of him, and that it was no sin for her. And he assured her, too, that Joseph had a true vocation,—that her son would some day, God willing, be a priest of Jesus Christ.

To be the mother of a priest! Like the Virgin Mother of the Most High, she asked in her heart how this thing could be done; and she seemed to be answered, as was Mary, that through the power of the Holy Ghost all things might be done. Yet her mother's heart was sad, too! for she realized that during those long years of study which lay ahead he could not be with her. It would be hard, yet she would not utter a word of regret.

And he felt as she. To leave his home, his little mother, and all the familiar scenes of childhood,—it must have been hard for him. On the day when he was to leave for the Petite Seminaire at Issy, when all the preparations had been made, he came to sit with her for the last time. They were content to remain in the garden together, silent, happy in each other's company.

"Maman," he began.

"Yes, my Joseph?"

"Do you think that Our Lord grieved to leave His home at Nazareth?"

"Yes, my son, it did grieve Him; and yet He left all behind, to take up His mission and to prepare for the Cross."

"And I, maman,—I must be like Him?"

"Yes, Joseph; for you are to be another Christ; and, like Him, you must leave your mother and all else behind, and go to do God's will."

Those days which followed were lonely for her. The light seemed to have gone from her life. His letters, of course, cheered her, as did the realization that he was preparing for God's work. Then, too, holidays came, and they were happy weeks indeed.

In time he went from Issy to the

great Seminary of Saint Sulpice, in Paris. Ever after he was clothed in the habit of the clergy. He was tall now, and very dark, with such delicate chiselling of features. She was proud of him,—so proud,—too proud, perhaps.

Came the great day of ordination, in the brightness of July, and afterward his first High Mass in this very church. It was almost incredible. And then, almost before the sacred oils were dry upon his fingers, the grim, black shadow of war fell across the land, and the summons came for him to report at once for service in the Army of the Republic. The sword had begun to enter into her heart.

He made a hurried visit to her, on a dark autumn day. He kissed her, and assured her that everything would yet be well. Then he was off, to change the black of his clerical habit for the blue tunic of the soldiers of France,—forced to harden his newly consecrated hands with spade and rifle.

From that time on she tried to be reconciled to the will of God. She tried to be like the Blessed Mother, whose heart was torn with grief when she was left behind and her Son went on to death. The days were long,—oh, so long! And the nights were longer. She always felt the premonition of impending loss.

After months of waiting, her priest-soldier son came home to her for a few days of well-earned rest. He was tired and worn, but unhurt as yet, and immensely happy. He said little of the hardships of his new life,—the tiresome drill, the weary marches, and the actual horror of the firing line. He told her instead of the great, unworked field in which he was privileged to toil for the salvation of souls. He told her of the confidence his fellow-soldiers had in him, and of how his commander permitted him to hear confessions and to say Mass when opportunity allowed. He told her of the consolation he was

able to give to the dying, and of the souls that through God's grace he had been able to help.

They parted once more. She never saw him again. They told her of his death. He was with his company in the trenches, when it was reported that some soldiers were mortally wounded in a near-by shell-hole which was constantly swept by the enemy fire. Her Joseph immediately sought permission to go to them—and he was killed at their side. That was all. The body was never recovered.

Alone she knelt there, Rosary in hand, in the gloom of the shell-pierced church. One by one the beads had slipped through her fingers. She had come to the end of the decade; she had finished the last of the Sorrowful Mysteries; all that remained now for her was to make the last act of resignation to the will of God. Humbly she bent her head, and from her heart came the words of praise:

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

She made the Sign of the Cross, and fervently kissed the feet of the figure upon her crucifix. Her sacrifice was complete.

I HAVE searched for happiness in the elegant life of the drawing-room, in sumptuous banquets, and in the dissipation of balls and theatres. I have taken part in many festivals. I sought for it also in the possession of gold, in the excitement of gaining, in the illusions of marvellous romances, but in vain, while one hour spent in visiting a sick person, in consoling one in affliction, in helping an unfortunate man, has sufficed to procure me an enjoyment more delicious than all worldly delights.—*A Young Man, quoted by the Rev. Father Felix.*

A Prayer of Faith.

BY THE REV. C. MENNIS, D. D.

"O MY Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments, and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations! Let the absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me, and Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling; and let my sweet Mother Mary breathe on me, and my angel whisper peace to me, and my glorious saints . . . smile upon me; that in them all, and through them all, I may receive the gift of perseverance, and die, as I desire to live, in Thy faith, in Thy Church, in Thy service, and in Thy love. Amen." (A prayer by Cardinal Newman for a happy death.)

A saintly solemn, sweetly-thoughtful prayer, imbued with the spirit of sound doctrine and solid piety. It is a personal, peculiar prayer, untainted withal by any tinge of selfishness; for dying is a severely individual act. We must go out as we came into the world—alone.

With cumulative stress, the great convert reiterates the Lordship and the saving mission of Christ. There is no other name under heaven whereby man can be saved. "O my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments and by the fresh fragrance of Thy consolations." There is a pathetic, if implied, plea in the word Saviour. The word Lord expresses complete mastership, absolute control. Standing alone, there is a seeming aloofness, if not severity, in it. Coupled with the soothing magic of Saviour, it blends into a melody, sweet and fear-dispelling as the crooning of a mother's lullaby.

"Support me in that [last] hour." The first hour of life is like the last hour—helpless. If the new-born babe

is left alone for the first hour, the delicate flower will wilt and wither. Love and tenderness, like twin angels with outstretched wings, shield and solace the fragile life. If the unborn infant could cry from his mother's womb he would say: 'Support me, help me, you at least, O my friends, when my mother is helpless!' The second childhood of physical impotency is accentuated in the last hour. The birth pangs of a new life are turning all the past to pain. The soul is crushed between the upper and the nether millstone of yesterday and to-morrow. The pleasing, awesome thought of eternity's dawn before the next stroke of the clock; and sorrow's crown of sorrow in thinking of what might have been,—the good word left unspoken; the broken promises; the wounded hearts; the cruel and the bitter word that crushed as it fell; and the greater things of the law so often slighted or ignored; God loved neither with the whole heart nor the whole soul nor the whole mind. And how about the neighbor that had a legal right to the love like unto self-love?

"O my Lord and Saviour, support me in that hour," when all these torturing thoughts, like whips, will come to scourge the soul, and when the "dogs of hell" will be unleashed for the last, grim, decisive charge!

"Support me in the strong arms of Thy Sacraments." The Sacraments are divine instruments of grace and love, as the mother's arms embracing the child are instruments of the mother's love. "Strong arms of Thy Sacraments" is an odd and picturesque phrase, but apt and illuminating. When theologians tell us that the Sacraments are instruments of grace, they express a divine truth in a plain, unvarnished fashion. But the plain man needs more than naked, unadorned truth for his soul. He who knew what was in man put the lilt of the thrush

and the fragrance of the rose into His instructions. "Behold the lilies of the field: how they grow. They labor not, neither do they spin." "And the new wine that I will drink with you in My Father's kingdom, etc."

So, too, with "the strong arms of Thy Sacraments." If our Saviour came visibly to our deathbed and put His arms around us, He could do no more for us than He does by the strong arms of the last Sacraments. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick man," and (through the grace of Extreme Unction) the Lord shall raise him up from the valley of the shadow of doubt and fear, to the mystic mountain of hope that looks over the river of death upon the green slopes of the Promised Land.

"Let Thy absolving words be said over me, and the holy oil sign and seal me." When the priest says, "I absolve thee," he speaks in the name and by the authority of Christ. He is but the organ that transmits and makes audible the voice of Christ. "He that heareth you, heareth Me." The holy oil that signs our senses is the Master's seal, the stamp of ownership.

"Let Thy own Body be my food, and Thy Blood my sprinkling." "He that eateth My flesh shall live forever.... He abideth in Me, and I in him, and I will raise him up on the last day." He who dies with the Blessed Eucharist in his heart dies as St. Joseph died—his head pillowed on the breast of Christ. Moses sprinkled with blood both the tabernacle and all the vessels of the ministry,—a solemn seal of consecration. In Holy Communion we are sprinkled with the Precious Blood. It sweetens the holocaust of ourselves, and is the signature of Christ to the everlasting covenant,—the irrevocable contract by which we transfer to Christ our body and soul.

"Let my sweet Mother Mary breathe on me, and my angel whisper peace to me, and Thy glorious saints smile upon

me." The Communion of Saints is the friendship of the saints. Friendship is at its best in the hour of need. Mary would not be our Mother if she did not come, and come accompanied, to us in the last dread hour, to do for our sick souls what our natural mother does for our sick bodies.

"That in and through them all ... I may die as I desire to live, in Thy Faith, in Thy Church, and in Thy Love."

The Catholic who falls asleep in the Faith and love of Christ will wake up on the eternal morning in the Upper Room, and sit down with the elect at Christ's own table.

The Last Kings of Pagan Ireland.

IN 431 Pope Celestine sent St. Palladius "to the Scots believing in Christ," to be their bishop; so there must have been Christians in the island to render such a measure needful. There is no authentic account of the manner or way in which these early Christians received the Faith. Conjecture, however, has it that in the many plundering excursions made by the last two kings of pagan Ireland into Britain and Gaul, the Irish (or Scots, as they were called) may have come to know something of the Christian religion. These two kings were Niall of the Nine Hostages, and Dathy, his successor. It is supposed to have been during the reign of the former that St. Patrick, with his two sisters, was carried captive to Ireland. Niall paid for his love of warfare with his life. He was assassinated on the banks of the Loire in 405.

Niall was succeeded by his grand-nephew, Dathy, who inherited the military ambition of his dead kinsman. No sooner was he established on the throne than he began to make raids on the lands of his neighbors. His Druids had told him that he was to be king of Alba (Scotland), and Dathy was delighted

with the prophecy. He held a great meeting at Tara, and a feast of more than usual magnificence was kept. Bonfires blazed, the Druids chanted, and, with the approval of all, the King set out on an expedition to Gaul at the head of an immense army. He pursued his victorious way, striking terror wherever he went.

The foraying went on successfully till Dathy and his host reached the Alps. In one of the solitudes at the foot of the loftiest mountain, there lived a hermit of royal race named Parmenius. The pious old man led a very austere life, shut off from all intercourse with the world. But the King had no respect for his sanctity. Dathy demolished the tower that gave the holy hermit shelter; and the legend goes on to tell how he warned the King of his coming sudden death. The elements verified the prophecy:

Forth from the thundercloud
Leaps out a foe as proud,
Sudden the monarch bowed,
On rushed the vanguard.
Wildly the King they raise,
Struck by the lightning's blaze,
Ghastly his dying gaze,
Clutching his standard.

The army was terror-stricken. Dathy's son took command; and the host began its retreat, carrying the remains of the King. It is said that as many as ten fierce battles were fought before the Irish forces could finally reach the coast. Then:

...mournfully and dolefully
The Irish warriors sailed away
O'er the deep resounding sea,
Till, wearily and mournfully,
They anchored in Eblana's bay.

This carrying home of their dead King shows that the ancient Irish had, as they still have, a great reverence and love for the dead. Dathy was interred with his kin.

Broad is his carn's base,
Nigh the "King's burial-place,"
Last of the pagan race,
Lieth King Dathy.

Fallacies as to Thoughts.

NOT a few persons imagine that in order to become a sin, and especially a mortal or deadly sin, one's thought must be externalized in word or act; in other words, that there is no such thing as a sin of thought. It is difficult to account for the error in those who, occasionally at least, say the *Confiteor*, with its "I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed." The fact is that not only may we sin grievously in thought—that is, in mind and heart,—but our words and acts are sins only inasmuch as they are influenced by our thoughts, spring from an evil mind and will. It is obvious to remark that, in speaking of sins of thought, we take the word "thought" to mean not only the working of the mind but the inclination of the will. The word includes mental images, judgments, mental pleasure, desire, and resolve. Now, it is manifestly a fallacy to suppose that murmuring in heart against the providence of God, cherishing feelings of hatred or revenge against a neighbor, or dwelling with pleasure on mental images opposed to the virtue of purity for instance, or the like interior operations, are devoid of sinfulness.

Another fallacy about thoughts entertained by a good many anxious souls is that evil thoughts that come into one's head, however involuntarily, are sinful; that their mere presence in the mind is a transgression against God's law. Very little reflection should suffice to dispel such an idea. In the first place, no one can sin without willing to do so. As St. Augustine puts it, where there is no will, there is no sin. To be troubled by thoughts against faith or charity or purity is unwise, provided we take no pleasure in such thoughts and try our best to get rid of them: they are temptations, not sins.

The Worth of Knowing How.

WHILE the man in the street is probably quite willing to acknowledge the worth of science in the abstract, he very often ignores that worth in concrete cases, and is apt to gauge the value of an individual scientist's labor by the amount of time spent in performing it. The philosophy of the matter was fully understood by the Negro office boy of a Western dentist. A disgruntled patient who had just paid two dollars for having a tooth extracted remarked to the lad: "Pretty soft money your boss makes: two dollars for a two-minute job, worth at most about ten cents."—"Yassuh," replied the office boy; "ten cents for pullin' the tooth, and one dollar and ninety cents for the know how."

A story from the Old Transvaal illustrates the same point. An expensive engineering plant had been sent out to Johannesburg, but after being assembled and set up it could not be started. Something was wrong. An engineering expert was called in. After an examination he went over a number of points with a hammer and did a few other things. Then, when the power was put on, the machinery worked to perfection. When the expert's bill for one hundred guineas came in, however, the firm thought it too high, and wrote to him saying that his fee seemed to them excessive for simply tapping the machinery with a hammer. Would he please send a detailed account? The expert then sent in this account: "To tapping machinery with a hammer, 100s. To knowing where to tap machinery with a hammer £100. Total, 100gs."

The lesson that specialized knowledge legitimately demands a higher price for its services than does unskilled labor needs to be recalled occasionally to persons who presumably know this thoroughly. It was very neatly taught,

for instance, to an Anglican bishop, of a diocese in southern England. He had engaged an architect to make some modifications in the plans for a new church; and when, in the course of some two hours the work was completed, he inquired the amount of the architect's bill. "One hundred pounds," was the reply.—"A hundred pounds!" exclaimed the astonished bishop. "Why, that's fully as much as I pay one of my curates as a year's salary."—"That may be," rejoined the architect; "but you must remember—that in my profession I am a bishop."

A Notable Speech.

ALL who have read attentively the speech of Senator La Follette in support of the resolution, introduced by him on the 12th ult., declaring that the independence of the Republic of Ireland ought to be recognized by the Government of the United States—it is printed entire in the "Congressional Record" for April 26,—must admit, whether they agree with "the gentleman from Wisconsin" or not, that it is a very notable speech,—of timely importance, factful, logical, and forceful. The Senator, as everyone knows, is one of the ablest speakers and best debaters in the Senate. A man of convictions, formed from deep knowledge and wide experience, he never fails to uphold them with courage and consistency. He was listened to on the occasion with the attention which his utterances always deserve. His stand was this:

Ireland is to-day a test of real Americanism. Those who to-day most actively oppose recognition of the independence of Ireland in her struggle for freedom from Great Britain are of the same mind, the same flesh, the same blood, as the Tories of 1776. Those who to-day favor recognition, by the United States, of Irish independence, stand upon the great fundamental principles of human liberty which were written into the Declaration of Independence.

I believe that Ireland should be free,—as

free and independent as any nation on the globe. I believe that she should be as independent and have as complete dominion over her own destiny as England, France, or the United States, and by the same right,—the inherent right of every nation to a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. I go further than that: I believe that this country, without violating any of the usages of international law, without giving any other nation just cause for ill-will, should do everything within its power, consistent with its own principles and traditional policy, to encourage the recognition of Ireland as a free and independent republic.

I stand for this Government doing no more for Ireland than we have done for other small nations of the world; but I stand for this Government doing no less. I am unalterably opposed to those who would have us abandon that traditional policy and make us, by cowardly silence, accomplices of the oppressors of Ireland.

Senator La Follette then proceeded to expound the American doctrine of recognition, declaring that it grew out of our Revolution, showing that it was formulated by Jefferson, defended by Webster, and upheld by Lincoln. In the second part of his speech, the Senator dealt with the arguments against Irish independence, stating them explicitly and unequivocally, refuting them with indisputable facts and overpowering reasons. "I shall not argue either now or later," he said, "that we should intervene with military force to make Ireland free; but I am contending that, upon every obligation which should control men and nations, we should pass the resolution now before the Senate."

Reverting in the conclusion of his speech to the first declaration made in its exordium, after vigorously denouncing the British policy in Ireland—"unless arrested, it can come to no issue except the extermination of the Irish people,"—Senator La Follette said with emphasis: "On this issue, every American citizen, every lover of liberty in the world, should stand with the Irish people for the independence of Ireland."

Notes and Remarks.

Some widely prevalent, though entirely erroneous, opinions regarding the Roman Catacombs are corrected by the Rev. A. Henderson, from whose interesting little volume, "The Lesson of the Catacombs," we lately made a quotation. The Catacombs were not the ordinary places of worship resorted to by the Christians of the earliest centuries, nor was there for long periods need of worshipping in secret. Altars were erected in numerous private houses in the city, and their location was well known to the faithful,—the houses of Aquila and Priscilla, Philologus and Julia, etc. Before the persecution of Diocletian, A. D. 303, there were as many as twenty-five public churches in Rome, and no fewer than fifteen suburban basilicas. The ruins of some of those churches may still be seen, and the sites of others are well authenticated.

"In times of special danger, which were frequent enough," writes Mr. Henderson, "and when a wave of persecution threatened to break over the Church, there could be no certain place of meeting, as a stream of people passing in any one direction could not fail to have attracted attention. Hence, assemblies in the Catacombs were, for the most part, connected with particular occasions, and the knowledge of their existence was too precious a secret to be entrusted indiscriminately to the multitude of believers. As it was, there are not wanting instances of treachery on the part of false brethren who, through fear or other motives, betrayed the place of meeting to the civil authorities. A notable instance is that which led to the martyrdom of Pope St. Xystus and his archdeacon, St. Lawrence, in the year 258...."

"On another occasion, when a large number of people had been seen to enter a Catacomb on the *Via Salaria*, the

soldiers built up the entrance and left the multitude to starve. Long afterwards the place was opened up; but when Pope Damasus looked down into the crypt and saw the skeletons, with the candlesticks and sacred vessels used in the celebration of that last Mass of those martyrs, he decided not to disturb the relics, and ordered the wall to be built up again; and there they remain to this day, the actual spot not having since been discovered."

Most of the worst accusations made against the German army during the occupation of Belgium are now admitted by Belgians themselves, and also by Englishmen, to be false. It was a necessary part of the war propaganda to paint the enemy in the blackest colors. This simple explanation seems to be quite sufficient and entirely satisfactory for all except those who do not admit the necessity of representing the Germans as monsters of cruelty, etc. One of these difficult persons, as the French call them, who insist on explaining everything to others, or having everything explained to themselves—he is described as a "well-known English author and journalist,"—wrote a while ago to the *Westminster Gazette*:

"It does not appear to be on record that the Germans in Belgium ever threatened the Belgians with punishment if they did not actually become informers against their fellow-countrymen; [but] the British authorities in Ireland have made it a crime for a friend not to inform against a friend, or even for a woman not to inform against a brother, husband or lover. Nay, not merely inform: it is a crime for an Irishman not actually to spy and not to hasten to the authorities with the news obtained by spying. Is there, in all the world's black history of oppression, any other edict quite so meanly vindictive as that printed in your columns, according to which a person

'whose relatives join the rebels' must give information; that 'all persons must make adequate arrangements to report the presence of rebels immediately'; that, if a party of rebels visit a house, the inhabitants thereof must spy on their movements and hasten to the military with the intelligence; that 'an attitude of neutrality' renders any person 'liable to be tried'?"

If there has been a satisfactory answer to this blunt question from any source, it has escaped our notice. But we find a correspondent of another English journal asking: "Has England no regard for her reputation?" And he quotes Lord Bryce as saying, "Everywhere—in Australia, in Canada, and on the European Continent—the old reputation of Britain for justice is being tarnished, and her influence in the world is suffering."

In a pamphlet which contains the materials for his new book, "American Police Systems," Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick considers crime in America and the influence which the police bring to bear against it. There are weirdly interesting statistics to show that our crime-rate is the highest among supposedly civilized peoples. Thus, in 1917, Chicago had four more murders than England, Scotland, and Wales; in 1919 this American city had six times the number of murders committed in London! These figures are typical of all, whether the nature of the crime be homicide, burglary or robbery. There is abundant food for reflection in these reports, and in the analysis of the American system of justice which the author appends to them. Perhaps the most arresting part of the pamphlet, however, is that which deals with unenforceable laws. "Nowhere in the world," says Dr. Fosdick, "is there so great an anxiety to place the moral regulation of social affairs in the hands of the police, and nowhere are the

police so incapable of carrying out such regulation. . . . We attack symptoms rather than causes; and in doing so we create a species of moralistic despotism, which overrides the private conscience and destroys liberty where liberty is most precious."

The Blue Sunday sort of thing is merely a frantic attempt to goad the individual with adhesive red tape; the way out is to make Sunday and its meaning red-letter things throughout the Republic.

It is a delightful experience to see ourselves as others see us—when they are capable of seeing straight. A most faithful observer is Mr. Alexander Francis, and consequently he has many favorable things to say about us in his book, "Americans: An Impression." The self-assertiveness of our people is due, he thinks, rather to superabundant vigor than to vanity; this makes them "impressionable and volatile, and disposed to run to extremes"; and, while it is undeniable that their practical side has developed at the expense of their artistic capabilities and high intellectual output, there still exists a deeper life "which has suffered no permanent evil from the gusts of commercial passion with which its surface is constantly swept." "A humble heart," Mr. Francis says, "has always been beneath their bluster and brag." In fact, he is of opinion that bragging in America is in danger of becoming a lost art; an opinion with which Lord Alfred Douglas can hardly coincide. That is because he does not know us as well as Mr. Francis. Bragging? It is true that Americans are somewhat given to exaggeration, and that in a few of the larger cities of the United States the secret of silence, dignity, and repose seems to have been lost; but boastfulness is not, and never was, among our national foibles, as all the world knows. We beg to assure

Lord Alfred that he wouldn't consider all the bragging of Americans, at home or abroad, worth mentioning if he knew how much there is to brag about over here. Our modesty should be known to all men, especially to British subjects.

From New Orleans comes additional corroborative testimony for the contention not infrequently made in these columns: that our Catholic schools, so far from being inferior, are generally superior to the public schools. Speaking of the annual competitive contest recently held in that city, the *Morning Star* says: "Last year all the principal prizes were won by our parochial school pupils. But the remarkable manner in which they carried off every one of six out of seven last week, speaks volumes for the superiority of the Catholic school system. Every one of the public schools and the parochial schools of New Orleans and several private institutions entered the contest. Over 350 papers were submitted, the best having been sent from each school. The board of fourteen judges was composed of leading educators and representative citizens, and all but two or three were non-Catholic."

The moral is that, nowadays at least, there is no force whatever in the objection once so freely made by snobbish Catholic parents to their children's frequenting our own schools: "Oh, the public schools are so much better and more efficient!"

The appointment of Bishop Mostyn, of Menevia, to the Archbishopric of Cardiff, in Wales, is being hailed throughout that country as an exceptionally happy event. For the time being at least, the Welshman who looms largest in the land of the Cymry is not the politician, Lloyd George, but the distinguished churchman, Archbishop Mostyn. The secular press adds its

congratulations to the eulogies pronounced by Catholic journalists. The influential *Western Mail* (Cardiff), for instance, devotes a leading article to the prelate, saying among other graceful things: "Dr. Mostyn is a Welshman whose sympathy with our national ideals and aspirations is profound. He speaks the language, and employs it in his religious and other activities; and his devotion to the public welfare is attested by his life-work as priest and bishop, spent mainly within the borders of the Principality. We feel that his advent to the supreme office of his Church in this part of the country will imply an enrichment of the spiritual forces engaged in conflict with the forces of evil, and that among all the branches of Christendom which are represented in the area which forms his diocese this reinforcement of spiritual power will be appreciated and welcomed."

It is interesting to learn that, through his maternal grandmother, Archbishop Mostyn is descended from three of the English martyrs: the Venerable Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel; the Venerable William Howard, Viscount of Stafford; and Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury.

Catholic missionary progress in the Holy Land has been hampered during the war by unusual difficulties, and now the situation is even worse. Some insight into the problems which confront the returning apostle is given by a touching letter from the Archbishop of Galilee, Mgr. Haggear, to *Les Missions Catholiques* of Lyons. He writes: "I have been happy to prove to my satisfaction how soundly faithful this people is at heart,—a people simple and spiritually alert, whose faith is instinctive, and whose devotion and loyalty to their pastors is infinitely touching. . . . But the anguish of a

missionary among them is also boundless. The villages have lost nearly half of their pre-war population, and no one knows how many orphans stand in need of protection. But the resources of the religious Orders are not adequate to the tasks they are undertaking at present. . . . Nearly all the churches, with the schools established beside them, were used during the war as barracks or stables by the Turks, and must be completely restored. And the laborers in the vineyard are few. . . . Now that the Holy Land has become the land of religious and national rivalry, the schools are become the mightiest organs of propaganda. Jews and Protestants of various kinds, supported by large funds, are working diligently."

Surely such a picture of need will not be without its appeal for generous Catholics who remember the love of "Mary whom God kissed in Galilee," as the "Ballad of Lepanto" says.

That not only is the daily press face to face with a paper shortage, but that in addition its readers are confronted with a shortage of time, is concisely proved by a writer in *Das Neue Reich*, of Vienna. "The earthly day," he says, "has only twenty-four hours; for most people, sleep consumes eight or more of these; work and the journeys incident to it, ten or more; and meals, conversation, religious duties, and social engagements, four or more. The average man has, therefore, only a very limited amount of time to expend as he wishes.

"Is it worth while to fritter away this valuable time,—these few moments in which a man can really be a man and a free child of God,—in which he escapes the serfdom of life, with the rubbish which the newspaper sets before him? Does one gain anything by learning that the Mikado has stubbed his toe; that a strike has broken out in England and been settled within the same hour; that So and So

has unburdened his heart in a speech of the sort of which one can get thirteen to the dozen? Yet there are people whose concern with gossip is so intense that they not only waste their spare moments digging it out of the papers, but even use time that should be devoted to the interests of their business or family.

"Over-feeding on trivial literature turns the mind, made for the eternal and the significant things, away from them. There is no place for religion in a heart that is stuffed with nonsense. Would it not be better to note simply the important facts in the day's history; to use the moments of freedom in reading, say, the Prophets, St. Augustin's 'City of God,' or an author of worth; to visit a church, to listen to beautiful music, to associate with good people, to visit the sick, or to do any number of sensible, profitable things that might be mentioned?"

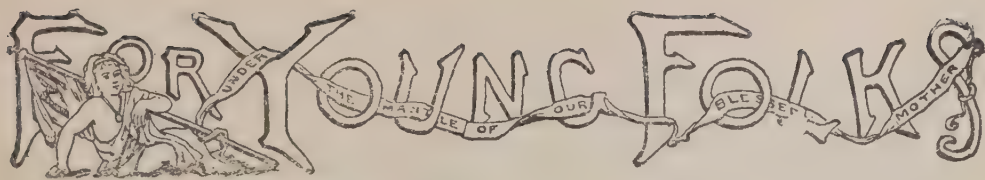
Deceptive prison statistics have led many persons to ask the question, "Does Religion Breed Criminals?" In a recent article by Father Leo Kalmer, O. F. M., chaplain to the Illinois State Penitentiary, the answer is given clearly and interestingly. The root of the problem may be said to have lain in the difference between the proportions of people who registered no church affiliation under the Federal Census and upon the prison records. Thus in Illinois, in 1916, as many as 59 per cent of the citizens declared themselves not church-members, while at the penitentiary only 25 per cent of the inmates made a similar statement. This manifest difference has led to hastily expressed opinions on the value of religion as a deterrent from crime. The actual state of affairs is, however, that the words "no church affiliation" do not mean the same thing in the two reports. The Census refers to personal, practical religious activity of some sort; the

prison report, to a vague variety of preference, in many cases having no connection with practice.

Father Kalmer's conclusion is that the percentage of those professing religion in penitentiaries could be reduced by one-half and still be liberally similar to the Census' percentage. His own statistics are interesting. Among 776 Catholics in the Joliet prison, 100 had never made their First Communion, and 413 had neglected their Easter duty, in some instances for forty years. Even now, 62 per cent of them keep away from the Sacraments. Obviously this is worth-while light on a matter that in its confused state served only too well the purpose of irreligious demagogues.

Although there are many signs of a waning of prejudice against the Church on the part of members of the Establishment, the bigotry of its authorities would seem to be as strong as ever. The Anglican congregation of St. Stephen's, Devonport, having put up a large wooden crucifix in their churchyard as a war memorial, the diocesan chancellor ordered its removal, declaring that it would be the object of superstitious reverence to some of the parishioners and of dislike to others. The congregation of St. Stephen's will probably lose no time in proving to the chancellor that the erection of the crucifix was with the entire approval of the majority of them, and that his fears of superstition and aversion are groundless. There being a statue of the Madonna and Child in the church, it is most unlikely that any one attending it would object to the presence of a crucifix in the churchyard.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, when rightly understood by non-Catholics, seems as reasonable to them as it does to us; and when they have practised it for any length of time, they begin to see their way back to the Church.



The Faith of the Birds.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

"O happy birds!" Dame Nature cried,
"Come tell me why ye sing
When swift ye cleave the heaven wide,
Or on the light bough swing?"

"I," said the bird with wings of blue,—
"I sing when skies are fair,
For violets smiling from the dew,
And young life everywhere."

"And I," said tenderly the thrush,—
"I sing at summer noon,
For orchards and the vine-crowned hush,
Where fields of plenty swoon."

"But I," said redbreast wild and sweet,—
"I sing the whole year long,
In sun and rain or snow and sleet,
For very joy of song."

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXI.—THE BROKEN WAND.

THE pretty gown, a dainty white robe such as in Madame's eyes befitted a *jeune fille*, and the slippers, were bought next day, according to promise. Fifine entered the dancing class taught by a mademoiselle who admitted only most select pupils to her highly polished floors, and Josephine Marie's winter began most cheerfully. The old Madame, with all her strict foreign ideas, was a child-lover; and long years ago she had lost a little girl, whose place in her heart had never been filled even by her brave soldier son. It was like unforgotten music to her now to hear the merry games in the old box-bordered garden; the romps in the big sitting room when lessons were over; the silvery laughter of little

Fifine and her friends echoing through Tante Louise's halls.

And there were pleasant visits to Eleanor and Frances and Estelle and Colette, all of whom found the little French stranger most charming. And very soon the old Madame declared, her dim eyes sparkling as she spoke, Leon would be home to make the old house brighter,—Leon, who was so brave and handsome and wise; who had won all the crosses and honors his country could bestow; who was a son for whom she thanked the good God every day. He had been spared, through dangers unspeakable, to be her pride, her comfort, and joy. And Fifine, who had seen the tall young officer's picture, with its smiling mouth, its kindly eyes, felt that Leon must be indeed all his mother's love could ask. And when his business of high and delicate importance to his country was concluded, so the old Madame said, they would all go back together to France, where the grand old Chateau of Chausse-Cour, unharmed by the war, was waiting for them; and in the gladness and sunshine of her own beautiful land Fifine would forget all the sadness of the past, and be happy forever. Surely it was a bright future that opened for our little Josephine Marie, and she blossomed out in its radiance like a flower in the sun.

But when the happy day was over, and the dancing slippers (in which her pretty toes "twinkled" to the wonder of her *maitresse*) were laid away; when the lessons were learned and the merry games in the big sitting room done, and her laughing playmates had said good-night, a shadow often crept over Fifine's face as she knelt between Madame and Susanne murmuring her Rosary,—the Rosary that was always

offered for *marraine*,—*marraine*, whom she had shown how to hold the beads and count the decades and name the blessed mysteries; *marraine*, who would forget all these sweet teachings now. Poor, poor *marraine*!

Ah, it was "poor *marraine*" indeed, in a way that happy little Fifine did not guess. For Marjorie's bushy-browed guardian had done his cruel, selfish worst. A fortune had been swept away to the last cent. Everything had been seized to pay the debts that the dead man had contracted for his hapless ward, who, stunned, bewildered, was left in Mrs. Carter-King's heartless and unwilling care.

She would have been thrust into some charitable asylum at once but for Bryce, who had grown suddenly clear-headed and manly under the shock that had wrecked the family fortunes.

"Gee! mother, you can't fling the poor kid out just yet. You had better go slow. Some of those far-off relations of hers may turn up to help her."

"I tell you I will not be bothered with her," rejoined his mother, sharply. "Do you suppose those relations, whom your uncle has robbed of all their expectations, will give the child a thought? I have enough trouble without being saddled with a fretting, crying, half-cracked girl."

"*Whole* cracked, I say!" put in Elise, bitterly. "I never did think she had her right wits at the best, and now she is crazy as a loon."

"No more crazy than you are," retorted Bryce, for the domestic atmosphere was highly charged with electricity in these latter days. "I'm sure you went off in a fit last night when Norah gave the warning that we couldn't expect her to stay without wages, as she said; and she hasn't been paid for a month."

"And who is to cook and wash dishes and carry up Marjorie's meals?" asked Elise. "Me?"

"Yes," was the blunt reply. "Other girls do that and twice as much. We've all got to hustle or starve," concluded Bryce. "And I'm starting the hustle to-day. I've got a job."

"You—a job! What and where?" asked his mother, incredulously.

"With Tom Devlin's uncle. He is a plumber," answered Bryce.

"A plumber!" gasped Mrs. Carter-King. "My son a plumber!"

"Well, no, not exactly; for I'm not up to so big a job yet," grinned her son. "But Tom's uncle offers to take me as a second man to carry his kit and look up the leaks, now that freezing time is coming in. It will be two dollars a day, which is about a dollar and a half more than I'm worth. But Tom closed the deal for me, and I'll try to stand up to it. And two dollars a day is not to be sneezed at just now. I'll turn in all to the family dinner pail, mother. As for Marjorie," continued Bryce, his reckless tone softening: "I've got that pink necklace of hers in my pocket, and I'm going to sell it for her. Tom knows an honest jeweller who will give me what it is worth. It will pay her board for a while at least; so 'let up' on the asylum business, mother."

But, though the pink necklace brought a good sum and Bryce took up his new job bravely, these were but stop-gaps to the flood of misfortune sweeping down upon the ruined home of the Carter-Kings.

After much bitter discussion with lawyers and creditors, it was decided that the family could retain enough furniture to enable Mrs. King to open a boarding house in a less fashionable quarter of the city; but all the splendor and luxury of the bankrupt's home must be sold at auction,—Marjorie's possessions with the rest. The story of the fairy realm in which the crippled girl had lived had gone forth with the usual exaggerations, and all the families in the neighborhood were on

tiptoe with excitement at the prospect of seeing and sharing in the distribution of poor Marjorie's treasures.

Bryce, sore in heart at the dismantling of his mother's home, came in at midday to see how she was standing the ordeal. The red flag of the auctioneer waved over the stylish portal; his strident voice echoed through the stately rooms. The house was thronged with an eager crowd, the shrill tones of children rising above the babble of other sounds; for the one room given up altogether to juvenile interests out-rivalled all the Santa Claus displays that early Christmas shopping could expect.

Marjorie's dolls, arrayed in all their splendor, stood on sale in rows against the wall. Marjorie's imported tea sets were arranged on table and mantel. The "Punch and Judy" show was in active operation in one corner, and the circus was in full swing between the windows. The victrola, the cuckoo clock, the low bookcase with its contents, the softly cushioned couch and chairs, all the beautiful belongings of the "enchanted palace," in which the poor little fairy queen had lived and reigned, were spread out for sale to the highest bidder, while childish voices rose in excited clamor.

"O mamma, mamma, see that beautiful dolly with the yellow hair! Buy it for me!"

"Daddy, daddy, won't you get the circus? Oh, it's 'most as good as a real circus, and I've got grandmamma's ten dollars for Christmas! Buy it for me!"

"I want the 'Punch and Judy'!"—a twelve-year-old boy pushed forward eagerly. "Oh, don't let anybody get the 'Punch and Judy' show! We boys are putting together to get that. Say, Mr. Auctioneer, please start the 'Punch and Judy' show first!"

"Five dollars for the 'Punch and Judy' show. Silence, if you please!" shouted the auctioneer, desperately.

"Silence, young ladies and gentlemen, so that I can be heard, or we won't get through this sale to-night. I'm offered five dollars for this wonderful 'Punch and Judy' show, that is run by hidden mechanism, talks by phonograph, and was imported especially for the late owner at a cost of two hundred dollars, at least. Five dollars for the 'Punch and Judy.' Five dollars! Five dollars for a toy that, I venture to say, can not be bought at the present time for five hundred in any country under the sun. It's a toy for princes and princesses of the blood. Five dollars, five dollars!"

"Jing!" cried the would-be purchaser, in breathless suspense. "Hurry up, can't you, Mister?"

"Five dollars," went on the auctioneer. "Gentlemen and ladies, this is absurd. Will you let this wonderful toy go for five dollars? Five dollars; five,—five,—five; going—going."

"Six," called a pater-familias who had just slipped in.

"Darn you!" blurted out the boy-bidder, fiercely.

"Make it six and a half, Jim," piped his chum from the crowd. And, the pater-familias losing interest, the "Punch and Judy" show was knocked down to Jim for six and a half.

The circus followed, and the cuckoo clock, and the dolls and their tea sets as the sale progressed,—going in pairs and lots, to the wild excitement of juvenile bidders.

Bryce stood at the edge of the crowd, a queer lump rising in his throat as he thought of the helpless little girl upstairs, who was being stripped of all that had made her sad young life bright or bearable.

"Another doll!"—the auctioneer was hurrying to a close,—“the very last of the lot, young ladies.”

It was Laurabelle that he held up in his extended hand,—Laurabelle, in all the frills and fripperies with which

Fifine had adorned her for the final tea party.

"If any little girl wants one of these wonderful French dolls, this is her very last chance." The smooth-tongued speaker bent towards the round-eyed little listener nearest him. "Here is a little lady that wants this be-a-u-ti-ful doll, I know."

"I don't!" was the little lady's quick and indignant answer. "She has a crack in her neck where her head was mended. My mamma saw it. I don't want an old broken doll at all."

"Mended, eh? So she is!" laughed the auctioneer. "I didn't notice it. We must let her go as broken then. Who offers fifty cents for this beautiful but damaged dolly? Fifty cents only for this lovely French doll!"

And Bryce stepped forward. He did not know exactly why, except that Laurabelle seemed the last link to the past,—to Marjorie's fairy palace, to the dismantled playroom, to the doll tea-parties served so gaily by Josephine Marie.

"I'll take her," he said recklessly, drawing out the coin that meant walking to and from his job for the next week.

And, with Laurabelle under his arm, Bryce betook himself to the wrecked palace of the dethroned fairy queen. Stairs and halls were stripped of their moss-green carpeting; the velvet portières that had marked Marjorie's domain had been swept away. Gone were the cushions, the divans, the flowered rugs, the rose-colored draperies, the lace-veiled couch of ivory and silver,—all the comfort and luxury and splendor that had bewildered Marjorie's little goddaughter into the belief that she had found a heaven on earth.

On the simple little bed, in the bare room that had been Fifine's, a poor little crouching, lonely, Marjorie lay sobbing her heart away.

(To be continued.)

The Oak Tree.

SQUIRRELS, and birds, too, often plant whole groves of oaks, not knowing, of course, what they are doing, but only thinking that they are storing away a nice lot of acorns for future use. The rook makes a hole in the ground, drops in an acorn and covers it up; and often, before he becomes hungry and goes in search of it to make a meal or to take a lunch, it will sprout and be the beginning of a great tree.

Oak trees grow in almost any kind of soil, but they require plenty of room for their roots, and an abundance of light and air for their branches. The oak does not begin to bear acorns until it is about eighteen years old; but from that time on it is very industrious, and often does not begin to decay until it is one hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age.

The oak tree has had a prominent place in song and story, and among the Druids it was an object of worship.

A Quick-Witted Emperor.

A CERTAIN unworthy old knight, having requested a favor of the Emperor Adrian, was repulsed, and told that it would be useless for him to renew his petition. But he was persevering, if unworthy, and resolved to try again. He colored his long, white beard black, dressed himself like a young man, and after a few days again appeared before the Emperor, asking for the same favor. Pretending not to notice the disguise, and concealing the indignation he felt, Adrian said: "I would gladly gratify your desire, but only a short time ago I was obliged to refuse just such a favor to your father. You understand, of course, that it would hardly be reasonable to grant to the son what had already been denied to the father."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Canadian authors are represented in the O'Brien "honor roll" of the best short stories of the year by two names—Harvey J. O'Higgins, and Kenneth Lyndwode Aitken. Mr. O'Higgins, by the way, began his career as a Toronto newspaper man, but left his native land so long ago that he is known as an American rather than a Canadian.

—The *Miserere* for two choirs of mixed voices, by Gregorio Allegri, has been arranged for one choir of four equal voices, by Mgr. Leo P. Manzetti. The new arrangement preserves the austere simplicity and devotional expression of the original masterpiece, which is the chant still used on Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel. Herder Co.; price, 30c.

—"Thoughts of June," by Kathleen A. Sullivan (Milwaukee: Diederich-Schaefer Co.), an octavo of 103 pages, contains half a hundred modest lyrics commemorating, for the most part, the author's sister, the late Mrs. Sullivan-Conlon, editor of the *Michigan Catholic*. She is the "June" of the verses, which breathe a fine spirit of love and admiration.

—A beautiful little book in every way is the new 48mo Ratisbon Missal, just published by F. Pustet & Co. There could be no better or more appropriate gift for a young ecclesiastical student—none that he will prize more or make better use of—than this precious volume. It has all the features of the new quarto Missal,—indeed is an exact reproduction of it in miniature. We are sorry not to be informed as to the price.

—An exceptionally neat and well-printed brochure (12mo, 225 pages) comes to us from the C. Wildermann Co., New York. It is "Children of God," by the Rev. Mark Moeslein, C. P., who presents, in a series of thirty-one chapters, an excellent summary of Catholic doctrine for busy people. There is, of course, nothing new in the subject-matter of the work: substantially, it is merely another amplification of the Little Catechism; but the author's presentation of that matter reflects his own personality, and he says "old things in a new way." The way is interesting, and should prove effective with the brochure's readers. Price, 50 cents.

—From Benziger Brothers come two 12mo volumes by the same author—the Rev. George T. Schmidt: "The Church and the Problems of To-Day" (165 pages), and "The Principal

Catholic Practices" (188 pages). In the first of these books, the author, claiming that chaos reigns in the present-day world of thought and deed, and that the Church is the one institution which retains the stability of centuries, discusses a number of timely topics in the light of the Church's teaching. In the second book, the author treats of devotions and practices familiar to all the Church's children, but well worth studying in a new setting. Price by mail, \$1.60 each.

—"Flame of the Forest," by Constance E. Bishop (Benziger Brothers), is described by the publishers as "a rare and colorful love story, thoroughly Catholic, written from a fresh and novel viewpoint"; and, due allowance being made for the natural partiality of the press agent, the description is not extravagant. The story is of generous length. The scenes are laid in India, and the characters comprise Englishmen, Eurasians, fakirs, sorcerers, Asiatic contemplatives, Jesuits, agnostics, Protestant clergymen, and Catholic men and women. The plot is somewhat outside the beaten track of most novelists who select India as the setting of their tales, and is well worked out. Rigorous critics may possibly object to the amorous relations of two of the Catholic personages; but nothing of real impropriety mars the story, which the ordinary novel-reader is safe to find as interesting as the average best-seller of the day. Price, \$2.15.

—"Psychology and Natural Theology," by Owen A. Hill, S. J., Ph. D., is offered as a text for "all the Metaphysics of Senior Year in Jesuit Colleges." The subjects are developed under a series of theses which constitute, in the words of the author, "an application of the Case System to philosophy." Although this presentation of material in uniform patterns may afford opportunity for a certain kind of classroom drill, it is likely to prove a trifle monotonous to the general reader. The treatment of what is commonly called Descriptive Psychology of the Senses is necessarily meager—ten pages,—because Psychology is regarded as "the second branch of Special Metaphysics." Intellect and Will, however, receive a full share of attention. The thesis on Freedom of the Will is worked out in a particularly thorough way. The most satisfactory part of this volume is the treatise on Natural Theology. The author

handles his metaphysics exceptionally well. A judicious use of the index will enable readers of mature mind to find helpful discussions of all rational problems involving God's relations to man. Published by the Macmillan Co. Price, \$3.50.

—There will be many readers, especially Catholic readers, on this side of the Atlantic, to mourn the death of Lady Gilbert, better known perhaps as Rosa Mulholland. For years before her marriage to the distinguished historian and archivist, Sir John Gilbert, her literary skill and charm had won for her, in both fiction and poetry, a secure position among contemporary authors; and her fame as a successful Irish writer will undoubtedly survive for many a decade to come. All her novels and short stories, not a few of which were written for *The Ave Maria*, are characterized by merry wit and delicate humor, skilful treatment of pathos, honest love, and high ambitions, and withal a Catholic atmosphere as delightful as it is unobtrusive. In her early days as a writer, Lady Gilbert received generous encouragement from veterans of such diverse character as Father Russell, founder of the *Irish Monthly*, and Charles Dickens. As a poet, she excelled in such qualities as ease, simplicity, color, and grace. Not the least notable of the volumes bearing her name on their title-pages is the "Life of Sir John T. Gilbert," with whom, from 1891 to 1898, she had led an ideally happy married life. *R. I. P.*

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.90.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (*The Ave Maria*.) 75 cents.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton, of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Salentin, of the diocese of Mobile; Rev. Walter Henry and Rev. George Sinnott, archdiocese of New York; Rev. John Broderick, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. John Van den Wildenberg, O. P.

Brother Alicjan, F. S. C.

Sister M. Agnes, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister John Margaret, Sisters I. H. M.; and Sister M. Nazareth, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Anthony Gonzales, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Ralph Manning, Mr. John Manning, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mrs. Ellen Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Clingan, Mr. Patrick Herity, Mrs. P. Carolan, Mrs. Isabelle Quinlan, Mr. H. St. Louis, Miss Emma Bickta, Mrs. T. J. Glynn, Mr. Patrick Rahilly, Mr. Philip Yauman, Mr. Carl Harder, Mrs. George Kenney, Mrs. Anna Deehan, Mr. Albert Sphire, Sr.; Mrs. Joseph Gauthier, Mr. William Power, Mr. Louis Willenburgh, Mrs. Ray Oliver, Mr. John Maloney, Mrs. Henry Bartol, Mrs. Mary Bolger, Mr. Leopold Franz, Mr. Anthony Mauntel, Mr. Patrick McCarthy, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, Mr. Bernard Kroege, Mr. William Sickles, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mr. L. J. Vogel, Mr. Joseph Sobroki, Mrs. Winifred Kenny, Miss Josephine Meyer, Mr. Peter Markle, and Mr. J. B. Tenfelder.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the sufferers in Central Europe: E. J. P. R., \$5. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: E. J. P. R., \$5; R. M. N., \$5; J. H., \$4. For the Foreign Missions: Mary McCadam, \$5; Mrs. W. J. L., \$1; Mrs. R. G., \$1; Mrs. J. W. P., in honor of St. Anthony, \$1.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viiii 34.

SATURDAY, 28.—St. Augustine of Canterbury,
B. C. Bl. Margaret Pole, M.
SUNDAY, 29.—SECOND AFTER PENTECOST. St.
Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V.
MONDAY, 30.—St. Ferdinand, K. C. St. Felix,
P. M.
TUESDAY, 31.—St. Angela, V. St. Petronilla,
V.

JUNE.

WEDNESDAY, 1.—Our Lady of Grace. St.
Fortunatus, M.
THURSDAY, 2.—Octave of Corpus Christi. SS.
Marcellinus, Peter and Erasmus, MM.
FRIDAY, 3.—THE SACRED HEART.
SATURDAY, 4.—THE MOST PURE HEART OF
MARY. St. Francis Caracciolo, C.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 28, 1921.

NO. 22

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On Corpus Christi.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THEY came, the little children,
And strewed the aisles with flowers,
Dropping the dainty petals.

In pink and crimson showers,—
With heliotrope and daisies
And modest mignonette,
And violets half unfolded,
With dewy fragrance wet.

They came, the little children,
In raiment soft and white;
Their filmy banners waving,
Transparent, golden bright;
With downcast eyes and holy,
Like angels when they pray,
Making the pathway ready
Where Jesus walked to-day.

Then as the *Tantum Ergo*
Poured forth its solemn strain,
Falling on bruised spirits
Like cleansing, soothing rain,
On many a cheek a teardrop,
From many a heart a sigh
Was registered in heaven
As Christ the Lord went by.

PUTTING a hand to the plow is easy. The difficult thing is to keep from looking back and then letting go. Beginnings may be hard, but the unbroken, relentless continuing at it is harder. The grind of eternal vigilance is wearing on soul and body, yet that is the price, not alone of liberty, but of everything great that man attempts.

—Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J.

Anglican Divisions.

BY A RECENT CONVERT CLERGYMAN.

A FRIEND of mine, now a Catholic priest, once said that there was a ninefold hierarchy of Anglicans, as of Angels. To those who thought that there were only three parties in the Church of England, it may come as somewhat of a shock to be told that there are nine. Personally, I feel that my friend underestimated the case. I propose to show that there are at least twelve parties in the Anglican communion.

First, there is "Mr. Kensit's Party." Its chief tenet is hatred of the Pope "and all his detestable enormities." It is not strong in the Church of England, and is largely political. It has tended of late to leave the Ritualists alone, and to attack Catholics instead. Recently one of its leaders was ordained for the Protestant Diocese of Birmingham.

In the second place, there is the "Old Evangelical Party"; and, quite frankly, one is sorry they are dying out, because they had a real spiritual fervor, even though they had a very narrow outlook. They hated Rome and the stage; they were conservative in politics; and this latter fact, coupled with their worship of the Establishment, was probably the only thing that divided them from the Nonconformists of their day. The late Canon Christopher, of Oxford, and Dr. Moule, of Durham, are two of their

most respected leaders. They have no successors in the Church of England; those who should be their successors in the ordinary course of things are members of the third party—the “Liberal Evangelicals,”—among whom the present Bishop of Chelmsford holds an honored place.

This section is more clerical than the two former, and it is more broad,—more broad in their theology, more liberal in their politics, and more tolerant of other schools of thought in the Establishment. They have, like all Low Churchmen, a great dread of Rome, coupled with an extraordinary ignorance of what she teaches. Among the laity, they have not many supporters. They are friendly with Nonconformists and would like reunion with them, chiefly perhaps with a desire to swamp the High Church party, of whom they are desperately afraid.

Fourthly, there are the “Broad Churchmen”—represented by Drs. Henson, Rashdall, Welldon, and Mr. J. M. Thompson,—most of whom disbelieve many fundamental Christian doctrines and are somewhat academic in outlook. There is also another group of Broad Churchmen, rather younger men, whose chief representative is Mr. “Dick” Shepherd, the popular rector of St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields. This latter group differs from the former in being, in the main, much more sound on fundamental doctrines like the Resurrection, and far more anxious to admit Nonconformists to communion.

Sixthly, we come to the “Moderate High Church Party,”—a party very keen about the “Eastward position,” and “lights” at an early celebration; but willing to compromise at the celebration which takes place once a month after “Matins,” if the richer members of the congregation object to lights in the daytime.

The seventh party in the Church is the “Liberal Catholic Party.” Most of

the writers of “Foundations” would come under this heading. This group desires interchange of pulpits with Nonconformists, but doubts the wisdom of intercommunion,—at any rate, for the present; and it differs from the Broad Church Party in having a stronger belief in Anglican Orders. Most of its adherents have passed through certain stages of High-Churchism, and do not feel altogether at home with the Broad Church parties; while they rather despise the Moderate High Churchman, and think the “extreme party” stupid.

The eighth sect is the “Old-Fashioned High Church Party,” whose chief representative is perhaps Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul’s Cathedral. This party believes in most of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and hates the Modernism of the Liberal Catholics quite as much as the political views of the “Liberal Church Party.” The Old-Fashioned High Church Party is a dying one; most of the younger men prefer the liberal High Churchman (with whom they come in contact in the theological colleges) to the more antiquated variety, who ruled in certain theological colleges twenty years ago.

The outstanding figure among the liberal High Churchmen was undoubtedly the late Canon Holland, one of the most remarkable men not only in the Church of England but in the nation. Bishop Gore, of whom it is difficult to speak with sufficient respect and admiration, and whom it is equally difficult to place, might probably be put in this category, and with him some of the leading members of the Mirfield community. They have, for the most part, great learning—this is certainly true of their leaders,—and a fairly large following.

My friend, of whom I have already spoken, talked, I believe, of a “Great Central Party”; but this party could be subdivided into many others. It includes the Archbishop of Canterbury,

an eminent Presbyterian; Dr. Russell Wakefield, the Bishop of Birmingham, who desires to emulate St. Paul in being "all things to all men," though with "a different motive; and a large number of laity, who would no more like to sit for an examination on what they believed than the two prelates just mentioned. What is undoubtedly true of this party—if it can be called a party—is that almost every sect is trying to wean them from their present allegiance (which is, somewhat shadowy) to its own particular point of view. Moreover, they are despised by the Nonconformists and by all who dislike "wobblers."

The eleventh party is the "Anglo-Catholic Party," which numbers among its leaders men like Dr. Darwell Stone, Mr. Hanbury Tracy; Mr. Ross, of St. Alban's, Holborn; Mr. Mackay, of All Saints', Margaret Street; and the Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar. This party is the keen party and the excitable party. They are keen in spreading their faith, and in their love of souls. They easily get excited when Nonconformists preach in cathedrals, or when men of Dr. Henson's views are made bishops. Those who do not know them might think that they are liable at any moment to resign their livings and become Catholics.

The "Liberal Catholic" and the "Modernist," the "Old-Fashioned" High Churchman and the "Anglo-Catholic,"—all have as their religious organ the *Church Times*. It is also read by members of the twelfth party, the "Ultramarines," but is cordially detested by them. One of this party, now a Catholic, described it as "a paper written by devils for devils," and this somewhat strong expression expresses their views of this journal. It is a difficult matter for a paper to please so many parties of such varied views; but, on the whole, it succeeds admirably in its task; and while it dislikes the Low

Church sects, especially "Mr. Kensit's Party," it reserves its special animus for the very extreme denomination in the Anglican Church, the "Ultramarine Party."

This party is associated with the Society of Saints Peter and Paul, with the names of Mr. Kilburn, the pious vicar of St. Saviour's, Hoxton; of Mr. Wason and Mr. Wynter, the two vicars who have been deprived of their livings for holding the service of "Benediction." This party is the most interesting, the most aggressive, and the most amusing in the Church of England. It has lately lost numerically by various conversions to the Catholic Church, notably that of Mr. Wynter. Its members claim to be "Roman Catholic"; they have no use for the Anglo-Catholic Congress or the Anglo-Catholic Party. They feel that the latter are cowardly and always "cave in" when opposition takes too formidable a turn. The Anglo-Catholics are always ready to compromise for what they call the peace of the Church, while the little band of Ultramarines are not prepared to compromise at all. They own no authority. Many of them would say that they accept the authority of the Holy Father; but on the most important point of all they reject it.

If we wish to understand the situation, as it is revealed to-day, with regard to the various schools of High Churchmen in the Church of England, I think it is important to grasp the fact that the men whose names have been household words among this section have no successors,—men like the late Mr. Suckling, of St. Alban's, Holborn; the late "Fathers" Benson and Maxwell, of the Cowley Fathers; Prebendary Denison, Mr. Mackay, of All Saints', Margaret Street; Canon Randolph, the late Dr. King, and their various contemporaries. The younger men are nearly all tainted with Modernism; and where this, is not the

case, they will assuredly one day seek admission into the Church.

If the different groups in the Church of England were asked to define "authority," the answers would be varied and amusing. Some would say the Bible, which many of them, owing to the prevalence of the Higher Criticism, no longer regard as distinctively inspired. Others would say the bishops; but as it is difficult, if not impossible, to find any two bishops of the Anglican persuasion who teach the same thing, it is hardly helpful. Others again would say the "undivided Church"; but this theory, like the others, not only breaks down, but implies the exercise of private judgment as to what the undivided Church is. A certain section would boldly say the Pope; yet in that most important matter—viz., the question of their Orders—they refuse to accept the Pope's authority. I remember, when I was an Anglican, having an argument with two extreme clergy on a certain Catholic custom. One of them thought he had clinched the argument by saying, "The Holy Father says so, and that settles it"; to which I replied, "The Holy Father says you are only a layman,"—and the discussion came to an abrupt end.

Quite seriously, if we ask where the authority can be found in the Church of England, what court or tribunal do Anglicans recognize, we have to confess, if we are honest, that there is none; and this means that there is no place for a would-be Catholic in the Anglican communion. Authority can be found only—unity can be found only—in that world-wide Church which is in communion, with the See of Peter,—the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church.

THY name, O Mary, is a precious ointment which breathes forth the odor of divine grace.—*St. Ambrose.*

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

V.

EARLY April had brought the first hint of spring to Salem township, when one morning, about five o'clock, a canoe came down the river from the north. In the stern of the boat sat an elderly man, apparently a trapper; while in the bow knelt an Indian, manipulating a paddle with so much swiftness and dexterity that the slender bark, which was going with the tide, shot down the middle of the river, keeping an almost unerring course. Both occupants of the boat were silent until finally the Indian, with a skilful turn of his paddle, altered the course of the light craft, which turned toward the shore on the west; and a moment later it shot up on a narrow, pebbly beach. The Indian sprang out, and, almost before the trapper could move, had the boat high and dry.

Only then did a smile break the stern immobility of the trapper's face. His dark eyes met those of the Indian with a glance kindly and benign.

"It is well done, Ajawa," he said. "And now tell me how near I am to Salem township and the home of Martin Pendleton."

The Indian's reply was spoken very low.

"Let the Blackrobe come with Ajawa, and he will point the way."

Quickly the tall old Indian turned down the beach for about a hundred yards, then plunged into the forest, followed by the "trapper." A walk of fifteen minutes brought them out of the forest to an abrupt rise in the ground. Climbing the hill, the two men reached the summit simultaneously, and just as the sun was rising in the east, giving the first clear light of early dawn. For miles every object in sight was distinctly visible. Little pools and ponds

caught the red reflection of the sun; while here and there trees and shrubs and the few lone houses were touched by a soft, pink glow. The trapper removed his cap and crossed himself; and the Indian, with the patience of his race, waited. It was only when the trapper had replaced his cap that the guide spoke. Pointing his finger toward the southwest he said:

"Does the Blackrobe see that cluster of houses in the valley?"

"Yes."

"Yonder lies Naumkeag;* beyond are the two hills,—Yootah† on the north, and Maughwanwame‡ on the south. If the Blackrobe goes in this direction, he can follow the woods south of Naumkeag till he reaches a path between the two hills; then let him walk till he comes to where the path divides behind the hills. If the Blackrobe takes the path to the left, it will lead to more woods behind Maughwanwame, which will bring him to the house of Martin Pendleton."

The trapper smiled. Accustomed to the task of memorizing Indian directions for traversing the wilderness, he had no difficulty in remembering all that the guide had said. Then, too, he felt sure that with care he could reach his destination without being seen. If he did meet any one, he was, to all intents and purposes, a trapper—nothing more,—with a load of pelts on his back, which he had brought from the North and was ready to sell to any one in need of them.

"It is well done," he said again, this time speaking in French. "Ajawa has been swift and faithful. Three moons from to-night let him be at the same place on the beach, with his canoe, to take Père Louis on another journey farther south."

The Indian gave a guttural assent,

* Naumkeag (Indian name for Salem).

† Yootah (Mountain home).

‡ Maughwanwame (Broad valley).

and then he knelt for a moment on bended knee, as the trapper gave him his blessing. A second later each man had turned a different way, and the trapper was walking rapidly in the direction pointed out by the Indian. Only once did he pause to glance at the position of the sun; and then, satisfied that it was six o'clock, he removed his cap and, standing motionless, recited the Angelus.

As he drew nearer Salem township, his advance became more cautious. The only priest within a radius of some hundreds of miles, in a land infested with bigotry and prejudice against everything Catholic, it behooved him to be cautious, else the scattered flock, to whom he had come to minister in secret, would be unable to make their Easter duty. The dark, strong face showed the resolution of a man used to dangers. Had he not for twenty years been laboring in the wilderness, often under far worse conditions than those which now confronted him?

Indifferent to danger on his own account, he, nevertheless, breathed a little sigh of relief when an hour later he came out of the woods and saw just in front of him the low arbor that led to the rear of Martin Pendleton's home. He had met no living soul on the way; but his heart had been gladdened by budding trees and the sight of pussy willows and low-lying beds of violets,—all heralding the approach of spring and the Feast of the Resurrection; for this was Easter Even.

Quickly traversing the long arbor, he put down his pack on the floor and then gave three quick, short knocks on the door. Evidently it was a signal well known; for immediately he heard the sound of flying feet within, the door was opened quickly, and Mary Pendleton, her fair face aglow, appeared in the doorway; the next moment she was on her knees.

"Your blessing, Father!" she said.

VI.

It was early morning at the Mission St. Francis on the Chaudière River, in Canada. This station, founded by the Recollect Fathers who had been sent out from France, was, in 1691, in a very flourishing condition. Among its pupils it numbered many Indians of both sexes; and not infrequently its services were attended by soldiers from the forts, and by various travellers who passed through Ville-Marie on their way west, north, east, or south. Hence it was that Roger Gosnold—otherwise Pierre Gélín, soldier of fortune, at one time officer in the army of his Majesty of France, from whose service he had fled as a deserter—had come to the Mission St. Francis, and had obtained work there. Here also he had met and become engaged to Acadie, one of the prettiest and brightest girls at the mission, who was half Indian and half French. In October he had gone away, saying he would soon return. She waited with the patience of her mother's race, and at last was rewarded. In February he was back for a brief stay of only three days; then he disappeared again.

That, however, was two months ago. Now it was the first of April, and Acadie was by this time so miserable and homesick that she determined to escape from the mission and find her lover. But where was he? The girl's Indian blood came to her aid. Père Louis was absent from the mission. Perhaps if she could find out where he was, she might be able to locate Gosnold; it was her only thread of hope. So she applied herself diligently to her work until one day, in her soft, caressing voice she asked Sister Louise when the good Father would be back; would he be long on the mission? There was no other priest at the Mission St. Francis so helpful and kind as Père Louis.

And Sister Louise fell into the trap.

It would be June at least before the priest would be with them again. He had gone far south. Crossing the St. Lawrence near Ville-Marie, he had journeyed through New England to a place called Salem township, near Boston. From there he intended to make an extended trip through the sad, heretical country. Acadie must pray for him, for the dangers in a Protestant environment were many.

The girl listened and made her plans. First she pored over a map in the schoolroom until she knew just where Salem was; then she secured in her belt the money which from time to time she had made by selling her beautiful embroidery and beadwork to the ladies at Ville-Marie. And then one morning, just before dawn, she slipped away from the mission.

More French than Indian in appearance, speaking French perfectly, as she had learned it from the Sisters, and with a refined, musical voice, she had no difficulty in carrying out her plan. As a French girl, she crossed the river, attracting no notice among a crowd who were ferried over on the same boat. Once on the other side, she slipped away into the woods, and, unwrapping the bundle she carried, she dressed herself as an Indian girl. How she got through to Salem she afterward could hardly recall; but Indian cunning and endurance accomplished it. Sometimes a kindly traveller or farmer gave her a drive, or a sail on the river. At the scattered farmhouses she sold her beadwork and embroidery, asking for food and a night's lodging in part payment, until exactly two weeks from the day she left Ville-Marie she found herself in a canoe paddling down the river above Salem, with Ajawa in the bow.

Just before reaching Salem she had again changed her costume, becoming a French girl of the middle class; and it was in the language of France that she had conversed with Ajawa, gathering

from him practically all the information about Salem township and its people that she wanted. "Ajawa, as he had done with the priest, let her disembark outside of the town, pointing out her path over the hill to Salem. It was a shorter and easier walk than that taken by Père Louis; but, once rid of the Indian, the girl proceeded swiftly to carry out a preconceived plan. She had carefully prepared for the part she meant to play. Retiring into a thick grove of trees, she again changed her clothes; and, by the aid of a wig, a pair of spectacles, a cap, and some dirt lightly applied under the eyes so as to darken them and change their expression, she transformed herself into a middle-aged Frenchwoman. Indeed, she had taken the part, and worn the clothes she now had on, at a play given at the Mission St. Francis some months before.

Her arrival in Salem township excited no surprise, travellers coming and going by way of the river being a customary sight. Using the information the Indian had given her, she asked to be directed to the house of the Rev. Mr. Parris, and here she applied for work; by means of a clever ruse at once ingratiating herself with the family. She was a French Protestant, she said, lately arrived from France; and had fled south from Ville-Marie to look for employment in some Protestant household. All this she had told to Faith Parris, the only member of the household who spoke and understood French; and by her it was repeated to the family.

Acadie asked for work as a seamstress and dressmaker, and to attend to the upstairs work in the bedrooms; and the Parrises, well to do, were delighted to engage her. Tituba in the kitchen was satisfactory as cook and laundress, and with this new acquisition Mrs. Parris foresaw for herself an era of uninterrupted rest and repose. So

Acadie, who had given her name as Clotilde, was installed in a comfortable little room at the back of the house, and in two days' time had made herself indispensable to the entire family.

On the third night since taking up her residence in her new abode, she found the object of her search. There was a gathering that night of the "Necromancers," as the young members of the club elsewhere spoken of were called. Hetty Banks had brought Roger Gosnold in her train; and, the meeting over, Acadie was sent by Mrs. Parris to carry in a tray of refreshments. Even before she entered the room she saw Roger; and an exultant feeling of triumph at the success of her search, as well as fierce jealousy of Hetty, at once possessed her. Her self-command did not desert her, however; and so perfect was her disguise that Roger, looking straight at her as she handed him a plate, saw in her only an elderly serving maid.

VII.

Neatly clad in her Sunday bonnet and shawl, and over her arm a basket containing jellies and soup and a loaf of her best bread, the Widow Banks had bade farewell to Hetty and had departed for the house of her sister, two miles north of Salem. Her sister's husband was ill. Mrs. Banks was going for two days, and meanwhile Faith Parris would keep Hetty company. But scarcely had the widow disappeared down the road leading to the bridge over North River than Tituba appeared, announcing that a visitor from Boston required the immediate presence of Faith, her mother being out; this caller, moreover, having something very important to impart.

"I'll just run over for a minute, Hetty," Faith had said, "and then I will come back."

Suiting the action to the word, she had flown across a field that was visible from the kitchen, and disappeared

behind the weeping willows. Hardly had she gone when rapid feet descended the stairs, the kitchen door opened, and the next moment Hetty was in the presence of Roger Gosnold.

"My dear girl," he said, "how I have been longing for this chance! Now let us have that talk for which I have been wishing so long."

Roger Gosnold led the unresisting Hetty to a window facing the field, drew two chairs to a position that commanded a good view of the willows; and, once seated, by judicious and skillful questioning, he induced her to tell him all about the Necromancers; then he startled her by a question.

"Hast ever used your magic, Hetty, to find out if there are any witches in this neighborhood?"

"Witches?" she said. "I pray thee speak not the word, Roger; for, my certes, I am all of a shiver."

"And yet, dear one, they have been found elsewhere, and I have strong reason to suspect there is at least one in Salem also. 'Twas only last week that I made a visit to Boston, and saw there Master Cotton Mather, the learned and godly divine; and from him I heard a story concerning the four children of Master Goodwin, of Boston, who were bewitched by an Irishwoman in their employ. The witch—for such she surely was—was hanged. That was three years ago; yet Master Mather says the evil still grows and spreads."

Hetty's comment on this information was made in an awed whisper.

"Think you, Roger, that we really have a witch here among us?"

A look of triumph came into Roger Gosnold's eyes.

"I think just that, Hetty; and that we need not go far afield to find out and make sure. Somewhere in the house of Master Martin Pendleton there is a mystery, and that mystery, methinks, is a witch."

Still not quite convinced, Hetty shook her head.

"I have been all over the house, Roger, and in every room, and there is nobody there but Master Pendleton, Mary, and John."

Roger Gosnold laughed aloud.

"Looked you in the darksome garret, my sweet, or up the chimney, or mayhap down in the cellar? Or, perchance, didst ever enter the house, after dark, without a candle and wait for the owl to hoot and the bats to fly out of the chimney, and then listen to the rap, rap on the floor of a witch's cane and the sound of melancholy music?"

Trembling like an aspen, simple Hetty turned terrified eyes upon the handsome soldier, who was still laughing.

"O Roger, if all you say is true, we must rid our community of this witch, or surely we shall all be dead, or else bewitched ourselves!"

"That is what I have been trying to show you. I have a little plan so good and sure that, if you will join me in carrying it out, we can easily unearth the witch and any other witches that may be in hiding here; only it must be known to no one but you and me."

"But prithee tell me what it is quick, or Faith will be back before I hear your plan."

Bending low toward her, and with bated breath so as to make it more impressive, he told her of his scheme. He had just finished when Faith Parris stepped out from the thicket of willows into the open field, and Roger Gosnold made a rapid ascent to his own room. A moment later Faith, flushed and breathless, was in the kitchen.

"O Hetty," she cried, "who think you was at our house just now? None other than Master Cotton Mather from Boston, and with him Master Goodwin; and they had so much to say I could not get away."

A-Maying.

BY EUGENE M. BECK, S. J.

LIFT up your darkened eyes, and see
 How beauteously the skyeey room
 Is decked in purpled livery
 Of blue from Mother Mary's loom.
 Look down, and count within the grass
 The footprints of her sunny band;
 Each gowan wears a bead of glass,
 And jasmine shakes her golden wand.
 Mark how yon jeweled bit of sky—
 The violet—doth catch the beam
 Of morning, fair as maiden's eye
 Transfigured by a holy dream.
 The choring hours with reverent cheer
 Do Heaven's sceptred Empress greet;
 And if you listen, you may hear
 The far-off rustle of her feet.
 Queen Mary's gown of blue is set
 Across the gleaming halls of mirth;
 Her silver girdle lies dew-wet
 Upon the risen fields of earth.

The Knights of the Golden Fleece.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

LIKE a stimulating wind across the
 surcharged atmosphere of Europe
 is the zeal of Albert, King of the Bel-
 gians, to restore to its ancient home
 (Burgundy) that grand old Catholic
 Order, the Knights of the Golden
 Fleece. What nobler enterprise could
 engage him than this effort to revive
 the splendid traditions of the past and
 to revivify the spirit of the Ages of
 Faith,—of devotion to honor and to
 humanity; to create anew the people
 among whom originated the first
 organized effort to aid poverty and
 suffering, in hospitals and asylums of
 every variety? It seems much more
 worthy than participating in the stormy
 sessions about reprisals and the amount
 of monetary reparation.

As ruling sovereign of the former
 Burgundian States, King Albert claims

the grand mastership of the Order, now
 that the House of Hapsburg, its heredi-
 tary custodian since 1477, has passed
 into history. When Philip of Bur-
 gundy founded the Golden Fleece on
 January 10, 1429—or 1430 by the new
 reckoning,—he vested the right of
 executive power in whatever person
 was both *de facto* and *de jure* ruler of
 those provinces of the Lowlands which
 had come under his sceptre. Albert
 fills this rôle in that he is king of the
 major part of Philip's patrimony, and
 possesses political rights in every Flem-
 ish city with which the history of this
 most worthy and powerful Order of
 chivalry is associated,—Bruges, Ghent,
 Brussels, Malines, Liège, and Antwerp.
 So eminent an authority as Cardinal
 Mercier has borne testimony to the
 qualities of statesmanship and leader-
 ship which the Belgian ruler possesses;
 and Albert's untiring efforts to restore
 the Knights of the Golden Fleece to
 their long-empty carved pews in the
 time-stained cathedrals of Flanders is
 visible proof of the wisdom and fore-
 sight of the heroic prelate of Malines.

What a relief to slip away from the
 sordid considerations of the present
 into the ages when the Knights of the
 Golden Fleece buckled on their armor
 and went forth for God and country, to
 defend the right, to punish all wrong-
 doing, and above all to inculcate the
 noble principles of honor and the grand
 cult of chivalry! Although in the
 Burgundian annals the founder of the
 Golden Fleece is called "the Good," his-
 tory does not paint a portrait which
 merits the appellation. Chroniclers that
 express admiration for Philip's superb
 statesmanship and talent for political
 organization in an era when chaos
 reigned almost everywhere do not
 disguise some painful defects of charac-
 ter,—his lack of sincerity, his in-
 ordinate and ruthless ambition; above
 all, his love of luxury, which, as in
 many other instances, sowed the seed of

destruction for his line and for his people.

Nearly all observers of past events have experienced the difficulty of appraising a man's work and separating that which has proved of lasting value from the temporal limitations which grow out of the personal equation. Philip may have been the selfish tyrant and the unscrupulous politician which history makes him; but if the present valiant King of the Belgians could but restore the conditions under which his far-away predecessor wrought, if he could revive the religious atmosphere which enveloped all patriotic and civic development, if in bringing back the Knights he could permeate them with the fiery zeal of the members of the first chapters, it would be a supreme climax for Burgundy rehabilitated.

It was as a part of the splendid ceremonials staged in Bruges in celebration of his nuptials with Isabella of Portugal, that Philip proclaimed his Order of the Golden Fleece. Burgundian prosperity was at the crest of the wave; and Bruges, the chief city, was one of the most opulent and populous of Europe. More than one hundred foreign vessels came daily into the canals and basins which made up the harbor, and hundreds of visitors arrived by the land route. Fifty-four different and independent guilds had reared their stately homes along the quaint old waterways, and fifty thousand workmen were required to keep the looms and other industries busy. Philip had gathered about him the brilliant men of the day, and life at his court surpassed in ease and luxury that of any other adjacent Capital. At such a juncture the head of the Burgundian State founded his Order, after the classic legend of Jason and the quest of the Argonauts; for scholarship flourished in the Netherlands, and was pursued as assiduously as the trade routes. The Order's primary aim was to interest the

noblesse in the prosperity of the State, and to unite by ties of interest, for the benefit of the whole people, the hereditary *élite* with the powerful masters of the guild.

Compared to other Orders of chivalry, from which came that perfect Knight, Louis IX., of France, in whom knighthood was officially sanctified, the Golden Fleece, it is true, loses lustre; but the glorious age of chivalry was already declining: the quest of gold had replaced it. Knights of the Golden Fleece were more like a brotherhood; but their vows were before the altar, and a religious significance was apparent in all official acts. Pope Nicholas V. conferred with Philip about engaging his Knights in another crusade, and there resulted the vow by which more than two hundred of the flower of Burgundian nobility pledged themselves to redeem Constantinople and place it under Christian rule. This is perhaps the last instance in which knighthood figures in the familiar rôle of chivalrous deeds before evil days fell upon all its creations. The Holy Father objected to another crusade against the Moslem; for conditions at home and throughout Christendom required all his devotion.

Henceforth the Knights of the Golden Fleece were consecrated to patriotic and humanitarian crusades, but always under the guidance of the Church. Their chapels appeared in all the cathedrals, with their arms, quaintly carved, adorning every stall. It is a cold, unemotional person who can contemplate unmoved that old church of Saint Sauveur in Bruges, where the most splendid part of the chancel is that of the Knights, and where the carving, dating from the late fifteenth century, shows the arms of the members of the thirteenth chapter which convened there during the reign of Philip's son, Charles the Bold. Near by is the sumptuous chapel of the Shoe-

makers' Guild, adorned with fine portraits of burgomasters and other worthies of that fruitful period.

What a scene if again the Knights crowd their stalls, and the routine of each festival includes a long procession from the chapel-house to the church, with perhaps the King and the Cardinal Prince of Malines to welcome them at the entrance! Bruges is now one of the dead cities. Silent are her once busy guild houses,—except as the habitat of idle tourists instead of the once busy workmen; sand has silted into her great haven of the Zwiĵ'n, and the big ships now weigh anchor at Antwerp. But if her Knights again sit in council and hold conference with the King and the spiritual rulers of the State as once they did, if they put their "shoulder to the wheel" and make that contemplated canal from Bruges to the open sea a reality, may not the future story of Bruges sound like the chronicles of old?

Within half a century after Philip had welded a strong State out of seemingly unstable elements, his line passed from possession of the Lowlands. With the marriage of the daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold—that "gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound"—to Maximilian, the House of Hapsburg became sovereign. Bruges had already lost its prestige: the new monarchs preferred the more centrally situated Brussels; and the Court, together with the grand chapter of the Knights, was removed to what remains the Capital of Belgium.

Her past glory and the achievements of her Knights were a solace in the sad days which soon came upon Bruges. She was chastened by scourges of every variety; was depopulated by plagues, oppressed by the foreigner, and for six years groaned under the Calvinistic yoke, when Catholic worship was forbidden under cruel penalties. Still, she remembered the best legacy of her era of splendor,—

that those well-provided for in temporal things must be mindful of the unfortunate. Hence sprung up that wide, all-pervading spirit of charity which makes the history of Bruges one of the most edifying of the Middle Ages.

With her clergy exiled or martyred, her churches defamed or levelled to the ground, the people of Bruges went about seeking victims to succor in a secret way, and, when peace came at last, in an open, well-organized manner which still challenges the admiration of even modern efficiency experts. Under episcopal guidance, the people began the erection of those marvellous hospitals and those asylums for foundlings, for the orphaned boy and girl, for the aged, and for the mentally afflicted,—that system of *Godshuizen* (God's houses) which, unchanged in any vital respect, exists to the present day. The buildings were adorned by the greatest artists and sculptors, sharing only with the cathedrals and other churches the people's desire to make them worthy of His dwelling. In many a war, Bruges and its contiguous cities have received deep and disfiguring scars; but the spirit of charity remains untouched and unchanged, and will be most worthily enlarged by the coming of the ancient Knights.

Brussels is also an excellent place in which to study the Order which King Albert hopes to root again in its native soil, though in this case the history concerns more intimately the line of Hapsburg than of the old Burgundian dukes. It will be an inestimable blessing for the breathless tourist seeking out the latest novelty in the beautiful Capital of Belgium to come upon the chapel wherein the last descendants of Philip, surrounded by the emblems of knighthood, await the summons to throw off all mortality and be clothed with the robe of immortality.

It is a wonderful place for reflection, that Cathedral of St. Michael and St.

Gudule; and no part of it is more satisfying than the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where stained-glass windows, among the grandest in existence, proclaim the homage of four powerful potentates of Europe who reigned in that marvellous century, the sixteenth. First one sees John III., of Portugal, and his Queen Catherine, sister of Charles V.; then Louis of Hungary, with his Queen Maria, second sister of the great ruler of the Western Empire; then Francis I., of France, with Queen Eleanora, the third sister of the great Carl. Occupying the fourth window is Ferdinand, the brother of Charles, who took up the sceptre laid down when the mighty ruler sought peace and respite in the cloister.

Passing down the wide, arched aisle to the choir, a splendid history of the line of Philip of Burgundy may be read in the windows, which are also of the era when stained glass had reached the zenith of its perfection. There is the Grand Duke Maximilian, with his gentle consort, Mary, from whom in 1477 the House of Hapsburg derived the supreme Knighthood of the Golden Fleece, to be relinquished only three years ago, when Charles, the last emperor, surrendered to the Italian forces. There is the heir of Maximilian and Mary, Philip the Handsome, who wed Joanna of Castile, daughter of the great Isabella; then come Charles V. and Ferdinand, sons of Philip, with the wife of Ferdinand, Maria of Portugal.

The tourist, seeking only the visible token of the valiant Knights, stumbles upon a stirring chapter of history linking the Flanders of the present with a memorable past. For such a contingency alone, the effort of Albert to revive the Golden Fleece deserves genuine praise. In the sociological and economic sense, it is seemingly the sanest and most hopeful note which has yet come from the disorganized countries of Europe.

Her Treasures.

BY JANET GRANT.

"THERE is no alternative, mother. With all our people gone except Cynthia and Homer, we can not work the land, and must go to live in Savannah. You will be sorry to leave the old home; yet you may be happier among your friends in the city, while I hope to be able to obtain a contract for engineering there."

Young Arthur Morton, an ex-Confederate major, spoke gently—indeed, in his voice there was a tone almost of apologetic entreaty—as he turned to the elderly little lady who, during that beautiful spring morning of 1866, a year after the close of the Civil War, sat on the vine-screened gallery of a plantation house of southern Georgia, and looked abroad as far as she could see over the now uncultivated cotton fields, whose product had "in the old days" brought her a generous income.

In her girlhood a petted daughter and an heiress, an indulged wife, a mother whose slightest wish was as law to her children, a widow, long of abundant means, few even among the noble women of the South who so bravely accepted the trials of the great conflict and the period of reconstruction, had been called upon to face a wider change of fortune than was Mrs. Morton. And yet this handsome son, and the three daughters already gone North to put to practical use their skill in music and drawing, had as far as possible mitigated for her the anxieties of the straitened circumstances which, in spite of the shadows of the Four Years of Tragedy, she did not yet fully realize.

So now she looked up into the major's serious countenance and answered, as if she conferred a favor:

"Very well, my son. I am ready to accompany you whenever you arrange to go."

Any one seeing them together thus would readily have surmised their relationship. For he was tall and athletic, and his dark locks were nearly straight; while her short flaxen curls, only lightly touched with silver, just reached the edge of her collar at the back of her head, and bobbed around her serene face, setting it off like a golden frame. From childhood she had worn her hair in much the same manner. Somewhat short in stature she was, too; and an old-fashioned gentlewoman, from her white hands, protected from rough contact with the world by black lace mittens, to her small, well-shaped feet.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Morton looked forward to the prospective abandonment of the plantation, which had been a part of her dowery, more cheerfully than she would have admitted.

"What a contrast between the condition of this place now and the appearance it presented upon my wedding-day!" she cried, as the scene arose before her imagination,—“the afternoon when all the Blacks from the fields, and even the pickaninnies, from the cabins, were brought up to the house to wish me joy!”

Again in fancy she saw, not only the festivities in the old mansion, but in the Negro quarters: the dancing, the singing, and the feast provided by the bride,—“Little Missy,” as she was still called by her former servants, who came to see her sometimes, bringing trivial presents bought with the first money they had earned. The retrospect was a portrait of slavery forgetful of its bondage. And, then, there was the companion scene: the laborers at work upon the broad acres.

Those were the days on the plantation when, winter and summer, the spacious front door of the great house stood always open,—an invitation alike to the expected guest or the passing

friend to enter and accept the hospitality of the master and mistress for a day or week, at will; when a card to a wedding meant a visit of a fortnight; when all the principal families of the neighborhood “claimed kin” with one another, and gave balls and parties at frequent intervals.

Such were the gala occasions. But Mrs. Morton looked back upon other days of the same period,—days when, in the performance of her duty as the owner of many slaves, she had kept half a score of seamstresses employed. For, even though the Blacks were scantily clad, the garments of many of the women were made under the supervision of the mistress. She thought of the times when she had been wont to compound potions for the sick, to visit the superannuated and the aged in the cabins, and sit by the bedside of the dying; duties these of which the white women of the North took small count, and for which they gave little credit to their Southern sisters.

Remembering these things, Mrs. Morton felt that, after all, she had emancipated herself from many cares when, forced by the approach of Sherman's army, she had given her Negroes their freedom. Nevertheless, without the planning for the entertainment of guests who came no more, without the lowly black people so dependent upon her, yet upon whom she had been in turn so dependent, her occupation was gone.

“Yes, it will be better to go away,” she said aloud; “to look forward with hope to the future rather than back with regret on the past.”

Little remained of the furniture of the house to be disposed of, but Mrs. Morton promptly set about collecting the few treasures she still possessed. Of these the most precious in her estimation was the small crayoned portrait of her eldest son Edward, a West Point graduate who, at a frontier

post of the Indian Territory, had been shot down in a fight with the Indians shortly before the National Struggle. Placid as this Southern woman appeared, she considered that she bore a cross whose burden no one could lighten—namely, her inconsolable grief for the death of this gallant soldier. Not the love of all her living children combined could make up for the loss of her first-born. Accordingly, she cherished the souvenir, and a handful of uncut garnet pebbles which he picked up somewhere on the Plains, and which she proudly called “the last of the family jewels.”

Beside this picture on the wall of her own room there hung, in a little frame about seven by nine inches, an ordinary colored print representing the Madonna. To this also she was especially attached. Yet Mrs. Morton was not a Catholic. That she had once been nearer to the Faith than even her family supposed, the sweet lips of Our Lady might have told had they spoken; and, sad to say, the portrait and all it represented were what held her back. She was enthralled by the sorrow that might have been to her as are the wings with which the bird soars into the skies.

For it was that cruelest of cheats, Spiritism, that kept her out of the Church. During two years she had wavered,—daily praying, indeed, to the Blessed Mother, whose likeness she loved, but clinging to her error with a strange tenacity. Such was her state of mind at the time when she found it necessary to leave her plantation home.

The day of departure arrived. Mrs. Morton's belongings were packed for the removal,—all save a few trinkets and ornaments. After a lingering glance around the pleasant room where she had often been both happy and sad, she took into her hands the pictures that she so prized, and, kissing one affectionately and the other reverently, said aloud:

“O Holy Mother, I place this portrait of my dead son, as I so often placed him, in your loving care! Guard it safely for me, I beseech you; for I value it above any other memento of happier days that is left to me.”

Then she put the two together into her trunk.

After a drive across the country, the Mortons took the train for Savannah, some two hundred miles distant. The first part of the journey was uneventful; but, well on in the afternoon, the engine stopped unexpectedly when only halfway across a barren tract, and far from any station. The conductor and train employees ran to and fro on the sandy ground; the men among the passengers left the coaches to ascertain the reason of the halt, and there was a commotion among the ladies.

Mrs. Morton waited in dignified serenity, without joining in the chatter that went on around her. The major would presently tell her what had happened.

“Do not be alarmed, mother,” he said when he at last returned. “There is no danger for us, only the baggage cars are on fire.”

“On fire!” she repeated, starting up.

“Yes, but they have been detached from the rest of the train.”

By this time the news had spread; and presently the majority of the women, Mrs. Morton with the others, walked out upon the stretch of sand, to witness ruefully the conflagration that consumed their luggage. It was a lonely scene. The April day was overcast, the region desolate; and the blazing cars burned like tinder, for no water could be obtained to quench the flames. The more well-to-do among the passengers took the mishap philosophically; but there were others who openly lamented their misfortune and denounced the railroad company.

Mrs. Morton appeared to accept the inevitable, as, with her son, she

watched the dreary spectacle. Suddenly, however, she thought of her treasures.

"O Arthur," she exclaimed, "the little portrait of Edward and my picture of the Madonna! I put them in my trunk. Is there no chance to save them?"

The burning cars showed now only a skeleton of blackened timbers.

"See, dearest!" replied the young man. "The baggage is already entirely destroyed."

His mother dropped her veil over her face and wept quietly, as he led her back to the coach.

There was still a long delay, for in this section of the country trains seemed to be run on the principle that there was always plenty of time to spare; and a heap of ashes would be more easily removed than a quantity of wreckage. A number of the passengers beguiled the tedium of waiting by dining from the baskets they had brought with them. Declining their wayfarers' hospitality, Mrs. Morton disconsolately contemplated the prospect from the window.

Arthur went out to try to discover when the train would start. As he stood with several casual acquaintances, former planters and ex-soldiers, before the spot where the fire had been, he reflected that seldom had he seen ruin more complete. Of the two cars there were left only a few charred pieces of wood; of the baggage not a vestige remained.

"A clear case for suits for damages against the road, Major," remarked a gentleman, addressing him.

"Yes," answered Morton. "But I dare say the ladies in yonder coaches have lost keepsakes that can never be replaced."

He was thinking of his mother's tears.

The man did not continue the conversation, but strolled about; occasionally

thrusting his walking-stick among the embers, chiefly for the sake of occupying the lagging moments.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, has escaped destruction," he declared, on the point of abandoning his pastime. "Yet, no,—after all, I have found something!"

His stick struck some hard object. The next minute, as he turned over the ashes, there lay revealed a small package, which he caught up and examined excitedly.

"Two pictures, as I live!" he cried,—
"two pictures absolutely unspoiled, although the backs of the frames have been scorched by the fire!"

Arthur Morton drew near.

"A portrait sketch, and a representation of the Virgin and Child," continued the finder, while the loiterers crowded around him.

Arthur claimed them.

"They belong to my mother," he said.

"Then I congratulate her; for she is the only individual who has saved anything from the wreck," responded the gentleman, giving them up to him.

The emotion of Mrs. Morton when Arthur restored the pictures to her can be better imagined than described. In a voice tremulous with feeling she told him how she had entrusted the portrait to Our Lady's keeping.

"The preservation of the package is indeed a remarkable coincidence," he acknowledged, amiably.

But his mother was not satisfied.

"You may think it a coincidence, dear," she objected; "but I believe the Blessed Mother *did* guard my treasure as I begged of her."

And, as she kissed the two pictures once more, she added mentally:

"Yet how unworthy of such a favor!—how selfish I have been! In my grief for the dead I have failed to appreciate the love of the living. My eyes are opened: henceforth all shall be different."

So impressed, indeed, was she by the occurrence that, a few days after reaching the city, she applied for instruction, and a short time later was received into the Church.

Mrs. Morton was well known to the writer of this story, and many people have seen the pictures upon which the proofs of the incident are recorded in "the writing of the flames."

The Bells of St. Michael's.

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

THE Bells of St. Michael's! No sound appeals so touchingly to the heart of a Charlestonian as the sound of these, "the sweetest chimes in all the land." The story of the bells attracts the stranger, and makes them doubly dear to all born within the shadow of the lofty tower. They have spoken to them from childhood of worship, of terror, of sorrow, and of joy. Their tone is sacred to the ear, and men who have long dwelt in alien lands have yearned to hear them yet again.

The South has preserved its history and historic places more faithfully than other parts of the country; and in that region no place contains quite so many historic shrines or so many places made famous by brave deeds as does Charleston, the quaint old Southern city on the South Carolina coast. A visitor to Charleston, the center of all tourist travel between North and South, finds within a small radius more historic spots than in almost any other city in the United States.

Especially interesting are its churches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of these, the most dearly beloved and most attractive to the stranger is St. Michael's, the beautiful old building that stands on the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and built in the year

1752. It is of brick, rough-cast, and is now colored white. About the entire structure there is a peculiar repose and stability that never fail to impress the reverent beholder.

The steeple is 180 feet in height, and is scarcely surpassed in architectural beauty by any in America. From the pigeon-holes, the highest point in the tower, patriots of the Revolution watched the coming and the movements of the British fleets; and, almost a century later, the warships of Dupont and Dahlgren were seen from the same eyrie long before they crossed the bar.

Especially interesting is the history of the bells, which, with the clock, were imported from England in 1764. When the British evacuated Charleston in 1782, Major Traill, of the Royal Artillery, seized the bells on the pretence that they were a military perquisite. Great grief prevailed, and the citizens applied for them on the ground that they had been purchased by private subscription. Sir Guy Carleton issued an order for their restoration, but they had already been shipped to England.

How the people missed the chime of their beloved bells, and how lonely and silent it seemed without them! But even in England they could not forget "once a Charlestonian, always a Charlestonian"; so they did not plead in vain with the memory of a fellow-townsmen, then in Liverpool. He bought them, and shipped them home again; and once more they rang out in the belfry of St. Michael's bringing joy and cheer to all hearts.

When the Civil War Broke out, the bells were taken for safe-keeping to Columbia, the capital; but when that city was burned by Sherman, they were so much injured by fire as to be rendered entirely useless. Two of them were stolen and could never be replaced, and it was a long time before the shattered fragments of the others were all recovered. At last, however, the old

metal was started again across the Atlantic, to be recast in the original molds. This was done by the successors of the firm that had made them one hundred years before. Then they came home again after their fifth ocean voyage, to rest finally—and for all time, let us hope—in St. Michael's.

It would be hard to explain to a stranger the strong personal feeling that every native son and daughter have for the sound of these old bells. Merrily they rang out the first marriages of those knights and ladies who braved a wilderness for liberty and love. Gayly they chimed through the good old days when planter was king, until they became suddenly mute by the booming of the cannon off Fort Sumter.

Until about forty years ago, an important arrangement of the town was that, in case of fire breaking out in the nighttime, two persons from the main gallery guard should go to the upper gallery of St. Michael's steeple and there hold out a lighted lantern, on a pole, toward the fire. It is said the bells never jangled out of tune except on the eventful night of August 31, 1888, when the steeple was swayed by an earthquake; and we are assured that on the day the city learned of the passing of the Stamp Act, the bells tolled as if for a funeral.

The old, square, high-backed pews of St. Michael's and the sounding-board over the pulpit, are retained to the present day, giving the interior a very colonial aspect.

The churchyard is also of great interest to the tourist. On the walls of the church and in the graveyard are many memorials of the distinguished dead of Carolina. In one corner stand what appear to be parts of a bedstead, made out of cypress and cedar, which mark the grave of Mary Ann Luyten, who died Sept. 9, 1770. Her husband, unable to buy a tombstone, and yet wishing to record his

love, as was the custom of his fathers, just set up a bedstead and carved her epitaph on it. For more than one hundred and fifty years this curious marker of red cedar has weathered the storms and is still in a good state of preservation.

Happy, serene dead, to sleep amid such consecration, under the very shadow of the tower where rest the chime of bells whose tones, in life, they had loved so fondly!

A Convent Cinderella.

AN invariable custom of oldtime spiritual writers was to complete their exposition of any given virtue by citing examples from the lives of those who had been noted for practising it. Enforcing his treatment of the virtue of humility, one such writer tells the following story.

The Abbot of Pitirus, a man celebrated for sanctity, desired to know whether there was in the world any soul more perfect than his own, that he might learn from such a one how to serve God better. Then an angel appeared to him and said: "Go to a certain convent in the Thebaid. Four hundred and ninety nuns dwell there, and among them is one called Isidora, who wears a diadem upon her head. Know that she is by far more perfect than thyself. Learn from her."

Isidora was a good young girl who had set her heart upon abasing herself for Christ's sake as much as she could. So she wore a rag twisted around her head, went barefoot, and remained always alone except when she was at the common exercises of the community. She did not eat with the others, but collected for her own food the scraps which they had left. As a result, all the others looked upon her as a fool, and treated her as such. On the other hand, she never spoke ill of anybody, harmed no one, and never

complained of any ill treatment which she received.

In the course of time the Abbot arrived at the convent, and, after requesting the Abbess to send all the nuns to the grating, he could discover upon none of them the sign given by the angel. Accordingly, he asserted with confidence that they were not all there. "Indeed," answered the Abbess, "no one is absent, except a poor simpleton who always stays shut up in the kitchen."—"Well, send for her," said the Abbot.

In the meanwhile, Isidora, who had known interiorly what was to happen, had hidden herself that she might escape all connection with the matter. Being found after a long search, and earnestly entreated by her superior, she finally came to the grating. The Abbot recognized her as soon as he beheld her, and, instantly falling at her feet, humbly recommended himself to her prayers. Astonished at such an action, the nuns said to him, "Father, you are mistaken; this young woman is a fool."—"You are the fools!" replied the Abbot. "Know that she is far holier than myself or any of you."

Then they all threw themselves at Isidora's feet, confessed their error, and asked pardon for the wrong they had done her. She could not, however, bear to receive so much honor; and, accordingly, fled farther into the desert a few days afterwards, never to return.

"City of Mary."

There is no place in all Christendom, perhaps, where devotion to our Blessed Lady is more general and more fervent than in the quaint old city of Bruges, Belgium. In fact, it used to be called on this account Mariastadt—"City of Mary." An annual procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on the feast of the Assumption, has taken place there almost uninterruptedly since the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Answered Prayers.

NOT a few Catholics, learning of the hopes that were expressed for the Church when Pius IX. promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and witnessing meantime the great increase of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, have wondered because those hopes have not been literally fulfilled, and are disheartened because the more or less definite prophecies of which they read in pious books have not all come to pass.

There is no denying that the Church's position is still a long way from being ideal. Only the optimist is able to discern amelioration of the condition of society in any part of Christendom. But we must not forget, as Bishop Hedley remarked in one of his pastorals, that when we speculate on the ways of God, the wisest of us is very much in the dark. "It often happens that the servants of God hope and pray for one thing, and the loving wisdom of their Heavenly Father grants them another. In the divine counsels, times and seasons wear a very different aspect from what they do in the eyes of shortsighted mortals." The Bishop points out that, as a result of devotion to the Immaculate Conception during the last half century, some things have happened which not only call for gratitude but inspire hope. He says:

"Fifty years ago there were two difficult and hazardous problems awaiting solution. The world had become democratic; the people had found their voice and were beginning to use it. The first question was, how the Church, in this new order of things, was to speak; the second, how she was to prove that she was of no nationality and tied to no form of human government, but international and super-national. These questions have been answered. The definition of Papal Infallibility has set

at rest all controversy within the Church on the subject of doctrinal pronouncements. But it is in the actual working out of the Papal office as Teacher that we most clearly see the effect of the prayers of Mary. For what has happened? Not only have the Pontiffs of the last fifty years, addressed themselves directly and unceasingly to the Christian public on every kind of subject, but the bishops, without whose co-operation the words of a Pope would raise a very imperfect echo, have drawn together round the Papal throne with a conviction and a devotedness that have never before been witnessed in history.

"The result is that the Church has found a way to speak to the world, under its modern conditions, whenever speech is needed, with all the promptness, all the clearness, and all the moral weight that her mission requires. Not less successfully has she cut herself clear of the ruins of fallen causes and the trammels of obsolete connections; not less powerfully has she demonstrated that she belongs to every nation without distinction, and is the pastor and leader of all. Never since the days of the Catacombs has the Pastorate of the Church been able to speak more clearly; never since the best of the Ages of Faith has the super-national position of the Papacy stood out more strikingly. This has come about, not by the favor of governments, but in the midst of general trouble and frequent oppression.

"To those who reflect, and consider what has come to pass in spite of the violence of men, it is most certain that the Church has had, in a marked degree, the help and the guidance of Heaven. The Church is the conqueror—not along the whole line, and not without heavy losses,—but the conqueror beyond all doubt. We can not be wrong in attributing this to the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God."

Notes and Remarks.

The celebration of the centenary of the death of Napoleon has intensified the craze to acquire relics of him; and people who find fault with Catholics for venerating the relics of saints are now paying fabulous prices for furniture, pictures, books, canes, handkerchiefs, etc.—even toothbrushes and combs—said to have belonged to the great Corsican. We say "said to have belonged," because such a quantity of furniture alone has been sold, and is cherished, as having formed part of the household at Longwood, that probably the whole of it could not be accommodated at St. Helena. Experts declare that a great quantity of Napoleoniana have only a very remote association with the famous Emperor. This, however, will not arrest the craze. The excuse for the relic-hunters is that Napoleon's career has placed him on the heights of history.

The current issue of the *Forum* contains a discussion concerning the decline of religion. The Protestant point of view is presented by Mr. De Witt L. Pelton, and contains this rather interesting admission:

Most significant is the fact of the almost complete alienation of the working classes from the Protestant churches. Surely it is a striking fact that *the* class from which the early converts to Christianity were almost exclusively drawn is to-day the class farthest removed from Protestant communions. Even more true is this abroad, where social conditions are more rigid than here.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, who contributes the Catholic viewpoint, makes a differentiation which will probably surprise a great many of his readers. He writes:

The Jew, the Catholic or the Unitarian flocks by himself. No faithful member or adherent of any of these creeds will sacrifice one article of his belief or mode of thinking for what is called "unity." The Unitarian

must remain alone, because he can not be expected to believe too much; the Jew, because he holds that he stands consecrated from the earliest time as the one exponent of the Unity of God; the Catholic, because he believes that his Church—the synthesis of all spiritual religions, the completion of the prophecies of the Jewish prophets and the Roman sibyls—is the sole means by which the doctrine of Christ can be conserved pure, and yet developed truthfully; it is the one means by which he is united to the Absolute. Therefore, one must leave the Jew, the Unitarian, and the Catholic out of the problems which are at present exciting attention on all sides, as to (1) How can the waste of effort due to a multiplication of weak churches be prevented? (2) How can the churches in existence be put on a "business" basis? (3) How can the drifting material, which is apparently churchless, though Protestant, be brought under the influence of a Christian denomination? (4) How can this drifting material, together with material constantly leaking from Christian churches, be brought together under one roof?

Discussing each of these questions in turn, Dr. Egan concludes with this opinion: "If Protestantism as a religion should fail to meet the demands made upon it, it will, it seems to me (though I may be wrong), mean that the majority of Americans will be bereft in time of the hopes, the consolations, and the restraints of Christianity."

In these days when Mr. Edison varies the invention of machinery for simplifying conversation with the dead by drawing up sets of questions which (how terrible!) college men can not answer, the world stands ready to believe that almost anything may happen. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it seems almost more fictitious than fiction, in the sense that men make such extraordinary things of their lives. Recently there died in an Ohio city a former German baron, Herman von Zastrow. A few decades ago he was an intimate friend of the Kaiser, an honored veteran of the war with France, and a chemist of recognized ability. Having taken it into his head to marry a prima donna, he

was disgraced and left for America. Zastrow is said to have squandered millions, some of which were made in Pennsylvanian oil fields. Later he served with a corporation as chemical engineer, and finally descended to the occupation of hotel clerk.

Verily, in these queer times we shall turn from the newspapers to Don Quixote when we crave a few sober commonplaces. Still, such incidents as the one we have narrated illustrate the mystery, the unceasing variety of human life, which can not be reduced to formulas, and which demonstrates the freedom of the will and the responsibility of the individual.

The interruptions made during the delivery of the speech by Senator La Follette (in support of his resolution before the Senate declaring that the United States ought to recognize the independence of the Republic of Ireland), to which we referred last week, are proof of the interest with which it was listened to and the importance attached to it by the senators. Some of the interruptions were evidently intended to afford the speaker an opportunity of reaffirming and emphasizing certain of his statements. The opportunity was not lost on him. No listener was left in doubt as to what he meant to say, or what he expected his colleagues to do when the time came to vote on the issue. He nullified any excuse for ignorance, on their part, of Ireland's right to independence, and demonstrated the obligation in justice and honor to have that right recognized by the Government of the United States.

As showing the vigilance exercised by the National Catholic Welfare Council, we may cite the answer made by Mr. Michael Williams to Mr. Truman H. Talley, who in an article contributed to the *World's Work* used this phrase:

"A precise analogy is to be found in the Pope's decree in the World War that conscription was immoral and should be resisted." From several indignant letters addressed to the editor by Catholic readers, he selects the one by Mr. Williams, who had this to say: "Conscription, as a matter of fact, was and had been the prevailing condition in all European countries save Great Britain long before the war, and no decree by any Pope can be pointed to which declares such a step to be immoral. As a matter of fact, the burden of the Church's teaching is all the other way. Catholic education has always stressed the doctrine that a lawful government has a just claim upon the services of its subjects or its citizens in case of war."

Commenting on Mr. Talley's reply, and expressing regret that the offensive sentence appeared in the *World's Work*, the editor declares that Mr. Williams "has the better of the discussion." Mr. Talley admits that he was at fault, but he calls his error a technical one, and attempts to explain it away. Had he read the following apology of Mr. S. P. B. Mais, perhaps he would not have tried so hard to excuse himself:

In my new book—"Why we Should Read"—I have made very extensive use without acknowledgment of "An Outline of Russian Literature," by the Hon. Maurice Baring,—a volume of the Home University Library published by Messrs. Williams and Norgat; and in some cases, indeed, I have quoted at length passages from it as if they were my own. At the demand of the publishers, I am anxious to tender publicly my apologies both to them and to Mr. Baring.

Thanks to Woman Suffrage (which some of us, not so very long ago, thought to be near heresy, berating the rest of us, who thought otherwise), the Socialists and Liberals got a backset at the recent communal elections in Belgium. The danger to Catholic schools, if not entirely removed, is thus

greatly lessened. The women, nuns included, took their place at the polls and cast their votes, as they were expected to do,—for law and order, good government, and religious liberty. In the chief centers of population, such as Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent, there was an increase in the number of Catholic candidates returned to the Communal Council. It was noted that among the Brussels electors the women greatly outnumbered the men. *Place aux dames!* The world moves, and it's no use trying to stop it.

Ontario is not a particularly Catholic province. To the American Catholic mind, in fact, it connotes Orangeism. The province is at least Christian, however,—more Christian indeed than very many of our States, at least on the question of divorce. Commenting on Parliament's recent dropping a Bill for the establishment of divorce courts in the province, the *Journal*, of Kitchener, applauds the action, and incidentally remarks: "The best excuse that can be found for the legal recognition of divorce is the fact that generally there is an innocent party who may have to endure some hardship if the marital bonds can not be severed. But even separation by order of Court will remove all real hardships, so that there is no absolute need to allow the parties the right of remarrying by granting a complete divorce."

Such separation, "from bed and board," is sanctioned, as our readers are all aware, by the Church in extreme cases; but she has always refused to dissolve the bond of matrimony, to sanction divorce properly so called. The paper just quoted mentions one reason in support of her attitude. "Moreover—and this is the important point,—although there may be one innocent party in a divorce case, there is sure to be at least one guilty party, one real criminal. As a result, any

relief contemplated for the innocent party will give the guilty one, generally an adulterer or adulteress, the opportunity for contracting another marriage, and most likely laying the foundation for a second or third divorce, and so on."

No reader of our American press needs to be told that there is no extravagance in this talk of a second or third divorce: it is the statement of conditions all too common, at least on this side of the border line.

In a volume recently published in London—"Johnson Club Papers, by Various Hands"—are to be found some statements of the famous lexicographer and essayist concerning Ireland. Johnson, in his day, evidently agreed with the great majority of reputable Englishmen of the present time. Witness these declarations: "Sir, the Irish are in a most unnatural state; for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no such instance, even in the ten persecutions, as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics." In reply to a contention that penal laws might be necessary to support English government, he vehemently exclaimed: "Let the authority of the English Government perish rather than be maintained by iniquity."

Direct persecution of Irish Catholics ended, of course, in 1829, when the Emancipation Act was passed; but the iniquity inherent in the measures now in vogue for supporting the authority of the English Government is even blacker than that which Johnson denounced so many years ago.

The language of the Rev. John R. Straton, of the Baptist denomination (Calvary Church, New York), recalls the camp-meeting exhorter of other days—"whang-doodle" the irreverent used to call him. But Brother Straton,

if somewhat less fervent than his prototype, is more picturesque and pointed; and, in his righteous indignation, he administers stern rebukes to ministers as well as layfolk. In a recent sermon levelled at the corrupt theatre, he said: "We have preachers to-day whose fingers are yellowed with cigarette stains; whose ministerial activities are largely a matter of coddling the spoiled, worldly people in our churches; who are hail-fellow-well-met with the politicians; whose supreme claim to distinction is the fact that they can dispose of a social glass without a grimace; and whose main claim to heaven will be that they never rebuked the sins of the people, and that they have kept their own golf record clear. If the devil himself came to New York, I verily believe that some preachers could be found to serve on the reception committee. They call that sort of thing 'liberality' and 'breadth of view'; I call it supine and cowardly connivance with iniquity."

Brother Straton is what Lord Alfred Douglas would call an extravagant American person. There is more than the usual modicum of truth in what he says, though.

It would seem that Margaret Anglin is achieving, both as an actress and as a Catholic, the same prestige and distinction that signalized the theatrical career of Mary Anderson. Miss Anglin's latest triumph is in the title rôle of Emil Moreau's remarkable play, "The Trial of Joan of Arc." It is good to read that she contributes to her programme "an able and somewhat lengthy explanation of the circumstances under which Joan of Arc, a Catholic saint, came to be persecuted by Catholics,"—an admirable preventive of misunderstanding on the part of such theatre-goers as are unfamiliar with the history of her time. Mr. John B. Kennedy, who contributes to *America*

an appreciative notice of the drama, observes: "Even those who believe—with certain of the more obvious creatures holding Freud and his psycho-analytic hypotheses as the solution of all mental complexities—that Joan was merely a mascot for the trembling armies of France, will leave this dramatization of the little peasant saint tasting something of the purity of immolated unselfishness. We who are blessed in possession of the truth will instantly recognize in this play an epic of the Faith. Miss Anglin has demonstrated that great religious episodes, suitably rendered and admirably performed, can hold the sated mind of the New York theatre-goer with the unusual picture of innocence and holiness passing through trial to triumph, even to the triumph of death; and, what is more, convince this sated mind that there really is such a thing as triumphant death."

Many of our readers may not, perhaps, have heard that, by a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, another invocation has been added to the "Divine Praises." After "Blessed be the name of Mary, Virgin and Mother," there is to be said, "Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste Spouse." It is pertinent to add that, as was explained a while ago in these columns, the obligation to use this additional invocation exists, once the fact that the decree has been issued becomes known, irrespective of any notification on the part of the bishop of the diocese. Nor is it irrelevant to urge on our readers the duty as well as the advantage of frequently praising and magnifying Almighty God.

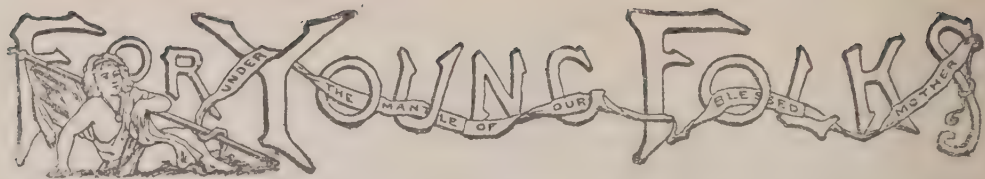
Habitual readers of *Our Dumb Animals* do not need telling that the editor of that journal exaggerates rather than minimizes the ethical duty of humaneness in the treatment of

horses, dogs, cats, etc. There are limits, however, which he is quite unwilling to overstep. Apropos of the recent founding, in New York city, of the "First Church for Animal Rights," he pointedly remarks:

Heaven forbid that we should array ourselves against any honest effort of any sincere man to lessen the amount of animal suffering or deepen the claim of animal life for justice and kindness. But why bring the whole cause of animal welfare into disrepute with multitudes of sane and educated people, lovers of animals and contributors to animal societies, by calling a humane organization a "church"? Why increase the already too widely prevailing opinion that our animal societies and humane education societies are founded on sentimentalism and emotionalism instead of on justice and compassion? Why give the enemy the chance to launch his shaft of ridicule,—the one weapon he resorts to when occasion is offered?

It is a real pity that some authoritative friend of a good many contemporary reformers does not on occasion give them a similar reprimand. They assuredly need it.

May, 1921, marks a new era for the island of Malta, which has been granted the right of self-government by royal letters patent issued this month by the Government of England. The constitution conferred may be altered in any way the needs of the Maltese demand, but there are two reservations on the religious and language questions. The fullest religious liberty is to be accorded to all creeds and religions in the island, though the State religion is declared to be the Roman Catholic Church. The language reservation regulates the use of both English and Italian, and directs that the native Maltese language is to be used in the public schools wherever it is so desired. The population of Malta is largely Catholic; and the celebrations in honor of the proclamation, which came into force on the 16th inst., were naturally of a marked religious character.



The Story of Pierrot.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

ONE night in the springtime
I lay in my bed.
I heard a voice calling,
That plaintively said:
"Come, set the door open,
Good Pierrot, my friend.
To my mother in Alsace
A line I must send.
Neither pen nor ink have I,
My candle won't burn,—
Come Pierrot, friend Pierrot,
And do me a turn!"

The May moon was shining.
I rose in my bed.
"Be off with you, Michel!"
I angrily said.
"No pen nor ink have I,
Nor candles to-night.
Pass on to my neighbor:
His fire's alight!"—
"But, Pierrot, he told me
To come here to you.
And you will not hearken!
Oh, what shall I do?"

"Go home to your mother
In Alsace afar.
You ne'er should have left her,
Poor dolt that you are!
Go, wait until morning
Your letter to write.
Why do you come begging
At this time of night?"

I saw my friend Michel
Next Sunday at Mass;
Quite grimly I waited
Until he should pass.
He walked on beside me.
While weeping, he said:
"O Pierrot, friend Pierrot,
My mother is dead!"

That night in the darkness
I lay on my bed.
Myself—cruel Pierrot!—

Unto myself said:
"If ever comes neighbor
To this door of mine
For wherewith to scribble
A page or a line,
To Luxemburg, Alsace,
Or farthest Lorraine,
Please God, I will never
Refuse him again."

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXII.—THE DETHRONED PRINCESS.

"WHY, halloo!" bluffed Bryce, cheerily. "We're on the move sure. And it's a good thing for you, little kid. You've been boxed up in pink cotton too long. Now you'll get out in the light and air."

There was no answer. Marjorie was beyond all stir from this boyish chaffing, sunk in depths it could not reach. She only buried her face closer in the pillow and tried to choke back her sobs.

"Feeling sick?" asked the would-be comforter, a note of anxiety in his tone; for this was a new mood for the little "spitfire." "Shall I call mother to get you something?"

"No," came the hoarse, quick answer,— "no, I don't want anything or—or—anybody. Let me alone. Go away, Bryce King, and let me alone."

"Just as you say, then," answered Bryce, good-humoredly. "If you want to give all your old friends 'the shake,' I'll take this young lady off, too."

Marjorie turned her head with a quick, startled glance.

"Laurabelle!" she gasped, as she met her old favorite's blue-eyed stare. "Oh, how—where did you get her, my own

poor Laurabelle?" There was a break in the hard young voice,—a break that Bryce, in his new wisdom, was glad to hear.

"Bought her," he explained, laying the befrilled and beribboned lady beside Marjorie. "I heard you say you're getting rather too big for dolls, but I thought this was such an old chum you might like to keep her."

"Oh, I will!" Marjorie's voice broke utterly now. Bursting into a passion of tears, she caught Laurabelle to her lonely little heart. "My poor, poor old Laurabelle! She is all I've got in the whole world now,—all I've got!"

"Giving me 'the shake,' are you. That's a sort of mean go-back on an old friend; isn't it, kid?"

"Oh, no, no!" Marjorie caught the sturdy boy hand in her own weak little grasp. "You're good to me, too; you've always been good to me, Bryce. You carried me downstairs and you brought me Ffine. Oh, if I only had my Ffine! I wouldn't mind people taking everything else, if I only had my Ffine. But now—" Marjorie stopped, choking with tears and sobs,—"nobody cares for me now, and all my money is gone, and I'll never have any doctors or nurses any more. I'll just have to die—to die!" wailed the poor little girl, hysterically.

"Pooh, you won't,—you won't!" Bryce tried to cheer her. "Dr. Newton is away now; but when he comes back from California he won't give you up, I am sure. I'll see that he doesn't."

"But he is not coming back,—Elise said so," moaned Marjorie. "He is not very well himself and will have to stay. And Dr. Doyle thinks I ought to be in an asylum. Oh, I don't want to go to an asylum! Don't let your mother put me in an asylum, Bryce,—oh, don't, please! I'll try not to be much trouble. I won't ask any one to rub me or wait on me or give me any medicine. I'll hide my face in the pillows, so your

mother won't hear me cry at night. Please don't let them put me in an asylum."

"I won't," was the answer; and Bryce set his lips firmly, to steady the sad doubt in his heart. "Don't you scare about that. I'm the man of this house now, and I am standing by you, kid,—standing by you for all I'm worth."

And, soothed by this boyish promise, Marjorie grew calmer; and Bryce left her, with Laurabelle clasped in her arms, to find his mother and Elise moaning even more desperately over their changed fortunes; for they were to move on the morrow, and all that they had lost was made clearer to them than ever by the great vans at the door bearing off their former splendor to other homes. But for the poor little girl to whom they had owed all the luxury of the past, they had not a pitying thought.

"We shall have to put up with that old oak furniture for our room now, I suppose, mother," said Elise, growing selfishly practical; "and Bryce can have the iron bed and stand that were Ellen's; and if you're going to keep Marjorie—"

"She has one hundred dollars left to pay her board, remember," interposed Bryce. "The pink necklace hasn't gone yet."

"A fig for her board!" said his mother, angrily. "I'd like to know who would put up with a half-cracked cripple girl for a few dollars! We've got to rent out every room in the other house, and there is no place for Marjorie."

"And I can't and won't take her in with me, I know," declared Elise.

"Then give her my room. You've got some sort of place for me, haven't you?" said Bryce. "I'll bunk up in the attic, on the trunks."

"The attic!" said his mother, sharply. "You don't know what you are talking about, boy. Your room is bad enough,

but you couldn't stand up in that old attic."

"Then I'll lie down," said Bryce. "Marjorie is to have my room, mother, or I quit."

And, as Bryce's "quitting" was not to be considered in this trying time, he had his good-hearted way.

And so the move was made; and Marjorie found herself in the little hall room that had been reserved for Bryce, in the second-rate boarding-house to which Mrs. Carter-King and her daughter had so angrily descended.

Marjorie's one window, with its dull yellow shade, looked out into the neighboring back yards. Her furniture was the iron bed and washstand that had belonged to Ellen, the housemaid. Her meals—the half-cold "leavings" when the boarders had all been served—were brought up on an untidy tray by a slatternly maid. It was no wonder that the little face grew more and more weazened, and the grey eyes bigger and deeper and duller every day. The wire cages were off the poor little legs now; there was no doctor or nurse to adjust them. Marjorie had to cry herself to sleep, hugging the faithful Laurabelle; for there were no pills or powders to quiet her nerves.

There was only one break in the long, dull, dreary day, spent listlessly watching the back yards with their various activities, listening to Cousin Marcia scolding in the kitchen, or dressing and undressing Laurabelle, to whom her little owner clung with pitiful affection. The break came when Bryce, still busy at his new job, bounded up the stairs in the morning or evening with a stick of candy, a red apple, a picture paper, or something to catch Marjorie's fancy, or brighten the dull apathy that seemed settling more heavily upon her day by day.

"Look here!" said the boyish visitor one morning, as he noted how much paler and thinner the little face was

growing. "You'll have to get out in the air, kid, somehow. I am going to look up that old coach of yours and give you a spin."

"You can't," said Marjorie, hopelessly,—in these last few dreary weeks she had learned a sad, dull endurance that expected no change. "I've got to sit here, and sit here, ever till I die. And I'm afraid to die," she added, with a shudder. "If I only had Fifine to tell me about God and heaven, and all that she heard at Saint Celeste! If I could think that what she told me was true about the good Jesus and the angels, and being happy and well forever! But—but just to be put down in a black hole to feed the worms—"

"Gee!" broke in Bryce, sternly. "Stop that talking and thinking right away, or you'll get 'nutty' sure. I'm going to take you out, if I lose half a day's work."

"O Bryce, if you could!" was the half-sobbed answer. "I'm so tired of seeing only back yards and ash heaps, and counting the clothes hanging out to dry. Next door they have a little girl who wears ruffled aprons; she has four every week; her mother washes them herself. And there's a baby on the other side that has two white dresses every day."

"George!" blurted out Bryce. "And that's all you've had to look at in three weeks! I'm off to find that coach right now."

And he was off to stir his mother up with questions, that roused her angry feelings to the helpless Marjorie into fiercer flame.

"I don't know where the rolling chair is; sold, I suppose, with everything else. I have told you again and again I am not going to be bothered with that half-crazy girl. You can see for yourself that I've got more than I can bear now with Elise fretting and worrying me until I'm nearly frantic. She is no more help than a wax doll."

"There's a kind of baby kerridge down in the cellar," put in the cook. "I was wondering if you'd take a couple of dollars fur it."

"No, we wouldn't," replied Bryce. "That's the thing I'm looking for."

And, without waiting to hear further from his irate mother, he dashed down the cellar steps, and was up again with Marjorie's fairy coach, its ivory wicker-work and silver trimming in a sad state of dilapidation. But the springs and wheels were intact; and, with a quick brush off that scattered the worst of the dust and cobwebs, Bryce had it ready at the door for its former mistress, and was back again to get Marjorie, who, in a tremor of excitement, had been hobbling around her little room. (She was becoming skilful at hobbling now.) She had drawn the fur-lined cloak of the old "Indian Princess" game from her narrow closet, pulled its soft, warm hood over her head, and was waiting, her pale, puny face alive with eagerness.

"I must take Laurabelle," she said, catching up that faithful friend into the warm folds of her cloak.

And Bryce, who found his poor little protégée more pitiful every minute, took Laurabelle and her mistress together in his strong arms, feeling how sadly light was the double burden; and, ensconcing them among the faded cushions of the once splendid chariot, the party was speeding off.

Conscious of curious eyes following his equipage, Bryce kept off the crowded streets into quieter ways. It was a bright December day, with Christmas near at hand; but Bryce wisely avoided the gay thoroughfares, that would only remind the poor little dethroned princess of the cruel change in her fortune since the last Christmas, when her tree had towered to the ceiling, and Elise and her mother and all the inmates of the big house had a

pretty gift from Marjorie's generous and ever-open hand. Ah, she must not think of those past Christmases now! Of all their glories only Laurabelle was left,—Laurabelle, who, smuggled up in the folds of the fur-lined cloak, proved a discreet listener to her mistress, who in these lonely days had taken to conversation with this mute companion.

"Oh, isn't it nice to be out, Laurabelle? We don't see much sunshine now. It only peeps in our window when the children next door come home to get their lunch, and it's gone before they go back to school."

"Nutty!" murmured Bryce to himself, as he listened. "It's just what I expected,—poor little kid!"

"Oh, there's a 'square'!" continued Marjorie,—“a nice big square, with children playing in it, and nurses, just like I used to see them from our old house. O Bryce, can't you push me into the square? Do, Bryce!"

His time was nearly up. He had promised to "look up a leak" at two o'clock in a house not far away. But the pale little face, the eager pleading in the hollow eyes, were more than his kind heart could resist.

"I'll push you in," he said, surveying the square, which was a quiet, old-fashioned place, where, under gnarled old trees and in box paths, little toddlers were playing in happy safety. "I can't stay," continued Bryce reluctantly, as he rolled his charge into a nook where the sunshine fell brightly. "But—but if you like, I'll leave you and Laurabelle for a while, and come back for you as soon as I can."

"Oh, yes, yes!" replied Marjorie eagerly, delighted to prolong this wonderful outing. "Leave us here, Bryce. Oh, there is an organ-grinder coming! Leave us here, Bryce!"

And, steadying the "chariot" safely against a tree, Bryce left his charge at her word.

The Dog that Spoke.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

THE inhabitants of the little French village of Peyragude, having been tried by two or three bad fires in a single year, finally resolved to procure a fire engine. The idea was a good one; but proposing is one thing and realizing the matter proposed is quite another. The Peyragudois soon recognized this elementary truth; for, after going over and over the account of their resources and their necessary expenses, they found that there would remain only about twenty dollars to buy an engine that would cost several hundred.

There was only one way to get out of the difficulty: an appeal must be made to the generosity of the citizens; and, accordingly, on the evening when this narrative begins, several well-meaning men, assembled in the office of the mayor, were drawing up a list of the persons who should first of all be asked for a subscription.

The list was not growing much in length, when, in recapitulating the names, some one remarked that "old Rastouille" had been forgotten.

The remark gave rise to a roar of laughter, because he was the most confirmed miser of the whole district. Now quite old, he lived in a rickety old house that was apparently soon going to "tumble about his ears"; and he deprived himself of decent clothes and proper food in order to increase the number of his golden guineas.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the watchmaker Cantelaube, when the laughter ceased. "It would be as easy to shave a billiard ball as to draw a farthing from that old skinflint."

"Do you think so?" asked Campistron the tailor, who was inclined to be disputatious.

"Hello, Campistron!" said the mayor.

"Do you suppose that old Rastouille—"

"I'm sure of it," rejoined the tailor; "and, provided one knows how to take him—"

"But who else than yourself should undertake the job?" interrupted the watchmaker, who was a little put out that Campistron did not appreciate his joke.

"That's precisely my opinion," replied the tailor, quite coolly; "and I guarantee to bring you before long the subscription of old Rastouille."

The following morning, however, when Campistron, calmed by a night's sleep, remembered the promise he had given, he acknowledged to himself that his mania for contradicting any and every opinion expressed in his presence had played him rather a trick.

He knew Rastouille too well to suppose for a moment that he would contribute to the engine fund, and he concluded that eventually he would himself be obliged to give the five or six dollars which he confessed himself unable to extract from the old miser.

There was no particular hurry just yet, however; and he occupied himself with collecting other subscriptions for the engine, until, happening one morning to pass before Rastouille's house, he saw a spectacle that struck him with surprise. Sitting on his doorstep, the old peasant was warming himself in the sunshine; while, lying at his feet, was a dog quietly sleeping.

The tailor could not resist the desire to make inquiries; and he learned that the dog—a lost one probably—had invaded the miser's house about a week previously, and did not seem inclined to leave.

"It's a queer animal," continued old Rastouille. "One doesn't know where it comes from or to what breed it belongs. Look at it! It isn't a spaniel nor a coach dog nor a terrier; yet it's an intelligent dog. I ask myself, by the way, what pleasure he can find in my

company. I don't kick him out, of course; but that's all. As for feeding him, I'm altogether too poor to undertake that job."

Campistron, however, was apparently not paying any attention to the plaint of the miser. Bending over the dog, a poor half-starved creature of only skin and bones, he was examining it very attentively.

"Curious,—very curious," he mused aloud. "No, I must be mistaken,—and yet there seems no room for doubt. Yes, it must be one."

Considerably impressed by the tailor's monologue, the miser inquired:

"What is there so extraordinary about the dog?"

"What is there?" said Campistron in a tone of exultation. "Listen!" he continued, dropping his voice. "You may think me an impostor, but I'm going to tell you of an adventure that happened to me when I made the tour of France. At the time I was working in Avesnes, in the North. One evening as I was walking along a street I came across a lost dog just like this one, probably escaped from some trainer's quarters. Like this one, too, it was an animal of no certain breed, but very intelligent-looking. I took the dog home with me. No doubt it liked its lodgings and master; for it refused to leave me. I wasn't displeased at that; for I was living alone, and the animal was a companion. During the day, while plying my needle, I talked to my new friend, and I saw by his eyes that the intelligent brute understood me perfectly. Now, one day while I was talking to him, he answered me by barking in an odd manner. I spoke again, and again he answered. I listened closely—and judge of my surprise in finding that I understood what the dog was saying."

"You *did!*" exclaimed old Rastouille, his eyes bulging with astonishment.

"Just as I have said. You won't

doubt that I didn't neglect an animal with such a faculty. The result was that, after a few days' lessons, the dog could speak almost intelligibly to any one. Unfortunately, just as I was entertaining the fondest hopes of making a fortune with him, he was run over by a market wagon and crushed to death. Since then I have repeatedly tried to find a similar animal, but without success until now. I'm pretty sure that this dog of yours belongs to the same breed."

"And you imagine, do you, that you can teach him to talk?"

"Why not—in his way?" replied the tailor. "If you'll only let me have him for a week—"

"Monsieur Campistron, do you take me for a fool?"

"On the contrary, I have quite a different opinion of you; and to show you that my proposal is serious, I will wager five dollars with you that in a week your dog will begin to speak."

A cynical smile played around the lips of the old peasant.

"Five dollars—twenty-five francs! That's a considerable sum for a poor man like me. However, I'll take your bet." (And he said to himself: "There's one guinea easily earned.")

"Agreed," said the tailor. "A week from to-day you'll have a visit from me."

Whereupon he departed, taking his four-legged pupil with him.

The days went by, and old Rastouille, who kept prowling around the tailor's house, saw that the latter avoided him. One fine morning, however, he encountered him face to face.

"Well," he demanded, "how is your phenomenon getting on?"

"Very well indeed," said Campistron, without showing any enthusiasm.

"Ah!" said Rastouille. "Well, you have still a day or two to finish your work."

With this they separated, the old

miser more than ever persuaded that he would win the bet. And it really looked as if he was right.

On the appointed day Campistron did not visit him, nor did he call the day after, nor for several more days. Tired of waiting, Rastouille sought the tailor at his home. Another disappointment: Campistron had gone into the country to fit a suit on a rural customer.

"Oh-ho!" said Rastouille. "The rascal doesn't want to meet me; but he'll find out I'm not to be put off. I'll wait for him at the entrance to the town."

Sure enough, he placed himself at the end of the street by which Campistron would have to come home, and waited there several hours, until at last he saw the tailor approaching him.

"Well, Master Campistron," he began, when they met, "it seems to me that you have been the reverse of punctual in paying me that promised visit."

"Yes, no doubt," replied the tailor, in apparent confusion. "There has been some little delay."

"Does the dog speak yet?"

"Oh, yes! But, you see, he doesn't express himself very clearly so far, and scarcely any one but myself can understand him. This morning, for instance, I had to make him repeat a sentence five times before I managed to make out what he was trying to say."

"What was the sentence, may I ask?" said Rastouille, in a tone of mockery.

Campistron appeared more and more embarrassed.

"W-e-ll, of course I have no right to hide it from you. However—anyway—since you want to—"

All this hesitation began to make the old peasant somewhat curious.

"Look here," at last said the tailor, as if making up his mind to something serious; "the dog said to me,—now you're quite sure you won't be angry?"

"Angry? Nonsense! Go on!"

"All right; the dog said, 'Whenever you like, I'll show you where old Rastouille hides his money.'"

"The dog speaks too plain already," said the miser, his face growing almost green with passion. "Here, take your five dollars, and go and bring me the animal."

"Impossible," said Campistron, as he pocketed the money. "You see, when, dissatisfied at hearing him talk that way, I went to punish him so as to teach him to hold his tongue, he bolted through the doorway, and, if he has kept up his original pace, he's a pretty long distance from here at present."

"Then give me back my five dollars!" cried Rastouille, furiously.

"So you don't think I have won the money? In that case, I will not profit personally by it. Here's what I'll do with it."

Campistron pulled out of his pocket a large sheet of paper, on which were written a number of names with various amounts opposite them, and at the top of which was inscribed, "Subscription for the Purchase of a Fire Engine."

"Monsieur Rastouille," said he, "I'll put you down for twenty-five francs."

"And they say I'm not generous!" commented the old miser; but he made an awful grimace as he said it.

That very evening Campistron and the other members of the collecting committee reported at the mayor's office. As will be readily understood, the tailor triumphantly showed his list where old Rastouille's name appeared conspicuously. Then, turning to the watchmaker Cantelaube, and offering him a billiard ball, with a shaving-mug and brush, he said with a smile:

"Now, my friend, you can carry out your part of the contract."

THE Latin motto of the city of London is an old invocation: *Domine, dirige, nos!*—"O Lord, direct us!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An important new book by Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert, K. S. G., is announced for early publication by Peter Reilly, Philadelphia. It deals with the problems connected with the subconscious activities of our mental life, and is entitled "Human Destiny and the New Psychology."

—Catholic students of Dante will find much to interest them in a book by Marianne Kavanagh, just published by Sands & Co., London—"Dante's Mystic Love." It is described as "an explanation from the Catholic standpoint of the spiritual and mystical significance of Dante's love of Beatrice." The author makes reference in explanation of her views to such standard works of mystical theology as St. Teresa's "Interior Castle" and the "Dark Night of the Soul," by St. John of the Cross.

—"A Study for the Times: An Inquiry into Thought and Motive," by W. Duncan McKim, M. D., Ph. D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an octavo of 524 pages, with an analytical table of contents and an index. Its main title is not so accurate as its sub-title. While the Introduction does speak of present conditions, "expectations from the war," etc., the body of the work is something in the nature of a psychological treatise, with no more specific application to the present than to any other time. Dr. McKim is a writer who will not interest the man in the street of any religion, and who may well be eschewed by Catholics of all degrees of culture.

—The decree by which, in 1910, Pius X. permitted young children to approach the Holy Table has effected considerable changes in many countries, notably so in France. First Communion Day had from time immemorial been a day of days for French children entering their teens; and numerous books designed to prepare them for their first reception of the Holy Eucharist were proffered to pastors and school-teachers by enterprising publishers. The new régime has rendered the oldtime "Retreats for First Communion" practically useless. The "Great Day" is still observed in France, but it is "Solemn Communion" day; and the books published for the use of pastors who prepare the children therefor have changed their character. Two such books come to us from Pierre Téqui, Paris: "Retraite d'Enfants," by Abbé Henri

Morice; and "Retraites de Communion Solennelle," by Canon Jean Vaudon. Both brochures are written in a style accommodated to the tender years of the children, and are calculated to interest as well as instruct and edify them.

—"The Road to Damascus" is the story of an undergraduate's conversion to the Faith, and has the benefit of an introductory note by Fr. Martindale, S. J. It is an humble and devout narrative by one who has been blessed abundantly, and who attributes his peace of mind to the example and influence of St. Paul. Published by the Catholic Truth Society, London. Price, sixpence, net.

—Sister Dolorosa, of the Sisters of Mercy, has issued a daintily bound collection of her "verses on various occasions," which she calls "Heart's Memoraries." She had not greatly troubled herself about technique, and her printer has troubled himself very little, apparently, about punctuation, etc. These stanzas were doubtless written in haste as occasion or mood demanded. Sister Dolorosa's friends and pupils will be the ones to appreciate her production most thoroughly.

—The demand for novels remains so intense that publishers are, apparently, willing to speculate wildly in them. This explains the appearance, in a pretty, light-blue cover, of "Sons of the Sea," by Raymond McFarland. (Putnams, publishers.) It is a melodramatic and overwrought story of the sea, and its greatest virtue is its comparative cleanliness. The same publishers have sponsored "Babel," an attractive volume of short stories by Hugh MacNair Kahler. The best of these tales, "Babel" and "Wild Carrot," are reflections of American industrial life, done somewhat in the manner of Jack London. Their greatest weakness is unsatisfactory motivation.

—Among recent interesting pamphlets to reach our table mention must be made of "The Essence of the Holy Mass," by the Rev. W. Hackner (B. Herder Book Co.); "The First American Sister of Charity," by the Rev. J. C. Reville, S. J. (America Press); "Social Reconstruction in an Irish State," by the Rev. W. Moran, D. D. (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland); "The Choice and Formation of a Native Clergy in the Foreign Missions," by the Very Rev. W. Ledochowski, S. J. (Kenedy & Sons); and "Les Missions-Etrangères d'Amérique," by the Rev. P. Poirier,

Miss. Apos. This last-mentioned pamphlet is a sympathetic notice of Maryknoll, its personages and its activities.

—Reviewing "John Patrick, Third Marquess of Bute, K. T., 1847-1900: A Memoir by the Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair, Bt.," the *London Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "He merited a biography, and he could not have had a better biographer than Sir David Hunter-Blair. An old friend, a Benedictine, an Oxford man whose memory runs back, we suppose, to an Oxford scarcely changed from that of Bute's own day; a writer whose prose keeps a trace of the sunny charm which the old Oriel school taught the rest of the University; the owner of mellowed stores of ecclesiastical and social anecdote, Abbot Hunter-Blair was just the man for the task." In reference to Lord Bute's conversion to the Church, the *Times* says: "It was not altogether unnatural, in the prevailing state of religious opinion, that when this heir to weighty responsibilities declared his intention of being received, even before coming of age, into the Roman Catholic communion, there should have been alarm and consternation; and that when the conversion actually took place the *Times* of that day should have said in haste things which the *Times Literary Supplement* of this day can not be expected to repeat at leisure. Such fears were ill-founded. Bute's Catholicism, if romantic, was not sentimental or fanatical."

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$9.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.90.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol. I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. F. X. Till, of the diocese of La Crosse; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gherardo Ferrante, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. James Grady, diocese of Rochester.

Brother Sulpicius, C. S. C.

Sister M. Raphael, of the Sisters of the Precious Blood; Sister M. Anne, Order of St. Ursula; Sister M. Sidonia, Sister M. Florentine, and Sister M. Anicetus, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Thomas Howe, Mrs. Mary Bertels, Mr. Joseph Barrett, Mrs. Christiana Curran, Mrs. Cecilia Riegler, Mr. Joseph Gross, Mr. Henry Grote, Mrs. Margaret McPadden, Miss Anna Backer, Mr. James Guinan, Mr. Bernard Theising, Mr. William Lovett, Miss Agnes O'Leary, Miss Margaret Riley, Miss Genevieve Fisher, Mr. H. A. Brooks, Mr. R. F. Hasamer, Miss Ellen Brennan, Miss Katherine Cassidy, Mr. Arthur Hoeltzle, Mr. F. W. Moser, Miss Agnes Creighton, Mr. Charles Unger, Mr. John Connor, and Mr. John Mueth.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: A. S., \$1; Mrs. Jane Critz, \$5; Mrs. A. Bostaph, \$1; E. A. King, \$3; C. M., \$50; "in honor of the Little Flower," \$5; Annie Day, \$1. For the suffering children in Central Europe and China: D. H. S., \$25. For the Foreign Missions, Annie Day, \$1.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS viii 34

SATURDAY, 4.—The Most Pure Heart of Mary. St. Francis Caracciolo, C.	WEDNESDAY, 8.—SS. Medard and Gildard, BB., CC.
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MONDAY, 6.—St. Norbert, B. C.	FRIDAY, 10.—St. Margaret, Queen.
TUESDAY, 7.—St. Robert, Ab. C. St. Willibald, B. C.	SATURDAY, 11.—St. Barnabas, Ap.

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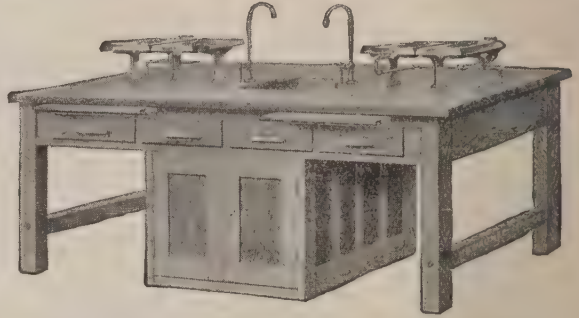
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 4, 1921.

NO. 23

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In an Ancient Cathedral.

BY W. H. HAMILTON.

STRONG knees that long are fallen in dust
Have loved the stone we tread;
Here oft of old the fathers just
Have bowed the reverent head
When orisons were said.

And still the hush of prayer pervades
The court of calm, the peaceful shades;
Still the slow lamp of wisdom burns,
And ever in the soft returns
Of music dreaming down the aisle
Sad ghosts of old wander a while,

Though all their day be dead.
And we who seek the Presence there—
Shall we be wiser than our fathers were?

They knew the peril and the fray,
The battle and the brawl;
A little hour they took to pray,
And on their God to call
For grace to fight or fall.
We follow, nor would aught evade;
Yet, as we follow, feel afraid.
They sought to drain the bitter cup,
And fain had borne their thorn-crown up;
With faith unfailing to the end,
Fire, sword and scorn and loss of friend
They faced, nor feared the gall.
We, too, with holy vows prepare—
Shall we be stronger than our fathers were?

We arm with weapons consecrate,
To dare what none may know.
The iron lips of surly Fate
The trumpet call will blow,
And forth again we'll go—
Proud, wistful knights. And hence afar

These prayers will aid us in the war,
Though fallen heavily and foiled,
With youthful locks all sorely soiled
And battered gory the golden mail;
Though dying where in strife we fail
Fades out our hero-glow.
We, too, shall struggle: pray we well—
“Let us be victors where our fathers fell.”

The Madonna of Perpetual Succor.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.



HE visitor to Rome, walking from St. John Lateran to the Basilica of St. Mary Major, passes on his way through the Via Merulana, a graceful Gothic church,—an unusual feature in Rome. It is that dedicated to St. Alphonsus and served by the Redemptorist Fathers. If you enter the building at certain times, when there is anything like a concourse of people, you are at once attracted by a small painting, richly framed, enshrined high above the main altar, and surrounded by burning lights whenever its shrouding curtains are drawn back and it is exposed to view.

It is scarcely necessary, since copies of the picture are so widely spread, to describe the Madonna of Perpetual Succor. It is enough to refer to its Byzantine style of execution, and the beauty of the somewhat archaic features of the Mother and Child. The accompanying angels, as the Greek inscriptions testify, are St. Michael and

St. Gabriel. This little painting has a striking history.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century the Turks were bent on devastating the southern countries of Europe, and the inhabitants of those lands where the advent of the dreaded adversary was anticipated fled in terror to various places of refuge. Thus it came to pass that a pious merchant belonging to the island of Crete set sail for Italy, taking with him a picture of the Blessed Virgin, toward which great devotion had existed in the island, and which was reputed to have been the means of bringing about miraculous cures. The very voyage was not without manifest signs of Our Lady's protecting care; for a fierce and dangerous tempest was calmed by the invocation of Mary Star of the Sea.

Arrived in Rome with his precious burden, the good merchant suddenly fell grievously ill. Feeling his end fast approaching, he earnestly exhorted the people of the house in which he was lodging to take care that the picture should be placed in some public church, where it might receive the veneration that was its due. After his death, those who had charge of the sacred picture clung to it with selfish desire, and forbore to carry out his oft-repeated injunction. Many were the visitations of God upon that family in punishment of their presumption. At length, led by the fear of what their disobedience might bring upon them, they consented to relinquish their treasure. Our Lady had designated the spot where she wished it to be enshrined: between her own church and that of her beloved John. Thus it came to pass that in 1499 the picture was deposited in the care of the Hermits of St. Augustin, in their church of St. Matthew, situated in the Via Merulana, in the very position described by Our Lady in vision.

During the century of its sojourn

in the church of St. Matthew, the reverence of the Roman people toward it continually increased, until the church became one of the most frequented shrines in the city. Rich offerings poured in; the church was beautified and enriched by the piety and munificence of Popes and Cardinals, and began to be regarded as the place of Mary's predilection. In the first translation of the painting to St. Matthew's the power of the Mother of God began to appear. A paralytic who touched the picture with faith and devotion was at once made whole. After that many other miracles from time to time witnessed to the efficacy of prayers offered before it. Devotion to the picture continued to be manifested, even though less conspicuously, in the three hundred years it remained in that church.

But evil days came; piety waned; the church fell into decay, and the religious who served it grew fewer in number until the monastery had to be closed. One community after another held the church for a few years; and finally, between 1809 and 1815, when Bonaparte was in power, it was pulled down, and the Irish Augustinians, who then were in possession, removed to other monasteries. The chief ornaments of the church were taken to St. John Lateran; the sacred picture, carried away by the exiled religious, was lost sight of during those eventful years, and the memory of the once famous shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor died away. But the picture was in God's keeping, and the history of its preservation and subsequent restoration to public honor is as striking as any of the wonders worked by its means.

An old lay-Brother of the dispersed community of Augustinians had found a home in the little monastery of S. Maria in Posterula. During the years he lived there—between 1840 and 1853—a pious boy who frequented the

church, Michael Marchi by name, became acquainted with the old man, and grew much attached to him. In one of the conversations in which the venerable Brother was accustomed to relate his varied experiences, he spoke of the old church of St. Matthew; and, taking the boy to a chapel in the monastery, he pointed out a dingy little picture which hung there. "That picture was once venerated in the church I was speaking of," he said. "Many miracles have been wrought through it." Often and often he would return to the same subject, striving to impress the boy with the real value of the treasure. "Do not forget what I tell you," he would say. "Bear in mind all that I have said about Our Lady's wonderful picture."

The old man died; the boy, in course of time, became a Redemptorist. He had forgotten all about the forsaken picture, until one day a member of the same community, looking up the history of the church of St. Matthew, came upon an account of the famous Madonna formerly venerated there. At once Father Marchi recalled the story of the lay-Brother, and recognized the identity of the picture in the old Augustinian house with that honored in St. Matthew's.

Another circumstance brought the subject into prominent notice not long afterwards. In the year 1863, Father Blosi, a Jesuit, was preaching a course of sermons upon Our Lady's shrines in Rome. Among them he included the church of St. Matthew, where, at Mary's own desire, her picture was enshrined and became greatly honored. "Would that some one here might discover that picture," he exclaimed, "and place it again in a church near its old home—between the Lateran and Liberian Basilicas. It may be that God has hidden the treasure from danger, and will bring it back with the return of peace."

These fervent words excited in the hearts of Father Marchi and his fellow-Redemptorists the desire of obtaining possession of the picture for their own church of St. Alphonsus, which stood upon property belonging to the former church of St. Matthew. At their petition Pius IX. directed that the picture should be given to them. Thus in 1866, nearly sixty years after its removal, the Madonna of Perpetual Succor was carried back in solemn procession to the same locality in which it had been honored for at least three centuries.

No sooner was the picture brought to the light of day than Mary's power again began to show itself. Two striking miracles were wrought on the route of the procession which brought it back in triumph. A sorrowing woman held up at a window a little boy of four who was dying of gastric fever. Full of faith the woman cried: "Good Mother, either cure him or take him with thee to Paradise!" Her prayer was heard: the child at once began to recover, and in a few days was well enough to be carried to the church in thanksgiving. The other case was that of a girl of eight, quite paralyzed. Her mother invoked Our Lady as the picture was borne past, and a partial cure immediately took place. After the erection of the picture in the church, the woman took the child there, and, kneeling before the altar, begged of Mary a complete restoration to health. "Holy Mary," she cried, "finish what you have begun!" And her prayer was heard.

Such marvels as these helped greatly to spread abroad the fame of the miraculous picture; and the cultus of Our Lady, under the title of Perpetual Succor, increased rapidly. Not only before her picture in Rome, but even by means of copies of the painting, Mary deigned to show her maternal love for those who appealed to her as her

needy children. Thus the devotion to her under the new title became known and cherished in many lands.

Nor was the power of the Mother of Perpetual Succor limited to the cure of bodily ailments: by her intercession diseases of the soul were driven away. Obstinate sinners, through the touch of the little picture, received the grace of contrition; long-standing animosities were healed, bad habits were overcome, virtues were implanted in the souls of many through the same means.

Struck by the devotion of Catholics and the results which followed its practice, Pius IX. permitted the Redemptorist Fathers to celebrate a feast in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, with proper Mass and Office, on the Sunday nearest to the festival of St. John the Baptist. That day recalled the solemn coronation of the picture by the Canons of the Vatican Basilica on June 23, 1867.

The beautiful liturgy of this Marian festival impresses us with the importance of having unwearied confidence in the watchful care and powerful aid of our Mother in heaven. The continual necessities of our bodily life should ever remind us of the like perpetual necessities of our souls. At any moment some enemy may strike us down, some misfortune overwhelm us; our constant need moves us to cry unceasingly for help. And how consoling the thought that we have in Mary a never-failing helper, ever ready to hasten to our assistance!

Our Lady is intimately associated with Christ our Lord in the work of redemption. St. Paul points out Jesus in glory, "always living to make intercession for us." Our faith teaches us that, as He lives in heaven to plead our cause forever, the constant supplication of Mary is joined with His intercession. As we lift up our eyes "to the mountains from whence help shall come," we behold in spirit Mary by the

side of Jesus, and to them we look for aid. She, the Virgin Mother, appeals confidently to the love of her Divine Son; and He, through love of her, can not refuse her requests.

The ardent and inspiring words of that loving client of Mary should ever ring in our ears: "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known that any one who fled to thy protection, implored thy help, and sought thy intercession, was left unaided." For what is it that those words declare? The simple fact that Mary, the Virgin Immaculate, is to us all, sinners as well as saints, the Mother of Perpetual Succor.

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

VIII.

A WEEK later the monthly meeting of the Necromancers came off,—a meeting never to be forgotten in the annals of Salem, and one that led to far-reaching consequences. The assembly opened with the reading of a report by the secretary; then, as usual, the lights were put out; and, in total darkness and with closed doors, the president, who was Hetty, began to talk.

"Dear Sisters of Necromancy," she said, "we are gathered to-night for an important meeting. The pure study of necromancy and the occult light is in danger. Instead of that complacency of soul that should attend the study of the Unseen, we are being beset by the forces of evil from the lower world. It has been hinted that witchcraft is abroad in our peaceful vale. Those whom it touches are lost. The mind goes, the limbs twitch, the unfortunate one froths at the mouth and blasphemes; and the worst of it is that the terror spreads. Last night in a dream I saw a shroud; suddenly it parted, and

there appeared to me two hands held out in supplication, but the face was hidden from view. In my dream I spoke out boldly and said, 'Who are you?' And a sepulchral voice replied, 'You shall know anon.'"

"I am that spirit who spoke to you in your dream, and now I am here to tell you all," said a voice.

With one accord, the twenty girls in the room, who had been sitting with their backs to the door and faces toward the lower end of the room where Hetty stood, turned around. Nothing but the fact that it was a long-established custom that, no matter what was said or what occurred, no member of the Necromancers was to make a sound during one of their séances, prevented several from screaming. As it was, two or three grew faint. For there, at the far end of the room, was a ghost: a tall figure, all in white, with long streamers and circles of phosphorescent light issuing from its cloth-bound face, where only the eyes were visible. The hands, held out toward the terror-stricken audience, were also emitting clouds of the same mysterious light.

"Who are you?" asked Hetty, boldly.

A voice rich, soft and low answered: "I am the soul of Catherine Smith."

It was Hetty who again spoke; the rest of the Necromancers, frozen with terror, were speechless: "And who was she?"

The soft voice, with a sob in its depths, answered: "In life I was nurse for three years to the children of Master Goodwin, who lives down Boston way. 'Twas bewitched I was by the powers of evil because, so my master said, I winked at the moon with my left eye instead of the right, so they hung me as a witch."

Hetty spoke again: "Peace, woman! Why comes your soul here?"

"To warn you all that witches are abroad once more. Right here in

Salem are four; and out among the hills to the north is another; and farther away near the sea there are yet two more. Until they are caught and hung on Gallows Hill my soul will never rest."

The hands of the apparition were raised to heaven as if in supplication; and then suddenly both apparition and its phosphorescent light vanished. At the same moment Hetty gave three rapid raps on the floor; the door opened, and Clotilde, the French maid, entered with a lamp. And then, the tension removed, half of the assembled girls went into hysterics: some rolled on the floor, some screamed and gnashed their teeth, while others simply laughed and cried without stopping.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Clotilde. "I will call Madame."

But Mrs. Parris was already in the room, followed immediately by her husband. Seeing that she could not cope with so many distracted and fainting girls, she dispatched the maid for the doctor. For the next hour the house was turned into a hospital. Mothers were sent for to take their daughters home, and it was nearly eleven o'clock before the last sufferers departed. Finally Mrs. Parris, who had put Faith to bed in her own room, turned to the maid.

"You may go to your own room now, Clotilde," she said. "You have been invaluable; I could not have come through this unfortunate scene if you had not been here to help me."

Clotilde courtesied. "Madame is most kind," she said. "*Merci!*"

She took a candle from the table in the hall as she spoke, and began to ascend the stairs to her room in the attic. Once there, the girl placed her candle on a table, and, standing still in the centre of the room, she drew a long breath. "The time has come," she said.

For an hour she waited, until, presumably, the household had settled

down to sleep; then quickly she enveloped herself in a long, dark cloak, pulled its hood over her head; then, blowing out her candle and locking her door, she stole downstairs and out by the back way, making no sound in her egress. A moment later she was speeding down the road in the direction of the Widow Banks' house. She had counted on two things: first, that everyone would have gone to bed; second, that the front door, as was often the way in Salem, would be unlocked. In both these surmises she was correct. Hetty and her mother slept in a room on the ground floor, in the rear of the house and across the hall from the kitchen; while Roger Gosnold occupied a room on the second floor that faced the front of the house and the road.

Tired by a long day of prowling around in the woods near the Pendleton house, and later impersonating the ghost at the Parris home, Roger had retired to bed as soon as he reached his room, and was soon sound asleep. Then he began dreaming of Acadie. He was back at Ville-Marie,—back in his shack on the St. Lawrence, repairing some of his trapper's outfit; and in the distance he heard her calling him,—her soft voice, with its French inflection that she had learned from the Sisters, uttered his name: "Roger! Roger!" He stirred uneasily in his sleep, and stretched, and moved one arm. Again there was that voice: "Roger! Roger!" It was not "Roger" as Hetty said it, but as it was pronounced in his native France. Then he opened his eyes.

The sound, no doubt, came through the open window near his bed. Hastily rising, he put on his clothes, and, throwing a long cloak around his shoulders, he hurried downstairs, and a second later was out doors and confronting a figure wrapped, as he was, in a long cloak,—a figure that stood under the branches of a splendid elm. As he drew near, the watcher spoke

again, and it was his name she uttered—"Roger." There was no doubt now who she was.

"Acadie!" he said,—*"Acadie!"*

Too stunned to ask any questions, he stared at her, while the candle he had brought with him sputtered, burned up and almost went out. And still she stood there, looking at him out of her deep, unfathomable eyes.

Presently he found his voice and spoke again: "*Acadie*, how came you here? What does it all mean?"

Then at last she answered slowly and in French: "I am here, Roger, because, you may remember, you asked me to marry you."

He laughed, a laugh harsh and mirthless. "You—an Indian! Why?"

Acadie's sombre eyes flamed, and for a moment she took a step toward him, with clenched hands, as if she would strike him; but self-control came back to her. Quietly and calmly she answered him.

"You have called me an Indian," she said. "Be it so, but there is one thing we Indians of Ville-Marie are noted for: we keep our promises and we are true. You courted me fairly and asked me to be your wife; if you do not keep your word, I will denounce you to the people of Salem, and you know what Puritans think of broken promises."

"What do you know of the Puritans?"

"More than you think. I have been here for some time as maid in the Parris family, disguised as an elderly woman. I have learned to speak their language, and you must have seen me there as Clotilde."

"Zounds!"

"And there are plenty of things I can tell them about you,—that you were the ghost at the Parris house to-night; that you are making a tool of that little fool, Hetty Banks; and that your real name is Pierre G  lin, a disgraced officer, at one time in the service of His

Majesty Louis of France, from whose army you are a deserter."

"Zounds, Acadie, my clever one, my pretty one!"

"It shall be as you wish, my sweet!" he said. "As soon as I can arrange it, we will go to Boston and get married without delay."

"I am satisfied and happy now," she sighed.

For some time longer they continued to talk about past, present, and future; and then she left, with everything arranged between them. She was to ask Mrs. Parris if she could have a few days to go to Boston at the end of the following week, so as to do some shopping; they were to meet there, though not to speak to each other, in case they met on the way. Once in Boston, Roger said he knew of a priest living there in disguise who would marry them.

On this point Acadie had been inflexible. She wanted no ceremony performed by a Protestant divine; a marriage by a priest alone would do. But, unfortunately, to a refinement and culture implanted by the Sisters, Acadie joined a complete ignorance of affairs in America; thus she easily became the man's victim. Accustomed to seeing priests in Canada, she did not know that at that period not a single priest was to be found in residence in New England; and those who came secretly to minister to a scattered flock, did so at the risk of being stoned and killed by a mob.

The next day Roger, on horseback, departed rapidly for Boston; and at a low tavern on the water front he met a friend,—a Frenchman, who was a fugitive from France, and under enormous monetary obligations to him for losses at cards. Him he easily persuaded to enact the rôle of a priest by promising to sign a paper releasing the man from his debt. Hence it was that the following week, in a private room at the tavern, Acadie went

through a mock ceremony of marriage; the supposed priest, a man of education, even mumbling some Latin, so as the better to deceive her. They returned immediately to Salem after the ceremony, it having been agreed between them that she should remain at the Parris house a month or two longer, until he could so arrange his affairs as to go back with her to Canada.

Only then did Roger have time to ask himself how the girl had found out so much about his past, including his real name. It was not until some time later that he learned from her that, going one day by stealth to his boarded-up shack at Ville-Marie, she had seen two men there standing in front of the hut, talking about him. Keeping well hidden from view, she had heard all they said. They were French trappers who knew Roger well, and, finding him absent, had openly discussed him with each other, wondering if he would ever come back.

IX.

In the kitchen of the Pendleton farmhouse, a lamp was burning at one end of the dining table; books, pencils, and writing paper were scattered over its shining surface; a cheerful fire burned in the stove; the curtains were drawn; an old clock was ticking away on a broad shelf above the kitchen sink; and seated on opposite sides of the table were the two who had been teacher and pupil since the preceding October.

Very happy the girl looked as she bent over her book. Was it not good to feel that knowledge was power; that day after day something new was unfolded to her in history, literature, and language? Even botany had formed part of her new treasure; and all through the spring, on Saturdays, they had taken long walks, when he explained to her the history of flower and stem and leaf, until it was an ever new source of delight.

As to language, she had learned

French rapidly, and could now speak it quite fluently. Often on the long winter evenings, when the wind howled without the farmhouse, and the snow piled up around the windows of the kitchen, lesson books had been pushed aside, and from his room Israel would bring some treasured volume and read to her; and often also she, in turn, would read aloud "The Annals of Ulster," in Gaelic,—a language she had been teaching him. On this particular evening the next lesson was a French examination; and, opening the book, he read the subject he had marked: the verb *aimer*,—"to love."

"Strange!" she said. "The very first night you came here, and when it had been arranged by grandfather that you were to teach me, I took out that old grammar from the cupboard, and, opening it at random, spelled the words, '*J-e t'-a-i-m-e*.' Then I did not know what they meant, but now I do."

Their eyes met, and a wave of color that she could not control swept over her fair face. Oh, why had she told that story? It seemed so trite until now! Surely she had not realized what she was saying. For his eyes, looking at her, were speaking a language that she could not mistake; nor did he leave her in any suspense.

"Dearest," he said, "I too know it now; for I—love you!"

"I—I—ought not to have said it!"

For answer he had risen. The next moment she was at his side.

An hour later, still side by side on the old settle near the fire, they were quietly talking, when suddenly there was the sound of a light hand on the door,—so light that it seemed at first they must be mistaken, until the door opened slowly, and, candle in hand, a beautiful young figure, clad in a long, loose, white wrapper, entered the room; and, with a cry, Mary Pendleton flew to her.

"Canidia dearest, what is the matter?"

There was no answer, only a smile slow and sweet; then the deep blue eyes of the newcomer seemed for the first time to see Israel, and with the same slow, graceful walk she crossed the intervening space and laid a soft, cool hand on his head.

"You are good!" she said.

And he, who had risen to his feet at her approach, took her slim hand in his, and, bending reverently, kissed it. To the woman who adored him it seemed like both a promise and a consecration.

Tenderly Mary Pendleton put her arm around the young girl, and then she lifted to Israel Osborn shining eyes.

"I will take her to our room," she said; "and then I will come back. For she is my twin sister. I was just going to tell you all about her when she came in,—something I never before knew her to do at this hour."

"I guessed the secret some time ago," he said.

"How? You saw her?"

"Yes: in the woods. At first I thought it was you."

The eyes of Canidia Pendleton were once more fixed on the man opposite her, and then she turned them on Mary.

"Good! We love him," she said.

"Something divine has touched her, Israel. Sometimes she does not say a word for a week. Then suddenly she will speak. What can it mean?"

For answer the girl turned slowly toward the door, and quickly her sister followed her; together they vanished from sight.

In twenty minutes Mary Pendleton was back.

"She fell asleep in five minutes," she said. "I waited only to make sure it was a sound sleep. O Israel, the time has come to tell you all about her and why we hide her so closely!"

In Memoriam.

(Louise Imogen Guiney.)

BY EDWARD JACKSON MACDONALD.

THE string is snapped, and now the half-heard strains

That swept your soul give place to greater things:

A newer life is yours, a newer love;

For Death has won you with sweet murmurings.

Why should we bow in sorrow to your grave,

When you are careless of the world's stern strife?

No more our minstrel; singer unto God;

And we would hold you to the loom of life?

Sing, then, to Him. Perhaps some fleeting sound

Will echo in our hearts and cheer anew;

While we, who linger in the halls of life,

Give thanks to God when we remember you.

“Queer, Quaint Old Chester.”

BY JOSEPH MAY.

“THIS booke longeth to Dame Margery Byrkenhead, of Chester,” sounds quaintly enough to modern ears; but in olden times it was customary for priests and members of religious Orders to add to their own name that of the place they came from, or at least of the place where they usually resided. In England's age of Faith, one of the most celebrated monasteries was that of St. Mary, belonging to the Benedictine nuns of Chester. It stood near Chester Castle,—a fact that is still commemorated in the name of the locality known as “the Nuns' Garden.” The monastery church is said to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, who probably gave her name to the entire convent.

One of the most interesting manuscripts in existence is “The Processional of the Nuns of Chester,” attributed to

the year 1425. Speaking of this venerable work, J. Wickham Legg says: “The directions on Palm Sunday and Shere Thursday make it plain that the book was written for a convent of women; and there was a monastery of Benedictine nuns at Chester under the invocation of St. Mary. The patron of the church for which this book was written seems to be Our Lady, as her altar is the first named in the ceremonies of Shere Thursday; and there is an abundance of anthems and hymns in her honor, somewhat beyond what is usual.”

The following “devoute prayer” is an example of the kind of hymn Dame Margery Byrkenhead and her sister nuns sang long ago in the choir of the ancient monastery of Chester:

O Lady bryght,
Launterne of lyght,
Swettest wyght,
Moder of myght,

And mayden of goode fame!

O true loue true Knytt in vertue,

Thy loue to grow in us everr newe.

Gyff us grace withoute reclame.

O Blessed Mary, Virgyn of Nazareth,

And Moder of Almyghty Lorde of grace,

Which His people saued hase

Deth frome the paynes of the infernall place.

Now, Blessed Lady, kneele afore His face,

And pray Hym soone my sowle to save from losse

Which with Hys blessed bloode bought hase.

Throw Hys greate passion nailed on the crosse. Amen.

Another hymn, called “A Goode Praier,” is just as quaintly characteristic of the time and of the place. It is not very difficult, as one reads, to picture the veiled figures gliding through the dim cloisters, and, as they take their places in the convent chapel raising blended voices in a song at once so simple and so sublime that, floating down the centuries on the wings of many winds, it vibrates still for the ear that will withdraw itself a little from the noise and turmoil of the world, and listen while it sinks into the heart:

O Jhu, lett me neuer forget Thy byttr
passion!

That Thou suffred for my transgression.
For in Thy blessed wondes is the very scole
That must teche me wt the worlde to
Be called a ffole.

Carmen .xpo. Jhu,
Mary mylde, pray for me
To thy dere Son ffull of pety:
Yt He graunt me to be
Euer in blyse with Hym and thee.

Jhu, Thow helpe at myn endyng:
Take my sowle at my dyinge.
Send it socour and confortyng:
Yt it dreede noo wycked thyng.

A military station during the Roman occupation of Britain, prior to the battle of Chester (607), Cheshire formed part of North Wales. Aethelfrith, the then reigning King of Northumbria, hoped that the battle he was about to fight would result in the annihilation of the entire district. Among those who resisted him there are said to have been over a thousand monks from the famous monastery of Bangor—"the mother of all others in the world,"—situated twenty miles from Chester. The presence of the monks enraged Aethelfrith, and he ordered them to be slain to a man; "for," said he, "whether they bear arms or not, they fight against us by crying to their God." The number of ecclesiastics who perished at Chester in the execution of this savage order is popularly believed to have been the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered by St. Augustine, when a representative of the Britons of that day refused to recognize his authority. However this may be, Gildas, the historian, one of the monks of Bangor, has left a vivid picture of the sufferings endured by the unfortunate Celts at the hands of the rude Saxon invaders.

When Wulfhere, the first Christian King of Mercia, seized as a memorial of his sovereignty, the district lying south of the Mersey, which includes what is now called Chester, he dedicated

various churches to his daughter, St. Werburg, who was a nun in a convent over which her aunt, St. Aethelthyrth, ruled as abbess. St. Werburg died at Trentham, and was buried at Hanbury, in Staffordshire; but in 875, when the Danes were advancing on Cheshire, her remains were brought to Chester and placed in the Church of Saints Peter and Paul. This church was afterwards turned into a home for secular priests, and a new edifice erected under the name of the Church of Saints Werburg and Oswald,—though it was generally called "St. Werburg's." The present Cathedral of St. Werburg at Chester is the successor of this church.

An old carving in St. Werburg's Cathedral represents the saint with a flock of geese, because of the following charming legend. In the days of St. Werburg some wild geese made havoc on the abbey land at Weedon, in Northamptonshire. The tenants complained to St. Werburg, who ordered one of the abbey servants to drive the offending geese away, and then 'bring them home to her place, there to be pynned and punished for their trespass.' The birds, which appear to have been endowed with more common-sense than is ordinarily attributed to geese, followed the saint's messenger,—“their wings trailing, mourning in their manner, abiding one and all her will and judgment.” But even while resigning themselves to the inevitable, we are told that with high voices they implored the saint to have pity on them and pardon their offence. St. Werburg's womanly nature softened to the guilty geese in the presence of their grief and penitence, and she commanded them to be released upon a promise of future good behavior.

We can imagine how the birds cackled their thanks and flapped their wings for joy and gratitude as they waddled from the good nun's presence. But—alas for poor human nature!—a retainer of the abbey, who should have

been not a little edified by the good behavior of the grateful geese, bided his time, and in an evil moment, yielding to the suggestions of the lower appetites, seized one of the pardoned birds, wrung its neck, roasted, and devoured it. The companions of the eaten goose witnessed the dark deed, and, flying back to the saint, made known to her what had happened. She was filled with sorrow, and ordered an immediate inquiry to be made. The culprit confessed to the theft, and subsequent killing of the poor goose; whereupon, to the astonishment of all present, St. Werburg restored the goose to life, and bade it fly away with its companions.

There is to this day, in Dublin, a St. Werburg's Church, in the vaults of which Lord Edward Fitzgerald is buried. Whether or not it was once affiliated with the church of the same name at Chester is a disputed question. In the centuries gone by, the connection between Chester and Dublin was very close; for it was from the port of Chester that visitors to Ireland most often sailed from England. It was from Chester that the hero of Milton's "Lycidas" sailed on his disastrous voyage.

In the eighteenth century a freeman of Wexford, once famous for its ports, was also a freeman of Chester and Liverpool. The mayor and corporation of Chester thought it worth while, in 1702, to draw up a petition to Queen Anne, stating that "the prosperity of the said citty doth chiefly depend upon the trade at sea, and particularly to and from the citty of Dublin and other parts of the Kingdome of Ireland." The petition further stated that the merchants of Chester were much hampered in their trade with Ireland, owing to the presence in the Irish Sea of privateers, against whom they craved her Majesty's protection if she wished Chester to be able to continue to supply her

army with men "during the present warr with France." The port of ancient Chester included a portion not only of the Dee but of the Mersey as well, and its decay was mainly due to the gradual setting up of the bed of the Dee.

When on his way to Ireland in 1394, Richard II. was met outside the walls of Chester by the mayor, who was presented by the King with a sword of State as his royal gift to the city. Richard's last visit to Chester was of a less cheerful nature. Returning to England after a very unsatisfactory trip to Ireland, in 1399, he was taken prisoner at Flint Castle by his rival, Bolingbroke, who conveyed him to Chester in "a sorry hack not worth a couple of pounds," and lodged him either in the donjon or in the tower over the great gateway.

In 1498, Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., visited Chester, where he remained over a month. During his stay the mystery play of the Assumption was performed before him, in front of the abbey gateway. The mystery plays of Chester were very famous in their day. Some of them dealt with the Fall of Lucifer, the Creation, the Deluge, the Nativity, the Purification, and such like subjects. On the cover of MS. Harl. 2124 we read: "First made by one Don Randle Heggnet, a monk of Chester Abbey, who was thrice in Rome before he could obtaine leave of the Pope to have them in the English tongue. The Whitsun playes were playd openly in pageants by the citizens of Chester in the Whitsun Weeke. Nicolas V. then was Pope in the year of Our Lord 1447.—Ano. 1628. Sir Henry Francis, sometime a monk of the monastery of Chester, obtained of Pope Clemens a thousand daies of pardon, and of the Bishop of Chester forty daies of pardon, for every person that resorted peaceably to see the playes; and that every person that disturbed

the same to be accursed by the said Pope untill such tyme as they should be absolved therof."

The race-course of Chester is a relic of Catholic days, so far as its title, the Roodeye, goes. A rood, or cross, famous in the history of Chester, once stood on this spot. "Eye" simply meant an island, the celebrated field being at one time surrounded by the waters of the Dee. The city records tell us that in 1577 "most of the crosses of and about Chester were pulled downe, except the High Crosse." One Moulton, a sheriff of Chester, is described as "a godly zealous man," apparently because of his zeal in destroying the symbol of Redemption. He is said to have met a tragic death eventually while tearing down a cross.

Queer, quaint old Chester,
Grotesque and honest art thou sure,
And so behind this very changeful day,
So fond of antique fashions, it would seem
Thou must have slept an age or two away.
Thy very streets are galleries.

Chester was the last town in England to recognize William the Conqueror, whose ferocious nephew, named Hugh d'Avranches ("Hugo Lupus"), was created Earl of Chester. The general enclosure of the famous Walls of Chester is the same to-day as it was in the time of William, Duke of Normandy; and the Rows are practically the same now as when the dignitaries of the town, gathered together "on a scaffold veiled and hung with green," waited "in most grave manner" for the coming of James I. Dean Swift is supposed to have written the following epigram, as also others, upon a window pane at Chester, through which city he must often have passed on his way to or from Ireland:

The walls of this town
Are full of renown,
And strangers delight to walk round 'em;
But as for the dwellers,
Both buyers and sellers,
For me, you may hang 'em or drown 'em.

Dr. Johnson visited Chester in 1774, with his friends, the Thrales. "We walked round the walls, which are complete, and contain one mile three-quarters and a hundred and one yards; within there are many gardens." Mrs. Thrale tells us that Johnson put her out of countenance on this occasion by saying: "I have known my mistress fifteen years, and never saw her fairly out of humor but on Chester Walls." The cause of her ill humor was that Johnson insisted on keeping Miss Thrale promenading on the Walls of Chester long after her usual bed hour; and the careful lady feared, as it was getting very dark, that some accident might result either for Miss Thrale or for the good Doctor himself.

Higden, "the monk of Chester," is responsible for many curious legends in connection with Cheshire; and not the least strange of these is that Harold was not really slain in battle, but only wounded. After his defeat at the hands of the Conqueror, he "escaped to the countie of Chester," says this authority; "and lyved there holyly, as man troweth, an anker's lyfe, in Saynt James' celle, fast by Saynt John's chyrch; and made a goede ende, and was knowen by his last confession and the commone fame accorded in the cytie to that same."

It is with piety as with the mysterious ladder that was exhibited to the Patriarch Jacob, the foot of which rested on the earth, but the summit reached the skies. It is only by degrees that we can ascend, but it is by degrees that we can finally arrive at the highest elevation of which our nature is capable. The first step we take in mounting a ladder is that which disengages our foot from the earth; so, in the scale of religion, the first step toward the attainment of good is the estranging ourselves from the practice of evil.—*St. Basil.*

The Home-Coming of Antony.

BY MABEL FARNUM.

TO Philippa, just seventeen and graduated from the village high school, came the realization that life was going to prove a very interesting game if one always made the proper moves. Time and money were both aces held in her dainty hands, and she meant to play them to the highest advantage.

Philippa decided that she would do a little social work of her own invention. At school she had listened to a number of lectures on the subject; now and then she had heard something interesting,—but only now and then. And she had finally reached the conclusion that one must be original in one's ambitions.

Philippa was an only child, and had always labored under the supposition that she was singularly privileged. No one had the heart to deny her anything she might ask; though, truth to tell, there was not much zest in gaining one's end when wearied of every conquest.

"I wonder how it would seem to be really poor and have no money in the family," she soliloquized; "to go about without any spending money in your pocket, and have to scrimp and deny yourself to buy anything you really wanted; and never to have the very latest; always to be running behind the thing you wanted, and never catching up with it?"

In the village where Philippa lived, there was a Girls' Club, whose members were a collection of affluent young persons, who met on Friday nights, presumably to sew for the heathen. But it seemed as if they were always behind in their endeavors, which never amounted to much of anything. For, if the girls attempted to raise funds from their own private resources, it was usually Philippa's father or some one

else's father who was forced to come to the rescue with the required amount. It had been inadvertently discovered by the Club members that resolutions are easy to make but difficult to put into practice. To deny oneself when one did not actually have to do so was a practical impossibility. At least so it would seem to the young ladies in question.

"It's funny, but we don't seem to have any backbone," said Philippa to the other girls one Friday night when they were diligently engaged in Helen Garden's sewing-room, eating chocolates and discussing the choice tidbits of gossip about the village.

The others laughed,—all except Helen, who always prided herself on having opinions of her own.

"I'd just as soon do things," she said, "if the rest of you would only follow suit. But what's the use of being singular?"

"That's just it,—what's the use?" replied Philippa. "What's the use? But I should say there's lots of use. It would give a good example to the rest of us loafers. None of us seem to have any private opinion of our own, except you, Helen. And you're worse than we are; for you've got it, but you're afraid to use it."

It was a long speech coming from Philippa, who usually proved a good listener, and was too fond of peace to provoke dissension.

"I've thought the same thing sometimes," said a dainty girl, looking up from the bonbons for a moment. "I've really got tired of things. If I want a new gown, my father gives it to me without question, and he never even inquires the price of it. I wonder how it would feel not to have a father with money? I wonder how it would feel to have just five dollars in your pocket for a whole solitary week? I suppose by the end of it I'd be glad to go back to the old régime."

"And gowns don't answer the purpose at all," echoed Philippa, wrinkling up her small face delightfully. "They don't take us out of ourselves. They're like everything else,—just tiresome."

"I'd like to go out on my father's ranch," said Helen, decisively, "and just rough it for months,—live in the open and get away from myself."

"But that's the trouble, Helen," Philippa replied. "Could you get away from yourself, dear? I doubt it. There'd be times when the old troublesome Helen would rise up to make the new things impossible. No: flying from one place to another doesn't answer the problem. There has to be some other way. Of course the whole thing is a mental condition. I wonder if it's a curse to be born rich, and have everything you want and no real enjoyment—"

"Have a bonbon, girls!" said Helen, laughing; and, in the general rush for the solitary remaining sweetmeat, the discussion was abandoned.

Philippa threw her whole ardent little soul into the social work after that. She tripped faithfully from one poor cottage to another, asking such personal questions that sometimes she encountered fierce resentment on the part of those whom she really wished to help. Always doing the right thing in the wrong way,—that was Philippa. Sometimes they shut the door in her face; sometimes they merely tolerated her visits, while from beneath their eyebrows they glanced bitterly at her beautiful costume. But for the most part they bore her visits in patience; for Philippa's father owned no small share in the cotton mills which furnished many of them with a means of livelihood.

The girl could not understand their attitude toward her. She had thought that they would tell her how good, how attractive she was, how the whole village admired her and spoke of her

as their kind benefactress. And she was discouraged one day when, having carried with her own slender hands, a heavy basket to an indigent family, she discovered that they did not "enthuse" over it. She did not realize that potatoes and corn meal and flour would have been much more to the purpose than the varied contents of the basket.

"Daddy," she confided to her father, "it's a thankless piece of work trying to help the common people. They don't seem to appreciate the fact that you could use your time so much more profitably."

Her father smiled. "In what way?" he asked mischievously.

"Ah, I know that you don't take the Club seriously, daddy dear!" said Philippa. "But we're really bent on improving society. Of course you can't expect us to accomplish it—all at once."

Philippa drove down to the Centre shortly after this conversation. It was her first outing with the new man of all work, Antony. She could not quite fathom Antony. For one thing, he was the most silent man she had ever known. He never spoke unless one addressed him directly, and then his answers were usually monosyllabic. He went about his work quietly, never seeming to make difficulties about anything, and accomplishing his tasks with an alacrity that puzzled Philippa. In short, although he had been on the estate nearly a month, he remained a fascinating enigma.

"Please take me around the pond, Antony," commanded the girl, who, seated beside him, might have been non-existent so far as Antony was concerned.

"But your father told me to return directly from the post office, Miss."

"Yes, but daddy wouldn't mind. He always lets me have my way."

"I'm sorry, but I must return directly."

Philippa wondered whether she had

heard aright. Then a pout of dissatisfaction settled over her fair face.

"But I'll be responsible."

"I'm sorry," said Antony.

"I'll drive myself, and then he'll not blame you."

"If you think best to drive, I'll go back on foot, Miss," he answered respectfully.

Philippa was provoked—but only for a moment. Curiosity having got the better of her hasty feeling, she said quite meekly:

"All right! We'll go back."

She wondered at herself, realizing that it was the very first time she had ever been crossed in such a manner. It was a strange sensation.

She looked across at Antony, sitting erect and very handsome beside her. Brown silky hair and brown eyes, olive skin, a firm yet sensitive mouth, and a slim, straight profile,—of whom did he remind her? Ah! it was of an image in a corner of the little village church,—a figure in a brown robe, and holding in his arms a little Child in blue. There was an almost startling resemblance.

After a pause, Philippa broke the silence:

"Do you always do things exactly as you're told?" she asked.

"I try to, Miss," he responded simply.

"All right! We'll go back," she said again. "Don't you find it tiresome to do right all the time, Antony?" asked the girl, after another silence.

Antony's lips twitched a little at the far corners. He had never conversed much with young ladies, but no one could resist Philippa.

"Why, it's not always interesting," he replied. "But I don't fancy anything is very interesting all the time. He colored after this speech, and looked away.

Philippa, proud of her progress, continued eagerly:

"Why, how funny! That's the very

thing we were saying at the Club,—the girls, I mean. We have a Club, you know, for missionary work."

"Oh!" Antony looked straight at the horse's head. "What kind of missionary work do you do?" he asked in respectful tones.

"We"—Philippa blushed and bit her lip,—“we discuss things, conditions, and we sew; that is, we sew a little sometimes.” She laughed; for, honestly, one could not say that they accomplished much.

"Oh!"

Antony said no more, but confined himself to gazing straight ahead at the white and frozen road.

"How tiresome! He thinks of nothing but the horse. I'll try him on nature," said Philippa to herself. Then aloud: "The country is very beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss." The man's expression changed marvellously: a faint of red crept beneath the olive of his cheeks and to his forehead; while into his eyes, which Philippa could not see, stole a soft, glad light,—the appreciation of all the wonderful, beautiful works of God.

"Oh, dear!" the girl sighed. "Antony's not a Catholic, so I suppose I mustn't say anything about religion to him; although, for all I know, he may be a better Christian than I am. I wish I were really good, and liked to do things that I ought to do."

The way seemed all too short driving home from the village. Suddenly Antony said:

"She's lost a shoe, I'm afraid. We'll have to slow up a bit."

Philippa, little diplomat, was not at all sorry for this, and settled back on the seat, with an amused expression in her deep gray eyes.

"Thank you, Trixie!" she said softly to the horse. "You must have known that I wanted to talk to Antony."

Then, strange to say, Antony spoke.

He might have forgotten all about the girl at his side. Perhaps it was the blush of crimson that just then dyed the sky at the western horizon line. The tall beeches that lined the roadway reflected the radiant color on their slender topmost branches, and the hard brown earth grew faintly pink and purple like a garment immersed in dye.

"Then shall all the trees of the woods rejoice before the face of the Lord, because He cometh." Excuse me, Miss," said Antony almost immediately after he had spoken. "But it's so wonderful. I always feel like singing with David when I see the sun painting all the earth—like that." He pointed with the whip to the ruby disc slowly sinking in a sea of fire.

"I think I understand," said Philippa, feeling very small and ignorant indeed. "What verse was that which you repeated? I don't remember ever to have heard it before."

"It's from the ninety-fifth Psalm, Miss," the man replied, and colored again.

"Why—why, how strange! I don't know much about the Psalms, Antony; although I'm a Catholic, too. Do you go to church, Antony?"

"No, Miss. I ought to be ashamed to say so. It is a long time since I was in a church,—not since I was a little boy in Italy. I was an orphan and had no relatives or friends. There are so many churches in America that I somehow think I'd be confused if—but I like to read the Bible sometimes."

"Oh!" said Philippa, and there was silence for a while. Then she said: "In my Missal, I've noticed many verses from the Psalms,—in the Mass, you know. But I hardly ever stopped to think of what they meant. I'm afraid I'm not a very good Catholic, you see." Silence again. "I hope you won't think that all Catholics in this country are badly instructed or indolent, or don't care, like me. There are many holy

Doctors and great saints in our Church. Why, you're named for one of them!"

"I am, Miss?"

"Yes: for St. Antony of Padua. He was a holy friar, and he loved nature just as you do. He belonged to the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, who loved every living thing. St. Antony was so holy that the fish used to swim to the edge of the sea to hear him preach."

Philippa stole a covert glance toward the man, to see whether he was incredulous. It really would sound superstitious, she supposed, to one who was not initiated into the beautiful world of Catholic truth. But Antony was very serious. So Philippa went on eagerly:

"St. Antony addressed the fish from the border of the ocean, telling them to listen to the Word of God, since so many infidels refused to listen to it. Then all the fish, great and small, approached the shore and lifted themselves up out of the water a little way. No one had ever seen so many fish all together before. The larger fish arranged themselves behind the smaller ones. The different species of fish were arranged in perfect order, and their beautiful colors glistened like a field of many-colored flowers. Then St. Antony addressed them, reminding them that they were the beloved creatures of their Father, God; that Christ had made use of them to accomplish a wonderful miracle; and that He had served them to His weary Apostles as food to eat. And he told them that they ought to be grateful to God for all the benefits bestowed upon them. When he stopped speaking, there was a great noise in the ocean like a mighty wind, while the fish bent themselves to do reverence to the name of God. Don't you think that a very beautiful story, Antony?"

"I do indeed, Miss. I never heard the like before. Although I've lived with

Catholics, they never seemed to speak of any such things. I've wondered why sometimes."

Just then the horse's head turned in at the gate, and the conversation was finished for a time.

Philippa said nothing to her father of her experience with Antony. But she began to entertain more serious thoughts than any which had come into her young life before. And she yearned to be able to help this man, who longed to praise God in a more perfect way, but who knew Him only through a veil, dimly and afar off.

She made up her mind firmly on one point: she would learn everything possible about this wonderful Faith which had been so freely bestowed upon her, and had been denied to one who, in the humble rôle of hired man, seemed to yearn for the beauty and holiness of God.

She began with the Psalms. Every time she went to Benediction she took with her a little copy of the sweetest of songs, the outpourings of a royal heart in penitence and love. And while the village choir busied themselves in singing, Philippa, hidden behind one of the pillars, seeing nothing of the congregation about her, read assiduously, striving to understand the meaning of it all. And she read from Antony's favorite Psalm:

"'Praise and beauty are before Him, holiness and majesty in His sanctuary.' That is true of no church but the Catholic," she said sagely to her own heart. "No other altar reflects so perfectly the majesty of God. 'Bring up sacrifices and come into His courts.' It's no wonder there are not more conversions to the Faith," she thought, "when so many of us are indolent, and do not appear to care. And when we are asked to explain something, we don't know how, and so we turn away; or we think people are intruding where they have no right to come, although the

'Psalm says: 'Let all the earth be moved at His Presence.'"

When Philippa went to Mass, she fixed her eyes upon the altar where the holy mysteries were being celebrated, finding new beauties, new wonders, where she had always thought herself quite at home. For this Presence of which David sang was none other than the gentle Christ, just as of old.

When the priest walked to and fro, dressed in his flowing alb, it was Christ whom Philippa saw, as it were, gowned in the seamless robe His Mother wove,—walking through the cities and over the fields of waving corn. When the priest lifted his hand to make the Sign of the Cross, it was He whom Philippa discerned in spirit, blessing the weary multitude.

"It's just like being in the Holy Land!" she said excitedly to herself. "I never before thought it was so beautiful."

At the next Club meeting Philippa said with unaccustomed solemnity:

"Girls, I've got something to propose! It's rather big, maybe, but we're big enough for anything." (There was just the faintest trace of mischief in the eyes of the girl as she spoke.) "Suppose each one of us tries to convert one person in this world—namely, herself. For I think we need to begin at home. Let us begin by trying to find out the things we ought to know about our Faith. And, instead of making ourselves sick with chocolates, let us confine our efforts to making some real clothing for the Frawley baby down at the swamp. The Frawleys are terribly poor, you know, and as heathen as any Chinese. And while we're sewing—sewing, mind you, and not idly gossiping about the people around the neighborhood,—one of us might read from the Life of a missionary saint. And let us begin with St. Antony. You see, I've set my heart on converting a namesake of his some day."

It was Tuesday evening, and Philippa had stopped in the sweet twilight to kneel a few moments in the quiet church. When she had finished her devotions—her little colloquy with One whom she had learned to know as a very dear Friend,—she whispered a wee prayer to the saint whose special day of devotion it was. And bye and bye she tiptoed gently up to the shrine, where stood a figure in a brown robe with white cincture, and holding in his arms a little Child in blue. And she saw a man kneeling directly beneath the image, and looking up. It might have been another St. Antony.

It was Antony: he had stolen in for a glimpse of his great namesake,—he who had spoken to the little fish of the goodness of God. And all unexpectedly he had discovered that, in the years that had passed, he was a wanderer in a strange country. But now he had come Home.

The Song of the Exiles.

WHILE the oldtime charge that Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible is, of course, ludicrously untrue, it is probably the case that the average Catholic does not read that inspired Book so often or so attentively as he may readily do, not to say as he *should* do. Even a cursory perusal of Leo XIII.'s famous encyclical, "Providentissimus Deus" (The God of All Providence) on the study of Holy Scripture suffices to convince one of the incomparable value of the Word of God as an efficient aid in the working out of life's main problem, the acquisition of virtues that ensure salvation. To quote but one brief paragraph from that encyclical:

"As St. Jerome says, 'To be ignorant of the Scripture is not to know Christ.' In its pages His image stands out, living and breathing; diffusing everywhere around consolation in trouble, en-

couragement to virtue, and attraction to love of God. And as to the Church, her institutions, her nature, her office, and her gifts, we find in Holy Scripture so many references and so many ready and convincing arguments, that, as St. Jerome again most truly says: 'A man who is well grounded in the testimonies of the Scripture is the bulwark of the Church.' And if we come to morality and discipline, an apostolic man finds in the sacred writings abundant and excellent assistance: most holy precepts, gentle and strong exhortation, splendid examples of every virtue, and finally the promise of eternal reward and the threat of eternal punishment, uttered in terms of solemn import, in God's name and in God's own words."

Altogether apart from its value as a genuine spiritual help, the inspired volume possesses another merit to which a good many clerics and professional lay Catholics are apparently blind, or which, in any case, they do not sufficiently appreciate—that of literary excellence. The man who can not enjoy reading its pages, considered merely as literature, deriving therefrom a delight akin to that afforded by the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, or the prose of Bacon, Burke, Newman, and Ruskin, has a taste less cultured than might reasonably be looked for in one who has enjoyed the educational advantages to be found in a Catholic college or university. "There is no higher poetry on earth," says a competent litterateur, "than Isaias, no higher prose than the parables of Our Lord."

To enjoy the literary worth of the Bible as a whole, and more especially what are known as the Poetical Books properly so-called (Job, the Psalms, and the Canticle of Canticles), one must have some notion of Hebrew poetry. Any work on Sacred Scripture will supply in its "general introduction" sufficient information on this point; in

so brief a paper as this one, nothing more than a word or two can be given.

Hebrew poetry, then, is distinguished by its parallelism, and, in a lesser degree, by its strophes. Parallelism is defined as the correspondence resulting from the repetition of the same sentiment or imagery, sense or grammatical construction; in other words, it is the balancing of sentences. When the thought in the first part of a verse is repeated in the second part, the parallelism is called synonymous; for example, "In Thy strength, O Lord, the king shall joy; and in Thy salvation he shall rejoice exceedingly." When the first part of the verse is opposed to the second, or when the thought in the first part is emphasized by the contrasted thought and expression found in the second, the parallelism is called antithetical; as, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the grief of his mother." Finally, when the thought in the first part is completed, proved, expanded, or explained in the second, we have synthetic or constructive parallelism; as, "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also become like to him."

As parallelism corresponds to what in ordinary prose we style balanced sentences, so the Hebrew strophe corresponds, in some degree at least, to what in English verse is called the stanza. As a stanza is a series of lines arranged in a fixed order of sequence in regard to length, metre, and rhyme, so a strophe is a group of verses, not always of equal length, connected chiefly by the identity of the thought running through the group. In our English translations of the Bible no attempt is made to set off, by spacing, the successive strophes; nor is the parallelism indicated by the typographical device of beginning the second part of each verse with a capital letter. Occasionally, however, a translator illustrates the functions of both

parallelism and strophe by printing the translation in the regular form of English verse, or, better perhaps, in the style of an English ode. From an æsthetic point of view, such a manner of printing is assuredly to be commended. The reader may judge of this for himself by comparing the two following versions of Psalm cxxxvi. As printed in our Douay Bible, it runs:

*The lamentation of the people of God
in their captivity in Babylon.*

1. Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion.

2. On the willows in the midst thereof we hung up our instruments. 3. For there they that led us required of us the words of songs.

And they that carried us away, said: Sing ye to us a hymn of the songs of Sion.

4. How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?

5. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten.

6. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee:

If I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy.

7. Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom, in the day of Jerusalem: Who say: Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof.

8. O daughter of Babylon, miserable: blessed *shall he be* who shall repay thee thy payment which thou hast paid us.

9. Blessed he that shall take and dash thy little ones against the rock.

In the Introduction to his recently-published study of the Psalms, the Rev. Patrick Boylan gives a version of this same Psalm as showing approximately the rhythmic and strophic structure of the Hebrew original:

THE SONG OF THE EXILES.

By the waters of Babel.

We sat and did weep,

For our thoughts were on Sion.

On the willows that stood there

We hung up our harps.

There did our captors
Ask of us songs,
Our jailers a mirth-song.
'Sing us a song,
A song of Sion!'

How shall we sing
A song of Yahweh
On the soil of the stranger?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Then wither my right hand:
Cleave my tongue to my palate
If I remember thee not,
If I make thee not, Jerusalem,
Chief source of my joy.

O Yahweh, remember
The children of Edom,
Jerusalem's day,

When they cried out: 'Destroy ye! Destroy.
To her deepest foundations.'

Thou ravager Babel!
Happy he who shall pay thee,
Shall pay back what thou gavest us.
Happy he who shall seize and shall shatter
Thy babes 'gainst the rocks.

To say nothing of the additional æsthetic pleasure afforded by such an arrangement as the foregoing, the external indication of parallelism and strophe is of real assistance in determining the true meaning of an obscure verse. In the course of time, in all probability, we shall have a translation of the poetical books of the Bible printed, like this version of Psalm cxxxvi, with due regard to the strophic structure of the Hebrew psalter. In the meanwhile, however, we may all derive not only spiritual advantages but intellectual enjoyment from a more frequent perusal of our numerous available translations of the Book of Books.

A. B. O'N., C. S. C.

AS great Mother Nature folds the tired earth in her mantle, so does that other sweet Mother fold her children, the tired, the sick, the sorrowful, and the lonely. And who of us is never tired or sick or sorrowful or lonely? We may play in the sunshine, we may laugh and be merry and glad, but always for each of us sometime the night must fall, and then we creep to our Mother's arms, and her never-failing embrace.—*Leslie Moore.*

The Marriage of the Adriatic.

A GLANCE at a good map of the world will show that a large arm of the historic Mediterranean Sea separates Italy from the Balkan Peninsula. From the old Etruscan city, Hatria, now known as Adria, this great body of water—it is five hundred miles long, and in some places a hundred and thirty miles wide—takes its name, the Adriatic Sea, or, as it is marked on most of the older maps, *Mare Adriaticum*.

The ceremony known as "Sposalizio del Adriatico" was instituted in the year 1177 by Pope Alexander III., in memory of the decisive naval victory of the Venetians over Frederick Barbarossa at Istria, at which time the Holy Father took a ring from his own finger and gave it to the Doge with the instruction that he and his successors were to cast a similar ring into the waters of the Adriatic on Ascension Day each year forever, and expressing the hope that the sea so espoused would be as faithful and as dutiful as a wife to her husband.

In ancient times this ceremony was solemnly performed on the feast of the Ascension, when the State gondola, manned by forty rowers, moved slowly from the Piazza di San Marco toward the Isle of Lido. Following closely were innumerable barges, gondolas, and galleys, occupied by the clergy, statesmen, nobles, merchants, soldiers, and foreign visitors with their attendants. Arriving off the Isle, the Doge poured holy water into the sea; then taking the ring from his finger, he dropped it into the sea with the words, "We espouse thee, O Sea, in token of our just and perpetual dominion!"

After the ceremony all the participants and spectators attended High Mass at the Church of St. Nicholas, and the festivities closed with a banquet at the Doge's palace.

Educational Fads Not New.

"**N**OTHING under the sun is new," declared Solomon, almost a thousand years before the Christian era. Eight centuries later the Latin poet, Terence, asserted: "In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before." And a nineteenth-century versifier gives expression to the same idea in the quatrain:

Nothing under the sun is new:

The old was old in Solomon's day;

The false was false and the true was true;

As the false and the true will be always.

As regards essentials and fundamentals, the basic facts of religion and science, and the innate tendencies of human nature, all three statements are indisputable; and even with respect to non-essentials and accidentals, to apparently novel theories about religion and education, there is still considerable reason to declare that "nothing under the sun is new." During the past two or three decades, for instance, there have been exploited a dozen or more pedagogic systems which have been successively hailed as strictly novel educational theories, involving a variety of experiments never before heard of or attempted. The very truth is, however, that not all the fads of school-teachers, school principals, and school superintendents at the present time are as original as most persons are ready to believe. More than a century ago, Sir Walter Scott wrote, in the first of his series of famous novels:

"I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, there is little reason to dread the consequence of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a

game of cards; the problems of mathematics, to puzzles and riddles; and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may, in the meantime, be a subject of serious consideration whether those who are accustomed to acquire instruction only through the medium of amusement may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our young pupils may not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion."

As to the last-mentioned point, American educators—the non-Catholic educators—have escaped the fate suggested by Sir Walter: pupils in our public schools do not study religion either in the way of sport or in any other way. And, with what consequences, the New England Journal of Education bears witness: "Let Catholics go on teaching religion to their children, and let us (Protestants) go on educating our children without recognition of God; and they will plant corn and train grapevines on the unknown graves of Plymouth pilgrims and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, and none will dispute their right of possession." Not a few teachers, however, make use of devices which are identical with those satirized by the English novelist; so once again we find that, as Solomon declared, nothing under the sun is new.

Notes and Remarks.

Cleveland's superintendent of schools, Mr. R. G. Jones, has been telling the women of that city some needed but unpalatable truths. He informed them that immorality is the greatest menace to the public schools to-day; that we are fast drifting toward free-love in this country; that the mothers of the nation are not doing their duty; that dancing in Cleveland schools will be barred entirely unless it is conducted as a wholesome pleasure and entertainment for school pupils. "Indifference on the part of parents toward the activities of their children is one of the greatest problems in immorality," Mr. Jones continued. "It is up to the women and mothers to set higher standards of morality and home life. Unless there is a greater feeling for morality, I fear the community and nation will drift toward free-love."

We have no reason to believe that Cleveland's public schools are any laxer from the morality standpoint than the schools of our other cities: her superintendent is only more frank than are similar officers elsewhere. Only a few years ago a commission appointed by the mayor of Philadelphia to investigate the public schools of that city reported: "So much vice was found among school-children that the commissioner reluctantly concluded that vice is first taught to the Philadelphia child in the classroom. Sixty per cent of the schoolgirls interrogated turned out to have learned, before they were ten or eleven years old, a variety of bad habits." Verily, the time has come for Americans to insist on religious as well as secular training. There is no morality without religion.

To honor the visit of Mme. Curie to this country, American women have determined to present her with one of the most unique gifts in the world, an

ounce of radium. There is no doubt that the scientific discovery which she made must leave humanity forever grateful to her; and, in addition, it is worth remembering that Mme. Curie is a Catholic woman with ideals. The American report stresses the difficulties which attended the manufacture of the first ounce of radium: a large number of minerals had to be assayed and refined, and those suitable were reduced to their elements with almost super-human painstaking. "All this," we are told, "is what Mme. Curie had to go through in order to give the world an ounce of radium."

And yet, while we bow to the genius of the foremost woman scientist, we can not help realizing how infinitely greater is the service done by a Christian mother who has brought up her child to splendid manhood or womanhood. How marvellously fashioned is not that child! What a miracle is the composition of its body, and how much of the Divine there is in the creation and development of its soul! Virtuous living and infinite, loving care have made it physically robust, and the august power of prayer and the sacraments make of its spirit a source of radiance which no one can describe, which transcends the energies of space and time, and beside which the mystery of radium is like the scrawl of a child. Does not the labor of Mme. Curie symbolize the miracle of motherhood, whose sacred commonplaceness is likely to seem a platitude?

Perhaps we can not do better than to refer a correspondent, whose mind is troubled about bad Popes and "the iniquities of the Papacy," to the conversation on "Historical Scandals" in the book by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., entitled "In an Indian Abbey: Some Plain Talking on Theology." (Burns and Oates, publishers.) The same difficulty is there discussed, as frankly

as could be desired, by "Dom Roderick" and "Dr. Elbanks." In the course of the conversation, the latter remarks that some Popes have injured the Church grievously, and created scandals which are not even yet appeased. Dom Roderick answers: "In his private life, and even in his official conduct, a Pope may sin like Judas, and misgovern the Church as Judas betrayed his Master, even though he do not share the final impenitence of Judas. The promises of Christ to St. Peter and the Papacy regard primarily the doctrinal teaching of the Holy See. Never shall Pope, acting as Pope, or Universal Shepherd, lead the whole Church into heresy. That at least Alexander VI. was as far from doing as St. Leo or St. Gregory. Nay, taking the whole line of them, we may truly say that the Popes have well deserved the appellation of 'Your Holiness.' There has been found no dynasty like them for keeping the law of the Most High. No, sir, as Dr. Johnson would say, if there had been as few bad kings as there have been bad Popes, this would have been a much happier world."

Perhaps the conversation on megalomania will be quite as profitable to our correspondent as the one from which we have quoted—for the purpose of making the book known to other readers who speculate too much and pray too little.

The Stars and Stripes at half staff for thirty days over American diplomatic and consular missions, at navy posts and on navy ships at sea all over the world, will express the nation's mourning for the death of its Chief Justice, Edward D. White, who (it is generally acknowledged) honored his great office quite as much as the office honored him. A man of noble character as well as of exceptional ability, he was beloved by his friends and admired by his fellow-citizens. The Supreme

Court of the United States, perhaps the most important tribunal of its kind on earth, has had only eight Chief Justices. Among the most illustrious of them was Justice White. As Webster said of Jay, our first Chief Justice, he was "a jewel in the sacred treasures of national reputation; and when the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell upon him, it touched nothing not as spotless as itself." When former President Taft, who chose Justice White for the chiefship, was informed of his death, he said: "His name is writ large in the constitutional jurisprudence of this nation." Expressing the deep sorrow of Louisiana over the death of her distinguished son, Senator Ransdell, of that State, declared that one of the most striking characteristics of the late Chief Justice was "the beautiful, simple, Christian life that he led. His life was as pure and innocent as that of a little child. He was a sincere, devout Christian. His mighty intellect—certainly one of the greatest intellects of this or any other age—taught him to love God and obey the laws of God and man.... His beautiful life should be an inspiration to all men, especially in this day when there is so much of agnosticism, infidelity, and indifference among men in both low and high places."

Justice White was the second Catholic to fill the highest judicial position in this country. He was a sturdy, practical Catholic, too; not a weak-kneed, nominal one. He lived up to his faith in such a way that nobody ever had need to inquire what faith it was.

A matter the importance of which we have more than once emphasized in these columns was made the subject of an able paper read recently at the annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, held in Washington. Discussing "The Compilation and Preservation of Church

Historical Data," the Rev. Dr. Magri, of Portsmouth, Va., cited a number of excellent reasons why pastors should give the subject more care and attention than has heretofore been the case, at least with a good many parish priests. He contended that the announcements on Sundays and holydays in most of our parish churches constitute valuable data for history, and that their proper preservation is a matter the importance of which is not generally recognized. The pastoral letters of the bishops should be preserved, for often when wanted they are lacking; and they should be printed on a determined size of paper, so that they can be bound together. Parish announcement books should be of definite form and substantially bound in order to make preservation easy.

Any one who has undertaken to write the history of an American diocese will enthusiastically endorse Dr. Magri's contention. The commonplace happenings of to-day may appear to be quite unworthy of being chronicled; but, fifty or a hundred years hence, they will be found to be of genuine interest to the Catholics of that period.

Catholic visitors to London seldom fail to include in the "sights to be seen" Westminster Abbey, the glorious monument reared by Catholic faith and piety in the olden time when "Merrie England" was more than a meaningless phrase,—when England's monarchs beheld in the Roman Pontiff the veritable Vicar of Christ, instead of blasphemously seeking to usurp his authority. Alas! the true glory of the Abbey is now departed. No "lamp with deathless flame" swings before the tabernacle of the Lord of Hosts; a mutilated rite has succeeded to the solemnly symmetrical completeness of the august Eucharistic Sacrifice; and the stranger's strongest interest in St. Edward's temple centres upon it, not as

the symbol of a nation's faith, but merely as the shrine of the ashes of England's dead, illustrious in arms, in art, in song.

Recently, however, an item of Catholic interest has been added to the attractions of the Abbey. The grave of "The Unknown Warrior" is partially covered with objects of Catholic devotion,—fittingly so, as the warrior may well have been a son of Holy Church. At the head of the tomb, encircled by a laurel wreath, there reposes a metal and ebony crucifix. This, in turn, is circled by a large Rosary. Within the wreath are also seen a child's Rosary of blue beads, and a thin chain necklet and cross of a type generally carried by the Catholic soldier on active service. Last, but not least, the collection—which is said to be very artistically arranged—contains several Catholic medals, one being a replica of the famous "Miraculous Medal" of the Blessed Virgin.

A citizen of New York recently wrote to Bishop Keiley, of Savannah, asking him whether the reported murder of seventeen Negroes in Georgia was a fact; and, in case the report was true, whether Georgia is a Christian commonwealth. The Bishop replied that there are probably a million and a half of white Christians in Georgia, only twenty thousand of them being Catholics. After commenting on the generosity of the Protestants to the cause of the missions, their willingness to convert Catholics, and their indifference to the burning, hanging, drowning and shooting of Negroes, the letter stated that the only legislation passed since its writer's coming to Georgia, in the interest of purifying the moral conditions of the State, was the convent inspection Bill! The concluding portion of the letter calls for quotation in full: "From what I have written, it may, I think, be safely deduced that,

in my opinion, this State is not a Christian commonwealth. Of course I recognize that it is not my duty or province to dictate to my Protestant friends how they shall use their missionary millions, nor am I asserting that they are responsible for the barbarous conditions which prevail here. But it seems to me I have heard of ignorance, filth and perhaps a disregard of some of the moral laws of God in Mexico, South and Central America; and, unless I am mistaken, the Catholic Church is always held responsible. Burning Negroes at the stake, clubbing them to death, drowning, shooting and hanging them are crimes which are worse. God grant that by some means the reign of terror for the colored man may come to an end in Georgia!"

Two centenaries of more than ordinary interest are to be celebrated in Rome next year. The first is that of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, founded by Pope Gregory XV. in 1622; and the second, that of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, founded at Lyons, France, in 1822. Both centenaries will doubtless be commemorated in some fitting way in our own country; for the Church in America, a missionary land until a few years ago, owes an enormous debt to both the Sacred Congregation and the Society. As our readers are no doubt aware, the former has under its jurisdiction all those regions in which, the sacred hierarchy not being constituted, the missionary state still exists. It hands over, however, to the other special Congregations everything concerning the Faith, or matrimony, or sacred rites; as also anything affecting religious as religious, taking upon itself only matters affecting them, whether singly or in bodies, considered as missionaries.

As for the debt due from Catholic America to the Society for the Propaga-

tion of the Faith, it is summarized in the message sent to the directors of that Society on behalf of the Third Plenary Council, assembled at Baltimore in 1884: "If the grain of mustard seed planted in the virgin soil of America has now grown into a gigantic tree, with branches stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the coast of the Pacific, it is mainly to the assistance rendered by your Society that we are indebted for this blessing."

The London Catholic News Service reports the complete destruction by fire of the magnificent Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, one of the five great shrines of Christendom and, since its erection in the eleventh century, a favorite place of pilgrimage. It was considered the finest specimen of Romanesque architecture in the world. Tradition asserts that St. James the Greater preached the Gospel in Spain, and that his body was brought to Compostela for interment, after his martyrdom at Jerusalem by order of King Herod. He was the first of the Apostles to die for the Faith. James was a favorite name among the Jews. The "Apostle of Spain" was called James "the Greater," to distinguish him from the first bishop of Jerusalem, who was probably shorter of stature, and is called James "the Less."

Zeal for the enforcement of Prohibition would be tempered, and perhaps diverted, if the "Drys" could only be made to contemplate the spread of divorce in the United States. It is appalling enough to arrest the attention of all but the most hopeless of hobby-riders. We have more divorces than pagan Japan. In one county of the State of Indiana there have been, since the 1st of January, 291 marriages and 221 divorces. Our attention has been called to this monstrous fact by a resident of the county.



A Little Prayer.

BY MARIE DORÉ.

DEAR Lord, dost Thou love even me,
And dost Thou think that I could be
A child quite worthy to be Thine?
No greater hope nor wish is mine.

Dear Lord, who knows and sees and cares,
To whom my faults are understood,
Please help me all for Thee to bear
And gain Thy love,—oh, that I could!

And, God, please don't let me forget
That I must always mindful be;
It's rather hard at first to learn
That nothing really counts but Thee.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIII.—A MEETING.

ON that same bright winter day there was new joy in Tante Louise's old home; for Leon had arrived in the early morning, stopping to hear Mass (as his mother said had been his custom ever since he was a boy), and then hurrying in, to be kissed and welcomed rapturously, not only by the old Madame, but in the warm French fashion by Nanette and Susanne, who had served in the family ever since he was born.

"Never was there such a boy, such a man!" Susanne declared to Fifine, who was watching her beat up the delicious *gateaux* that were the newcomer's especial favorites,—“so good, so brave, so noble, so kind! All France is talking of him, as you could see by the honors on his breast, if he would wear them. But so modest! Ah, *mon Dieu*, only when he is forced by duty will he show

the crosses, the medals bestowed on him for courage beyond words!”

And then followed accounts of Leon's deeds, that held Susanne's hearer breathless with interest; for already his smiling eyes, his friendly voice, his affectionate greeting to the “little sister” his mother had found for him, had won Fifine's heart. He must be no “Monsieur,” he told her, but Leon, her brother. And when the old Madame had bustled off with new energy to see to the unpacking of his trunks and books, and the arrangement of the rooms she had selected for him, Leon drew his “little sister” into the library, and, with Tante Louise's picture smiling down upon them, proceeded to “make friends” indeed.

And, with that kind voice in her ear, and those pleasant eyes full of interest studying her face, Fifine's little tongue ran on briskly in her own sprightly French. Leon heard her whole story, his quiet questioning eliciting more particulars than even his lady mother, in her impatience and indignation at the child's treatment, had ever cared to learn.

Something of the *Chausse-Cours* fire flashed into the listener's eye as he heard how Armand Lorraine had denied and rejected his little cousin.

“I knew this Armand Lorraine who, they said, was killed,” declared Leon. “He was a fine fellow, a brave soldier, a good Christian. I can not understand how he could turn against the little girl his grandmother had called to her home.”

“Perhaps it was the other,” said Fifine, innocently. “There was another who called himself Armand Lorraine, though his wife gave him a different name when they talked on the boat.

But he was very cross and said evil words to her."

"*Eh, bien*, what is it you say, little one? Armand Lorraine was on the boat, and you talked with him?"

"*Oh, non, non, non!*" laughed Fifine. "I was hiding from the American doctors and dared not move or speak. But I heard all he said, this Armand Lorraine, whom his wife called Pierre, and who was going to do something that frightened her."

"An Armand Lorraine whom his wife called Pierre and who was going to do something that frightened her," repeated Leon,—“an Armand Lorraine who was *not* Armand Lorraine. What is it you are telling me, little one? Try to remember—to think of what you heard. Tell me all, all."

And, thus encouraged, Fifine went into full particulars of that last hour on the "Sylvania"; and, at Leon's eager questions, recalled the conversation she had overheard about the little home the wife had begged her husband to buy; the cows and chickens she would so gladly care for; the man's fierce anger at her pleading. She must not be a fool, Fifine remembered the husband had said, with wicked words that had made the little listener tremble; she must not be a fool, or he would tell about her cough, and the doctors would send her back to France. "He must have been a bad man to say such cruel things to his weeping wife,—a bad, bad man!" concluded Fifine, seriously.

"A bad man indeed!" agreed Leon, and the fire of the Chausse-Cours burned in his eye as he spoke. "But it was good that you learned something of his badness, little sister; good that you remember all he said."

"It was from the doctors I was hiding," explained Fifine. "So I had to hear."

"I know,—I know," said Leon, smiling. "Ah, you have had a sad time, little sister! But the good God has

watched over you through it all. He is watching over you still, I believe, with wisdom and love that you can not see. But it is a holiday, and I'll keep you no longer; for you have many pleasant things to do, I know. I must go upstairs and talk to the dear mamma."

And, patting his little sister's curly head, Leon went on upstairs to the big, cheerful room the old Madame was preparing for her idol.

"*Tien, ma chérie*," he said, bending to kiss her, "leave one little valise unpacked. I must go away to-day."

"Go again!" his mother cried in dismay. "But why—where, Leon? What is taking you away from me like this?"

"A duty, *ma mère*,—a duty that as yet I can not in charity, in justice, perhaps, explain. But sometimes it is a duty" (the dark eyes kindled with a stern light) "to *suspect*. And I am going to investigate a suspicion of villainy, rascality, robbery, that has risen in my mind, and I can not rest until it is cleared away. I want the name of the agent who rented you this house, mother."

"This house!" echoed the old Madame. "What is wrong about the house, Leon?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I only wish to get the address of your landlord, *ma mère*. I have immediate business with *him*,—with the gentleman who calls himself Armand Lorraine."

It promised, indeed, to be a gay holiday for Josephine Marie. There was the dancing class in the forenoon,—and, with all her little French heart and heels, Fifine loved to dance; there was to be luncheon at Elinor's; after which Elinor's aunt, a most delightful young lady, had asked all the six luncheon guests to go with her to a *matinée*. Madame, who kept a watchful eye on her little girl's friends and frolics, had

given unqualified permission for all.

With her dancing slippers in their pretty silken bag, Fifine tripped blithely on her way to meet the rest of the girls Mademoiselle Moreau admitted to her select "Académie," which faced the wide, pleasant space of an old-fashioned "square" designated on Mademoiselle's business card as "La Place Monroe." La Place Monroe, removed from the press and peril of busier localities, was a most popular playground for the juvenile society that this bright December day had brought out in force. A swarthy-faced organ-grinder was making gay music; "kiddie cars," perambulators, velocipedes were in possession of the paths; the benches were comfortably occupied by gossiping nursemaids.

As Fifine hurried on to the farther side of the square, she became conscious of an excited stir and chatter around her.

"Come away from her, children!" called a nurse, whose voice belied her French cap and streamers. "It's out of the hospital belikes she is, and ye'll be catching some disease."

"Out of the asylum I'd say!" added another caretaker, laying a restraining hand on her own juvenile charge. "Don't go near her, Maudie darling! It's crazy she is! A big girl like that to be talking to her doll as if it had sense to hear or speak!"

But there were young free-lances not under such strict guardianship, and they were crowding the path so that Josephine Marie, hurrying to her dancing school, found it hard to pass. The girls were giggling excitedly; while the boys jibed and jeered, as these small savages will, at some object of interest Fifine could not yet see.

"Bye, baby bunting!" scoffed one. "Look at her wrapped up in her rabbit skin!"

"And tucked up in a baby carriage,—a big girl like her!" snickered another.

"Let us see your doll, crazy cat!" called a rougher speaker.

"You shan't—you shan't!" piped a shrill, quavering voice that made Fifine's heart leap and then stand still. "You shan't touch my Laurabelle!"

"Laurabelle! *Laurabelle* and *marraine*!"

The dancing slippers dropped from Fifine's hold as, with a wild, bewildered cry, she burst through the mocking, jeering crowd. *Ciel, ciel!* Was that the fairy coach of the old play-room? Was that the royal robe of the Indian Princess? Was that pale, weazened, forlorn little creature *marraine*,—Fifine's dear *marraine*?

"Let go!" she was crying, as a boy tried to wrest Laurabelle from her hold. Then, indeed, all the blood of the La Roques, from the Crusading ancestors down, boiled up in Josephine Marie's young veins, and with fierce little clenched hands she struck out right and left at the crowd.

"Touch her if you dare!" she cried in her own French, which she could not take time or thought to translate. "Rogues, rascals, wretches,—touch my *marraine* if you dare,—if you dare!"

"Fifine! Fifine,—my own Fifine!" exclaimed Marjorie, as her tormentors recoiled in amazement before this furious little protectress.

"Halloo,—halloo! What's the matter here?" and sixteen-year-old Bryce, just returning, completed the rout, and Marjorie's enemies scattered hastily. But she had no thought of them now. Fifine was down on her knees beside the old royal chariot, her arms clasped about her godmother, who was sobbing in mingled joy and sorrow.

"Oh, she has come back to me,—she has come back to me, my Fifine,—my own little goddaughter Fifine!"

And then, with the fairy chariot drawn up in a sheltered corner, and Bryce to make poor Marjorie's sad story clearer to her bewildered little

listener, Fifine learned all. She heard with breathless dismay how Marjorie's fortune had vanished, how the golden wand that had ruled all things had been broken, how her fairy palace had been demolished and all its treasures scattered far and near. She heard how Bryce was "looking for leaks," and Cousin Marcia struggling with soups and puddings in a boarding-house kitchen, and Elise fretting herself sick as she washed dishes and scoured knives. She heard about the little back room, with its one window looking out over the yards, where Marjorie spent the long days counting the clothes fluttering on the neighbors' lines, and dreading the nights, with their terrors of death and darkness.

"But, now that I have found you again, my Fifine, I will be afraid no more. You will put your arms around me," murmured poor little *marraine*, who felt something of her old power returning with her goddaughter's coming. "You will tell me all those beautiful things about heaven, and the good God who loves little children, and takes them to Himself when they die. For now I have no doctor or nurse to rub me and give me medicine to make me well," she continued, with dull resignation; "so I must die, Fifine."

"O *marraine*, no, no!" was the half-sobbed answer.

"Yes," said *marraine*. "I can not help it,—I must die."

"O *marraine*, no, no! I will rub you like Miss Marshall did. I know how. I will bathe your head and give you medicine. I will come every day."

"Oh, it's not the day that is so bad!" shuddered *marraine*. "It is the night, when it is dark, and I think of the black hole in the ground, and how Guardy is lying there, frowning and waiting for me. If you would come at night, Fifine,—at night!"

"But she can't, kiddie!" said Bryce. They were turning towards home now,

Fifine walking close beside her god-mother and holding her little thin hand.

"Why can't she?" asked Marjorie, the light of old flashing into her eyes.

"Well, because she belongs to Madame Marceron now," replied Bryce.

"She doesn't,—she doesn't!" said Marjorie, impatiently. "She is my god-daughter. I took her forever and forever. I wrote it down in my letter and signed my name to it. She belongs to me; don't you, Fifine?"

"Oh, I don't—I don't know!" was the trembling answer.

"You do,—you *do*!" Marjorie burst forth passionately. "You belong to me, but you don't care for me any more. You're like all the rest. Because I haven't any money or toys or beautiful things, you're going to give me up and let me die, die, die!" concluded *marraine*, with a wild burst of tears.

"O *marraine*, no, no, no!" replied Fifine. "I will never, never *never* give you up. I love you too much."

They had reached the new home now, and Bryce paused in some perplexity before the gloomy old house that was such a contrast to the splendor of the past. He remembered how recklessly he had introduced Josephine Marie to his family before, and felt he must not repeat the offence.

"Let Fifine go now, Marjorie," he said. "She will come back."

But poor *marraine* clung desperately to the little hand that seemed her only friendly hold.

"Will you?" she said, lifting beseeching eyes to her goddaughter. "Will you come back, Fifine?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" promised Fifine. "Do not fear: I will come back to you, my own *marraine*! I will come back!"

(To be continued.)

TEACHER.—"Why did they hide Moses in the bulrushes?"

ANSWER.—"Because they didn't want him to be vaccinated."

Nicknames of the States.

THE average American boy is probably familiar with the nicknames of his native State, and with those of the States immediately adjoining his own. The average father of the American boy very likely knows, in addition, the distinguishing epithets currently applied to the more prominent commonwealths of the Union. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether either father or son can give, offhand, more than a score of phrases which have been generally accepted as State nicknames, and still more doubtful whether he can apply them with accuracy. Yet there are several scores of such epithets or designations employed in contemporary literature; and it is always very convenient, as it is occasionally important, to know for just which State each of them stands.

The least distinctive of these names is Bear State. It stands indifferently for Arkansas, California, and Kentucky; so that one must rely on the context to determine which of the three is meant in any given passage of a book or paper.

Several of the older States are known by more than one equivalent phrase. Connecticut has no fewer than four: Freestone State, Blue Law State, Land of Steady Habits, and Wooden Nutmeg State. Virginia has three: Mother of States, Mother of Presidents, and Old Dominion. Kentucky, besides sharing with Arkansas and California the ursine epithet given above, enjoys undivided possession of Corn-cracker State and Dark and Bloody Ground.

Thirteen States have double nicknames, as follows:—Massachusetts, Bay State and Old Colony; New York, Empire State and Excelsior State; Maine, Lumber State and Pine-Tree State; Delaware, Blue Hen State and Diamond State; Mississippi, Bayou

State and Mudcat State; Illinois, Prairie State and Sucker State; Georgia, Cracker State and Empire State of the South; Kansas, Garden State and Squatter State; Nevada, Silver State and Sage-Hen State; Minnesota, Gopher State and New England of the West; Florida, Gulf State and Peninsula State; Michigan, Lake State and Wolverine State; and, finally, North Carolina, Old North State and Turpentine State.

Eighteen of our commonwealths are designated by a single epithet: Wisconsin, Badger State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Missouri, Bullion State; Tennessee, Big-Bend State; Colorado, Centennial State; California, Golden State; New Hampshire, Granite State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; Texas, Lone-Star State; Maryland, Old-Line State; Oregon, Webfoot State; Louisiana, Pelican State; West Virginia, Panhandle State; and South Carolina, Palmetto State.

Not all the foregoing names, of course, are given in the geographies; but they have all been used by good writers and speakers so frequently that one is apt to meet with them in histories, biographies, speeches, and novels; and, as has been said, it is well for all patriotic young folk to know their application.

A Hindoo's Answer.

It is doubtful if any reply ever surpassed in delicacy that of an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin. "What sort of luck did Lord So-and-So have?" the Viceroy asked the servant, who had attended the nobleman on a hunting trip.—"Oh," answered the Hindoo, "the young sahib shot wonderfully well; but Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Though ostensibly addressed to young folk, the essays on various processes of agriculture contained in "The Story-book of the Fields," by J. H. Fabre, will be enjoyed by readers of every age. The book is successfully translated by Mr. A. T. de Mattos, and published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

—One does not ordinarily look to India for exceptional enterprise in journalism; but the recent Marian Congress held in Madras was featured by a novelty well worth imitating in larger centres. This was the issue, on each of the three days during which the convention was held, of "The Marian Congress Bulletin," a leaflet of newspaper size, printed on both sides, and containing an excellent summary of the previous day's proceedings.

—To honor the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Blessed Peter Canisius, Fr. Francis S. Betten, S. J., has prepared for the Central Society an interesting brochure dealing with the character and deeds of this illustrious apostle of modern Germany. It was he who, by ceaseless effort, saved a large portion of the German people from the errors and anarchy sponsored by Luther. Fr. Betten's treatment is everything that could be desired. The Central Bureau of the Central Society, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 25c.

—A catalogue of rare books, MSS., incunabula, etc., offered for sale by J. and J. Leighton, London, includes two Latin Bibles in manuscript written c. 1300. Both are described as exquisitely written and beautifully decorated with initials and miniatures. One can never see or hear of treasures like these being offered for sale without hoping that they may be secured for the library of some Catholic educational institution, where they could be studied, and viewed by non-Catholics who believe—thousands of them still do—that the Bible was utterly neglected and comparatively unknown until the time of the Reformation. For the price of the cheapest automobile, a whole armful of such precious manuscripts, and copies of the earliest printed books, can occasionally be acquired.

—In a handsome octavo volume of 430 pages, the Rev. John H. Lamott, S. T. D., records the "History of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati—1821-1921." (Frederick Pustet Company.) Of the eight lengthy chapters which make up the contents of the book, we have found the first two and the last one—

"The Beginnings of Catholicity in Ohio," "The Bishops of Cincinnati," and "Social Life"—by far the most interesting. Especially good are the biographical sketches of the prelates whom the present Ordinary of Cincinnati calls "the apostolic Fenwick, the indefatigable Purcell, and the saintly Elder." Synchronizing with the occurrence of the first centenary of the establishment of the diocese of Cincinnati (June 21, 1921), the volume is a timely and worthy memorial. Not the least merit of the work is its including a good bibliography and a copious index of thirty double-column pages. Price, \$4.

—No Scotch Catholic especially should fail to breathe a prayer for the venerable Father William Forbes-Leith, S. J., who lately passed to the reward of a life of singular activity and devotedness. Besides being a teacher, preacher and pastor, he was the author of a number of scholarly books, including *Lives of St. Margaret of Scotland* and of *St. Cuthbert*, "Narratives of Scottish Catholics," "The Gospel Book of St. Margaret of Scotland," "Historical Memoirs of Scottish Catholics during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," and "Pre-Reformation Scholars in Scotland in the Sixteenth Century." *R. I. P.*

—Many of our older readers are familiar with the once popular lyric, "The Exile of Erin," with its opening line,

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;

and most of those readers have probably never entertained any doubt that the author of the poem was Thomas Campbell, of Glasgow. His authorship of what Tom Moore called "the queen of songs" has, however, been disputed for more than a century by a large number of Irish critics, who have held that the poem was written by a Leitrim poet, George Nugent Reynolds. The matter is gone into very thoroughly in a book just published, by the Rev. P. A. Walsh, C. M.; and the uncompromising verdict is that Reynolds, not Campbell, was the true author of "the queen of songs."

—From the Macmillan Co. come three books by a catechetical author who has in recent years acquired a distinction peculiarly his own,—the Rev. Dr. MacEachen, of the Catholic University. The smallest of the three books is a slender volume of some forty pages, "Religion—First Course." It is intended for the youngest of the little folks, and contains

forty lessons, with a good illustration—as a rule, the reproduction of some picture of the great masters—accompanying each. The lessons are suited to the intellectual capacity of young folk (Dr. MacEachen says “any normal child six years of age can learn the truths of Faith”), and are such as to interest and impress the pupils. The second volume of the series is the complement of the first. It is called “Religion—First Manual,” and is meant for the catechist, who will be dull indeed if he does not find it thoroughly helpful in the task of making the teaching of catechism pleasant to himself and his class. Of the book's importance, Bishop Shahan, who writes its preface, does not hesitate to say that it “presages a new era in the teaching of religion”; and attentive readers of its pages will find no reason to dissent from this opinion. The third volume, “The Teaching of Religion,” is more general in its appeal than are the others. It is neither a catechism nor a manual, but an excellent treatise on the art of effectively communicating to the young—the young in years or in mental development—the most important knowledge attainable by human beings. We know of no class of religious teachers whose efficiency would not be measurably increased by the carrying out of Dr. MacEachen's methods.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

“How France Built Her Cathedrals.” Elizabeth Boyle. O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

“The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary.” Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

“The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion.” Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

“A Woman of the Bentivoglios.” Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

“Hispanic Anthology.” (\$5.) “The Way of St. James.” (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$9.

“God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith.” Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

“Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1825—1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

“The Gospel According to St. Mark.” Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

“The Letters of St. Teresa.” Vol I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

“An Awakening and What Followed.” James Kent Stone, S. T. D. LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

“Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?” J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence; Rev. Anthony Zeller, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. John Murphy, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Nicholas Schwartz, diocese of Rockford; and Rev. Joseph Wiedman, diocese of La Crosse.

Brother Raphael, C. S. C.

Sister M. Hildegard, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Flavia, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Perreault, Mr. John Ingles, Mrs. Elizabeth McGuire, Mr. Patrick Haffey, Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague, Mr. James Kane, Mr. F. X. Bayer, Mr. B. L. Decker, Mr. William Kearney, Mrs. Catherine Quirk, Mr. Henry Kroll, Mr. M. D. Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. John Cronin, Mrs. Maria Sullivan, Mr. Louis Dickhaus, Mr. F. X. Flotron, Mrs. Mary Haley, Mr. Frank Haley, Mr. George Ganniger, Miss Julia Roth, Mr. John Scully, Mr. Joseph Scully, Mr. C. C. Miller, and Mr. William Heesacker.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

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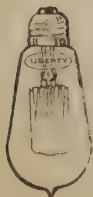
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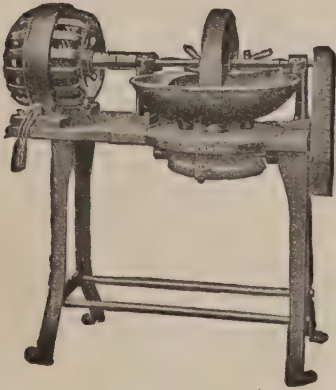
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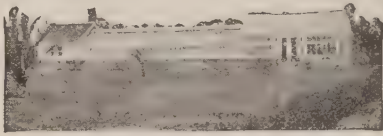
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VOL. XIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 11, 1921.

NO. 24

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Tides.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

THE great cliffs greet the sea with scornful word;

But, answering not, the tides break on the shore:

Though years may find the rock's grim might unstirred,

With ages past the cliffs shall be no more.

The heights of wrong loom o'er humanity,

And scornful watch the tides of justice die;

Yet still and steadfast from eternity

The tides shall roll and, some day, thunder by.

The Church and the Ministry of Women.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

IT must strike many as strange that the very religion that was foremost in refusing to give the Blessed Virgin the honor due to her as the Mother of Christ, should now be also foremost in blaming the Church because she declares that the divine law forbids the priesthood to women. The Mother of God must not be styled "Blessed," even though an angel was the first to call her so; but any ordinary woman may be raised to the rank of a successor of the Apostles! Our Divine Lord did not make His Virgin Mother one of the Seventy, still less a priest; but those who blame Catholics for honoring her above all women claim the right to raise

any one of those same women to a dignity which her own Son did not confer upon her.

But, although the Church can never break a God-made law, and consequently can not admit women to the priesthood, she has always attached the highest importance to the co-operation of women in works tending to the spread of the Gospel and the salvation of souls. Thus, whilst ministering at the altar was always forbidden to the female sex, women were, nevertheless, always encouraged to work, within their allotted sphere, for the common cause of Christianity.

In the Primitive Church, the order of pious women known as "deaconesses" played a useful part,—although, of course, its members were no more regarded as belonging to the sacred hierarchy than, for instance, are the "Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre" to-day. It is also interesting to note that the title of "deaconess" was sometimes given to the wife of a deacon; just as a priest's wife was sometimes called a "priestess," and a bishop's a "bishopess." The Reverend Mother or the superioress of our day had her equivalent in earlier times in the *Mater Monasterii* or the *Mater Monacharum* and the *praeposita*. The title of abbess was at first the distinctive appellation of the Benedictine superioresses, but came in time to have a more general signification.

All through the Middle Ages in particular the abbess was a prominent

figure in Catholic countries. In Saxon England, she had often the state and retinue of a princess. She treated on equal terms with kings and bishops and the highest nobles of the land; was present at the consecration of churches and all great religious and national assemblies. Like the queen herself, the abbess took part in the deliberations of these latter, and affixed her signature to all charters granted. She even appeared at Church councils in the midst of bishops, abbots, and priests. The Abbess Hilda was present at the Synod of Whitby in 664; and the abbess of Elflada, at that of the River Nith in 705; while no fewer than five abbesses assisted at the Council of Beacanfield, and signed its decrees.

In Germany, the abbesses of Quedlinberg, Gandersheim, and other famous monasteries, ranked among the independent princes of the Empire, and, as such, sat and voted in the diet as members of the Rhenish bench of bishops. Curiously enough, there are to-day a number of educational establishments in Protestant Germany, as well as some Lutheran sisterhoods, directed by women who style themselves "abbesses," and who are the Protestant successors in a way of a former line of Catholic abbesses.

The celebrated Catholic Imperial Institute at Prague, founded in 1754 by the Empress Maria Louisa for impoverished women of ancient lineage, is governed by a lay abbess, who is always an Austrian archduchess. The members live in community and obey certain rules, but make no religious vows. The insignia of the abbess are a pectoral cross, a crosier, an abbatial ring, and a princely coronet. In former times this imperial abbess had the exclusive privilege of crowning the Queen of Bohemia. The ceremony was performed for the last time by a woman in 1808, when the abbess of Prague placed the crown upon the head of the

Empress Maria Louisa, namesake of the foundress of the institution.

An abbess or prioress is usually elected for life, and has the right to carry the crosier and wear the abbatial ring. The age at which she is eligible for the office has varied at different epochs. Pope Leo I. prescribed forty; St. Gregory the Great, sixty; and Innocent IV. and Boniface VIII., thirty. By the present legislation, which is that of the Council of Trent, the candidate must have completed her fortieth year, and, as a general rule, the eighth of her religious profession. She is chosen by the secret suffrages of the nuns; no man, even though a bishop, having a casting vote.

During the Middle Ages various abbesses more than once attempted to usurp the spiritual power of the priesthood. The "Monasticism Cisterciense" records the stern inhibition for this which, in 1210, was placed upon the Cistercian abbess of Burgos and Palencia in Spain by Pope Innocent III. And, as late as 1658, the Sacred Congregation of Rites categorically condemned the acts of the abbess of Fontevault, in France, who was guilty of similar abuses. But although an abbess is debarred from exercising any power of spiritual jurisdiction such as belongs to an abbot, she has, nevertheless, many privileges, some of which go far to prove that the Church was always "feminist" in the highest sense of the word.

Being a woman, an abbess must not preach nor bless publicly; but, like other religious superioresses, she may exhort her nuns in Chapter and by conferences; and may bless those subject to her authority, in the same way as a parent might bless a child, but not, of course, with any sacramental power. She can exercise the rights of patronage in a parochial church, and she can nominate and install as parish priest a candidate whom the diocesan

bishop has approved for the cure of souls. Moreover, in virtue of her temporal jurisdiction, any such female patron can deprive clerics subject to her of the benefices she had conferred on them, by simply withdrawing the title of possession. But, being a woman, and therefore incapable of true spiritual jurisdiction, she can neither suspend such clerics, lay them under interdict, nor excommunicate them.

The reasons why the Church regards the exclusion of women from the priesthood as a divine law, and therefore fixed and unchangeable, have been laid down by various writers. One of the earliest of these is St. Epiphanius. In the section of his "Treatise on Heresies" dealing with the Collyridians, who are said to have been the first to depart from Christian orthodoxy with regard to the position of women in the Church, occur these words: "For never since the world was made has any woman discharged the office of the priesthood,—not even Eve herself, who, though she committed a very grave crime, never went so far as to perpetrate such an outrage as this; nor did any one of the daughters descended from her."

A Protestant clergyman said, in connection with the proposed admission of women to the priesthood of the Church of England, that arguments against it, based on Adam and Eve, had no bearing on a situation modified by the New Testament and the development of society; and he added: "As the Roman Catholic Church admits the principle that women can administer valid baptism, it appears to be a question of internal order which deprives them of the right of exercising the priesthood." Now, as everyone knows, the fact that any lay person—man or woman—may, in case of necessity, administer the Sacrament of Baptism, makes neither one nor the other a member of the priesthood. And

our Divine Lord Himself based His arguments against divorce on the law laid down for Adam and Eve, and without reference to what would then also have probably been regarded by those who differed from Him as likely to be a stumbling-block in the path of "the development of society." The world and its "society" have been ever at war with the ways of God and the celestial kingdom, with which it can have no part.

"The first requirement for a valid ordination is that the subject should be of the male sex," says the learned canonist, Schmalzgrueber. "A woman can not be ordained, as is evident from the Church's perpetual practice and tradition. And, in confirmation, reason urges that Orders involve a pre-eminence of power, dignity, and office in the Church over others of the faithful, whilst a woman ought not to teach in the church or be set over others, but to be subject, as is laid down by St. Paul, who says: 'Let women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted to them to speak.'"

"On this point a doubt may arise as to the law by which women are incapable of receiving Orders, whether only by an ecclesiastical law [which can be changed], since in Christ Jesus there is no distinction between man and woman, and under both testaments women have been prophetesses. . . . But it must be replied that it is by divine law that women are incapable of receiving Orders; for this is the common teaching of theologians and canonists, with St. Thomas of Aquin, † as is proved from the will of Christ, who did not adorn even His Most Blessed Mother with any Order; as also from the nature of ordination, which sets its recipient in a superior and prominent degree over the rest of the faithful, with power to teach them and

* I. Cor., xiv, 34.

† In 14 Dist., 25 q., 2 art. 1.

administer the Sacraments to them.... As for the opposing arguments given, there is no distinction between man and woman as regards justification, but there is as regards superiority and subjection. Again, the gift of prophecy involves no superiority or spiritual power over others, as does Orders; and hence the inference from one to the other is without validity."

We need only turn the pages of the New Testament to know that man is the head of the woman, even as Christ is the head of that Church of which He is the Spouse; and also that He is the priesthood mysteriously united with the whole body of the faithful. As Dr. George Phillips puts it: "If the divine will had not set a limit to its love, the Church would surely have proclaimed as supreme priestess of Christian worship the Virgin Mother of the Saviour. Who was more worthy to make known the Word of God than she who had carried Him in her womb and pressed Him to her heart? Who was more capable of unfolding in all its magnificence before the eyes of the human race the sublime roll of the divine mysteries than she on whom had rested the shadow of the Holy Spirit? Who had better claims to offer up the Sacrifice of Reconciliation than she whom the divine messenger had saluted as 'full of grace'? And yet, in spite of the ineffable dignity of the Mother of God, Christ had not wished that Mary should give Him baptism: He received this from the hands of John; and He entrusted the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to His Apostles."

Father Sydney Smith sums up the whole question when, writing on "Women and the Priesthood," he says that, at all events, in the Catholic Church the admission of women to the priesthood will never be sanctioned; and if, *per impossible*, it were attempted, it could never be accomplished; that if all the bishops of the world were to unite

together to perform over a woman candidate all the rites and ceremonies of ordination, as found in the Pontifical, their action would be void. At the same time he shows how the priests' labors would be only half as efficacious if deprived of the co-operation of religious women, while the labors of the nuns could avail little without priests to lead them and direct them.

There is another aspect of the question that, although I have not seen it stated anywhere, must have struck many. It is this: Protestantism, having refused to honor the Mother of God with the honor that is her due, feels, nevertheless, the weakness of the position engendered by this refusal. Protestantism is like a family deprived of its mother. The children are half-orphaned, and the need of a feminine element in the household is felt. The Church of England may seek to supply the place of the Virgin Mother she has rejected by calling women to her priesthood. It is certain, at all events, that ever since she severed the ties that bound her to the Rock of Peter she has been drifting farther and farther from the shore, carried hither and thither at the will of the waves that at every moment threaten to engulf her. But out of evil good may come, and it may be that the very absurdity of the present situation will drive her to seek shelter in the harbor of the City on the Seven Hills, to which harbor there is no surer guide than love of her whom Catholics fondly call the "Morning Star."

No one can worthily approach the most pure Heart of Jesus, or draw near to that Mother who was sinless by His grace, unless he recognizes the danger of temptation, keeps a tight grasp on the reins of self-restraint, and turns to God with honest contrition whenever he is conscious that he has offended.

—Bishop Hedley.

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

X.

THE story that Mary had to tell her lover was a common one of the times. Unable to make a living in Ireland, her grandfather, with his wife and children, had migrated as a young man to New England. Born in County Westmeath and named Martin Nugent, he had been obliged by the English law to change his name to an English one, and as Martin Pendleton he was known in the New World. His eldest son had been killed by the Indians at a time just prior to the birth of his twin daughters, Mary and Canidia. In her flight from the farm where they were then living, his wife had stumbled and fallen; and it was believed that this had injured the brain of Canidia, causing the lack of mind that had very early become apparent. The twins, with their young brother John, had lived with their grandfather for five years, always with Canidia in hiding because of the constant fear that she would be taken from them and hanged as a witch.

"I take her out for some air toward twilight," Mary said. "Our farm is quite isolated, and it is almost unheard of for any of the villagers to come here in the evening; so it seems to have been perfectly safe. I believe that persons passing on the road have sometimes heard her music; but people here know that I play on the flageolet; so if they think of it at all, they suppose the sounds are made by me."

"It seems incredible," the listener remarked, "that in an age like this such ignorance as belief in witchcraft should exist."

Old stories that his mother had told him of the hanging of so-called witches in Essex, England, in 1648, came back to Israel Osborn; small wonder, then,

that the superstition had spread to the American colonies that bordered the Atlantic coast. It would be a serious matter if the terror of witches became more pronounced in Salem; in that case it would become imperative to remove Canidia to some other and safer place. Then Israel had an inspiration. Canidia could go to his mother and brother at their farm on the Merrimac. He knew they would gladly protect her, and it was with this understanding that he and Mary parted.

Nor could even this fear disturb the joy of the weeks that followed for them. With a clear conscience and a mind at peace, Israel Osborn gave himself up unreservedly to the happiness of having won the beautiful girl who loved him. Many plans were made for the future. They would be married in the autumn and continue to live on the farm, with the grandfather, who would not hear of any other plan; indeed, it seemed as if for the present Mary could not leave him, her brother, and Canidia; so they were satisfied that all was well.

About the same time Roger Gosnold departed for Boston to make a call upon Mr. Cotton Mather, in whose employment and pay he had been ever since coming to Salem. Intent upon discovering all he could about witchcraft, the pastor of North Church sent out the Frenchman and three or four others to canvass New England and leave no stone unturned to unearth possible witches.

Arrived in Boston, Roger went at once to the Mather residence, and was closeted for over two hours with that worthy, both imparting and receiving information.

"I am positively sure," Roger said, "that there are already three or four well-authenticated cases of witchcraft in Salem. Up in the hills, living alone in a once abandoned hut, is Giles Corey, eighty years old, who has been heard

and seen in strange incantations and the burning of some sweet-smelling substance. In the village reside Sarah Good and Sarah Osborn, two women who never go to church, and who have been seen doing strange things when alone in their rooms at night. In the house of that godly divine, Mr. Parris, is an Indian cook, Tituba, whom I strongly suspect of being a very dangerous witch. Dr. Simon White, the physician of Salem township, tells me that more than half the young women who attend semi-monthly social meetings at the Parris house are in a most nervous and hysterical state. There seems little doubt that their condition is due to witchcraft, so Dr. White says. Moreover, Tituba has been seen going up the hill to the hut of Giles Corey. I myself followed her there; and, although I could hear nothing, I saw them both on their knees, making strange signs and bowing down to the ground."

Cotton Mather passed his hand over his brow with a gesture both wearied and troubled.

"This matter weighs heavily upon me," he said; "but I must follow it to the end. Think you, Mr. Gosnold, that these are the only cases in Salem?"

Roger leaned forward and spoke very low.

"There is one other suspect, Mr. Mather; and I do not mind saying that she is, I think, the cause of all the trouble,—the one who has bewitched the others. In the house of Mr. Martin Pendleton is a woman whom no one ever sees, of whom none of the people in the town have ever heard. She is kept in hiding by her grandfather and sister, and is only taken out at night or toward twilight. I discovered her presence in the house by means of her footprints on the hills, and only after a long and tireless investigation. I have also heard her play very wild and unearthly music on the flageolet."

Cotton Mather threw up his hands and groaned.

"The house must be searched, Mr. Gosnold," he said, "and very soon. I shall insist upon a trial at Salem and the punishment of those who are found guilty."

"And that will be—"

"Death."

Cotton Mather's eyes blazed as he spoke. Death, cruel and relentless, was the only way to stamp out this evil, and thus strike terror to the heart of the Prince of Darkness. He, the anointed of the Lord, was appointed for the task. So Roger Gosnold departed for home, with a substantial cash payment in his pocket, and feeling very well pleased with his visit.

Thus it was that he drew rein at the Pendleton house about seven o'clock the same day; and, tethering his horse to a post, he advanced and knocked on the door. Now he saw almost within his grasp the woman he told himself he loved,—the one woman he had wanted since that morning after his first night in her grandfather's house, when she had treated him with such impersonal and distant regard, if not disdain. Never since then had her mien altered. Compared to her, how inferior were Acadie and Hetty!

XI.

Roger Gosnold spent perhaps half an hour with Mary Pendleton, and then took his departure furiously angry. He had been refused decidedly; nor had Mary failed to let him know that she was already engaged, and to whom.

"I am very sorry you came here to ask me this question," she said. "I can not think that you really care for me, and I have certainly never encouraged you. Indeed, I doubt if I have ever even thought of your asking me such a question as this."

"You must have seen it," he had answered almost savagely; for he was smarting under her refusal and her

evident desire to cut the conversation short.

She arose with queenly dignity.

"To talk any further, Mr. Gosnold, is painful for both of us. I beg, therefore, that you will leave me, and not come here again. You will understand that this is final."

With one stride he covered the space between them; and, bending low, almost hissed his angry words in her face.

"I will have you yet!" he said.

He was gone, almost running to where his horse was waiting. Throwing himself upon the animal, he turned its head again in the direction of Boston, and before midnight drew rein at the tavern where lived his friend Antoine Blanc, who had impersonated the priest in his supposed nuptials with Acadie. For three days he entered upon a scene of riotous living.

A swim on the last morning in the harbor, joined to his splendid constitution, cleared his brain and restored his nerve, so that on the afternoon of the fifth day he was ready to return to Salem. His horse was brought to the door fresh and well-groomed; and, with a careless adieu to his friend, he mounted and cantered away. The day was beautiful, the Boston road in fair condition, so he covered twelve of the fourteen miles to Salem in good time. When he was only two miles from home something happened.

He had turned aside into a bridle-path through the woods, which yet commanded a good view of the road, when, in the distance, he heard shouts and yells, hoarse cries and wild laughter. Then far off on the level road he saw a cloud of dust, through which everything that could be thrown as a missile seemed to come hurtling through the air; and in front of these missiles sped a slender woman's figure, clothes torn, long hair streaming in the wind, the face agonized and distraught. It was Acadie!

Astounded, Roger Gosnold remained motionless on his horse, which he had brought to a standstill as soon as he heard the disturbance in the distance; so Acadie sped by, never seeing him. A moment later an old man carrying a stout stick burst out of a thicket on the other side of the road, and to him the woman ran, crying, "*Sauvez moi! Sauvez moi!*" Too exhausted to go any farther, she had fallen in the road; and, without an instant's hesitation, the man, who in spite of his age was strong and powerfully built, picked her up in his arms as if she were a child, and disappeared into the thicket just as the mob ran around the bend in the road where the incident had occurred.

As the woman was nowhere in sight, the vanguard of the pursuing crowd halted, uncertain whether to keep on or to plunge into the woods on left or right. Roger seized the opportunity to ride out of the woods.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary demonstration?" he asked.

The sight of his handsome person and fine horse seemed to awe the crowd. For a moment there was silence; then all began to talk at once, and from the babel of voices Roger Gosnold heard what had happened. Five days previously, on the evening of the very day when he had seen Mary Pendleton, the French maid who had been living at the Parris house was accused of being a thief. Mr. Parris had missed a large sum of money from his study, a room the maid always took care of. The circumstances were such that she had been dismissed in disgrace. The news had spread through the community; a crowd had collected, and they were, in fact, engaged in chasing the wicked woman out of town just as Master Gosnold rode up. It remained for him to tell them which way she had gone.

"I don't know," said Roger. "She disappeared before I rode up. But, now that you mention it, I think I heard a

rustling of these bushes, and saw something white through the branches, just as I drew rein here."

He indicated the woods on the side of the road away from where Acadie and her rescuer had disappeared; and with one accord the crowd had started to make a rush in that direction, when they were arrested in their flight by a stern command:

"Halt!"

Surprised, they obeyed instantly; and, following up his advantage, Roger Gosnold spoke rapidly and decidedly.

"Men and women of Salem," he said, "you have already come two miles in pursuit of the woman. The direction she has taken will soon bring her to the town limits; therefore, my advice to you is to go home. You have rid our community of her presence, and nothing more can be done. If you pursue her farther, it may become a case of murder, making you amenable to the law; so again I say, go home."

At once the crowd did as he told them. A few of the more excited ones muttered a protest, but all turned around—some of the women evidently now feeling the fatigue of their mad rush,—and singly and in groups they began their homeward march, Roger riding slowly in the rear. For his own sake only had he stopped the crowd. Acadie had evidently not named him. If she were caught and brought to bay, she might throw herself upon his protection with the assertion that she was his wife. It behooved him, therefore, to shield her now, and to try to find her later and get her away from Salem as soon as possible.

Arrived at the Widow Banks', he put his horse in the stable and then walked slowly to the house. The door was flung open before he had mounted the last step to the porch; and Hetty, wild-eyed and tearful, hastened to meet him.

"O Roger, Roger, where have you been? Dreadful things have happened

here, and I feared something had happened to you, too."

"I had to go away suddenly, on business," said Roger. "There are witches around, my pretty one. The anointed of the Lord has opened a righteous warfare to rid New England of their presence in our midst. And now, prithee, what is your news?"

Then she told him about Acadie.

XII.

Mary Pendleton's feelings when Gosnold threatened her and then strode from the room, slamming the door after him, can better be imagined than described. Very soon, however, the calm of her environment and the beauty of the April sunset produced their result: her mind regained its normal tone, and her nerves their poise. Glancing at the clock, she saw that it was time to go for Canidia and bring her home; so, opening the kitchen door, she walked quickly down the long arbor to the woods. Two minutes later she found her sister sitting upon a mossy embankment, her flageolet lying on her lap. Kneeling down on the soft turf, she put her arms around Canidia and held her close; and then the afflicted girl made one of her rare little gestures. Reaching out a timid hand, she stroked Mary's dark hair. "Dear,—pretty!" she said.

She so rarely spoke that the twin sister's eyes glowed with happiness. Might it not be that some day the cloud would lift from the bruised brain? When Canidia did speak, her words were always clearly enunciated and rational. Tenderly Mary led her home, gave her her supper and put her to bed.

That night there was a consultation about Canidia. Both Martin Pendleton and Israel had heard rumors about witches in the town. It was averred that Master Cotton Mather was soon to begin a searching investigation.

Israel unfolded to the Pendletons his plan to remove Canidia to his mother's

farm on the Merrimac. "I feel sure this house will be searched," he said; and then he told them about seeing Roger in the woods when Canidia was there, declaring that he daily felt more and more certain that Roger Gosnold was a spy on the lookout for supposed witches.

"The hand of the Lord is heavy upon us," said Martin Pendleton; "but, loath as we are to part with her, the child must go; it is clear that we can not safely keep her here any longer."

So on Saturday night the already over-excited population of Salem beheld the flight through the town of a dark rider seated upon a splendid black horse. Behind him rode a figure all in white; and from the face, head, back, and clothes of this strange being streamed clouds of light. It was further noticed that the dark horseman had red horns, and a red mouth that stretched from ear to ear. It was a clear spring evening, without any moon; but, in the lingering twilight, those who were abroad could see the horse and its riders. In the open country beyond, the apparition was also seen; and, darkness having descended by that time, the sight was all the more terrifying.

Very cleverly had Israel Osborn carried out his whole scheme. On Friday afternoon he had departed for Boston, stopping in the village to say where he was going. Mounted on a roan horse of farmer Pendleton's, he had then ridden away. Two hours after midnight he had returned, this time riding a coal-black horse that he had hired in Boston. In the meantime Mary had been busy getting the outfit ready; so all arrangements were completed Saturday night,—Israel by the aid of red paint being transformed into a representation of the devil; and Canidia, all in white, at the last moment was covered with phosphorus brought by Israel from Boston. The chief fear had been as to

how Canidia would take it; but, perfectly devoted to the schoolmaster, she had been entirely docile. And Sunday morning saw her safe at the Merrimac farm, their disguise having been removed by Israel before daylight.

In her environment, the young girl was interested and happy; so, satisfied by the success of his scheme, Israel departed for Boston. Making a detour, he avoided Salem; and, reaching Boston, he got a few hours' sleep and rest. The following morning he departed on the roan for Salem, arriving there for the opening of school on Monday morning.

What the temper of the town was fast becoming he had proof before he reached the schoolhouse; for around a bend in the road, just before he reached the village, came a procession of the townspeople impersonating the Pope and the devil. This was a favorite diversion in New England, occurring annually in celebration of the Gunpowder Plot (November 5); but an extra performance had evidently been called, probably to counteract any evil that might accrue to the town from the wild horseman of Saturday night. At the village store—where Israel purposely stopped and made a purchase, so as to hear what was being said—he was told the whole story, with the information that no doubt it was the devil carrying off one of the witches who was too wicked to leave behind.

By noon Israel was able to assure the Pendletons of the entire success of the scheme. On the following day Cotton Mather and three officers of the law arrived in Salem and at once began an investigation.

XIII.

In the old man who carried Acadie safely away from the danger that threatened her, Roger had recognized Giles Corey. Hence he had no difficulty in locating Acadie.

At the top of a hill two miles from

Salem, amid a wilderness of shrubs, trees, tangled vines and brushwood, stood two abandoned huts, long since the homes of two brothers who were hunters. In one Giles Corey had lived for ten years; the other, which had been empty, was now inhabited by Acadie. Thither the old man had carried her, and succeeded in making her quite comfortable. Every day he cooked and carried to her hut a share of his own meals. Then gradually she told him her story, with the added information that she was married, only she could not just yet tell her husband's name.

The man listened, his shaggy brows drawn down over deep-set blue eyes. Both the appearance and manner of the man suggested calmness and strength. When he spoke, it was in a voice unmistakably Celtic.

"You should be with your husband, *alanna!* This is no place for you."

"I am going as soon as I can find him," said Acadie.

"Well, until then stay here. I will bring you something to eat every day. Just rest, *mavourneen*, and get back your strength."

On the fifth evening after Acadie's rescue, and while Giles Corey was absent in the town, making some necessary purchases, Roger suddenly came to her hut. The meeting between them was all that Acadie could have desired, for he, anxious to get her away from Salem, was kind, tender, and sympathetic. It was finally arranged that she was to go to Boston and remain at the tavern on the water front for a month or six weeks, at which time he would join her, and together they would return to Canada. So the following evening Roger came to the hill on horseback, and Acadie stole away. Mounting the horse behind Roger, she was in Boston before daybreak. Roger saw her comfortably established, and then rode back to Salem.

"I may not be able to come again for

a month," he had said. "I have important work that will take me North for a while. But if you need more money before I come again in two weeks, you can send Antoine to me with a message."

Later in the day, Acadie went out to make some necessary purchases. Coming home at dusk, she turned down the street where stood the tavern; and a second later a tall, middle-aged man dressed as a trapper crossed the street and began to follow her. She entered the main door of the tavern, and entered a narrow hall. Reaching her door, she unlocked it with a key she took from her pocket. Then and then only did the man behind her speak:

"Acadie Baudry, why are you here instead of at the Mission St. Francis?"

With a slight scream, Acadie whirled around. "*Mon Dieu! C'est le Père Louis!*" she said.

"Yes, it is Père Louis; and now, after months of searching, I have found you. Only this morning I learned that you were in Salem, and I was on my way there when, through the Providence of God, I met you near here."

"Who told you where I was, *mon Père?*"

"The man who, in collaboration with your supposed husband, tricked and deceived you. This morning I was passing the docks when there was an accident. A man named Antoine Blanc, who lived here, was mortally injured and died in an hour; but before he died I was able, unknown to any one in Boston, to hear his confession. He requested me to tell you that you are not the wife of Roger Gosnold. Antoine Blanc, impersonating a priest, performed the mock marriage which you thought made you his wife."

With a cry she sprang to her feet. "I will go to him! He shall pay dearly for this!" she said.

"Acadie," said the priest, "you expected what seldom or never occurs.

A man like Roger Gosnold, known at Ville-Marie as a rogue, would not marry an Indian. I beseech you, therefore, to fly from him. Go back to the Mission St. Francis, and to the Sisters who love you. There, surrounded by sweet and holy influences, you will have peace, and can pray for the man whom I doubt not you have really loved."

"I do not know if I love him now, *mon Père*."

"Then put him out of your life forever. You will never be happy until you do. I will leave you now, Acadie; for I have work still to do in Boston. To-morrow I will come here again; and, if you are then ready to start for Ville-Marie, I will take you to a boat that sails at noon for a point farther north, where you can easily proceed on your way to Canada."

"Yes, *mon Père*."

The girl bent one knee as the priest turned and made the Sign of the Cross over her. The next moment he was gone.

And then Acadie cast herself upon the bed, her mind in a tumult. Give up Roger and go back to the quiet life of the mission! No, she could not. Least of all would she leave him to Hetty. An hour passed; the sun sank below the horizon; the room grew dark; a servant came to the door to say supper was ready and was sent away. All night long Acadie wrestled in the grasp of alternate love and hate, until at last love conquered, and all *Père Louis'* remonstrances and warnings were cast aside.

At daybreak she arose, put on her bonnet and wraps, and in an hour was on the road to Salem. That night she spent at a farmhouse, paying for her board. Next morning she was back in her hut, near that of Giles Corey; the old man himself was not there, nor did he appear the next night. On her way from the tavern to Salem, Acadie had stopped at a store, and bought a

cap, a grey wig, a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, and a grey shawl. On the third day after reaching the hut, she disguised herself as an old woman and ventured into the town. Then only did she learn that Giles Corey and others were locked up in the town jail on the charge of malignant witchcraft.

XIV.

The story which had been widely circulated of Acadie's guilt and her flight from the town had, of course, been heard by Mary Pendleton. That the mob had almost killed her seemed certain; and, listening first to one version of the story and then to another, Mary's heart had been moved to pity.

One mild, sunny afternoon Mary came out of the house, a basket on her arm, and announced to her grandfather that, as he was at home, she was going to see a sick woman. Reaching her destination, she spent an hour with the patient, until the return of the latter's daughter from Boston. It was then five o'clock, and the loveliness of the spring afternoon tempted Mary to take a walk before starting for home. She passed a hill where stood two small huts, and noticed smoke curling upward from the chimney of one, which she knew had been occupied by Giles Corey, who had just been arrested. This brought her back to the ever-present anxiety as to what might happen to Canidia, if the men and women who believed in witchcraft should turn their attention to her.

Suddenly her meditations, which had merged into a fervent prayer, were interrupted. On the still air she distinctly heard a little cry and a call for help. The sound seemed to come from a thicket of willows that bordered a stream which ran between two low-lying hills. Without an instant's hesitation, she ran in the direction of the sound; and, parting the willows, found herself in the presence of the French girl who had been occupying so much of her thoughts. The girl's face

was drawn with pain, and it took only a second for Mary to see that her left hand was caught in a trap. Quickly she fell on her knees, and in a moment had loosened the trap and released the hand. Fortunately, the trap was an old one, and the girl's hand was not seriously injured.

Acadie meanwhile had been talking. The trap had probably been set by Mr. Corey to catch rabbits. She had been out gathering dandelion roots; and, bending down, had put her hand right on the trap.

"I don't know what I'd have done if you had not come, Miss Pendleton," she said. "It needs two hands to loosen the trap."

"I am so glad I was within call, Clotilde. But your hand requires attention. Can you come home with me?"

"I am living right near here, Miss Pendleton," Acadie answered. "When I was driven from town, Mr. Corey befriended me and carried me to a hut near his own. I have been living there, and am now only waiting until I can return to my home in Ville-Marie. If you will come with me, perhaps you can bind up my hand."

"I will do all I can, Clotilde. But you ought not to be by yourself in this isolated place. If you will come to my home, you will have a safe shelter until you can go back to Canada."

"You mean what you say, Miss Pendleton?" asked Acadie, her soft brown eyes full of tears. "Don't you know I was driven from Mr. Parris' home and from Salem as a supposed thief?"

"You were not guilty, Clotilde?"

"No, I was not. I have done bad things and wild things, but I have never been a thief."

"Ah, I was sure you were innocent! And now the best thing is to get away from here. An accusation of that kind can seldom be lived down."

They had resumed their walk, and had reached Giles Corey's hut as they

talked. A kettle was boiling on the small stove, and Mary lost no time in rendering first aid to the injured girl. Pouring some of the hot water into a tin basin, she proceeded to bathe Acadie's hand, keeping up the hot fomentations for ten minutes. Then she bound up the hand in a hot, wet cloth, covered by a dry one, and her ministrations were ended.

But the good she had done to the unfortunate girl's heart and soul remained, and later was to bear fruit. Gratefully Acadie thanked her. She would rather stay here where she was, she said; for she was expecting a friend, who would arrange for her journey to Canada. So Mary took her departure, promising to come again on the morrow to see if the injured member needed further treatment. Acadie watched her until she disappeared from view, and then she gave vent to a sob that ended in a low, musical laugh. "The angels still walk the earth," she said. "Only Sister Louise and the other Sisters have ever been so good to me."

XV.

"Acadie, dear Acadie, I swear to you that I believed Antoine Blanc was a priest! He deceived me as much as he did you. Indeed, he told me he was really the Baron le Blanc, of a noble family, and that he studied in the seminary at Douai. As soon as we can get hold of Père Louis, I will have him marry us, provided that you will first prove your love for me by helping me in a serious matter. It is one that you may not like."

"What is it, Roger?" asked Acadie.

"I have an enemy here, my sweet one, who has injured me very greatly. It is Israel Osborn, the schoolmaster. If you will go to Master Cotton Mather, who is now in town, and denounce Osborn as the real thief, and say that you saw him take the money from Mr. Parris' private study, I, on my part,

will keep my word and marry you as soon as we can find the one whom we know to be a real priest."

Acadie looked at Roger, this time with knitted brows. Lurking in her mind was a feeling of great distrust. Yet how hard it would be to say "No," and perhaps lose him! She was sure Père Louis would soon be in Salem. He might even come there to look for her. Once she knew he was on the spot, all would be well. Roger could not possibly evade the issue.

"Very well: I will do it," she said.

So on the morrow the girl, neatly and becomingly dressed in her own character as Acadie Baudry, repaired to the village inn of Salem, asked for Mr. Cotton Mather, and at eleven o'clock found herself closeted alone with the pastor of North Church. Very modestly, with eyes cast down, and in a voice that was always low and sweet, she told the tale she had so carefully framed before leaving her shelter on the hill. So copious were the details, so innocent was her appearance, so firmly did she reiterate her belief in the faith of the Puritans, that Cotton Mather, no mean judge of character, was completely deceived. With hands frequently raised in horror, he paced back and forth in the private parlor of the inn.

"The abomination of desolation has fallen upon this town and its inhabitants," he said. "The wrath of Jehovah is enkindled against it. Speedily must this evil be stamped out, or souls will perish, and the contamination will spread on all sides."

"It is indeed dreadful," said Acadie.

"And you, child, must be cleared of this false accusation. Besides, you must stay here a few weeks as a witness; also you may be of use to us in the trials for witchcraft that are shortly to take place. You were living at the house of Mr. Parris and saw how his

daughter and other young women were affected?"

"Yes, reverend sir."

"Very well. And now tell me where you are living."

She told him about the hut on North Hill, omitting Giles Corey's part in it.

"You can not stay there. It is not a fit place for you. You should be with Mrs. Parris. Come with me; and, after I have explained all, I am sure she will take you back."

Ten minutes later Salem township was thrown into a state of wonder. Mr. Cotton Mather and the French girl Clotilde, who had been driven from the town as a dishonest character, were seen walking together toward the house of Mr. Parris, conversing in the most friendly manner. Then it became known that Mrs. Parris had taken her back in her employ; that Mr. Mather vouched for it that she was an innocent girl who had been cruelly accused, and that the real thief was none other than Israel Osborn, a man of supposed unimpeachable character.

Nor was it ever found out that the actual robber was one Joe Blinkers, a well-known character in Salem. Acadie had innocently left a window in the study unfastened; and Joe, prowling around late at night, had made an easy entrance, and a still easier escape. Lacking any direct evidence, it was a simple matter to fasten the guilt on an innocent person.

So at seven o'clock that night Israel Osborn was locked up in the town jail, awaiting a trial. At the same time the Pendleton house was carefully searched for witches, with no result. On hearing the first news, Roger Gosnold smote his hands together in triumph; over the report that no one had been found in the farmhouse save Martin Pendleton, his granddaughter and grandson, however, he knit his brows and lapsed into deep thought.

Covenant.

BY MARY H. KENNEDY.

LORD, I can pledge no great deeds:

No riding forth at morn,
With banners gaily waving,
With martial sounding horn;
To canter back at evening,
The foe's flag stained and torn.

But I shall pledge Thee silence,—
Soft silence every day,
When anger's tides beset me
And words would have their way:
O I shall pledge Thee silence,—
Sweet silence every day!

And I shall pledge Thee honor,—
High honor everywhere,
When I shall meet Thee tasting
A beggar's common fare;
O I shall pledge Thee honor,—
High honor everywhere!

And I shall pledge Thee patience,—
Brave patience every place,
When sorrow's waves engulf me,
And pain stands face to face:
O I shall pledge Thee patience,—
Brave patience every place!

And I shall pledge Thee meekness,
And modesty like snow,
When pride's cohorts confront me,
And sullied thoughts would flow:
O I shall pledge Thee meekness,
And modesty like snow!

Lord, I can pledge no great deeds,
No riding hard afield;
But I shall pledge Thee virtues
A lowly life may yield;
Thy Sacrifice my armor,
Thy Sacraments my shield.

THIS is not the poor man's blessedness, that he has less temptations to self-indulgence, for he has as many [as the rich man]; but that from his circumstances he receives the penances and corrections of self-indulgence.

—Newman.

The Drama of Verdun.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IT was a perfect autumn day, and the hills of the Meuse country were bathed in sunshine, when I visited Verdun. The name appeals more strongly to the mentality of the French people than any other of the Great War: two hundred thousand of their fighting men fell in defence of what has been called the "Key of France."

To gain possession of this "key" was the object of all the enemies who, through the course of centuries (since Attila laid the country waste in 450), attacked the fortress of Verdun. The last siege took place in 1870; it ended by the capitulation of the French garrison on November 8, after a brave defence.

The war of 1870 was child's play compared with the battle that, with varying fortunes and unequal violence, raged around Verdun almost constantly from August 1914, to October 1918. The town itself was never entered by the enemy; but the name "Verdun" covers the hill country that guards the little city; the forts that crown the Hauts-de-Meuse were taken and retaken by the French and Germans during four tragic years.

This prolonged struggle had several distinct phases. In 1914, the French fought in the plain of the Woëvre, and were partially driven back to the shelter of the outlying forts. In 1915, these were severely shelled. On February 21, 1916, the Germans made a fierce attack, and by skilful manœuvring almost succeeded in isolating Verdun from the rest of France. The chief railway line being commanded by their artillery, only a narrow train line and one road remained available; they were used to bring in munitions, troops, and provisions, and to remove the wounded.

Many important positions then fell into the hands of the enemy; and we remember that in Paris the peril of Verdun was an all-absorbing thought. Owing chiefly to the able and energetic organization of Marshal Pétain, the hill forts were made stronger, fresh troops were brought up, and through the months of April, May, and June, Verdun, although in a critical condition, remained inviolate.

In October and November of that same year, General Mangin recovered the forts of Douaumont and Vaux, and made the situation less precarious. In 1917, General Guillaumat further improved these conditions; but, though the Germans by that time directed their attacks against other points at the Front, Verdun was not made safe till 1918, when General Gouraud, assisted by General Pershing, recovered the ground lost by the French in 1916.

On leaving Chateau Thierry, memorable by the German "push" in the spring of 1918, the war pilgrim realizes that the red zone is entered. At Clermont-en-Argonne, a picturesque townlet much damaged by the shells, the remembrance of a woman's courage brings a softer element into the tragic picture. Here, in September, 1914, when the enemy, flushed by success, entered the town, a Sister of Charity had been forced by circumstances to take the lead.

Sister Gabriel, at the head of her hospital, was for the time being the guardian spirit of her fellow-citizens. Under her roof she had gathered the sick, the aged, the poor and frightened people whom it had not been possible to remove. In her ambulance, French and German soldiers were tended with impartial devotedness. No wonder that the hostile chiefs consented to parley with this quiet, firm, and sensible woman, whose moral influence could not be resisted. They ended by accepting her mediation on behalf of the town-

folk. They could hardly refuse to listen to one who night and day was at the service of the stricken soldiers, whatever was their nationality.

Verdun rises above the Meuse. The steep streets that lead to the cathedral are in ruins, and many houses are completely shattered. The cathedral itself—a Romanesque edifice consecrated by Pope Eugenius in 1147—was much damaged in 1917, when a shell destroyed part of the roof and flooring. One of the aisles has, however, been walled off from the main edifice; and here the religious functions take place, pending the restoration of the great church in an unknown future. The adjoining bishop's palace, the seminary, and the picturesque thirteenth-century cloisters are cruelly stricken. Within the cathedral, here and there, some delicate *boiseries* have escaped; and, in a much-injured side chapel, a large statue of Our Lady, absolutely uninjured, smiles among the desolation.

On the summit of the crest above the Meuse, upon which Verdun is built, is the bishop's palace, a beautiful eighteenth-century hotel. In olden days, when its terraced gardens were filled with flowers, it represented an ideal ecclesiastical dwelling, picturesque and dignified. When the French Government broke with Rome, the bishop had to leave it, and a museum was organized within its walls. Now the Museum is to be confined to the ground-floor; and the Bishop of Verdun, Mgr. Ginesty, who is living at Bar-le-Duc, will be put in possession of the first story of the palace. This attempt at restitution, though incomplete, seems to promise better things in the future.

From the bishop's terraced garden we have a view that commands not only the town below, but the whole region of the Hauts-de-Meuse. Apart from its merely picturesque charm, it makes the pilgrim to Verdun realize the supreme importance of the position from a

military point of view,—an importance due not to the defences of the city itself, but to the unequalled position of the Hauts-de-Meuse. These hills, that before 1914 were covered with forests, are divided by deep ravines and are bristling with forts; they extend to the broad plain of the Woëvre, and form a natural barrier of extraordinary value to the French,—though the barrier was more than once in deadly peril of being broken through by the Germans.

As we leave the town, and speed, in our open motor car, through the Meuse country, we begin to realize the meaning of the word "devastation." The forests no longer exist. Where they once clothed the hillside are spaces of brushwood and rough grass, filled with rusted iron fragments, barbed wires, and traces of "camouflage." In the pits dug by the shells are found rags, boots, and other shapeless bits of clothing; while here and there the grave of an unknown soldier is marked by a wooden cross and a tricolor cockade. From the brushwood rise gaunt spectres of leafless trees, stern and black,—the survivors of a tragedy almost unequalled in the world's history.

Vaux and Douaumont are necessary halting places of the pilgrim to Verdun. Names that now belong to history, they represent to the French people the most dramatic episodes of the defence of Verdun, and, alas! its most tremendous sacrifice. Vaux was supposed to be a strong modern fort, but the shells have well-nigh demolished it. Its position at the head of a ravine gave it importance, and during many months in 1916 the Germans spared no effort to obtain possession of the stronghold. Between March and June, eight thousand shells fell on Vaux; and at last, surrounded on all sides, Commander Raynal and his little garrison lived entirely under ground. On the 4th of June the chief sent off his last carrier pigeon; and on the 5th he was

able, for the last time, to communicate by his wireless telegraph with his countrymen, who night and day were endeavoring to reach him. This supreme message of the beleaguered commander ran thus: "We are nearing the end. Officers and men have done their duty. Long live France!"

In the night between the 6th and 7th of June, the French troops that were sent to his assistance reached the outer works of the fort; but the enemy's artillery mowed them down, and the slopes were covered with dying or dead blue soldiers. By this time the Germans occupied the upper story of the fort, while Raynal and his men still held its subterranean passages. Early on the 8th a regiment of zouaves and another Colonial regiment from Morocco scaled the height in a desperate attempt to deliver the besieged garrison, but they were driven back with enormous losses. At last, after six days and six nights of continual fighting in the dark passages beneath the fort, the little garrison was taken prisoner. A shell having destroyed the cisterns, the defenders of Vaux had been two days without water.

With reverent steps we tread the dark passages where French and Germans fought with pistols and hand-grenades, and view the spot where Raynal was made a prisoner. The Germans, impressed by his heroic resistance, spontaneously proposed that he should keep his sword. Five months later (on October 2, 1916) the victorious troops of General Mangin took possession of Vaux; and to the end of the war it remained in French hands.

A pathetic feature of the underground rooms where so fierce a fight took place in that tragic week of June is a tiny recess containing a poor and plain altar, and hung with discolored flags. How many men knelt here during the long weeks when Vaux had the perilous honor of keeping the

enemy at bay! How many souls were braced on this spot to meet a supreme sacrifice!

Another scarcely less famous fort is Douaumont, that stands, like Vaux, on a steep eminence, to reach which the pilgrim must walk along a rough road, where wooden planks bridge the shell pits. The ground has been literally ploughed up by the artillery. Below the fort is a temporary wooden chapel, served by a soldier priest, who, as he expresses it, is the "guardian of the dead soldiers."

A number of wooden coffins filled with bones stand in long lines under the shadow of the cross. Bones are found in the brushwood, in the shell pits, in the pools of water, in the deep ravines, and on the bare heights of a region where 200,000 men were killed on the French side only. The search for these tragic relics is, we gathered, being carried on with due reverence and attention. When it is possible to distinguish the dead man's nationality, the Germans are buried in a well-kept cemetery at a little distance. In the case of the French, if any sign of identity is forthcoming, the man's relations are communicated with, and their wishes are consulted as to the interment. If, as is generally the case, nothing is left to point to the soldier's name or regiment, the bones are placed in one of the coffins that, for the present, are kept in the chapel. Eventually they will be buried near the permanent shrine that will replace the wooden chapel when the necessary funds have been collected.

The presence of a priest, the simple flowers laid on the coffins where the unknown dead are gathered,—these things bring a spiritual note into an atmosphere that would otherwise be merely filled with horror. Over these poor soldiers, whose names God knows, and whose souls, we trust, are safe in His hands, Mother Church will watch

with loving care. They will be prayed for and honored as long as the great shrine erected to their memory crowns the heights of Douaumont.

Our next station was the famous *tranchées des baïonnettes*, where a company of the 137th French Infantry regiment was literally buried alive when progressing in a trench to replace their comrades. The men were suffocated, as they walked, by the huge mass of earth and rock; and the rifles that they held are to be seen some inches above ground.

Souvenir-hunters are hopelessly irreverent; and even this trench, that is now a grave (the dead soldiers having been left undisturbed), is not safe from tourists: several rifles have been torn from the dead hands that can no longer hold their own. To guard the trench against further desecration, an American air-man, since dead, gave \$100,000 to the military authorities, stipulating that this unique burial-place should not be *hidden* but *protected* by an enclosure. The work is now being carried out on the lines indicated by the generous donor. In the meantime the survivors of the 137th regiment have, on a mound above the trench, raised a plain wooden cross to the memory of their dead comrades, who, rifle in hand, are standing where they died for their country.

Another pathetic sight is the famous *côte du poivre*, where in February, 1916, the German attack was fiercest. Below the steep ascent, a half-wrecked train stands in the shell pits. This train brought reinforcements to the harassed regiments when the battle was raging. Eight times it came and went with its freight of zouaves and other picked troops, sent to relieve the much-tried men who were guarding the "Key of France," till at last it was hopelessly shattered by the enemy's artillery. It lies, like the soldiers, where it fell in the devastated ravine, a

tragic reminder of the days when the fate of France centred in Verdun.

So fierce, indeed, was the fighting that some villages are not merely shattered but *wiped out*. Fleury, near Douaumont, is one of these. It passed from the hands of the Germans to those of the French, and back, over and over again, till its church, houses, roads were blotted out of existence. Here the undying forces of nature are at work. They have clothed the ground with rough grass; but nothing—absolutely nothing—is left to show that human beings once lived and labored in this waste.

To those who, living in France, realize that, beyond any other tragedies of the Great War, the drama of Verdun touches to the depths the hearts and homes of the people, the Meuse country must, even when bathed in sunshine, be veiled in mourning. As we drove on, many familiar names came to us, and figures of well-known blue soldiers haunted the hillside,—brave lads, the flower of the race, whose bones are lying somewhere in the devastated region. Tavannes witnessed the sacrifice of a Jesuit, who died like a hero after living like a saint; Douaumont, that of a brilliant young officer, an only son, around whom, in his native province, centred many loving hopes; both belong to the great army of unrecognized dead. Beyond, nearer Verdun, fell an artillery officer bearing an historic name of old France, one of a family where three were taken; and in the same hill country was mortally wounded a peasant's son, who met death in a martyr's spirit.

Once more, remembering these glorious dead whose supreme sacrifice was illuminated and softened by their childhood's faith, we realize that only the "light invisible," filtering through the shadows that encircle our path on earth, can give their right sense and value to suffering, sacrifice, and death.

Luther at the Diet of Worms.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH C. SASIA, S. J.

MARTIN LUTHER was indeed the author of the Protestant Reformation: that is an historical fact on which all are agreed. But what was the Reformation? Whoever possesses a correct knowledge of that momentous event of the sixteenth century must admit that it was a revolt against divinely constituted authority. By substituting private judgment, as interpreter of the Bible, for the authoritative teaching of the Church, it rendered unity and integrity of doctrine absolutely impossible. Divine authority being abandoned, private judgment stepped into its place with the following results. Each self-appointed Reformer sought to impose his personal opinion on the multitude, and the Word of God was transformed into the voice of man. But no assumption of personal individual authority could avail to preserve unity of doctrine among those who had rejected the one infallible authority established by Christ. Before Luther finished his career, he saw the reform split up into numerous sects, each of them hurling anathemas at all the rest,—a bitter truth wittily expressed by the greatest of English poets:

In Religion,

What damned error but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?

Outside the Church, unity of faith has vanished forever, and the unity sought in our days by many Christian denominations can be realized only by an uncompromising submission to the authority that preserved in its full integrity God's revealed Word during the last nineteen hundred years. The Protestant historian Lecky, referring, in his "Rationalism in Europe" (vol. i, p. 51), to the Reformation period, declares: "Catholicism was an ancient Church: she had gained a great part of

her influence by vast services to mankind. But what shall we say of a Church that was but a thing of yesterday,—a Church which the first explosion of private judgment shivered into countless sects?"

Luther was condemned at the Diet of Worms because he refused to recant—that is, to retract—any part of his teaching. It is interesting to recall some of Luther's doctrines which the Church branded as utterly destructive of Christian faith and morals: 1. In the child after baptism sin remains. 2. Contrition makes man a hypocrite and a greater sinner. 3. The just man sins in every good work that he does. 4. Free will is simply an empty name. 5. He that does what he can is committing mortal sin. 6. Each individual is the authorized interpreter of the Bible. 7. The concupiscence of the flesh is irresistible. 8. Sensual passions are inevitable. 9. Clerical celibacy and monastic vows should be abolished. This last doctrine Luther at once carried into practice by his sacrilegious union with an apostate nun.

Now I ask: Was not the Church fully justified in proscribing such abominable teachings, subversive alike of faith and morality? Is a single Lutheran preacher to be found to-day that would propound such doctrines to his congregation? Luther's disciples are better than their master. His apologists are wont to say: "We freely admit many human frailties and false doctrines in Martin Luther, but what about the services he rendered to mankind? Has he not proclaimed the great principle of freedom of thought, and thus delivered man from the tyrannical yoke of a Medieval Church?" Let us pierce this mere bubble, and expose the huge delusion of free-thought that is deceiving so many of our separated brethren. Thought, the product of the intellect, judgment and reason, can not be free,—that is, it can not be

independent of the compelling force of evidence, of the laws of thought,—laws as rigorous and exacting as those of mathematics.

Of all right thinking, the object is Truth,—the truth which makes men free from the evil of ignorance and error. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," says our Divine Lord. (St. John, viii, 32.) Most conspicuously is this seen in regard to science. When science comes in, free-thought goes out. Whenever a new truth is discovered and firmly established, such as the law of gravitation by Newton, the laws of planetary movements by Kepler, the circulation of the blood by Harvey, and wireless telegraphy by Marconi, what then becomes of free-thought? Are we at liberty to reject such discoveries, and the laws governing them? Whoever should attempt to deny those scientific truths would be set down not as an upholder of intellectual freedom, but as an ignoramus or a fanatic.

Prof. Fritz, of Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, quotes Luther's words: "Popes and Councils have often erred and opposed each other." This is an assumption both historically false and absolutely untenable. Many of our opponents, since Luther's time, have advanced a similar accusation, which they are utterly unable to substantiate. Neither are we surprised at their attempts. Their efforts are constantly directed to this point—to detect, if possible, one single error, one contradiction, in the teaching of the Church; for this would be sufficient to disprove her claim to speak in the name of God, and to brand her authority as a tyranny, and her infallibility as an imposture. For our adversaries know full well that if one single error in her doctrines, one dogmatic decision opposed to another, one definition inconsistent with reason, were clearly established, the "Castle of Rome" would

fall to the ground and crumble into dust.

But the Almighty has spoken and assured Peter, the first Vicar of Christ, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church which the world's Redeemer founded upon a rock. Christ is the wise man of the Gospel, "who built his house upon a rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock." (St. Matthew.) And the divine assistance, which has baffled until now the attacks of the enemies of God's Church, will continue even to the end of time to foil their impious attempts.

When asked by the Pope's legate to retract the false doctrines he held, Luther answered: "Convince me, if you can, by the Bible that I am in error, and I will recant." He rejected the divinely appointed authority of the Church, and accepted only his own private interpretation of the Bible as decisive. Hence by so doing he purposely placed himself beyond the possibility of conviction,—not because he defended the truth, but because of his obstinacy in resisting and rejecting the only authority that could convince him of his errors. "A man convinced against his will," the proverb says, "will remain of the same opinion still." Let us suppose that a Democrat and a Republican should be disputing about the meaning of a certain article of the United States Constitution. If both refuse to appeal to the Supreme Court and to stand by its decision as final, preferring their own individual interpretation of that document, shall any lawyer be able to convince either of them that he is wrong?

Prof. Fritz concludes his glorification of Luther by attributing—God save the mark!—the charter of our liberties, the Declaration of Independence, to his bold refusal to recant at the Diet of

Worms. Martin Luther, then, is to be reckoned among the founders of the liberties we enjoy! A Scotch Presbyterian might with equal truth claim as much for John Calvin and John Knox; and a similar claim may be ascribed to other rebels against the Church of God, such as Beza, Zwinglius, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth. Nearly all the Protestant historians and anti-Catholic writers assume as an indisputable maxim and an undeniable fact that political and religious liberties were born of the Reformation, and the ignorant multitude believe it.

That any intelligent American citizen will consent to associate the independence of his country with the doings of the lustful monk of Eisleben, who denied the very existence of liberty, is simply unthinkable. Luther left in his writings the most striking testimony of his uncontrollable temper, of his repelling grossness, and savage intolerance. The question at issue resolves itself into the inquiry: "Who were the real founders of civil and religious liberty in America? In other words, what historical tradition has guided the framers of the Constitution of the United States?" Let us see.

The chief principles of our Constitution which Americans mostly prize are liberty of conscience, freedom of worship, and the right of every competent citizen to vote. These principles were first proclaimed and acted upon in Colonial America by Catholics.* The spirit and the doings of the Reformation, on the other hand, both in Europe and in America, were radically antagonistic to the principles of the American Constitution, as will appear from an examination of the reports of the Acts of the Maryland Assembly extracted from the Archives, and published by the Rev. Mr. Bacon, an Anglican minister. A much wider field, in this same

* See Bancroft's "History of Colonization," vol. i, ch. vii.

line, is covered by the classical work of the Rev. James Balmes, a Spanish writer of the last century. His book, translated into many modern languages, is entitled "European Civilization," and is directed to prove that not Protestantism but Catholicism has produced, and preserves to this day, what is best in the Christian and secular civilization of Europe and America. This volume is still awaiting its refutation.

The Curé's Promise.

BEFORE being appointed curé of Lourdes, the famous Abbé Peyramale was for some years curé of a small village in the west of France. An important event marked this period of his ministry: the banishing of hail from his parish. How this feat was accomplished is an interesting and edifying story.

Abbé Peyramale, on his arrival, was much delighted with his new parish. His welcome had been a warm one; his presbytery was a charming little house, close to the church; and his parishioners seemed to be honest, kindly people. But as time went on, and Sunday succeeded Sunday, the good priest became aware that all was not as it should be, and was very sorely puzzled how to remedy the evil which was of long-standing. For although his flock attended Mass faithfully, they thought nothing of breaking the rest of the Sabbath Day; and often of a Sunday they might be seen in their fields holding the plough or cutting the corn. His opportunity came at last.

It was in the first warm months of the year. Ripening ears of wheat bent and swayed with the breeze; the vines, clothed in their summer raiment, gave promise of a bountiful return; and the apple trees, having discarded their rich blossoms, stood covered with rich clusters of little green balls. It was no wonder that the village wore its

brightest aspect, and that the farmers laughed gaily as they met and talked of the coming harvest.

But alas for the vanity of earthly hopes! One morning a cloud, of a dark grey color, came up from the west, increasing in volume as it advanced, and broke over the village, hurling down a shower of white stones. Through the prosperous vines these fell, breaking the leaves and the tender branches; into the growing wheat, striking it down to the earth; among the apple tree branches, covering the ground with myriads of little green balls.

Loud were the lamentations which arose among the villagers that day. "Why," they cried, "should we so often be visited by this curse, while our neighbors' lands remain untouched?" The curé had his answer ready. The next Sunday he mounted the pulpit, carrying a large Bible, in which he had carefully marked the passages he wished to quote.

"My brethren," he said, "afflictions are sent by God to the wicked in punishment for their sins, and to the good in order to increase their virtue. In your case, my brethren, it must be as chastisement that this grievous ill has befallen you. And chastisement for what? For breaking the Third Commandment, which is so common an offence among you."

The curé then opened the Bible, and read out many passages where the loss of temporal goods had immediately followed the breaking of God's law.

"Now, my brethren," he concluded solemnly, "this is the word of God. Therefore if you will promise no longer to work on the Sabbath Day, I, in God's name, will promise that no more hail-storms shall visit the parish."

The people were much moved by the sermon; and, after consulting together, they agreed, one and all, to accept their pastor's proposition.

Many weeks had gone by when one Sunday the zealous watcher caught sight of two laborers loading a cart with hay. Filled with indignation, he descended from his elevated position and in a few minutes stood beside the dismayed culprits. Snatching the pitchfork out of their hands before they could say a word, he tossed the hay back into the field, and in a thundering voice bade them begone. The men slunk away without a word; for never before had they seen their pastor roused to anger; and the novelty of the sight filled them with awe.

This, however, was the first and last attempt made to work on the Lord's Day,—at least while the good Abbé was curé; and not once during that period did the dreaded hail return to the now prosperous village.

Abbé Peyramale acknowledged later that, as he descended from the pulpit, he was beset by many misgivings: had his promise been a presumptuous one? And many a time during the following months, when the black clouds came up from the west, he could not help being troubled by a feeling of anxiety,—of which, however, he allowed not the faintest trace to become visible. But on one point at least he was unmoved: the villagers should keep to their part of the agreement.

Every Sunday morning, therefore, Abbé Peyramale would climb to the top rooms of his presbytery, whence a splendid view of the country round could be obtained, and keep watch lest any of his parishioners should break their word. But the fields remained deserted; and, with a thankful heart, he would come down from his post of observation and take up his usual round of duties.

THERE is not so great a distance between ignorance and knowledge as there is between false knowledge and true knowledge.—*Ernest Psichari.*

Consolation for Catholics.

THERE is much in current literature that affords consolation to Catholics, and that should make them hopeful of the ultimate triumph of the Church over ignorance and prejudice. Irreligious and immoral literature of all sorts does have its legion of readers, one must admit; but so does what makes for religion and morality. Twenty years ago there were scores of anti-Catholic publications, of every description, to one that now finds any considerable number of readers. Certain books of this class, for the multiplication of which an ocean of ink has been consumed, are now excluded from the mails.

And how different the attitude of non-Catholic writers toward the Church has become! Bigotry is receiving deathblows on all sides, and there is hardly a Catholic doctrine that has not nowadays defenders among Protestants. For instance, in a recent work on immortality, the learned author, a parson of the Church of England, strongly advocates prayers for the dead; indeed, for the most part the book shows the reasonableness of Catholic teaching. In many volumes recently issued by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, which is Anglican, there is little or nothing that might not have been written by a Catholic.

The non-Catholic author of a book about Rome remarks that "the Mass would seem to have been said always, even in the Apostolic age, almost as we have it to-day." "*We*"! A Life of St. Peter Claver has long been included among the publications of a Protestant Tract Society. New editions of many such books as the "Following of Christ" and the "Confessions of St. Augustine" are constantly appearing. The oldtime Protestant Sunday-school books, not a

few of which are filled with prejudice against the Church, are being replaced by such wholesome literature as Canon Schmid's delightful tales, originally written for Catholic children, and formerly known only to them.

Even in books—novels perhaps more especially—that one might hesitate to recommend, one often finds passages calculated to benefit all readers. A recent novel which some reviewers would characterize as immoral or gross, though in reality it is a strong argument against divorce, abounds in such thoughts as these: "He shut his eyes to the obvious but rarely seen—or, rather, rarely admitted—truth that a man is as he does, not as he pretends or dreams." "The wise make of their mistakes a ladder; the foolish, a grave." This second sentence, by the way, points the moral of the story, which was written, it would seem, for the benefit of divorced people. May it have a wide circulation among them! They are not likely to be at all scandalized by any portion of the contents of this book, plain-spoken as the author everywhere shows himself.

Any one who reads with a pencil in hand might fill a scrapbook every week with extracts in defence of Catholic doctrine from new books by non-Catholic authors. Indeed, there is any amount of evidence going to show that, among thinking people, interest in what the Church teaches is everywhere on the increase, opposition to it everywhere on the wane. Protestant ministers no longer dare to write and to rant against our holy religion as so many of them—God forgive them!—were wont to do in former years. It is in the power of every Catholic, by simply living up to his religion, to intensify interest in it and to lessen opposition to it,—an obligation of which we can not be too frequently reminded, or of whose seriousness we can not be too thoroughly persuaded.

Notes and Remarks.

We learn from the Boston *Pilot* that Cardinal O'Connell has lately received from the Holy See the privilege of establishing in the archdiocese of Boston the League of Daily Mass, a confraternity already existing in Ireland and in several dioceses of North America. Among the indulgences granted to members of the League are these: a Plenary Indulgence, on the usual conditions, on the day of entrance into the League, on the day of their death, and on any day of nine consecutive days on which they have heard daily Mass in any month of the year. These indulgences, except the Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death, may be applied to the Souls in Purgatory. Moreover, all Masses offered for the repose of the soul of any member of the League, no matter at what altar they are said, will have the same power of supplication as if offered at a Privileged Altar.

While the Catholics of Boston are to be congratulated on the privilege thus accorded to them, those of our brethren in other dioceses in which as yet the League has not been established need not, and should not, postpone their attendance at the weekday Mass until a like privilege has been granted to them. Such attendance is in itself, apart from the special indulgences mentioned above, a source of numerous graces and unlimited blessings. That the Mass is the holiest of acts and the most pleasing to God, that it is potential beyond all other acts in appeasing the divine anger and victoriously combating the forces of hell, and that, of all conceivable sacrifices, it is incomparably the most fruitful of needed graces to men on earth and of relief and solace to the Souls in Purgatory,—these are truisms familiar as household words to every adult Catholic; and yet they appear to be sadly inoperative as to their influ-

ence upon the conduct of many, even among those known as "good, practical Catholics." The Mass is unquestionably the best of all devotions; and the large or small attendance at the daily Morning Sacrifice, with the greater or less number of daily Communions that are incidental thereto, is, in our day especially, a fairly accurate thermometer indicating the spiritual temperature of a parish.

The recently celebrated silver jubilee of Cardinal Bourne's consecration to the episcopate was the occasion of many glowing tributes not only to the jubilarian personally, but to the Church in England. There are presumably few octogenarians now living who can recall the outburst of rage and fury occasioned, in 1851, by the famous first pastoral of Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster; but most of our readers have read of the matter, and know how bitterly the Church was then assailed in England. Contrast that bitterness and opposition with present-day England, as represented in its leading journals' references to the late jubilee. A typical one will suffice for our purpose. "Never," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "has the Roman Catholic Church, during the last three hundred years, been in a stronger position in this country than it is to-day; and never has it made more rapid strides, in the course of any period of eighteen years, than it has made in the eighteen years which have passed since Cardinal Bourne came to Westminster."

In his letter on the sixth centenary of the death of Dante Alighieri, addressed to teachers and students of literature and learning in the Catholic world, Pope Benedict XV. calls the immortal Florentine "the most eloquent singer of the Christian idea"; and characterizes the "*Divina Commedia*" as "a treasure of Catholic teaching,"

its purpose being to glorify the justice and providence of God, and to elevate the souls of mortals from the state of misery and sin to the state of happiness and grace. His Holiness recalls Dante's declaration that he composed his poem to bring to all "vital encouragement." It is to be hoped that Catholics everywhere who are preparing to celebrate the Dante centenary will give the Holy Father's letter attentive reading. One passage in which the pleasure and profit to be derived from the *Divine Comedy* is touched upon may here be quoted: "Wonderful, therefore, is the intellectual enjoyment that we gain from the study of the great poet; and no less the profit for the student, making more perfect his artistic taste and more keen his zeal for virtue, as long as he keeps his mind free from prejudice and open to accept truth. Indeed, while there is no lack of great Catholic poets who combine the useful with the enjoyable, Dante has the singular merit that while fascinating the reader with a wonderful variety of pictures, with marvellously lifelike coloring, with supreme expression and thought, he draws him also to the love of Christian knowledge...."

The recent celebration, at West Chester, Pa., of the Diamond Jubilee of the foundation of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was distinctly worth while, if for no other reason than its having furnished an occasion for a notable sermon by Bishop McDevitt, of Harrisburg. Two paragraphs of this thoughtful and scholarly discourse constitute a merited tribute, not only to the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart, and to the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, who are celebrating the centennial of *their* foundation, but to all the Orders, Congregations, and institutes engaged in educational work in the United States:

Let us not lose sight of the fact that the dominant element in our whole educational

system is the self-sacrifice of the men and women who devote their lives to the high vocation of the Christian teacher, with no other compensation than that which is barely sufficient to clothe and shelter them. By reason of the inexpensive but highly trained and skilled service which Catholic schools are able to command in those who have heard the call of God and the invitation of the Church to abandon the world and follow the religious life, there is provided, actually and effectively, even if indirectly, an endowment of a vast sum,—an endowment which bears the principal and the heaviest part of the burden of Catholic education. If this subsidy ceased, if the men and women of our religious communities abandoned their vocation and returned to the world, our whole educational and charitable work, as far as human judgment goes, would crumble. There can be no doubt whatever of the utter hopelessness, under present conditions, of securing lay service as a substitute for that of religious in our educational institutions.

It is doubtful indeed whether or not the vast majority of Catholics grasp clearly the significance of the truth I have just spoken. They have become so accustomed to see Catholic institutions doing their work in a quiet and unostentatious way that they have lost sight of the sacrifices, the self-denial, the rigid economy, and the whole-souled consecration to a high calling of a chosen group of men and women who make Catholic institutions what they are to-day,—a standing mystery to those outside the Church. Too many of us all fail to note that works of charity and education among non-Catholics continue because of the service which money purchases; but that the same works among Catholics depend, and must depend in a large degree, upon the life offering of men and women who consecrate themselves unreservedly to the service of God and the welfare of their fellowmen.

Many pleasantly interesting stories illustrating the simplicity, good nature, humaneness, etc., of the late Chief Justice White, are being related by his friends and admirers at the Capital. "He always looked like a judge," they declare; "but, 'off the Bench,' he often acted like a schoolboy." He was kindness itself. One day an old colored woman, with a heavy basket, boarded a street car in which the Chief

Justice was a passenger. Every seat was occupied, and several persons were standing in the aisle, clinging to the straps. The old "mammy" deposited her basket on the floor, but was at a loss to know what to do with herself. She was small and bent, and the straps were high. Seeing her predicament, Judge White arose and offered her his seat. "Mammy" accepted it with many smiling thanks, wondering who the portly, distinguished-looking gentleman might be. When he had left the car, a passenger who knew him whispered: "Chief Justice White, of the Supreme Court." The old colored woman was overcome with astonishment, but finally managed to say: "I might ha' known it was some great man; he's as big as he looks." Then, as if speaking to herself: "An' I'm thinking he's de most sensible person what you could find anywhar in de United States."

Much has been written about Napoleon's triumphs, very little about his failures, in connection with the celebration of his centenary. But if England and France were not now allied, we should have a different story,—far less glorification and far more denunciation of "the great military genius of modern times," whom English writers of the last century used to call "the tyrant of Europe." The disaster that finally overwhelmed him is briefly but fully explained by Marshal Foch in these few lines: "He forgot that a man can not be God; that, above the individual, there is the nation; that, above men, there is the moral law; and that war is not the highest goal, since, above war, there is peace."

A cable dispatch received on the 28th ult. announced the death in Paris of the Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C. He was on his way back to the United States from a visit to Rome, where his

appointment as Coadjutor-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross had lately been confirmed. Though he had been in ill health for a long time, his death was unexpected,—it being thought, on the contrary, that rest and change would restore him to his wonted vigor. Having become widely known as President of the University of Notre Dame and Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in this country, Fr. Morrissey had numerous friends among the clergy and laity, to whom the news of his sudden death was a painful shock. They will join heartily with the members of his bereaved community in praying for the repose of his soul.

Replying to addresses from the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland, on the eve of his departure for Australia, Archbishop Mannix is reported by English papers as saying that in every peace negotiation since he had been in England there had been a hope of driving a wedge between clergy and people by manœuvring the former into an impossible position by trying to get them to deny Ireland's full right to independence. He was proud to say that these machinations had failed. He would tell the people of Australia that nothing stood between England and peace with Ireland but British crime and British aggression. Ireland was asking for nothing more than she was entitled to—self-determination. If Ireland wanted a republic, that was her business. Until that right was acknowledged, there would be no peace between Ireland and England. So far as he knew, there had never been any clear, firm offer which was even worthy of consideration, and all the talk of peace was moonshine. "As far as I can judge," said the Archbishop, "the Irish people stand heart and soul behind President de Valera. He is the only man capable of talking for the whole of the Irish people at the

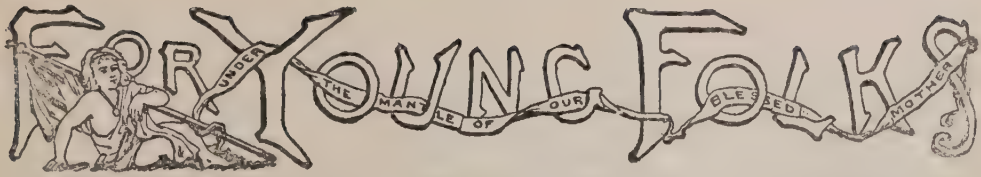
present moment." His Grace expressed the conviction that there was nothing incompatible between the claim of Ireland to independence and the security of the British Empire, so far as it had the right to be secure. He was convinced they could come to an agreement by which Ireland would be free, and England secure, so far as that security could be devised.

Before embarking at Marseilles, Archbishop Mannix gave this message to America: "Ireland looks to America to fight for her cause in the name of humanity and civilization. She is grateful for the help received and now being received. Ireland asks her friends in America to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men and women of the motherland."

An American humorist of the middle-nineteenth century complained that Chaucer, while a very fair poet, could not spell. Judging from statements made by reputable critics, a considerable number of public high school pupils, belong, on the score of orthography, to the same category as Chaucer. A correspondent of the *New York Herald* gives an interesting account of a spelling contest held in a high school several years ago. One of the tests was the familiar quatrain from Longfellow:

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife.

That twenty-eight of the ninety-four contestants misspelled "dumb" is not perhaps very surprising; nor is it altogether astonishing that seventy-four of them misspelled "bivouac"; but that this latter common word was spelled in no fewer than sixty-five different ways is believable by those only who are conversant with the arithmetical rules for "permutations and combinations," and their decidedly astounding results.



Night.

BY LOUISA M. CREW.

GOD has put out the light,
And we must close our eyes
And sleep, and quietly rest,
Till He shall bid us rise.
God has put out the light,
But yet we need not fear:
Though it is dark and we are small,
The Mighty God is near.
God has put out the light:
The night must hallowed be;
For, though His children are in the dark,
The Holy God can see.

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXIV.—A TRYING DAY.



T had been a trying morning for the old "Madame." There was the sudden and mysterious departure of Leon, when she was just rejoicing over his arrival; there was the carelessness of Jean, that had laid up the limousine for repairs; there was the failure of the American market-man to supply the *filet de boeuf* for dinner. Altogether, the good lady was finding it difficult to keep the Chausse-Cour spark from her eye and the grace of God in her heart. And Susanne, with the *meringue* and the *gateaux* (delicious morsels made especially for the son of the house) now left on her hands, was in no mood to speak comfort to her mistress.

"It is only what we must expect, Madame," she sighed. "A son like that can not be held for long. Either it will be some girl turning his head and stealing his heart, or else that which

is better or worse, I can not say."

"And what is that, wise head?" asked her mistress, sharply.

"The seminary, the monastery," answered Susanne, with a doleful shake of the head. "So many of the bravest soldiers are turning priests."

"Leon, my son, the last of the Chausse-Cours!" cried the old lady, angrily. "You are silly even to think of such a thing, Susanne!"

"Perhaps, Madame," was the meek rejoinder; for in the old lady's eye was burning the spark that told she was in no happy mood, and—

Just then came a sharp, insistent call on the telephone for Madame Marceron. It was Mademoiselle Moreau, who wished to know why Josephine Marie was not at the dancing class this morning. There was an excitement in the speaker's voluble French that suggested suppressed indignation.

"Not at the dancing class!" echoed her listener in amazement. "But she must be: she left here more than two hours ago."

"She has not arrived," continued Mademoiselle's injured tone. "And as she was to lead the cotillion which my pupils are preparing for their parents' entertainment at Christmas, her absence has caused me such inconvenience. But, more than that, my neighbor, Madame Lawson's nurse, has just returned from La Place Monroe with a strange story: that one of my pupils—*my* pupils—was there battling, struggling, fighting, Madame, like a young American wild-cat, with a crowd of rough boys. She had dropped her dancing slippers, which the nurse picked up and brought to me; and they are the beautiful slippers that belong to Josephine Marie. So I leave the

matter to you, *chère Madame*. To me it is most *effrayante*, most incredible."

And the speaker clicked off the telephone, having done her worst to the old Madame, who, fairly speechless for a moment, started up from her chair, trembling with indignation at sight of Josephine Marie returning in seeming unconsciousness of any wrongdoing. Indeed, there was an added softness, tenderness, pity for poor *marraine* in the brown eyes that met Madame's fiery gaze.

"*Bien donc!*" burst forth the good lady, tempestuously. "What is this I hear of you? Where have you been? What have you been doing, wicked, deceitful, ungrateful child?"

"*Madame, chère Madame!*" gasped Fifine, in bewilderment.

"*'Chère'* me no more!" cried Madame. "I will have the truth from your own lips,—the truth and no lies. Where have you been? Why were you not at dancing class? Where are your slippers?" continued the questioner in growing wrath.

"My slippers, Madame?"

In her excitement of meeting and defending *marraine*, in the amazement and sorrow and pity that had filled her tender heart at her godmother's sad plight, Fifine had forgotten her slippers completely. Her beautiful slippers that had cost twenty francs at least! No wonder the thrifty old Madame was angry with her.

"Oh, pardon, Madame,—pardon!" she faltered brokenly. "I am so sorry! I must have dropped them somewhere—when—when—"

"You did!" broke in the old Madame, all the fire of the *Chausse-Cours* flaming into her eyes at this confirmation of Mademoiselle's story. "I have heard all,—the shame, the disgrace of your conduct. Mademoiselle Moreau has told me all. You, my protégée, you living in my house, under my care; you, a La Roque, so shaming your name and mine

as to fight like a street gamin in the public park! What does it mean? Why have you so disgraced yourself?"

"O Madame, Madame!" cried Fifine, light dawning upon her at last. "It was for *marraine*, poor *marraine!* Those cruel little boys were mocking her and laughing at her, calling her names, hurting her, Madame. I had to drive them away, so did my heart burn with anger, with pity, with love for poor *marraine*. I had to—to fight for her, Madame."

"*Marraine?*" said Madame, sharply. "Your godmother, you mean. You have been back with those people that so ill-treated you!"

"Oh, not *marraine*,—never poor *marraine*, Madame! Always she has been good to me, sending me beautiful things to France, writing me beautiful letters, taking me into her beautiful rooms, buying me clothes wonderful to see,—sharing all she had with her little god-daughter, whom she had promised to love forever. And, O Madame, if you could see her now! Her guardian, who is dead, lost all her money, and she is poor now,—ah, so poor, Madame! If you could see her little thin white face, and the pretty carriage all broken and black with the coal dust,—her pretty carriage that was all white and silver, and cushioned in velvet and silk. And they have sold all her dolls and toys and beautiful things. And she has to live in a dark room, where there is nothing to see but the back yards and the clothes-lines, with no doctors or nurses to care for or cure her. O Madame, it is to break one's heart to hear all the sorrow that has come to my poor *marraine!*"

"I don't want to hear it!" retorted Madame, still unappeased. "I told you that you must have nothing more to do with those people,—nothing, nothing. And if they have been brought down to poverty and shame, it is only what they deserve."

"Not *marraine*, Madame,—not poor *marraine*. She has done no harm. And she is in such fear, such terror, thinking that she must die in the night alone,—die and be put in the dark hole in the ground. For she knows so little of the good God, who takes children to heaven,—only what I have told her, Madame; and which she will soon forget. It is so sad to think that poor *marraine* may die without knowing, without believing, without praying—"

"*Tiens, tiens!* I have heard enough!" interrupted Fifine's impatient listener. "You have shamed me, disgraced me this morning for this *marraine*, who is nothing to me. I will hear no more of her. Do you understand? And never will I forgive what you have done to-day; never will I take you back to my heart, my home" (under excitement, Madame had a strong French turn for the dramatic), "unless you promise me that you will never speak to this *marraine*, never see her, never go near her again."

"Never speak to *marraine*, never see her, never go near her again?" faltered Fifine, brokenly. "O Madame, you can not ask that! My poor, sick, frightened, perhaps my dying *marraine*! Only just now I told her I would come back to bathe her head, to rub her as Miss Marshall did, to love and comfort and help her, who has no one to help or comfort her now. O Madame, I can not give her up when she is so poor and sad and sorrowful! I can not give up my *marraine*."

"You can not, you say? Ungrateful child!" Madame's eyes were blazing dangerously now. "You mean you will not listen to me, hear me, obey me?"

"If you will let me keep my word that I have given to her, Madame!" cried poor Fifine, desperately. "If you will let me see her once in the day, stay with her sometimes when she is so sick and frightened at night! Oh, it will break my heart, Madame, if you keep

me from *marraine*! Never can I have a happy moment while I know she is so lonely, dying without any one to care."

"Go, then!" burst forth Madame, with all the fire of the Chausse-Cours flaming in her eyes, all their fierce, indomitable spirit in her voice. "Go, then, if such be your will, your choice. If it breaks your heart to stay with me, go to your *marraine*, you hard-hearted, ungrateful girl. Never cross my threshold again. Never come near me. I have done with you forever—do you understand?—forever, forever!"

"Madame, Madame!" sobbed Fifine most piteously.

But Madame was beyond placating now. The Chausse-Cours blood was on the boil. The warm old heart into which she had taken Josephine Marie was seething with wounded pride and love and jealousy. The child that she was learning to look upon as her very own, the child who was to take the place of her lost Jeanne, to turn against her like this! Oh, a very volcano of Chausse-Cours fire, that blinded, bewildered her better self, was the old Madame to-day; and Josephine Marie's sobbing cry of appeal fell on a passion-deafened ear.

"Go!" repeated the enraged old Madame, stretching out a commanding arm. "I have done with you forever. Go from this house, and never come back!"

(To be continued.)

Himalaya Mountains.

The name "Himalaya" is formed from two Sanscrit words, *hima* (snow), and *âlaya* (abode). The meaning is, therefore, "the abode of snow," which is singularly appropriate, as the summits of these mountains, some of which are more than 23,000 feet in altitude, are perpetually covered with snow from the height of 16,000 to 17,000 feet.

Sainted Namesakes.

IRELAND has the honor of giving birth to two illustrious namesakes—Marianus Scotus, poet, scribe, and commentator on Sacred Scripture; and Marianus Scotus, the chronicler. Marianus was no doubt a common name in Ireland; while Scotus was an addition, indicating the country to which these learned men belonged.

The former, whose surname was Mac-Robert, was a native of the north of Ireland, but completed his studies in the Abbey of Kells. He left Ireland in 1067 in order to visit Rome. On his way across the Continent of Europe, however, he was induced to remain with the aged Bishop of Bamberg. A writer who knew him at this period speaks of him as a "handsome, fair-haired youth, of goodly mien, and well instructed in human and divine knowledge." During the lifetime of the old Bishop, Marianus and two companions lived the lives of hermits; and on his death they journeyed to Ratisbon, where Marianus began his work of composing and transcribing books. So industrious a scribe was he that his two comrades were kept busy preparing the parchment for him. Marianus wrote books for high and low, for rich and poor, for clerics and laymen, without fee or hope of earthly compensation. He was noted, too, for his holy life, and it is said by a trustworthy authority that God gave him the power of working miracles. He built the church of St. James of Ratisbon for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, and passed to his reward in 1088.

Six years previously the other Marianus (the chronicler) had died in Mayence. He was educated in the school of Moville, that Ulster village from which many an ocean liner now sails westward. Leaving his native land in 1056, he entered the Irish monastery of St. Martin in Cologne.

Two years afterward he was ordained priest and took up his abode in a little cell near Würzburg, where, almost four centuries before, his countrymen, SS. Killian, Colman, and Totnan, had died the death of martyrs. He resided in his little cell for ten years; then, by order of the bishop of the diocese, he went to Mayence, where he wrote the books of chronology which gave him his name. He has been honored with the title of "Blessed," and sleeps among kindred dust in the church of St. Martin in Mayence.

Carrier Pigeons.

ONE of the strangest postal routes in the world is that in New Zealand, between Auckland and an island sixty miles distant, where the mail is carried by pigeons. The winged messengers perform their task of carrying letters with a speed and regularity that should make railways and steam packets ashamed; for they accomplish the distance of sixty miles in about sixty-three minutes. The letters or dispatches are written on extremely thin paper and fastened to the bird's feet. When he reaches his destination, he pushes the trapdoor of his home—the pigeon house. The door automatically rings a bell, and an official receives the message. Then Master Pigeon is taken away on another visit, to be sent home again when occasion requires.

What is called the "homing instinct" of the carrier pigeon is so strong that it is one of the many marvels of nature. It is almost impossible to take one of these birds so far away from home that he can not find his way back in an incredibly short space of time. The carrier or passenger pigeon is about the size of a turtledove, with a long, wedge-shaped tail; and the male bird has his drab color enlivened by a gay necklace of violet, green and gold.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—One of the most eminent French literary critics, Pierre Lasserre, has devoted an unusual book to Claudel, Jammes, and Péguy. It is called "Les Chapelles Littéraires," and is published by Garnier Frères, Paris.

"Collapses in Adult Life," by the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S. J. (Bombay: Examiner Press), is a sixteenmo brochure of 109 pages. It forms a sequel to the author's former helpful work, "The Formation of Character"; and its eleven parts (chapters) will well repay attentive reading. Father Hull's sanity and practicality are as evident here as in his other numerous writings.

—"Thoughts and Memories," by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C. S. P., a twelvemo of 200 pages, is a collection of a score of essays of varying length and interest, most of which have already appeared in a number of American Catholic magazines. There is wide variety in the topics discussed,—history, biography, political economy, literary criticism, the contemplative life, asceticism, spiritism, etc.; and the treatment is, in the main, admirable. Published by the Paulist Press. Price, \$1.35.

—The literature of the Napoleon centenary will have little to say of the military genius of the Corsican: the world has had a surfeit of battle-making. Instead, there are coming to light many instructive and interesting details about his genius for government which determined the laws under which France would live for the next century at least. Napoleon's great gift was common-sense, and he was delightfully free from the romantic illusions concerning human nature which are so common to modern Utopists. Unfortunately, his conscience was comparatively inactive, and his efficiency frequently became so brutal that the best results could not be achieved.

—Vol. IV. of the Centennial History of Illinois bears the specific title, "The Industrial State: 1870-1893," the editors being Ernest Ludlow Bogart and Charles Manfred Thompson. The 480 pages of the work proper are supplemented by an appendix, a full bibliography, and an exhaustive index filling twenty-one double-columned pages. Among the most interesting of the twenty chapters may be mentioned: "Some Aspects of Social Life in Illinois, 1870-1876"; "The Political Machine in Operation"; "New Forces Astir," with its account of the Haymarket riot; and "Develop-

ment of Arts and Letters." The book is uniform in size (large octavo) with the previous three volumes, and is enriched with a dozen good illustrations. Published by the Illinois Centennial Commission.

—Some fifty-four years ago there died a Catholic septuagenarian, a layman who, fifteen years previously, had given up his office of Episcopalian bishop of North Carolina, an office which he had held for twenty-one years, and entered the True Church. Under the title "Mémoir of a Great Convert," the Rev. W. B. Harmon tells the interesting and edifying story of Dr. Levi Silliman Ives, whose "Trials of a Mind" has long been a favorite apologetic work. A sixteenmo pamphlet of 76 pages, published by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada.

—Among the latest and most praiseworthy fruits of missionary zeal and devotedness to come under our notice is a translation, with annotations, of the Four Gospels into Ilocano, by the Rev. Father Melanio Lazo Singson, of the diocese of Nueva Segovia, Philippines. We learn that this translation is superior in every respect to those in Ilocano and Tagalog issued by the Bible Society; and it is a very cheap book besides, though well printed on good paper, and substantially bound. Indeed, the volume is referred to as the most creditable publication of any kind in Ilocano. As yet there are no Catholic versions of the Holy Gospels in other vernaculars of the Philippines than Tagalog and Ilocano. Padre Lazo is preparing a translation of the Acts of the Apostles and the rest of the New Testament, which it is hoped some friend of the missions will enable him to bring out. The great importance of this undertaking is evident; and it would certainly be a most meritorious service,—putting the New Testament into a language in which as yet it does not exist. The zealous missionary needs encouragement, and is exceptionally deserving of it, being poor and in frail health. There should be many Catholics in this country to claim the privilege of co-operating with him.

—"San Diego Mission" is the first of a new series of volumes, by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., dealing with the local history of the twenty-one Indian missions of his Order in California. A great many interesting and edifying details about San Diego, not given in the author's large work—"The Missions and

Missionaries of California,"—are presented in the present volume, which will ensure an eager welcome for its followers. One is glad and grateful to learn more about San Diego and the holy friars who labored and suffered there. Fr. Engelhardt tells all that one is most curious to know. He is as reliable as well as a readable author, his information being gleaned from historical sources, and his statements being based on official documents, etc. Much of what has been published about the Franciscan missions in California is absolutely worthless: Fr. Engelhardt's volume affords much additional proof of this. One is amazed at the ignorance shown by some of the writers whom he confutes, and indignant at the bigotry betrayed by others. Any one who would learn the true story of the missions and missionaries of California must have recourse to the volumes published by Fr. Engelhardt. The interest of the present one is greatly enhanced by numerous illustrations, and its value notably increased by several appendices, all of which are of especial importance. Besides a full table of contents, there is an excellent index occupying six and a half pages. No collection of books sufficiently extensive to merit the designation of library should be without Fr. Engelhardt's works. They are for sale by the James H. Barry Co., San Francisco. The price of "San Diego Mission," a handsome octavo of 358 pages, is \$3, net.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"The Mother of Christ; or, The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) \$9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher). 1825—1904. A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"The Letters of St. Teresa." Vol I. (Thomas Baker.) \$2.75.

"An Awakening and What Followed." James Kent Stone, S. T. D. LL. D. (Ave Maria Press.) \$1.50.

"Jesus of Nazareth: Who was He?" J. Godfrey Raupert. (Marshall Jones Co.) \$1.

"A Mill Town Pastor." Rev. Joseph Conroy, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) \$1.90.

"John Seneschal's Margaret." Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Appleton.) \$2.

"Ursula Finch." Isabel Clarke. (Benzigers.) \$2.

"Beck of Beckford." M. E. Francis. (Kenedy.) \$2.15.

"Evening Memories." William O'Brien (Maunsel & Co.) 16s.

"Intimate Pages of Mexican History." Edith O'Shaughnessy. (Doran Co.) \$3.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. M. J. Taylor, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. Anthony Kroeger, diocese of Fort Wayne; Rev. J. M. Naughtin, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Buckley, diocese of Wagga Wagga; Rev. Henry Bangen, diocese of Rockford; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael Clune, diocese of Syracuse; and Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C.

Sister M. Bertha, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Isadore, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Joseph Blake, Mr. Percival Date, Mr. John J. Lynch, Mr. Louis Butler, Mr. C. H. Sanders, Mrs. Mary McCarron, Mr. R. L. Zinselmeyer, Mr. Henry Turner, Mr. Andrew Ryan, Mr. John Sheehan, Mr. J. C. Teason, Miss Elizabeth Schroll, Miss S. J. Ruane, Mrs. F. W. Kennedy, and Mr. Frank Deitz.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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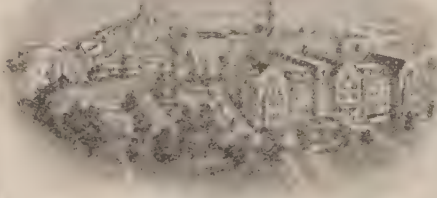
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The style as well as the contents make it one of the best apologetic works which we have come across; and it should prove of great value in dealing with Protestant objections.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide, Australia).

... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

... A life story covering more than fifty years, and of the most intense and un-

usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

As an humble religious, Father Fidelis has worked for over a half a century in the vineyard of the Lord. The history of his conversion to the Church, like that of Von Ruville, will knock at the door of many hesitating and undecided souls and, with the grace of God, help them to dissipate all doubts.—*Herold des Glaubens*.

We can almost imagine ourselves working at a treatise *De Ecclesia*, as we pass from chapter to chapter, considering in turn—"The World's Testimony—The Unchangeable Church—Reformed Religion—The Church and Progress—Persecution—Faith and Authority—Infallibility—Holy Scripture—The Primitive Church—Four Tests—The Primacy—The Roman Pontiff—Jurisdiction—Papal Infallibility." The personal element is kept very much in the background all through these discussions, and when it does come forward occasionally; it is mostly in the shape of a gentle appeal to the author's former fellow-Anglicans to weigh well some consideration that has powerfully influenced himself. ... The author uses with effect the testimony of a number of non-Catholic writers in dealing with such questions as the attitude of the Church towards progress and enlightenment.—*Irish Theological Quarterly*.

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CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS. viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 25.—St. William, Ab.
SUNDAY, 26.—SIXTH. AFTER PENTECOST. SS.
 John and Paul, MM.
MONDAY, 27.—St. Ladislaus, K. Our Lady of
 Perpetual Succor.
TUESDAY, 28.—St. Leo II., P. C.
WEDNESDAY, 29.—SS. Peter and Paul, Aps.

THURSDAY, 30.—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY.

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The Way.

BY E. BECK.

DEATH is the way that shall not fail
To lead to endless bliss or bale,
To that fair land where angels sing
The praises of their Lord and King,—
The King who, poor and lone and frail,
In stable rude heard wild winds wail.
To joy that grows not dull or stale,
And rest and peace unaltering,
Death is the way.

To where strict justice holds the scale,
Where saints rejoice, where sinners quail;
To memories that still shall sting,
To pain that years no healing bring;
To heaven, or where the wicked wail,
Death is the way.

The Vision of Zachary.

BY JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.

HERE is a notable similarity between the vision of Zachary and the vision of Mary as recorded by St. Luke. The apparition of the angel caused a troubled fear in the souls of both. St. Luke tells us that Mary, "when she had heard, was troubled at his saying." And of Zachary he says: "And Zachary, seeing him, was troubled, and fear fell upon him." They were kindred spirits of humility. The angel reassures both alike, sketching for Zachary the future career of John, as for Mary he outlined the life of Christ.

"And the angel said to him: Fear not, Zachary; for thy prayer is heard: and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great before the Lord;...and he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God. And he shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias,...to prepare for the Lord a perfect people."

Zachary was a worthy husband of Elizabeth. He had shared with her the trial of a long life with no child to bless his house; and he had done so serenely, without complaint, but still with the constant prayer that the Lord would bless them with a child. The Scripture gives him an equal commendation with Elizabeth: "They were both just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame. And they had no son, for that Elizabeth was barren."

The inner pathos of his life is put before us in this single sentence. A long life of unclouded innocence, unwaveringly careful in the observance of even the smallest of God's laws, yet with the sunshine of God's face apparently denied him, God's loving touch withdrawn through all these years. Surely this was hard for Zachary to bear. He might have murmured at this trial; he might have questioned God's goodness in an irritated manner, as we often do when sorrow or disappointment breaks upon us—"What have I

done that God should treat me so?" But the soul of Zachary never faltered in his trust of the justice of the ways of the Lord. He prayed steadily through the years, and he was praying in the temple when the angel came to him to announce the coming of his son John.

Nor does he give any indication of querulousness with Elizabeth. There was no peevishness, no sourness, none of that bitterness of spirit that can insidiously creep into even noble souls denied some set ambition. There were no recriminations, no cynical allusions, no casting up of limitations, no "getting on each other's nerves," as we say nowadays, between Zachary and Elizabeth. For Zachary understood, with the wisdom his soul drew from prayer, that Elizabeth was tried as sorely as himself. And he moved by her side and supported her. When Elizabeth spoke of her "reproach among men," her husband was not included. Zachary had no word of reproach for his wife. In the greatest trial that can come to the true husband and wife, the absence of children, they "walked before God without blame"; never drifting apart, but sustaining each other tenderly through the lonely years.

Another point of similarity in the visions of Zachary and Mary is that the angel gives to both a visible sign of his truthfulness. Mary was given the sign of Elizabeth's conception; Zachary was stricken dumb until the birth of John. This peculiar difference in the proofs given by the angel causes us to look for other differences in the two visions; and we find marked differences in both.

The angel announces the coming birth of John first to Zachary, but the future birth of Christ was not thus announced to Joseph. The reason for this is clear from the words of Scripture: "Thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son." Mary was not to bear her Son to Joseph, but through the overshadowing power of the Holy Ghost.

We see here the delicacy (if we may use the word) of God in His communications with His creatures. We feel that a jarring note would have been struck had Mary to learn of her Son through Joseph. It would have seemed like a slighting of Mary, as well as a shock to her virgin shyness. On the other hand, had Elizabeth been first told of John, it would have savored of a disregard of his father, Zachary.

Again, we observe that, though both Zachary and Mary question the angel, Zachary's question reveals a doubt of the angel's words. "And Zachary said to the angel: Whereby shall I know this? For I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in years." One may excuse Zachary from any great deliberate offence here. He was old and bowed under weary trial; depressed, perhaps, that he was to leave no one after him to do the work of the Lord. And the unexpectedness of the vision frightened and upset him. The suddenness of revived hope over the grave of his long-buried expectations, together with the apparent impossibility of the promise, bewildered him. Perhaps, too, there was a touch of curiosity in his question,—an asking for too much from God.

Nevertheless, through it all, as the angel told him, there ran a thread of incredulity. Zachary forgot that with God nothing is too good to be true. He should not have asked a sign, but should have trusted fully, and waited. And the angel said to him: "Behold thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be able to speak until the day wherein these things shall come to pass, because thou hast not believed my words, which shall be fulfilled in their time."

Mary's question, "How shall this be done?" partook of none of these defects. She expressed no doubt of the angel's words: she believed them. But Mary had vowed virginity to God. It was her right to know whether God's will was to abrogate that vow or not, and

nothing but God's word would here suffice for her. So her question, "How shall this be done?" was not the expression of a doubt, but the statement of a difficulty, which she was leaving to God to decide for her. It was equivalent to saying, 'What of my vow of virginity?' This had to be settled before Mary would know the ground on which she stood.

The angel answers Mary exactly according to this idea: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And, without Mary's asking any further proof, the angel gives one to her—the miraculous conception of Elizabeth. The note of rebuke which runs through the angel's answer to Zachary is entirely absent here; for Mary had not doubted in the least.

Mary's position was far more perplexing than Zachary's; yet she met it with quiet, penetrating insight, with no perturbation of soul; and, the essential difficulty removed, she accepted the word as gently as she said her prayers: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Zachary, on the contrary, in a far less complicated situation, was "flustered," taken off guard, thrown out of himself. His question, "Whereby shall I know this?" almost equals, 'It can not be.' Mary's "How shall this be done?" accepts as a fact the angel's word, but merely states the obstacle of her vow, and leaves its solution to God.

It is not for the purpose of censuring Zachary that we dwell upon this point. Zachary was a great and a holy man. But it seems to us that the Scripture, by narrating the parallel visions of Mary and Zachary, wished to outline for us with vivid clearness the depth and the splendor of the soul of the Mother of God. Even the illustrious Zachary pales before it.

The sequel of the angel's visit to each

brings another striking difference. Zachary, in a spirit of doubt, had asked for a sign. He was given the sign in the form of a severe punishment: nine months of dumbness. Mary had asked for no sign, but was given one without the asking. Zachary was reduced to comparative inaction. The sign given to Mary spurred her to action: the visit to Elizabeth.

At first thought it might seem that the penalty inflicted upon Zachary was too severe. Not so. Zachary was one of the main figures in the greatest crisis in the history of the world. Faith was about to shine in the world as it had never shone before, and Zachary was chosen as one of the leading participants in the work of spreading the faith. His own faith, then, must be of the purest. Even a slight fault of faith was serious here. Moses, a leader of the faith, had hesitated, had struck the rock twice in a moment of faltering; and he did not see the Promised Land. Faults of faith among the leaders of faith are the worst faults, and are always sternly punished by God. Zachary was, therefore, retired from the field of action until his faith was made perfect. He accepted his punishment manfully. The Scripture tells us that "After the days of his office were accomplished, he departed to his own house." He did not sulk and throw down the work he had in hand. He did it as well as he could under the humiliating impediment of dumbness, and only when his duties were accomplished did he return home. And when the time arrived for the naming of John, and when the relatives turned to him to have him give some other name, he did not hesitate. He remembered the words of the angel and said, "John is his name"; thus implying that it was not he who was giving the name, but that the angel had already given it, and the matter was not open for discussion. His faith had become perfect.

"And immediately his mouth was opened, and his tongue loosed, and he spoke, blessing God." And, like Elizabeth and like Mary, Zachary, too, was filled with the Holy Ghost, and he lifted up his voice and chanted the canticle of the "Benedictus," which is recited each day by every priest in the world, beginning with the words, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, because He hath visited and wrought the redemption of His people"; and ending with the beautiful address to his son John: "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His way!...To enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet in the way of peace."

Every priest, reading these words, knows that Zachary is prophesying to him also his work,—“to give knowledge of salvation to His people, unto the remission of their sins.”

Faith in the Wilderness.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

XXII.

ON the following day Père Louis started out again in search of Acadie. Feeling assured now that she held the key in her hands as to the only way of solving this dark problem, the priest determined to see her before trying to do anything else. In this quest he was successful. Acadie, tired of her confinement at the Parris house, and anxious about Roger, whom she had again begun to doubt, had gone out when her afternoon's work was over, and, avoiding the town, had found her way to the hills where stood the empty huts, once occupied by herself and Giles Corey. She wanted solitude in which to think how best she was to get her one-time lover away from Salem. Not only was there the

attraction of Hetty but she had begun to fathom his infatuation for Mary Pendleton. Clearly, to get him away from Salem was her only hope.

She was sitting alone outside her hut, her back against the door, confident that no one could be within a mile of her retreat, when, making no sound on the thick, soft grass, Père Louis came around the corner of the hill and called her name: "Acadie!" Too dumfounded to speak, the girl remained silent; on her face was an expression that could almost be called shame. Taking advantage of her silence and of the fact that she made no effort to flee, Père Louis began to talk; and in fifteen minutes Acadie, her head bowed on her knees, was weeping silently. Terrible, heart-searching, full of solemn warning, and yet infinite in pity, and hopeful in the promise of pardon, were the words of the priest.

"Acadie," he said, "you know just as well as I do that there is no such thing as witches or witchcraft; you know as well as I do that these men who are hunting for witches are blind, ignorant fanatics. You have played into their hands for your own selfish ends; you are allowing a notoriously evil man to use you as his tool; and, unless you have a change of heart and bitter repentance, your end will be one of misery."

"Yes, *mon Père*."

"Well, then, think of one thing only. Are you willing now, as far as you can do so, to undo the evil you have done?"

"Yes, *mon Père*."

The priest leaned forward. "Look at me, Acadie."

She raised her tear-stained face and looked straight into his grave, compassionate eyes.

"Then swear in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that you will do as I tell you."

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I promise," said Acadie.

"That is well. And now I will explain what I want you to do."

Rapidly and briefly Père Louis outlined his plan; and then, time being precious, he arose to depart.

"*Mon Père*," said Acadie, "I would go to confession."

The priest made a gesture of assent: in face of this need there could be no haste for him. And so, on her knees, on the lonely mountain-side, with the sun and the swaying trees and the soft winds of heaven for a benediction, Acadie got rid of her load of guilt, and received healing and pardon.

Like Mary Magdalen, she went back to the storm and stress of life, only now with a different aim and outlook. For the next two days, in pursuance of her promise to the priest, she lent all the time she could spare to furthering the plans that he, Reuben Osborn, and Martin Pendleton were secretly carrying out. On the day of the execution of Giles Corey and the other prisoners she had pleaded a terrible headache, so as not to be present. Thursday and Friday passed, and Saturday morning came, when Israel Osborn was brought to Court, and again denied his guilt.

Whereupon Mr. Cotton Mather arose and made a speech. He had no doubt, he said, that the prisoner was responsible for the theft; but, as he remained obdurate and denied his guilt, there was no course open to him but to remand Mr. Osborn to jail until Monday morning, when he would be removed to Boston to await some further investigation of the robbery. For the present there was nothing more to do in regard to the Osborn case, and he would advise all present to go home for dinner in preparation for the hanging of the arch-witch, an event that would take place promptly at three o'clock. So the crowd quickly dispersed.

Meanwhile Acadie had dressed herself in a dark grey homespun gown, and a grey straw hat that enhanced the

delicacy and purity of her beauty and dark coloring. Thus attired, at three o'clock she left the house and made her way to Gallows Hill. Her heart was beating almost to suffocation; but the strength that had made her a power for evil was now making her strong to undo that evil, though well she knew she might even be stoned to death after her confession. Reaching Gallows Hill, she took up her position near the platform. In five minutes a bell in the distance rang, and a little procession appeared. First walked Cotton Mather, behind him two of the prison guards, and between them Canidia.

Then Acadie stepped forward, and, addressing the pastor of North Church, asked if she might speak to the assembled crowd before the execution. Surprised, Cotton Mather hesitated for a moment, and then consented.

"I can give you ten minutes," he said.

"It will be enough, reverend sir," answered Acadie.

Deathly pale, but with a firm step, she mounted the platform of the gallows, and her voice, perfectly clear, could be heard by everyone present.

"I am here to make a confession, because I have sinned," she said. "The prisoner known as Israel Osborn is innocent. I never saw him commit the theft, nor do I know who the real thief is. Mr. Gosnold, to whom I was engaged to be married before I left Canada, persuaded me, for reasons of his own, to frame the charge against Mr. Osborn, and I weakly yielded. It was also Mr. Gosnold who made up the charge against Canidia Pendleton, who is no more witch than is any woman in this assembly. She is but a harmless innocent, born with an impaired intellect, but gentle, loving, and good. Therefore, I beseech you to release her and return her to her home. At the same time I pray you to release Israel Osborn, who is in no way connected with the robbery, and against whom

I have committed the sin of perjury."

For a second after the girl ceased speaking there was a breathless silence; then Cotton Mather, springing to his feet, shouted at the top of his voice: "You lie! You lie!"

The crowd took up the roar. "A lie! A lie!"—"Hang her! Hang her! Let us have two executions instead of one!"—"Chase her out of town!"—"Stone her to death!"—"She, too, is a witch!"

In vain Cotton Mather called for order: the crowd had lost its head, and half of those present were fighting to escape suffocation, or being knocked down and trampled upon. The guards had already hurried Canidia back to jail; and, seeing a break in a corner of the crowd where one faction was running south and the other pushing and struggling in the other direction, Acadie slipped down from the platform, and light and swift of foot she cleared, unmolested, the open space and disappeared into a heavy thicket beyond. As she did so she was seized by Martin Pendleton and Reuben Osborn, and rushed to a near-by cave that was set deep in solid rock surrounded by shrubs and trees.

When the panic was finally quelled and the injured had been removed, it was so near the hour when the Sabbath would begin that Cotton Mather ordered that Canidia's execution be delayed until Monday. At that time both Israel Osborn and Acadie Baudry—who in the confusion had been allowed to disappear, but who no doubt could soon be found—were to share Canidia's fate.

XXIII.

Timothy Irons, the town jailer of Salem, tired out by a strenuous week, was sleeping on a three-legged stool in the corridor outside the cells occupied by Canidia Pendleton and Israel Osborn, when he was rudely awakened. Apparently a very cold and slimy hand

was passing over his face; moreover, the light in front of him was so blinding that for a moment he could see nothing. Furthermore, Timothy's right arm was bound up in a sling,—his right hand having been badly bitten and clawed by old Nancy Standish on the preceding Wednesday, when he had been called upon to remove her from Gallows Hill after her shrill announcement that the crows were the souls of the witches just executed.

Timothy's nerves were too much atrophied by ten years of acting as jailer in a Puritan community to be easily upset; but, truly, recent events in Salem had been enough to undermine nerves of steel. Was not the very air charged with the supernatural? As a constant reader of the Bible, he was familiar with the release of St. Peter from prison by the angels; but angels wore white and were fair and beautiful: what he saw was something very different. With eyes that were wide open and accustomed to the light, he beheld two figures all in black and wearing black masks, through which only the eyes were visible; while from the heads and ears of these terrible beings were issuing long, curling circles of light. One man was tall and powerfully built; the other, of a shorter and more slender frame. Beyond a doubt they were the souls of Giles Corey and the Rev. Peter Ford, and they had come either to bewitch him or to carry him off.

Too paralyzed with fright to utter a sound, the jailer saw the taller man produce a long, black cloth, and an instant later this was wound around his mouth and head, until it was impossible for him to call for help. His legs and arms were then securely fastened together, and his pockets searched, bringing to light his keys. Without any further delay, the doors of the two cells he had been guarding were unlocked. He saw the prisoners led

forth, and then light, prisoners, and witches vanished. Timothy, now alone in the dark, was trembling like an aspen. And meanwhile the fugitives were being ferried across the river by their rescuers, Martin Pendleton and Reuben Osborn; and at dawn were safe from pursuit.

XXIV.

There was the greatest excitement next morning when the plight of the jailer was discovered. Being the Sabbath, it was impossible to go in search of the escaped prisoners; besides, more than half of Salem township believed they had been spirited away by supernatural means; and that, like calling for like, the dead witches desired the company of the arch-witch. That they had also removed the schoolmaster only proved how wicked he was. Parents returned thanks to Providence that their children had been so soon removed from his evil influence.

Meanwhile Roger determined to go again to the Pendleton farm and find out what he could there. If Mary would not see him, he would question the boy; so he mounted his horse and rode away. What was his amazement, on reaching the farm at twilight, to hear strange voices! And his amazement changed to consternation when his knock on the door was answered by an elderly woman, a stranger, who, in reply to his inquiries, said that her husband had bought the farm that week from Mr. Pendleton. The sale had taken place in Boston, and the Pendletons had departed, she did not know where. She and her husband and their children had arrived only the day before, and were perfect strangers in Salem.

Then Roger had an inspiration. No doubt they had gone north to the Osborn farm on the Merrimac. Without delay, he galloped northward to the Osborn farm; and here, to his bewilderment, he had exactly the same experience. Strangers were in posses-

sion of Osborns' beautiful farm and comfortable house; and in reply to his inquiries they said they had bought it two weeks before, nor had they the slightest idea where the former owners had gone. So Roger rode back to Salem completely baffled.

XXV.

Long ago Roger Gosnold had anticipated the possibility of having to make a sudden flight from Salem. When, therefore, the fact that the Pendletons had disappeared became town talk, he had secretly made a trip two miles up the river to a cave he had discovered, and there he cached some food. This done, he set about making other preparations for a journey. Determined to solve the mystery and capture again the arch-witch Canidia Pendleton, he meant to journey first north, then south in search of the fugitives.

His plans completed, he slipped away early one morning; and, reaching his cave an hour after leaving Salem, he beached his boat behind some bushes. Hurrying to the cave, he began carrying his supplies down to the boat. In about fifteen minutes his task was finished, and he was ready to push off and continue his journey, when he heard a footstep and the rustling of trees. The branches a short distance away parted, and to his astonished gaze there appeared Mary Pendleton alone, unattended. For a moment she stood there, shading her eyes as she looked up the river. Then she spoke aloud.

"Ajawa is late," she said.

For a second longer she remained standing; then she sat down on the soft turf, plainly to wait for the Indian.

Why was she there, and where were all the others who had vanished from Salem? He did not know that half a mile back from the shore a grandchild of Ajawa's lay very ill, and that Mary had been there with medicines for the sick baby, and was now waiting for

Ajawa to take her back to a camp on the other side of the river, where all the rest of her family were in hiding. This he learned later. For the present, all that he thought of was that the woman he so ardently desired to make his wife was here and in his power, if he could manage to carry her off before the Indian returned.

His outfit included some medicines, among them a narcotic capable of producing unconsciousness. Its use now came swiftly to his mind; so, without a second's delay, he took the vial from his boat, removed his shoes, and stole noiselessly around behind Mary. Quiet as he was, she heard him, and, turning suddenly, realized her danger. But it was too late: he made a rush in her direction, seized her, and, clasping her in his powerful arms, he held the vial to her nose, and in the shortest possible time she sank unconscious in his arms. Carrying her to the boat, he laid her flat in the bottom of the craft; and, taking up his oars, the frail bark shot rapidly up stream. He would row until nearly dark, and then disembark for the night. Roger had not gone a quarter of a mile, however, when his boat sprang a leak. The water gained so rapidly that he realized there was no choice but to land at once. In two minutes he had again beached his boat, had carried the still unconscious girl on shore, and was just about to go back for his supplies of food when two men rushed out of the woods, and he was seized by a tall old man, whom he at once recognized as Martin Pendleton; while the other man, a trapper, was bending over Mary. A moment later he was joined in his efforts to restore her by none other than Acadie!

All this Roger took in while Martin Pendleton was marching him through the woods to an open space, where stood several tents. Without any loss of time, the old man was joined by Israel and Reuben Osborn, whom he ordered to

bring ropes and help him tie his prisoner hand and foot. Within fifteen minutes from the time he had landed, Roger, his hands and feet securely bound, was seated on a rough bench, being interviewed by Martin Pendleton, who was now very angry. Roger reluctantly admitted that he had made a prisoner of Mary Pendleton with the avowed purpose of carrying her off and marrying her.

Martin Pendleton's eyes blazed as one question after another was answered by this astonishing man. He had interviewed his prisoner alone, Israel Osborn and his brother having hastened to Mary Pendleton's aid.

"Were I able, Mr. Gosnold," said the old man, "I would take you back to Salem and place you under arrest; but, alas! to-morrow we have planned to depart from this part of the world forever. I can do nothing, therefore, but leave you here. The Lord, however, will repay."

Mary had now fully regained consciousness; and, the danger passed, her healthy young body was rapidly recovering its strength. Nor did Roger see her again. In silence Reuben Osborn brought him some supper, unbinding his hands long enough to permit him to eat and drink; then tying them again. Nor was Roger left very long in doubt as to what they were going to do with him. Reuben Osborn again appeared, and quickly built and lit a camp fire near him; and ten minutes later he reappeared, bearing a rushlight and accompanied by the trapper and Martin Pendleton. The trapper walked straight up to the prisoner and addressed him in French:

"You will recognize me as Père Louis, of Ville-Marie?"

By the light of the blazing rushlight, the man thus addressed knew the other, and admitted that he did.

"That being settled, I shall call you by your real name of Pierre Gelin. By

this name you are known as an outlaw; and, unless you at once depart from here, I shall report you to the authorities at Ville-Marie, who have long been in search of you."

"I will leave here as soon as you release me, *mon Père*."

"Very well. Your boat has been repaired; it is well stocked with food; in the morning some one will put you on it and see you on your way north."

The priest signed to Reuben Osborn as he spoke. The young man advanced and untied the cords that bound the prisoner's feet. In silence he was conducted through the woods, his guide holding him by the arm. In about five minutes they reached a clearing that had been prepared for him. His feet were again securely bound; he was well wrapped up in blankets and placed near a fire that had been kindled to keep him warm. Then Reuben Osborn left him, after telling him he would be on watch all night, and would come to see if he wanted anything.

Treated far more mercifully than he deserved, Roger prepared to sleep. Not only was he tired, but all his bones had begun to ache, and he felt strangely ill and heavy. Toward morning he fell into a deep sleep, his slumbers lasting well toward noon. So it was that about half-past eleven he opened his eyes to become conscious, first, that he felt wretchedly ill; and, secondly, that standing by his side was Acadie.

XXVI.

Very early that morning there was a Nuptial Mass in the clearing where the little band of Catholics were assembled. Before a stone altar that loving hands had erected under a splendid oak tree, Israel Osborn and Mary Pendleton were united in marriage by *Père Louis*. Even the dangers of their position, and the fact that they had to make a long journey to a strange country, could not mitigate their happiness.

Breakfast followed the ceremony, and then all worked with a will to hasten their departure. By seven o'clock the arrangements were completed; and, bidding a tender good-bye to Acadie, who was going north, the little company started on its journey to Pennsylvania, where they were seeking a happier and safer residence.

But before their departure Mary and Acadie had a few words alone, when the Canadian girl voiced her love and gratitude for the friend who had believed in her and tried to help her. "You must come and visit me some day," Mary had said. And Acadie promised. With one last, tender farewell, she saw them disappear into the woods. Then she set about her own preparations to depart. She was waiting for Ajawa, who was to come at noon to release Roger Gosnold, and to take her in his canoe on the first stage of her journey north.

Punctually at the time appointed, Ajawa appeared; and, telling him where the prisoner was, Acadie waited. In about ten minutes, to her surprise, the Indian came back alone and advanced toward her.

"Man very sick," he said. "Come see."

Hurrying after him, she was soon bending over Roger, who, with closed eyes and flushed face, was muttering in his sleep. Raising her eyes to the tall Indian, Acadie came to a decision.

"Yes, he is very sick," she said. "Will you stay here with me, Ajawa, and help me take care of him?"

The Indian gave a grunt that expressed assent; so for many days he and Acadie ministered to the sick man. Ajawa concocted medicine from strange herbs; and Acadie gave him plenty of cooling water to drink, until the turn in the fever came and he began to recover. Youth and strength reasserted themselves, and he was soon well enough to start on his journey north.

XXVII.

Acadie had taken good care of Roger; but, apart from her duties as a nurse, her manner had been curiously aloof. As he grew stronger, she absented herself from his side as much as possible, giving as an excuse that she must work, and also hunt the woods for wild strawberries which she thought a good blood purifier after his illness. He, on his part, was enjoying the luxury of returning strength, and was contented to remain alone, resting, sleeping; and, as he grew stronger, paddling up and down the shore in his boat. At last the time came when he announced that in three days more he would be able to continue his journey. It was late one evening, when Ajawa was absent, and Acadie was giving him his supper, that he addressed a question to her.

"Where have the Pendletons and the Osborns gone?" he asked.

She hesitated before replying; then, seeing a dangerous gleam in his eyes, she said: "They have journeyed farther west."

"Your reply points to a large and vague latitude, Acadie. Now, pray be more comprehensive, and tell me exactly where they have betaken themselves."

"To Pennsylvania."

"And are they not coming back?"

"No."

"Did Père Louis go with them?"

"Yes, for part of the way."

"What corner of Pennsylvania is their destination?"

"They have gone to the settlement founded by William Penn."

"Ah! So they can be rid of New England witchcraft and live in peace?"

"Yes."

"Zounds! And how clever of you to tell me! For know, dear Acadie, that I am going after them as fast as I can travel; and it will go hard if I do not yet capture Mary Pendleton. Twice I have failed; the third time I shall certainly succeed."

"It is too late, Roger. Père Louis married her to Israel Osborn the day they left the camp. From henceforth she is safe from you."

Roger Gosnold sprang to his feet, uttering a curse. With a face that was furious with anger, he strode toward the girl as if he would strike her. Something in her mien—proud, fearless and calm—arrested him. For a second he stood in front of her, head lowered, shoulders raised, his gleaming eyes seeming to bore into her soul.

"Where are you going when you leave here, Acadie?"

"Home to the Sisters at Ville-Marie."

"Then listen to me." (He spoke slowly.) "To-morrow we start different ways. You go north, I west. Never will I rest until I find Mary Pendleton; and I will have her, by Heaven! She, who has spurned me, shall crawl to me for mercy. She, who despises me, will yet be thankful to cling to me as her only protector. By foul means if not fair, I will take her from that man!"

He turned on his heel; nor did she attempt to speak. Careless, savage, indifferent, he went to his tent, where he rolled himself up in his blanket and lay down on the bed of leaves and hay that Acadie had provided for him.

For a while she sat motionless; then she, too, sought her forest bed. All night long she lay awake, looking up at the stars. The sweet scents of the warm July night and the soft rustling of the wind in the treetops could not lull her to sleep; for Acadie loved Mary Pendleton. Who so well as she had shown the outcast girl the kindness of a noble and generous soul? Knowing all her history, and that Acadie had injured Israel, her lover, by a false accusation, Mary in return had met her only with love and sisterly sweetness. Lying still and yet wide-eyed, Acadie asked herself what would Mary's future be with Roger Gosnold forever in pursuit? Her life would be wrecked, her

husband very likely killed, her spirit broken by a constantly haunting fear, even if the man did not succeed in carrying her away with him. These and other possibilities the sorely-tried girl thought of over and over again.

As in a dream, and like one who had seen some great vision of renunciation, Acadie arose from her bed. She bathed her face and hands, arranged her dress more neatly, and smoothed her hair. Then very softly she went to Roger's tent. He was sleeping soundly still; and, without making any noise she stole down to the shore, stepped into her boat and began paddling southward. Her destination was Salem, where she was going to give Roger up to justice. Knowing well that he was wanted in Canada for several serious crimes, including the murder of a rich farmer on a lonely ranch, she had decided in the long night hours that her duty in the matter was clear.

One point the brave girl had faced: the danger to herself. She had been denounced in Salem, and condemned to death as a witch; it was not unlikely that, once in their power, the sentence would be carried out. Fanatical Puritan justice was not likely to make any exception in her case merely because she had given another criminal up to justice.

On reaching Salem, she went to the inn, and was ushered into the presence of the astonished Cotton Mather, to whom she told her story. Strangely enough, only fifteen minutes later Roger Gosnold was in the custody of two bailiffs from Canada, who were in search of him. Meeting Ajawa, they had asked if he knew the whereabouts of the man, without telling him why they wanted him; and the Indian had led them straight to the camp. So the search party sent out by Cotton Mather met the Canadian police with their prisoner on the way to Salem; where they meant to spend the night before

starting for the north. Hence it was that at five o'clock Timothy Irons received two important prisoners at the town jail. One was Roger Gosnold; the other, the girl, who had been condemned by the town council, presided over by Cotton Mather, to be hanged as a witch. Was she not also one who had aided other and dangerous witches to escape?

XXVIII.

On Friday, a week later, a storm was gathering over Salem. The thunder reverberated through the hills; black clouds were piled one above another in the west; and through this mass of clouds the lightning pierced, now slanting straight downward to the earth, anon zigzagging like broken lances across the sky, making a scene appalling, weird, and terrible. But it was different in the east. Here, strangely, all along the horizon was a soft glow of purest white light, that was merged into palest gold. Beyond this line of light, the sky was grey, gradually darkening until, in the west, running north and south as far as the eye could reach, it was inky black.

About nine o'clock in the morning, to the accompanying sound of the crash of artillery overhead, the door of the prison was opened by Timothy Irons, and forth stepped Acadie, with a bailiff on each side, and the jailer leading. Behind the girl came Cotton Mather, an open Bible in his hand. Acadie's trial had been short and swift. Beyond a doubt the girl was a witch,—numerous witnesses had come forward to prove it; therefore she must die. There was a flutter among the waiting crowd during her progress; but, unmindful of her environment, Acadie with a firm step mounted Gallows Hill, which, in spite of the approaching storm, was packed with spectators. As the procession drew near, Mr. Parris hurried forward and whispered to Cotton Mather, who inclined his head. Hastily ascending

the Gallows platform behind the prisoner, Mr. Parris addressed the spectators.

"Men and women of Salem," he said, "our unfortunate sister is about to pay the penalty of her crime, of associating herself with the powers of darkness until she, too, became bewitched. Owing to the approaching storm, and to the fact that the condemned has refused our ghostly counsel, we deem that there should be no delay—"

A vivid sheet of lightning shot athwart the sky, interrupting the divine's speech. It lit up Acadie's slender, grey-clad figure, standing alone, perfectly motionless, on the edge of the platform; and for that fleeting second every soul present saw her smile,—a smile beautiful and sweet.

As at the hanging of the witches in June, the crowd was facing the prisoner and the west; only Acadie faced the east. And there, some distance behind the crowd, sharply silhouetted against the white and gold of the eastern horizon, stood a lonely figure holding aloft a crucifix. Père Louis, returning to Ville-Marie, had been met with the news about Acadie, and at the risk of his life had come to Salem township. Bribing the jailer with English gold, he had thus gained admission to Acadie's cell that very morning, before the earliest riser in Salem was astir. Profoundly moved, he had heard her confession; and now he was mounted on the same rock where he had stood several weeks earlier, at the hanging of Giles Corey and his companions. Mr. Parris, absorbed in addressing the dense crowd that faced the gallows, had not seen him; but the priest was all that Acadie saw.

A crash of thunder broke over valley and hill; peal followed peal, and a few sharp drops of rain began to fall. Then above the dying roll of thunder the voice of Cotton Mather was heard.

"Hangman, do your duty!"

The executioner mounted the steps, but Acadie did not see him; only that far-off, slender figure hanging on the rood of the cross held her gaze. Was not its message of pardon and hope her strength?

Suddenly the heavens grew dark; the wind rose with a moaning wail; the dust and the leaves on the ground began to swirl and eddy, almost blinding the crowd of onlookers, as the sky overhead grew blacker and blacker. There was only a faint gleam on the eastern horizon now.

Signing herself with the Sign of the Cross, Acadie shut her eyes, and the black cap was placed over her head. Quickly the hangman slipped the noose around her neck, then tightened it. As he did so the last phase of the storm broke. There was a blinding flash of lightning, a roll of thunder, and by the vivid light the spectators saw a slender figure grasp the rope with both hands, even as the drop fell.

That last crash was the signal for the heavens to open. The rain came down in sheets, drenching everyone present; while crowd and hangman, jailer and divines fled. In two minutes Gallows Hill was empty.

Stay,—not quite! From out the forest there stole two figures in the height of the storm: a trapper and a tall old Indian. Mounting the gallows, the Indian drew in the young figure and cut the cord around the neck. Swiftly he bore her to the woods near by; and here the trapper felt her pulse, ran his hand round her neck, where it came into contact with some hard substance, and uttered a fervent "Thank God!" For Acadie was alive, although unconscious. Quickly the priest poured the contents of a vial down her throat, and in a moment the girl opened her eyes and smiled.

"*O mon Père,*" she said, "I am alive! Is it not wonderful?"

"Through the mercy of God you have

been saved; and you owe it to Ajawa, my child."

"Huh!" said the Indian. "Ajawa cheat hangman."

For so it was. The Indian had given to Père Louis a wonderful collar he had made, and which he said would resist any pressure without bending or breaking. Made of wood and wampum, a deep groove had been cut through the middle, into which the rope, when put around the neck, would naturally slip. The priest had taken it that morning to Acadie's cell, had put it around her neck, and over it she had folded a kerchief she habitually wore. The danger was that the hangman would discover it; but the coming storm and consequent need for haste had saved their ruse from being found out. Just before the black cap was put over her head, Acadie had grasped the ropes that formed the ends of the noose. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have tightened the noose when her weight was on the rope,—but Ajawa's collar stood the strain, and thus the ropes were a help, lightening the weight of the collar against her chin and head. That she had fainted was due to a revulsion of feeling when she felt Ajawa cut the cords and take her in his strong arms.

No time was to be lost in getting away from Salem while the storm held everyone indoors; so in a few moments they set forth,—Acadie with her strong young body and her Indian training, being able to walk as rapidly as the two men. In three hours they reached the farmhouse of some settlers who were secretly Catholics, and here Acadie and her rescuers found dry clothes and a shelter for the night. At dawn they started for Ville-Marie, which was safely reached in a week.

Roger Gosnold also was taken to Ville-Marie and suffered the extreme penalty of his misdeeds, being shot one morning at sunrise as a deserter from

the army of his Majesty Louis of France; other charges against him being held subordinate to this.

When the storm was over; the people of Salem township hurried back to Gallows Hill, to find, to their amazement, that the body of the witch, instead of hanging from the rope, had vanished. The heavy rain had obliterated the footsteps of Ajawa and Père Louis; so the rumor at once spread broadcast over the country that the young witch, Acadie Baudry, had been spirited away bodily by the other witches of Salem so recently executed. And this version of her disappearance was never questioned,—a fact that aided her escape to Canada.

Acadie remained with the good Sisters at the Mission St. Francis for a year, and then married an excellent Canadian farmer,—like herself, half Indian and half French. She lived to tell the tale to her great-grandchildren of how she had been hanged as a witch, her life being saved by the courage of the good Père Louis and the cleverness of the Indian Ajawa. The collar by which she was saved formed an object almost of veneration.

As to Israel and Mary Osborn, under the liberal rule of William Penn, who granted freedom of worship to all, they lived the happy and uneventful life they craved,—a life of sunshine and sweet homeliness, made more so by the fact that the stirring events through which she had passed had, in some mysterious way, so benefited Canidia Pendleton that she acquired the full power of speech; and, while remaining in intellect like a child, was always cheerful and happy, being adored by all her young nieces and nephews in the home over which Mary presided as happy wife and mother.

(The End.)

THE saints, broadly speaking, are the sinners who kept on trying.—*Anon.*

Deserted Cloisters.

BY ERNEST DAUDET.

A HAPHAZARD promenade led me some years ago to the threshold of a vacated dwelling. 'Twas a Carmelite convent, abandoned a few weeks ago by the saints who lived there,—abandoned as have been so many other convents of men and women in cases where the rigors of a law of hatred and iniquity made flight seem preferable to submission, or, possibly, to resistance.

In the act of passing by the door, it occurred to me to enter the building. I rang the bell: the door was opened and, this dead house being for sale, its caretaker proffered his services to show me through it. We traversed all the silent corridors. On the doors of the empty cells still remained labels bearing the names of the religious who had been their occupants: "Sister Mary of the Cross, Sister Teresa of Jesus, Sister Clare of Carmel." Then here and there, on other cards, maxims from Holy Writ: "Blessed are the lowly; for they shall be exalted.—Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

In the chapel there were left none of the accessories of worship. The tabernacle was open. Outside in the adjoining garden everything spoke of brusk and forced abandonment, of flight; and nothing could be more saddening.

I had once before visited this convent to attend a "taking of the veil." It was *en fête* that day, open to the postulant's relatives and friends who had been invited to witness her voluntary immolation, and whose tears added to the imposing ceremony an emotion more poignant than all the others.

While watching the ecstatic expression of that virgin who was joyously renouncing the world to give herself entirely to God, I had recalled the striking exclamation of Montalembert

on the day when a religious vocation snatched from his heart its most brilliant ornament: "Who is He, then, this crucified Lover, who bereaves us of our daughters?" And across the years that separated me from the desolate hour when he emitted that touching cry I had partaken of his paternal grief; but not without recalling that to him also, as to all fathers and mothers from whom Heaven has exacted this hard sacrifice, God afterward poured out abundant resignation and the sweet joy of knowing his daughter to be happy.

How many other memories were revived in me by the contemplation of this deserted convent! As a child and a growing youth, everything relative to the life led in these houses of peace and prayer and penance has always attracted and appealed to me; has left me under the seductive charm of the religious life and its beauties.

In Montalembert's immortal pages I have studied the history of the monks of the past; I have measured the scope of the services which, ever since the founding of the first Orders, religious have rendered to civilization and to humanity,—the women by prayer and mortification; the men by occupying the wildest solitudes, opening up forests and banishing therefrom beasts of prey; cultivating the most barren soil and spreading by their preaching the light of the faith among barbarians; accelerating the progress of science; acting as the apologists and historians of our most glorious national traditions; adding to the grandeur of our country the glory of their writings and their speech.

Why were they all expelled? How did they interfere with the ascent of ambitious politicians? What fetters did the prayer of a Carmelite or a Little Sister of the Poor place on the inordinate cupidity of a petty official? And what evil was done to our statesmen by the Trappist bent in silence over his

plough, or the Benedictine devoting his time to study, meditation and prayer?

In our tolerant and liberal France was there not room both for those who wish to attain the summits of office and fortune, who desire to enrich themselves, enjoy command, govern, and for those who ask nothing more than to live in freedom and to solace human suffering? They were expelled, nevertheless, no count being taken of the immense deprivation of forces to which the country was as a result to be subjected, or of the assistance of which the poor, the sick and the unfortunate were to be bereft.

Such are the thoughts suggested to me by the sight of the deserted cloister whither chance had led my footsteps. In that poor garden of the Carmelites, whose walls recalled the devotedness, the virtues, the self-sacrificing spirit of those who had dwelt in their shadow, the very stones became evocators. In the light of my awakened memories, I strengthened myself in this conviction—that in losing those monks and Sisters our beloved country had lost one of the most precious elements of its greatness.

Fortunately—History attests it,—persecution has never profited the persecutors. It has never given them what they expected from it. It has never prevented the decapitated stalk from putting forth new flowers, nor the stripped and riven trunk from preserving enough sap to nourish other branches as vigorous as those thus criminally felled. The convents that were closed will again be opened, as have been reopened those that were closed in other days. In the place of their fugitive inhabitants will come others, animated with the same faith, to repeople the solitude. The chapel vaults will again re-echo the Easter Alleluia, the lamentations of Holy Week, and the jubilant canticles of Christmas which gives to the world, in

the Babe Divine, the ideal apostle of tolerance and liberty.

The Revolution proscribed the monks; it hunted, pursued, banished, guillotined them. Only the dead did not come back; the others returned triumphant. The same thing will occur again, sooner, perhaps, than is anticipated; and the return to France of her Congregations will be the logical and necessary consequence of the sectaries' impotence to prevail over the religious faith of the country,—that persistent faith which, despite so many attempts at its destruction, always plunges to the very depths of the French soul, essentially and traditionally Catholic.

Virgo Potens.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Merely a woman, yet
Whose presence, power is
Great as no goddess's.

—Gerard Manley Hopkins, S. J.

THOU, a creature; He, thy God,

Subject to thy slightest nod.

He, thy Child, the Deity,—

Wondrous, wondrous mystery!

Blood that coursed through all thy veins,

In His Heart and Body reigns,

Gives Him life as it did thee.

E'en thy flesh's panoply

All about thy God is wound.

Thy star-eyes, thy voice's sound,

Form and feature that were thine,

Dower now thy Boy divine.

Thou art fused into thy God

As fresh rain is with the sod.

Thou art Altar, thou art Cup

That enthrones and lifts God up,

All mankind to help and bless

In its pain and dire distress.

To what heights thy soul is risen,

Envied thou of highest heaven!

Yea, thy power is half divine,

Key and Keeper, very Shrine,

That refreshed and housed the Christ,—

Treasure-trove that God enticed!

The Schoolmaster's Quest.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

THE schoolmaster hung up the key of the schoolhouse for the last time; then he went slowly toward the pastor's house, his heart full of sadness. Father Mulligan was smoking in his little parlor as the old man entered.

"Well, Father," he remarked, "everything is in good order for the new man when he comes."

"He will be here to-morrow evening," said the priest. "But I'd rather pay him a month's salary out of my own pocket than let you go. Come now, think it over. I will give you until to-morrow. Sleep on it, Mr. Burke."

"No, no," replied the old man, sadly shaking his head. "I *have* slept on it—or, rather, waked on it when I should have been sleeping many times too often. My passage is paid, and I can never be content in this world again until I have found him—or done my best to find him."

"Well, I see there is no persuading you," said the priest. "But you are no longer young, Mr. Burke; your money will soon be exhausted, and then what?"

"I don't mean to sit idle till my money is all gone, Father. I will get something to do."

"What can you do in a new country, where there is so much competition, and where the battle is to the young and strong, not to men like you?"

"I might get teaching. I write a good hand; there must be copying," answered the schoolmaster.

"But teaching goes by competitive examination, and to those who have graduated in the normal schools; while typewriting has long ago superseded pen-work everywhere."

"Don't discourage me, Father. You *can't* discourage me; for I am fully determined to go."

"Very well. I will say no more," rejoined the priest. "But remember, if all goes ill at long last, you must come back to home and friends that will always have a welcome for you."

"I'll not forget it: I'll know where to turn my steps, Father, if my quest fails me," said the old man.

The schoolmaster went away; and the priest held a colloquy with himself something after this fashion:

"It is strange how parental affection will blind a man. He would never believe but that his boy was perfection, even when everyone else knew he was a bad fellow, a selfish cur, draining his poor father of every cent he possessed, and never amounting to a brass farthing all his life—from the day he left school till he went from here. Now, I'd wager that the fellow is alive in America this day, engaged in some rascally business or other. The old man will never find him; but if he does, he will sup sorrow with the discovery. God help him, poor man! I'm afraid he has sad days in store for him."

Thady Burke, the schoolmaster's son, had been early left without a mother. Perhaps it was better for the poor woman—who had hardly known the color of her baby's eyes before she had been summoned—that God had called her to her reward. A more handsome, more unconscionable and altogether graceless scamp than Thady junior had never opened his eyes in the village of Rathnagle. From his father, a very well-educated man, he early learned the rudiments of Greek and Latin, and acquired a good foundation in English. The boy was as clever as hairbrained.

At the age of eighteen he began to grow restless, and gave his father no peace until he allowed him to go to America. For two or three years after he arrived there he wrote at intervals, generally when he found himself in need of money. Of this commodity the schoolmaster possessed but little. How-

ever, his wants were simple and few; he had always contrived to meet the request with a modest offering. But after a time the letters ceased coming. Vainly the father had endeavored to locate his boy, until at last he resolved to go to America, and find him if living, or some traces of him if dead.

It may have been that in his heart of hearts the poor man doubted the loyalty of the truant, but to others he invariably maintained that if the boy were alive he would never have forgotten his old father. He had a theory, sometimes expressed to a few intimate friends, that some accident might have reduced his son to such a state that he had lost his memory. His neighbors had humored him, even to the extent of strengthening this belief until it had almost become a certainty.

II.

When Thaddeus Burke found himself in the city from which he had last heard of his son, he had only five dollars in his pocket. Misfortune and sickness had pursued him since he had landed in America six months before. He had been two months in the hospital in Buffalo, and his scanty purse had been stolen from him on the train. But this thriving Western city had been his objective point from the first; from there his son's letters had been written, and there he was determined to remain until he had satisfied himself that Thady could not be found within its limits.

On the morning of his arrival he had gone from the station to Mass, and had received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. His thanksgiving over, he went to the pastoral residence, and was kindly received by the priest. But the latter had never known Thaddeus Burke.

"How long is it since you heard from him last?" he asked the pale, lonely old man, whose gentlemanly appearance had impressed him most favorably.

"It is nearly eighteen years, Father."

"It is more than likely that he is dead," said the priest. "I will get a city directory and we will look over it."

There was no Thaddeus Burke in the directory, though the last name figured quite prominently in its pages. The priest directed the old man to a decent boarding-house, from whence he set forth that same morning in search of employment. All that day and the next he went from place to place endeavoring to get some copying to do; but Father Mulligan had been right: typewriting had superseded all clerical work of that kind.

He was feeling very despondent when he paused in front of a building whereon was affixed in large letters the sign "Methodist Book Concern." He entered, and very soon had arranged to come next morning to address envelopes at the rate of twenty cents a hundred. His heart grew somewhat lighter as he returned to his boarding-house. At least he need not starve as long as the work lasted. He smiled as he thought:

"Strange that I should be addressing envelopes for a Methodist Book Concern! What would the people at home say if they knew? I doubt but that, with my long coat and clerly aspect, they took me for a colporteur of their own."

In truth, this was the case: the man who had engaged him was of the opinion; but when in the course of the next day he learned otherwise, old Mr. Burke, though quick to profess himself a Catholic, had already made such a good impression that he was not discharged.

For several weeks he sat at a little desk in the corner, away from the notice of the visitors who came to the office. There were many Methodist ministers among them, and a prosperous and kindly-looking bishop had once or twice given him a friendly nod. He had formed the habit of carrying a

light luncheon with him to the office; and one warm day in June, while he was sitting at the open window eating it—being alone at the time,—a boy of ten years put his head in at the door.

"Oh!" he said. "Everyone gone?"

"Yes, my little lad," answered the old man, with a pleasant smile. He loved children.

"I thought mamma would be here," said the boy. "I think I'll wait."

"Do," said Mr. Burke. "Sit here near the window."

The boy, a handsome little fellow, came close to the old man.

"It's very high up here, isn't it?" he said, standing near the sill.

"Yes: very high. Don't lean out. You might get dizzy."

He took the child's hand, drawing him back from the window; and then a sweet-faced, handsomely-dressed lady came in, who bowed pleasantly to the old man, and, after leaving a note and a package on the manager's desk, went away with her little son. Afterward an employee who met them on the stairs told Burke that she was a woman of some literary reputation, who had written several books, and contributed regularly to the *Children's Weekly*, published by the Concern. Her father had been a Methodist bishop.

The boy and his mother came often. The lady was very gentle and kind; the child always sought out the old copyist to have a chat with him while waiting for his mother. One day Mr. Burke asked him his name.

"It is Theodore—Theodore Berkely," he replied. "Mamma calls me Teddy; but papa does not like it. He says it is too Irish."

The old man winced. It was not the first time since coming to America that he had felt his blood boil for the same cause. He said nothing to the innocent child, but in his heart he cherished the assurance that the acquaintance with the child's father would not be as

agreeable to him as that of the boy and his mother.

The continuous mechanical labor he was obliged to do soon began to tell on the old schoolmaster. He sat faithfully at his desk in the corner from eight in the morning till half-past five in the evening, copying addresses until his hand ached and his eyes were blurred. Every Saturday night, after he had paid his board, he put two dollars into the small shagreen pouch he wore around his neck, reserving fifty cents for his use during the week. When the lamps were lit it was his custom to walk up and down the long avenue, where a steady stream of people was passing, looking almost furtively in the faces of those whom he met; for he was very shy. Only for the mission on which he had set forth he would have walked with his eyes downcast in meditation, unobservant and unobserved.

He joined the Sodality of the Holy Family at the church, and thus made acquaintance with a good many of his countrymen; but of none, either young or old, could he learn aught of him whom he had come to seek.

"Father," he said one day to the kind priest to whom he had spoken that first morning, "I think when I have enough money put by I'll go home again. I see now that I made a mistake in coming at all. I had no idea what an immense place America is, or how hard it would be to find anybody here. And the longer I'm looking, the more I realize how impossible it would have been for my boy to have forgotten me all these years. I was doing him the greatest wrong even to think of such a thing. I feel sure now that he has been dead many a day."

"I think you are right, Mr. Burke," replied the priest. "You are too old to begin the world again in a new country, far from lifelong friends and familiar associations. I have often thought you must be very lonely."

"I am, Father,—I am indeed," said the schoolmaster. "All I think of now is to get back to Rathnagle, where I'll soon be lying—please God!—by the side of the boy's mother. Wherever poor Thady's bones are resting matters little, after all. We'll be together in Paradise, I hope, anyway."

The longing to go back became more intense as the promise of its realization drew nearer. September came, and the old man missed the almost daily visits of the child, to whom he felt strangely attracted. After a while he learned that the boy had been dangerously ill, but was now recovering. It was Saturday evening. Mr. Burke was about to leave his desk when the manager said:

"Mr. Burke, I believe you go up by Chalmers Avenue?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old man. "Can I do anything for you?"

"There are some proofs here I would like Mrs. Berkely to have this evening. The errand boy has gone home."

"Very well, sir. I will deliver them with pleasure."

The manager gave him the number of the house, and, taking the package, he left the office. It was a beautiful house, standing far back on a smooth-shaven lawn, with flower-beds scattered through the emerald grass.

Mrs. Berkely received him with great kindness, thanking him cordially for the trouble he had taken.

"And how is the little boy getting on?" he inquired.

"Very nicely," she responded. "We had great fears for him at first, but now we hope he will soon be quite well again. Next week, if you would like to pay him a visit, he will be ready to see you. He has formed quite an attachment for you."

"And I for him, God bless him!" the old man replied. "He is a dear little lad. May he long be spared to you, madam! I'll be very glad to come to see him next week, thank you!"

Just as he rose to go a gentleman approached from the back parlor.

"Theodore," said Mrs. Berkely, "here is the old gentleman of whom Teddy has so often spoken to you. He has been inquiring for our boy."

The minister came forward with the slow, sinuous walk which makes for much that is unfavorable in the opinion of brisk-stepping, outspoken men of the world. He was tall, well-built, and strikingly handsome; but the blue eyes, beneath their heavy lids and long, curling lashes, were not of the kind which compel one by their straight-forward gaze; while the full, dark mustache—an unusual adornment of the clerical countenance—was worn, it had been said by ill-natured persons, to hide the treachery and weakness of the lips beneath. He came now into the full light of the front drawing-room, suavely smiling, his head bent slightly forward in an attitude of greeting.

The eyes of the two men met.

"Thaddeus!—Thaddeus! Is this how I see you?" cried the old schoolmaster, covering with a glance of mingled sorrow and reproach the form of the man before him from the top of his sleek black head and white "choker" to the hem of the ministerial coat.

The clergyman fell back.

"The man is crazy, Emily!" he said, hoarsely, as he sank into a chair. Before the astonished woman could utter a word, the old man had disappeared.

.

The Reverend Theodore Berkely had no need to pass a sleepless night. The Nemesis of whose unwelcome face he had caught a dreadful glimpse that evening withdrew as suddenly and unexpectedly as it had come,—no more to appear until the hand of Death should have snatched aside the ministerial cloak which for so many years had covered his deep duplicity.

Old Mr. Burke never again took his

place at the desk in the corner. He started the next week for Rathnagle, arriving there in time to take his former position, vacated a month previous. He was warmly welcomed; but it had been guessed before his coming that he had not found him whom he had gone to seek; and, with the innate courtesy of the Irish poor, his neighbors forbore to question the pale, attenuated, aged man who returned to them. That there was some mystery no one doubted; and it came to be understood that young Burke had died in America, some feared in a discreditable manner.

Only the priest knew the truth; and it was with a feeling almost of joy that a year later he said the last prayers and threw the first clods of earth over the coffin of the poor old schoolmaster, carried to rest at last by the side of the beloved wife of his early manhood, in the green churchyard of Rathnagle.

As St. Anthony had Predicted.*

A MAN named Eulogius, who was a scholar and a learned man, moved by the love of God, renounced the throngs of men, divided his property and bestowed it upon the poor. But he kept a little money for his own use, knowing that he was unable to work with his hands, and could not enter a monastery. One day he found a poor leper lying in the street, with neither hands nor feet, whose tongue alone was active. And Eulogius made as it were a covenant with the Lord, and said, "Lord, in Thy Name, I will take this leper to my house, and will minister to him and support him until death; so that for his sake I also may find mercy from Thee. Grant me, therefore, Lord

Christ, patience, that I may serve him." Then he approached the leper, and said to him, "If you are willing, brother, I will take you at once into my house, and will support you." The leper answered, "If you deign to do so, I thank you." He brought an ass, therefore, lifted up the leper, brought him to his own home, and took good care of him. And so for fifteen years he was managed and cared for at the hands of Eulogius.

But after fifteen years the devil plotted against the leper, and he began to cry out against Eulogius, and to insult and disparage him frequently. For he used to say to him, "You have no doubt committed many sins in your day, yet you think to escape judgment for my sake. Put me into the street where I used to lie formerly: I long to eat meat." When Eulogius heard this, he brought him meat to eat. A second time he cried out, "I am not satisfied; but, as I said, put me into the street. I wish to see people. Put me where you found me."

Eulogius therefore became very anxious and went to some men of God, and said to them, "What shall I do, worshipful fathers? For the leper drives me to despair. I am afraid to give him up; for I pledged myself to God, promising to keep him until death, and to support him. But if I do not give him up, but determine to retain him by force, he will make my life most miserable." They answered, "Whilst that great and most saintly servant of God, Father Anthony, is still alive, embark on a ship with the leper, go to the monastery where his monks are, and wait there until he leaves his cave and comes to the monastery; only mark well whatever he says to you and acquiesce in his decision. For God will speak to you by him."

Accordingly he put the leper on board a ship, embarked with him, and they went by sea to the monastery of the disciples of St. Anthony. Now, when

* Adapted from a collection of legends printed in 1490, and translated by the late Rev. L. M. Dalton, M. A., who retained the quaint style of the original. "Chronicles of Cloister and Cave." Skeffington & Sons.

Father Anthony used to come to the monastery he would call Brother Macharius, and ask him, "Have any strangers come hither?" He would say, "Yes, some have come." He would ask a second time, "Are they Egyptians or men of Jerusalem?" For he had given him a sign, saying, "When you see people inclined to be restless, say that they are Egyptians; but when you see people inclined to religion, say that they are men of Jerusalem."

Accordingly on the day of the arrival of Eulogius and the leper, he inquired as usual, "Are the strangers Egyptians, or men of Jerusalem?" Macharius replied, "There is one of each kind." And when they had come to him, he called out unexpectedly, "Eulogius! Eulogius!" although no one had mentioned his name. Even when Eulogius had been called for the third time, he made no answer; for he thought that Anthony was calling some other Eulogius who belonged to the monastery. Then St. Anthony said to him, "I am speaking to you, Eulogius, who have come from Alexandria." Eulogius answered and said, "What is your bidding, my Father?" Anthony asked him, "Why have you come hither?" Eulogius said, "Who, then, has told you my name, and made my case known?" Anthony said to him, "I know why you have come; but declare it before all, that they also may hear it." Eulogius said, "I found this leper lying in the street, and lifted him up and promised God to support him, that I might be saved, and that he might be relieved by my services. And inasmuch as he wishes to go away from me after so many years, and aggravates me exceedingly, I had thoughts of giving him up; so I have come to your Holiness, that you may give me counsel as to what I ought to do, and that you may pray for me, for I am exceedingly anxious and troubled about this."

Then Anthony looked at him sternly

and said, "You give him up, but He who made him does not give him up." And Eulogius was silent, and was terrified. In like manner St. Anthony began to rebuke the leper. "You who have grown unworthy both of heaven and earth, will you not cease to blaspheme God? Do you know that it is Christ who ministers to you? How dare you say such things against Christ? Has not Eulogius shown himself as a servant for Christ's sake, in order to minister to you?" So he rebuked him and left him. Then he spoke to them, in the presence of all, what was expedient for the good of their souls, admonishing Eulogius and the leper not to separate from each other. "Return," said he, "to your home; for God is going to visit you soon. For this trial has come to pass because each of you is near his end, and your crowns are being made ready; and take heed lest the angel when he comes find you not in the place designed for you, and you lose the reward of a good work so long continued."

When they heard this, they returned in haste to their home. And after forty days Eulogius died, and three days after the leper also was at rest. In fact, after a few days a man named Cronius went down from the Thebaid to the monastery at Alexandria, and found some brethren celebrating the third day for the leper, and some celebrating the fortieth day for Eulogius. So Cronius remarked this, and was amazed, and reported it to the brotherhood with the Gospel in his hands, and took an oath, and related how St. Anthony had predicted everything which had happened to Eulogius and the leper.

IF instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.

—George MacDonald.

Memorable Words of Cardinal Bourne.

WHAT is the mission of the Church? What is the responsibility of mankind towards it? In answer to these two questions, proposed to himself in a recent sermon, Cardinal Bourne said that the mission of the Church is teaching with authority. It is no question of setting before the world certain opinions to be taken or left at option: it is a mission of authority, to be accepted or not at the cost of eternal salvation or eternal loss. "As My Father hath sent Me, so do I send you." And there comes forth from those words another consideration most significant at the present day. Divine Revelation is a series of statements which we are to accept, because our reason, illumined by the divine gift of Faith, tells us they are true,—not because we can understand them. It is most important to remember that, once we are inside the Church, we are in the presence of mysteries which God has set before us; especially to-day when numbers of religious teachers deny the doctrines of the Trinity, original sin, the Incarnation, and the Immaculate Conception.

To the question, What is the responsibility of mankind towards the Church? his Eminence answered: "Certain it is that every man will be rewarded or condemned according to his acceptance of the light which God has given him. No one certainly will be condemned except for refusal to accept that light when vouchsafed. We can never assume that any one has sinned against the light. There is such a sin, terrible as it is; and no doubt it is sometimes committed, when people refuse the opportunity given them of accepting the Catholic Faith; but we are never at liberty to assume this of any individual soul. Since, however, the normal way of saving souls is through the Church, we are faced with another mystery—

that so many are left apparently without the opportunity of knowing and accepting the Faith. It is a mystery that God has made this gift of faith depend on those who labor as missionaries, and intends this work to be one of evangelization. While the command of teaching all nations applies in an especial manner to the accredited teachers of the Catholic Faith, it also applies in its degree to all who have accepted that Faith. There is only one work which we can do towards conversion,—that is, to remove obstacles: the real work of conversion is wrought by the light that comes from Almighty God alone."

Enlarging upon the duty of removing obstacles in the path of those outside of the Church, his Eminence declared that it was incumbent on all Catholics to have a lively, generous interest in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. He reminded his hearers that there were as many as 900,000,000 still outside of the visible action of the Catholic Church, and that the work had been sadly hampered by the war. Then we must never forget the conversion of our fellow-countrymen. What his Eminence said of England is equally true of the United States,—that outsiders were never more willing to listen to the voice of the Church than they are to-day,—a circumstance which emphasized our responsibility.

The duty of co-operating in the work of the Propagation of the Faith may be performed in two ways—by prayer and offerings. The first is open to all without exception; for the second, it should be remembered that alms according to one's means, however limited, is all that is required. The reason why contributions for the prosecution of the work of the Foreign Missions are so inadequate is that most persons, because they can not give all that they would, give nothing at all. Yet the accumulations of many mites make grand totals.

Notes and Remarks.

While Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, can scarcely be considered a competent critic of Catholic educational ideals or of the concrete results of Catholic training, his opinion of non-Catholic educational conditions, with which he is more familiar, is entitled to respect. And his opinion is that education has been gradually losing its high standards during the last twenty-five years. He discusses briefly (in his annual report of the affairs of Columbia University) public criticism of present-day education, saying that scholarship in this country is not popular; and that the ruling passion is not to know or understand but to get ahead; to apply, in ways that will bring material advantage, some bit of information or some acquired skill.

This, continues Columbia's president, has caused colleges and schools to take their minds off their true business of preparing youth to live, in order to prepare youth to make a living. Now, it is precisely this point which differentiates Catholic education, in its whole purpose and scope, from the non-Catholic variety. Our schools, colleges, and universities uniformly put the teaching of their pupils how to live—socially, morally, and religiously—above the utilitarian instruction in the matter of making a living. Our system is a corollary of the divine precept: "Seek ye, therefore, first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Addressing the National Hardwood Lumber Association, in convention in Philadelphia last month, Secretary of Labor Davis said something which the members of that association would do well to bear in mind, and of which "Big Business" everywhere should take heed.

"Labor unions," the Secretary declared, "are an organic growth of the times. If you smash them, you will have in their place secret radical organizations which will lead directly to the revolutionary spirit which is unsettling Europe." Continuing, with the members of labor unions in mind, he said: "This is no day for the loafer. The man who does no work should receive no pay. The time is here when the labor union must say, 'We will not work with the shirker, who, robbing his employer, is robbing all of us.' The unions should either fine or fire the loafers. If they do so, the time will come when employers will actually demand of every employee a union card. Let the employer be fair to his employees, and let the employees give an honest day's work."

This is what used to be called "horse sense"—every word of it. Former President Taft and others have repeatedly said the same thing, only less plainly and not so forcefully.

"One great trouble in this matter of England, Ireland, and America is that the English can not remember history, the Irish can not forget it, and the Americans do not know it." Commenting on these words of Dudley Field Malone in an article about Michael O'Callaghan, contributed to the June number of the *Metropolitan*, Mr. William Hard (who is not a Catholic, by the way) says:

Yet the British do retain a certain quite important thing out of their history in Ireland. They retain the mental attitude toward the Irish that was moulded upon them by that history.

The penal laws against the Catholic religion in Ireland made the Irish into an inferior people,—inferior in law, and then in certain ways inferior in fact. They made the Irish into a people necessarily less schooled than the British, less propertied than the British, less familiar than the British with economic and political responsibility. The mass of the British had nothing at all to do with the

violation of the Treaty of Limerick, any more than they to-day have anything to do with the British Government's methods of fighting Sinn Féin. But the mass of the British in the years following the violation of the Treaty of Limerick were deeply affected in their minds by the consequences of that violation.

They saw the Roman Catholic Irish living in a deepened degradation of illiteracy, poverty, and irresponsibility; and presently, like any other people in the world, conscious of existing facts and unconscious of historical causes, they took what they saw as an order of nature; and to-day, no matter how plentifully dotted with school-houses the Irish landscape may be, and no matter how thrivingly cultivated it may be by prosperous peasant proprietors, and no matter what coherence and discipline and stanch steadiness the Irish political and military organization throughout Ireland, the British mind still is haunted by the conviction, never quite laid, that there somehow is—there must be—an eternal fitting interlocking between the ideas "Irishman," "Roman Catholic," "ignorant," "shiftless," and "unreliable."

Thus the crimes of rulers evolve into the prejudices of peoples. I hold the peoples no more accountable for the prejudices than for the crimes. It is a bad joke by dead rulers, and not a contemporary hypocrisy by a nation, when the countrymen of the violators of the Treaty of Limerick call the countrymen of its victims "unreliable."

The statement that Americans do not know history—the history of Ireland—demands some qualification. It is by no means so true as it was a few months ago, thanks to speeches like that of Senator La Follette, and articles like this of Mr. Hard. We have learned a thing or two about Ireland, and about England as well.

The official organ of the Welsh Anglicans, while placing the Church in the fifth place numerically among the religious bodies of Wales, bears witness that a strong forward movement is now in progress. This is accounted for by the prominent part taken by Catholics in the revival of Welsh patriotic sentiment. Shortly after the passing of the Welsh Church Act, which disestablished the Anglican body in Wales, a re-

arrangement of the Catholic dioceses was carried out, and the Pope created the new diocese of Cardiff, giving its occupant the dignity of archbishop with the rank of metropolitan. Even to such staunch Welsh Protestants as Lloyd George, the action of the Vatican gave great satisfaction, as the culmination of an unsuccessful appeal that was made to Rome in the twelfth century. And this good feeling has been increased by the appointment, as second Metropolitan of Wales, of Archbishop Mostyn, who is not only a native Welshman, but also a member of an ancient noble family, whose history goes back to the days when the Welsh were an independent nation.

The remarkable statement—made a short time ago by Premier Lloyd George to Cardinal Gasquet—that the Reformation had never been thoroughly assimilated by the Welsh people, is borne out time and time again by prominent Welshmen who have no Catholic affiliations whatever. Again, the recent presentation of valuable books to the National Library of Wales by the Pope was a kindly attention, that has made the best impression among all classes of the Welsh people.

It is characteristic of Americans—as perhaps of most other peoples—that they are but little impressed by general statistics of any kind. The average man is considerably more affected by the knowledge that he personally owes his grocer or his tailor fifty or sixty dollars than by the statement of the fact that the national debt of his country is fifty or five hundred billions. Accordingly, individual readers will probably think little of a matter which, nevertheless, affords food for very serious thought,—the report by an officer of the National Board of Fire Underwriters that the direct loss by fires, together with the cost of fire departments and water supply service,

amounts at present to about \$2,000,000 per day. As to the appalling loss of life, during the past year fifteen thousand persons were burned to death, and more than seventeen thousand seriously injured by fires.

The same authority calculates that 65 per cent of all fires occur in dwelling houses, and that the great majority of them originate from trivial and preventable causes. It is no inconsiderable item in the universal house shortage and high rent situation that an average of 889 homes are burned down for every working day in the year. In the past five years, dwelling houses to the value of almost \$30,000,000 have burned down from the single cause of sparks lighting on shingle roofs. In 1919, houses valued at \$15,000,000 were burned through accidents of electricity; and nearly half of these are attributed to the use of the electric iron.

With all our indifference to statistics, the foregoing facts may well impress us with the desirability of increased individual caution against fires. In one way or another, each of us is taxed with, and must support, our quota of the \$2,000,000 a day which fires are now costing the country.

An English writer notes what he significantly calls "the menacing fact" that there is now a large party in South Africa, headed by Gen. Hertzog and comprising the greater part of the Dutch rural population, which stands for secession and Republicanism. So England's gift of "responsible government" to the Boers (made through Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, as a result of Mr. Lloyd George's "amazing Parliamentary dexterity") has not caused South Africa to love England any more than Ireland does. The "magnificent loyalty" of Generals Botha and Smuts is evidently not shared by their compatriots; and the Union of South Africa, quite as evidently, is not

destined to be of long duration. The reluctance of the Boer leaders to sign the Treaty of Vereeniging was never really overcome: they were coerced, not persuaded by Kitchener.

Acknowledging the receipt of a few hundred dollars, sent to her for the famine sufferers, the superior of the Sisters of Charity at Wenchow, China, writes: 'Never was help more needed, and it came one Sunday afternoon just before Benediction. You may imagine how grateful we are, and how we all prayed for our benefactors.... Every morning at five o'clock a thousand poor people—men, women, and children, Christians and pagans—from the surrounding pagodas, where they have taken refuge, flock to our doors for a bowl of rice. It is their only meal in the day. The Chinese authorities would not allow the relief to be given at a later hour, declaring that the number of applicants would reach three or four thousand. The struggle for the first bowl of rice is appalling. One poor mother, of eight days only, tied her baby to her back and attempted to reach the rail. The little one was crushed to death. We are busy all day long doling out rice. May every grain be as a prayer of gratitude to our generous American benefactors!'

Several of our European exchanges have utilized the death of Emil Combes to "point a moral," if not to adorn a tale. The apostate ecclesiastical student and teacher became Premier of France in 1905, and forthwith set about the pernicious work of expelling the religious Congregations from the country. In company with other violent anticlericals, he gave his whole soul to that project, which he finally saw fully achieved. He also effected the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. But, with regard to Combes as to many another enemy of the

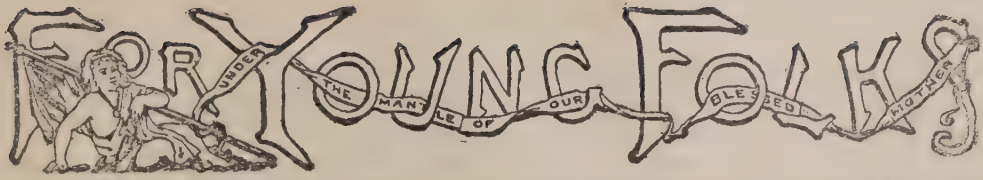
Church, "the whirligig of time brings in its revenges." "It is a striking coincidence," says the *Observer*, "that M. Combes, who as French Premier twenty years ago expelled the Congregations from France, should have died on the very day on which M. Jonnart left for Rome to resume, on behalf of France, the relations with the Vatican then broken off. History seldom brings off her effects quite so neatly."

The resumption of diplomatic relations with the Holy See by the French Government has caused general rejoicing among French Catholics; and the appointment of M. Jonnart as Ambassador at the Vatican is warmly applauded by citizens of all classes. Congratulations are being showered upon M. Briand for having done the right thing, at the right time, and in the right way. The French papers are especially complimentary. The *Journal des Débats* permits itself to say, of course in its best form: "It was important that in this problem a conclusion should be arrived at without further delay; and it was also important that the person appointed to represent France should have great personal prestige and uncontested authority. The French Government, thoroughly alive to these two political truths, saw the necessity of being absent from Rome no longer, under the present state of international politics, and the necessity for France's being represented with distinction. M. Jonnart has occupied the highest posts, and has in all given evidence of the highest qualities. . . . He is certainly one of the most representative political personages of our country. In the new mission entrusted to him he will render great services. . . . The new Ambassador of France to the Holy See makes his appearance in Rome under circumstances of peculiar interest. . . . The Vatican is not only the seat of the greatest moral

power in the world: it is also the recognized meeting place of many international influences where no Power can neglect to be."

It is a pity that Col. Harvey and Admiral Sims could not have had a lesson or two in elementary diplomacy from M. Jonnart. He would have cautioned them against talking freely on any but general subjects, against saying much that would mean anything when political topics were touched upon, and to appear deaf and dumb when indiscreet questions were asked. On the eve of his departure from Paris, a representative of the *Journal* managed to secure an interview with M. Jonnart. He talked as pleasantly and fluently as only a Frenchman can, until interrogated about the delicate questions which call for the presence of a French Ambassador at the Holy See. Then he suddenly remembered that he had an affection of the throat which absolutely forbade him to engage in lengthened conversation. The newspaper man understood, of course, that the interview was at an end. M. Jonnart had talked long and pleasantly without saying anything in particular—nothing that he was expected to say.

The Anglican diocese of Manchester has been celebrating the 500th anniversary of its cathedral church, known as Our Lady of Manchester, and said to be one of the finest pre-Reformation buildings in all England. It was consecrated in June, 1421, during the reign of Henry V. Its founder, Sir Thomas de la Warre, also endowed it, stipulating that the priests in charge sing Mass and recite the Divine Office daily, and pray for the repose of his soul. For more than a century this obligation was carried out, until the warden in office in 1547, Dr. Collier, was deposed for refusing to acknowledge the King as head of the Church.



The Crippled Boy's Prayer.

BY PAUL EASTMAN.

MY limbs are twisted and my head is bowed,

I can not walk alone;

And when the pains I bear are very sharp,

I lie in bed and moan.

I hear the voices of my comrades ring

Across the shady lawn;

But when I look out through the darkened pane,

My comrades all have gone.

Yet will I gladly all their joys forego,

And bear each hurt and smart;

One thing alone, dear Lord, I ask of Thee:

Oh, do not crush my heart!

Keep me still cheerful till that day shall come

When Thou shalt call for me,—

Who knows but You may straighten then these limbs

That bore the pain for Thee?

Josephine Marie.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XXVI.—JOY AT LAST.

JOSEPHINE MARIE LA ROQUE!

What the startled Mrs. Carter-King, who with her most elegant society manner was receiving the distinguished visitor, would have answered, it is impossible to tell; for she was given no chance to evade or delay: Josephine Marie La Roque had heard, and, "sight" as she was for such a guest, had cleared the stairs in three bounds to her big brother's side, trembling, laughing, crying all together, as she held out her blistered little hands, lifted her smutted little face, raised her soft eyes shining the glad,

bewildered welcome her quivering lips could not speak.

"Fifne!" cried Mrs. Carter-King, angrily,—*"Fifne! Pardon her, Colonel Marceron, until she is fit to be seen,—fit to speak to you. Go to your room, Fifne!"*

"Your pardon, Madame!" was the answer, and there was a stern ring in the speaker's voice and a stern light in his eye. "It is most fitting that I should see her as she is. Little sister, little sister!" (the stern tones suddenly softened),—"true, brave, loving little sister. Has it been as hard as this, *ma petite*,—as hard as this?"

"I hope you will understand, sir," said Mrs. Carter-King, stiffening into dignity, "that this child came back to me of her own will, for home and shelter, after being turned out by, I presume, your mother—"

"Oh, I understand, Madame!" the gentleman interrupted. "I understand all,—the whole unfortunate affair which has placed this loving little child at your mercy," he added, and his voice grew stern again at the word. "I would have interfered sooner, but I have been detained West unavoidably. I have only a few minutes this morning, as I am acting as escort for General P——, who had just arrived. But when I heard where Josephine Marie was I could delay my visit no longer. Give me a brief talk with this little sister of mine, and afterwards I will explain my business to you at greater length."

"As you please," said Mrs. Carter-King, with no very good grace. "My drawing room is at your service."

And then Leon drew little Fifne into the dull boarding-house parlor, and looked down on her, to her amazement,

with eyes that had suddenly dimmed with tears.

"Little sister, little sister!" he murmured, and he took the blistered little hands and lifted them to his lips. "My poor mother is breaking her heart for you, almost as she did for her lost Jeanne. It was but a blaze of fiery temper, that was out in a moment,—the blaze that never quite dies in the Chausse-Cour blood. And it was half jealous pain that she could not hold all your love as she wished. Forgive and forget it, little sister. I have come to take you home."

Home! To take her home! All Josephine Marie's starved, desolate, little being leaped at the words. Leon, this big, strong, wise, tender brother had come to take her home! And, as in a suddenly illumed picture starting out of the darkness, all that home meant seemed to flash before the eyes of Mrs. Carter-King's little "drudge,"—the warmth, the sweetness, the love, the comfort, the safety, the peace; the blazing fire, the soft lamplight; Tante Louise smiling over the glowing hearth; the fall of the flowered curtains around her bed; the gleam of the oratory lamp through the half-open door; and old Madame's blessing on her brow, her kiss upon her lips.

But even as her eyes kindled at the picture, another rose to dim its brightness: *marraine* shivering in the dark back room; *marraine* cold and friendless and neglected; *marraine* with no one to live, to care for her in all this sad, hard world! Leon, watching with tender eyes the bright young face, saw the shadow fall.

"Why is it, little sister," he said, "that you do not wish to come?"

"Oh, *mon frère*," she half sobbed, "yes, yes yes, it would be more joy than I can tell,—more joy than I can think! But there is *marraine* still, *mon frère*; *marraine*, whom I can not leave; poor *marraine*, who has no one to

watch, to care, to love her; *marraine*, who would die, I believe, if I left her, *mon frère*."

There was a moment's silence. Leon was studying the quivering young face with a strange, bright, steady gaze, as if he would read the depths of the childish soul.

"The poor Madame Mère will be desolate," he went on. "She is making ready for so joyful a Christmas. There is to be a tree for all the little friends and playmates; and three times has Jean laden his car with Christmas greens. And you will not come! You would stay here?"

"Ah, I must,—I must!" Fifine sobbed outright now, so deep was the music of her brother's voice. "It is breaking my heart, *mon frère*, to say it, but I can not go,—I can not leave *marraine*."

"Bravo!—bravo!" The speaker's voice thrilled triumphantly. "It is as I knew, as I felt. Little sister, little soldier, brave, true little woman, you have come out of the fire pure gold. Listen, little Josephine Marie! It is now for you to come and go where you please—to do what you wish,—to turn the Madame Mère out of her house if you so choose. For it is your house now, Mademoiselle Josephine Marie La Roque, heiress of Madame Lorraine. All that blessed woman left is yours: house and grounds and garden, money more than you can count, fortune beyond your belief."

"I have fortune, money, house,—all that Tante Louise left!" said Josephine Marie, in bewilderment. "Ah, my brother, how can that be? There is the grandson, who would not think of me,—there is Monsieur Armand Lorraine."

"A wicked Armand Lorraine,—*diable*, that's what he is!" and the Chausse-Cour fire flashed from the speaker's eyes. "There is now no Armand Lorraine on earth, little sister. That brave soldier, that true gentleman, that good Christian is with his God. The villain

that stole his name, his place, his inheritance, that took the papers proving his identity from the brave young soldier's dead body, was Pierre Bourget, a rascal, a wretch, whom I had drummed out of my camp as a coward and worse. He was the man whom you heard making his villainous plans on the boat the day of your arrival. It was your innocent story of that conversation that aroused my suspicions,—deepened them I should say. For to me it was incomprehensible from the first that the Armand Lorraine I had known could be so cruel, so heartless to you. And so I began to investigate, little sister. I went to Tante Louise's lawyers, her agents. I got track of this Armand Lorraine, who had gone far to escape notice and question, and I followed him up. When I confronted him—him and his wife, poor woman dying of consumption,—when I faced this rascal Pierre Bourget, he shook with terror like the coward he was, and vowed if I would have mercy on him he would confess and give up all—to you, *ma petite*. You are the next of kin and rightful heiress to Tante Louise's fortune. What will you do with it?" Leon gently pinched his listener's cheek as if to awake her from her bewilderment.

"What will I do with it?" Fifine repeated. "Ah, if I could, *mon frère* (for it is no pain for me to be poor), I would give it all to *marraine*,"—her face kindled eagerly,—"*marraine*, who has always been rich, and had beautiful things and nurses and doctors to take care of her! Oh, I would be so glad to make my poor *marraine* rich again! Could I give Tante Louise's fortune to *marraine*, *mon frère*?"

"Well, no, not exactly," answered Leon, smiling. "You see, the Court—there is a Court that looks after such matters, and that has made me your guardian—wouldn't allow giving your fortune away. But you can share

things with *marraine* just—just as she shared things with you."

"Oh, she did, she did,—all things, everything!" said Fifine. "And I can share all with her,—even the dear old Madame and you, my brother."

"Even the Madame Mère and me," said Leon softly. "*Marraine* shall be our care as well as yours. I will come for you both in the limousine this afternoon. Be ready to go."

"Ah," murmured little Fifine, rapturously. "It is as Mother Mathilde always said: the good God has care of His little children! He always has."

And then, "*graces à Dieu!*" as Susanne murmured, what a wonderful Christmas it was for Josephine Marie and her godmother! From the moment *marraine* was borne in Jean's strong arms into the waiting limousine, to the breathless amazement of the watching boarders and Mrs. Carter-King's ill-concealed relief, everything seemed to Fifine like some beautiful dream.

With the wide, old-fashioned rooms bowered in green, with cheery fires blazing on the open hearths, with Tante Louise smiling from her holly-wreathed frame on her rightful little heiress, with the old Madame softened into the very softest of *grandmères*, it was a wondrous change from the dreary old back room with its gloom and chill,—a change that fairly electrified poor, pale, puny little *marraine* into new life.

For her pitiful story, her pitiful plight stirred the warm French hearts around her into a tender sympathy which her golden wand had never commanded. She now had eager, loving service, that all her lost money could never buy.

"Ah, *pauvre enfant*, *pauvre enfant*," the old Madame murmured, "to be left friendless, orphaned, crippled, beggared, robbed! But I, hard-hearted as I was, can say nothing, nothing. It is my little Josephine Marie who now can do all,—who can take her *marraine*

to the best doctors in Paris, to Lourdes if need be."

"*Bien donc*, let me try first," put in Susanne. "Have I not seen tens and dozens of our poor French children far worse than this? It is the sunshine that she wants,—the play, the gladness, the laughter,—not to be kept like a bird in a cage. Let me care for *la pauvre petite*, Madame."

And so wise was good Susanne's care that Bryce, bidden to the party that concluded this wonderful Christmas week, found a Marjorie transformed,—a Marjorie whose little face, pale and thin indeed (for Susanne could not work miracles), was bright with new life; whose pretty, rose-colored dress, a relic of the fairy splendor of old, cast a glow of sunshine upon her that her tawny hair touched with gold.

The big rooms were filled with a happy crowd, Fifine's schoolmates and playmates and dancing-mates,—Tom Devlin and Sue Devlin and Nellie and Mollie Devlin, whose kindness in the old days Fifine could not forget. Elinor and Frances and Colette, and a host of other little friends were there, rosy and healthy and active. But the little fairy princess of old, tucked up in a big carved chair—Fifine's godmother, as her name went around the big room,—was the center of interest to all.

"Gee!" exclaimed Bryce, as he sank into a chair at her side. "You've struck it right for sure, kid! This beats the old days, clean."

"Oh, it does,—it does!" said Marjorie, her grey eyes sparkling. "I go out every day now; and Susanne is showing me how she made the little French children, that had legs like mine, walk fine. And we are going to France in the spring. O Bryce, I wish—I wish *you* could go, too! I never can forget how good you were, and how you brought me Laurabelle."

And Bryce grinned in the old, boyish fashion, though there was a soft light

in his eyes; and he told her about Uncle Dan, and how he himself was getting on pretty fine.

"Ah, my brother!" said Fifine, as in a pause between the dances she found herself near the smiling Leon. "How beautiful it all is! And *marraine*,—look at *marraine*! How well she seems,—how bright, how happy! It is you who have done all this for us, my brother!"

"I! Not at all,—not at all!" said Leon, shaking his head. "That is not what Mother Mathilde would say, little sister."

"Ah, I know,—I know!" said Fifine. "It is the good God who has given me all. Sometimes the way is dark, as Mother Mathilde said; but if we love and trust, the clouds will pass. For so did they pass from Saint Celeste."

And Fifine looked up with sparkling eyes into her big brother's face. So had they passed from Josephine Marie and her "godmother."

(The End.)

Napoleon's Bees.

SEVERAL reasons have been given for the adoption of the bee as the emblem of Napoleon I. One, however, seems to be generally accepted. It is said that when Childeric, the father of Clovis (the founder of the French Kingdom), went into battle, he had an immense number of gold ornaments placed upon the harness of his horse and his own surcoat. When his tomb was opened in 1653, three hundred of these ornaments were found. The little *fleurons* looked wonderfully like bees, and were so called by Louis XIV., to whom they were sent. When Napoleon, in the pride of his victorious career, was casting about for an emblem of the triumph and activity of his dynasty, he thought of the bees of Childeric, and ordered them to be sprinkled over the imperial robes.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A reviewer of Sir William Tilden's new book, "Famous Chemists," refers to Henry Cavendish, one of the most famous subjects, as "a gentleman who, with a fortune of one million five hundred thousand pounds, lived a lonely and frugal life, always ate mutton, and devoted himself to measurements."

—At an auction sale, in Philadelphia, of letters, papers, and documents, a parchment of Louis XIII. of France brought only \$1, while Benjamin Franklin's essay on hygrometers was sold for \$270. The purchaser of this essay was probably much more interested in the personality of its author rather than in its subject-matter.

—The writer of "A Causerie," the literary department of the London *Catholic Times*, makes a strong plea for a work that is still among the volumes to be compiled—a Catholic Cyclopedia of English Catholic Literature,—concluding his article with the statement that, if such a work "is impossible at the moment, it would be something if there could be issued a smaller work containing a list of all Catholic authors of English-speaking countries whose work has been such as not to contravene any Catholic principle or to be opposed to any Catholic ideal."

—When one hears of a book called "The Siwi Language," dealing with the speech of the Siwani people, who have lived for long centuries on an oasis in the Libyan Desert and have preserved their language without writing, one rather naturally thinks of the author as a Catholic missionary. So many of our missionaries in out-of-the-way places have contributed works of a similar nature to linguistic or comparative philology that it is something of a surprise to learn that the author of the book mentioned is a layman, Mr. W. Seymour Walker.

—"A Scottish Knight Errant" is the title of an interesting Life of the Ven. John Ogilvie, S. J., by F. A. Forbes and M. Cahill. (Benziger Brothers; price \$1.75.) This saintly nobleman—who became a priest, returned to Scotland for exceedingly fruitful missionary work, and was tried and hanged for "treason"—is a fascinating Reformation figure. The authors have done their work well, if somewhat stiffly. A sketch of the times, which prefaces the Life, is not distinguished by the erudition which Cardinal Gasquet has made us admire, and seems to

load the biography too heavily for its slender size. But Father Ogilvie is an exceptionally good man to know, and this biography is distinctly worth while.

—A slender volume of personal essays that deal with rural days in Ireland has been published by Mrs. William O'Brien, under the title "In Mallow." Life in a quiet, beautiful village, across whose streets pleasant shadows love to fall, and in whose heart are memories of Davis and Canon Sheehan, surely ought to suggest something charming to a receptive mind. Mrs. O'Brien has said many beautiful things, though they do not stare at one from the page but turn up shyly, elusively, like Irish fairies. It makes one shudder to think that the book had to end with, "A Night of Horror," when British lorries swooped upon the peaceful town, and by way of a "reprisal" turned it into ashes. But, in revenge for this, "In Mallow" becomes as strong a plea for Ireland as anything we have seen. Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.25.

—"Holiness in the Cloister" (M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago) is an adaptation from the Spanish of the Rev. Father Lucas of St. Joseph, O. C. D., by Father Paschasius of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, O. C. D. It comprises a series of commentaries on the "Precautions" of St. John of the Cross. While the book is without an index, and is thus less serviceable than would otherwise be the case, it has an excellent analytical table of contents which partially supplies the defect. Of the subject-matter of the work, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the commentaries on St. John's nine "precautions or counsels on Christian and religious perfection" are quite as full and as illuminating as can be reasonably desired. The scope of the work takes in the laity as well as cloistered religious, and hence the title is entirely too restrictive. A 16mo of 348 pages; price, \$1.50.

—The identity of the author of "The Love of the Sacred Heart" (Benziger Brothers) is not disclosed on the title-page, nor does the foreword of the Very Rev. J. A. McMullen, C. SS. R., afford any further knowledge of that identity than the statement, "The Book comes to us from a bed of prolonged and weary suffering." Whoever the author may be, however, the work is one for which devout clients of the Sacred Heart may well be thankful. The love for which the volume

pleads is illustrated by St. Margaret Mary Alacoque and Blessed John Eudes,—Book I. dealing with the former; and Book II., with the latter. Of exceptional interest and usefulness is Part III. of the first Book, "Advice in Suffering and Temptation," the chapters on spiritual aridity being unusually helpful and informative. Ordinary readers will be especially interested in the chapters on the life, mission, and character of Father Eudes, who is probably much less known to Catholics than is St. Margaret Mary. A 12mo of 190 pages, without—what should be included in a second edition—an index.

—In all probability not one in ten thousand, even in France, has ever heard of Barthélemy Prosper Enfantin. He was one of the founders of Saint-Simonism, but soon rejected the doctrines of his associates and established a religion of his own. He boasted of having won 40,000 followers, who were ready to pay him the worship accorded to divinity. His arrest and imprisonment for a year proved a deathblow to the society, and Enfantin betook himself to Egypt, where he stayed for two years. He died suddenly in Paris in 1864. Though greatly admired by his associates, who spoke of him as "the living law," Enfantin's schemes of political, social and religious reform are utterly extravagant. Mr. Fred Rothwell has thought it worth while to translate, and the Open Court Co. to publish, a volume setting forth Enfantin's views on philosophical and moral, as apart from political, subjects. A queer volume it is.

Some Recent Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning the more important recent publications. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles.

Orders should be sent to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States can now be imported with little delay. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"How France Built Her Cathedrals." Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. (Harper and Brothers.) \$6.

"A Woman of the Bentivoglios." Gabriel Francis Powers. (The Ave Maria.) 75 cents.

"The Rule of St. Benedict: A Commentary." Rt. Rev. Dom Paul Delatte. Translated by Dom Justin McCann. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.) \$7.

"The Mother of Christ; or The Blessed Virgin Mary in Catholic Tradition, Theology, and Devotion." Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C. SS. R. (Burns and Oates; Benzigers.) \$2.50.

"Hispanic Anthology." (\$5.) "The Way of St. James." (Putnam's.) 3 vols. \$9.

"God and the Supernatural: A Catholic Statement of the Christian Faith." Edited by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. (Longmans.) \$5.

"Sister Mary of St. Philip (Frances Mary Lescher.) 1825-1904." A Sister of Notre Dame. (Longmans.) \$6.

"The Gospel According to St. Mark." Rev. Robert Eaton of the Oratory. (Benzigers.) \$2.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Nicholson, of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. I. G. Gruenewald, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. N. J. Hitchcock, archdiocese of Chicago; and Rev. Aidan Palmer, O. S. B.

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Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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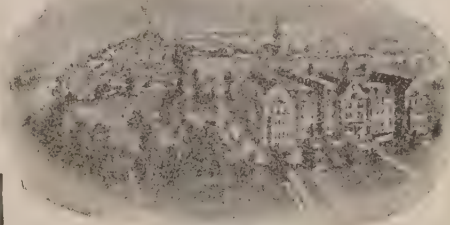
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... We learn from the title-page that the convert was at one time President of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges, and afterwards Father Fidelis of the Cross, Passionist; we gather from the dedication that he is still alive; we are told that the light came to him in the autumn of 1868, and that the bulk of the book, the "apologetic" part, was written fifty years ago. But after that the author strictly confines himself to the story of his own spiritual evolution, except in the last few chapters. ... Such stories have a perennial interest, and in the hands of Father Fidelis his loses nothing that clarity of mind and intensity of conviction can give it. ... In spite of the heights to which Anglicanism has climbed since, and the mists evolved from Modernism, the simple issue remains, now as then—where is the teaching Church Christ founded? By what authority? That question is answered fully and satisfactorily in this able book.—*The Month*.

The trying hour when first came the thought, "What if the Old Roman Church should be right?" is beautifully pictured in such way as to bring sympathetic recollection from many others whom conviction forced, like Father Fidelis, to break from the course of religious thought in which they had been raised. The wrestling alone with doubts and difficulties, the silent communion with God inevitably brought the only solution; and in the bright telling of the story all Catholics will find direct sympathy and positive interest. ... There is a singular gift of interesting presentation throughout. Converts will appreciate it. Inquirers into the truth will find it of value. All Catholics will find in its story a trial, a pleasurable encouragement.—*The New World*.

... A life story covering more than fifty years, and of the most intense and un-

usual interest, is related in a most charming style. This book is a noble and almost unique contribution to the literature of autobiographical apologetics. ... The fifteen chapters written fifty years ago constitute one of the clearest and most illuminating brief defences and explanations of the Catholic Church against the misconceptions, errors, and misrepresentations of the Protestant tradition that this reviewer knows of. The second portion of the book, dealing with the missionary experience of Father Fidelis, are of another kind of interest, but are no less fascinating.—*Catholic Columbian*.

... The volume is exceptionally well written and of great interest from the psychological and the apologetic point of view. Nothing more effective or convincing could be put into the hands of a truth-seeking Protestant, especially of the Anglican persuasion, than this book.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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